THE STORY OF
OUR ARMY

From Colonial Days to the Present Time

BY

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AUTHOR OF THE BLUE JACKET SERIES, THE BATTLEFIELD SERIES, THE STORY OF OUR NAVY, PANAMA AND THE CANAL, ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

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THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS
RAHWAY, N. J.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE STORY OF OUR ARMY
VOL. I

CHAPTER I

The Beginnings of Revolution—Lexington and Concord—The British Beleaguered in Boston—The Battle of Bunker Hill.

Two lanterns gleaming in the belfry of the Old North Church, which still stands looking down upon the Copp's Hill burying ground in Boston and upon the huddled homes of innumerable Italians who have made that part of the ancient American city their home, signalled the beginning of the American Revolution. Their flickering light faintly illumined the birth of the United States of America.

On the farther shore of the tidal River Charles, on that midnight of April 18, 1775, stood Paul Revere, a young engraver of Boston, who had been often used as a courier by the Committee of Safety, which had been formed among the Colonists to resist British aggressions. It was vague rumor that the British, long cooped up in Boston, would move that night to Lexington and Concord to destroy the munitions of war that the Colonists had gathered there in distrust of what the future might have in store for them. More than that it was the British purpose to seize the bodies of two "pestilent agitators," John Hancock, whose name was afterward writ large at the head of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and stout Sam Adams, who deserves if does any man the title of "Father of the American Revolution."

Foot in stirrup through hours of darkness Revere

> "Watched with eager search
> The belfry tower of the Old North Church
> As it rose above the graves on the hill,
> Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still,
> And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height,
> A glimmer and then a gleam of light;
> He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
> But lingers and gazes till full on his sight
> A second light in the belfry burns."

Every American child knows Longfellow's poem and the story of the alarm, the march out from Boston and the headlong retreat, the volley on the village green at Lexington, and how "the British regulars fired and fled." We know now, however, that picturesque as was Revere's wild ride through the silent night with door-knockings and alarm-shouts at sleeping farms, it was only part of the system of spreading the warning which the Colonists had devised in those days before railroads and telegraphs. At Rev. Jonas Clark's house, near Medford, Hancock and Adams were staying with a guard of eight Minute Men. At Revere's clamor the sergeant came out demanding "less noise." "Noise!" shouted Revere, "you'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming out."

The main body of the British, an entire brigade under command of Major Smith, was slow in moving. A small detachment, six companies under Major Pitcairn, was rushed forward to seize and hold Concord Bridge and to hold up all wayfarers or couriers who might rouse the country-side. Dismal was the failure of the latter effort. As Smith moved more leisurely along the highway he heard alarm bells ringing, cannon and muskets being fired, and the shouts of men calling to each other far across the fields. He had expected a holiday march and he confronted a whole people rushing to arms. Straightway he sent back to Boston for reënforcements.

Pitcairn, some miles in advance, reached Lexington at sunrise. Under the fresh clear light of a June morning the little village, with its white-steepled church and simple colonial houses bordering the verdant green, seemed a picture of rural peace. But back of all lurked war. Two hours before a farmer, eluding Pitcairn, had reached the town bringing tidings of the invasion. The Minute Men had assembled, but so slow had been the British advance that they had thought the expedition abandoned, and had retired to the tavern and neighboring houses for their breakfast. Now at the roll of the British drums all flocked out, forming an irregular line on the green, some 132 of them under command of Captain John Parker.

"Disperse, ye rebels! Disperse!" shouted Pitcairn from his horse. None thought of obeying. All stood irresolute, for to both sides the orders not to be the first to fire had been absolute. Who broke the command? Nobody knows exactly, but it appears that an American pulled trigger producing only a flash in the pan. Enough that, however, to justify a soldier in replying. Then there was a regular volley from the troops, and a few straggling shots from "the embattled farmers." All was over in a few minutes—save for the families of the 17 Americans lying dead or wounded on the bloody sward. Pitcairn, who had no liking for his work, insists that the Americans fired first and he strove in every way to stop the fire of his men, but the shooting was continued as long as a militiaman remained in sight. Parker, the American commander, was wounded at the first volley, but continued to fight and was slain by a bayonet-thrust. One, who in years bygone had carried the British flag in the victorious assault on Louisbourg, was shot down and bayoneted to death. Another dragged himself across the green to die in his wife's arms on his vine-clad

porch. War was new, but very close to the homes of those simple, country-faring folk.

Major Pitcairn waited a space for Smith to come up and then proceeded toward Concord. The hue and cry went forth before him. The militia and citizens, hundreds of whom had by this time assembled, began diligently the work of concealing the stores gathered at that town. While thus engaged they received word that the British in numbers of three to one were within two miles and approaching speedily. Thereupon the Americans took up positions from which they could watch the proceedings, it being determined to make no resistance until reënforcements should arrive, for the British were over 800 strong.

For two hours the Redcoats had their will in Concord. Most of the ammunition and supplies they sought had been removed to the surrounding woods, but they broke up three twenty-pound cannon, spilled a quantity of flour and burned several barrels of wooden spoons and trenchers from which the warlike farmers had expected to eat their porridge in the field. All the while militia and Minute Men were flocking in singly and by companies. Dedham sent every able-bodied citizen between sixteen and seventy and before they started their march the minister of the village church invoked divine blessings upon their errand. Throughout this war of a peaceful people for their independence we find the ministers ready to bless the arms and then to wield them; as earnest in spurring on the living as in praying by the side of the slain.

When the number of Americans in the field approached 450 it was determined to dislodge the British guard from the North Bridge. About 300 were despatched for this purpose, and the guard though outnumbered, prepared both for resistance and to take up the planks of the structure. The

provincials hesitated not an instant. "It is the King's highway and we have a right to march on it if we march to Boston. Forward men, forward!" cried Major Barrett, voicing the New England insistence on lawful rights. The British fired and two American soldiers fell. "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" shouted Major Buttrick and the American arms spoke in response. The provincials swept on across the bridge and its defenders retreated. One of them was killed by a farmer's boy with a hatchet, from which spread a persistent rumor that the Americans, like the barbarous Indians, scalped and mutilated their fallen foes. The bridge was now in the hands of the defenders of American liberty—the bridge destined to become a national shrine commemorated by Emerson in his ode beginning,

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Then began the British retreat that soon became a disorderly flight. The troops were veterans, men who had served in the British wars with France and the peoples of Continental Europe. For arms they were well equipped, for uniforms rather too well, for their heavy scarlet coats, towering hats or shakos, and heavy knapsacks put them at a sore disadvantage in dealing with the countrymen who came flocking from every side in shirt-sleeves, armed with long hunting rifles in the use of which they had been well trained, and schooled in Indian wars not to disdain the shelter of tree-trunks and stone-walls. "They seemed to drop from the clouds," wrote a British officer. For a time the fugitives strove to maintain a certain military formation; sending out flanking parties on either side and

maintaining a rear guard. This effort was soon abandoned, and the road was crowded with a dense column of weary, dejected men hobbling, walking, and running back toward Lexington. At that spot, where a few hours before they had shot down the farmers who dared dispute their passage, they now hoped to be saved from annihilation by the reënforcements on the way from Boston under command of Lord Percy.

The Americans had no military formation. They had officers, but every man was a commander unto himself. Men were there who had scaled the Heights of Abraham at Quebec under Wolfe; had fought the French at Louisbourg, and the Indians in defence of their homes and firesides. Long years they had followed the British flag; now their wrath was levelled against it. The road was bordered by stone-walls, woods, and dense thickets of underbrush. Every such shelter was full of American marksmen trained from boyhood to pick off a squirrel with a rifle bullet from the highest tree-top. The enemy marched fast along the sinuous road, leaving his dead and wounded behind, and the Americans after striking him from one thicket would take the short cut across the fields and lay in wait at the next point where the woods grew densest. At times the fighting was hand-to-hand, though as the Americans had no bayonets they avoided this. At Fiske's Hill two fighters confronted each other. "You are a dead man!" said the British soldier as he levelled his gun at an American. "And so are you," responded the other. The shots rang out. Both fell, one dead, the other mortally wounded.

Panting from heat and exertion, their heavy knapsacks and trappings thrown away, too panic-stricken even to defend themselves, the defeated soldiers ran on until at Lexington they found Lord Percy's timely reënforcements drawn up in a hollow square to receive

and to succor them. It was none too early. "They were so much exhausted with fatigue," writes a British historian, "that they were obliged to lie down for rest on the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase." There they lay and rested for some two hours. Percy had one thousand fresh men and two field pieces with which for a time he held the Americans in check.

Percy's appearance saved the British force from abject surrender or annihilation. Yet when Colonel Smith set out from Boston that June morning he anticipated nothing but a holiday march with a bonfire of "rebel" goods and storehouses as a diversion. When he saw the countrymen swarming out, rifle in hand, he vaguely scented danger and luckily sent back for aid. Lord Percy, ordered to his assistance, marched out from Boston about nine o'clock in the morning with two cannon, three regiments and two divisions of marines. His bands were playing "Yankee Doodle" in derision of the Americans. A school-boy shouted the apt retort, "You march out to Yankee Doodle, but you'll run back to Chevy Chase." The allusion was to the famous ballad of Chevy Chase which tells of the woful defeat of an early Earl Percy on the field of that name. If the school-boys were ready to jeer the foe, the school-teachers, like the ministers, were ready to do battle with him. Lovell, the master of that Latin School which has been Boston's pride for a century and a half, heard the tramp of the marching Redcoats. "War's begun. School's done. Dimitite libros," quoth he and slamming his desk went forth to join the populace. When Percy's column reached Roxbury, one Williams, the local school-master, looked out of his window. "School's out, boys," he said, and locking his door went for his musket and so away to join the Minute Men. He served through the seven years of Revolution.

Though he had nearly 1,800 effective men and two field pieces, Lord Percy made no effort to turn upon the undisciplined Americans who had used his regulars so ill. Instead, after a two hours' rest he took up once more the retreat. Again the Americans swarmed upon his flanks and surged against the rear of his retreating column. Now and then the artillery beat them back, for as yet the Minute Men were not well used to great guns. But they rallied again and again to the attack, and were never fiercer in their fighting than when, just at sundown, Percy's men rushed across the narrow causeway that connected Charlestown with the mainland and sank down safe under the protecting guns of the British men-of-war. It was just the critical moment. George Washington, writing later of the battle said, "If the retreat had not been as precipitate as it was—and God knows it could not have been more so—the ministerial troops must have surrendered, or been totally cut off. For they had not arrived in Charlestown (under cover of their ships) half an hour before a powerful body of men from Marblehead and Salem was at their heels and must, if they had happened to be up one hour sooner, inevitably have intercepted their retreat to Charlestown."

In this action the British lost 73 killed, 174 wounded, and 26 missing; the Americans, 49 killed and 39 wounded. But the British had lost the day and their prestige as invincible veterans. The American farmers had shown the world that they not only could but would fight. They had learned that a red coat did not make its wearer invulnerable nor, of necessity, cover a stout heart. The Minute Men had shown that though they did not always march to drum and trumpet, though hickory shirts and caps rather than scarlet and bearskins were their uniform, they could be relied upon

to be where they were needed and to maintain themselves against all comers. In England the news of the action caused dismay, a fall of stocks, and savage criticism of Lord Percy and his officers. In America it solidified the Colonists into a coöperating whole.

The British lingered but briefly in Charlestown and then returned to Boston. Around that city gathered some sixteen thousand armed Americans, intent upon keeping the enemy bottled up in the town. All the surrounding country-side was swept clear of provisions, and even the islands in the harbor were reduced for the time to deserts. Efforts to provision the garrison by water were frustrated in several cases. All the time skirmishing was going on by land or water. Now the provincials would put out in boats and burn a schooner, or raid one of the channel islands where food was thought to be available for the beleaguered British. Then the enemy would retaliate by the seizure of Yankee ships and provisions. There was sharp skirmishing throughout, which was of service in accustoming the untrained farmers to the sights and sounds of battle. But throughout this process of starving the British garrison into subjection, the peaceful inhabitants of Boston suffered equally with those who wore the red. Great distress spread among them. They had no means of support, for all the customary industries of the town were destroyed. Their friends and relations were in the trenches outside, exposed to the vicissitudes of life in the field and all the perils of war. A great body of troops were quartered upon them, and more were on the seas bound for Boston. The American people long had hatred of the professional soldier, and the action of George III in quartering troops upon the colonies was one of the grievances set forth in the Declaration of Independence. In Boston, even before the outbreak of hostilities, her thrifty, work-a-day

citizens were unable to understand this body of scarlet-coated men loafing the days away on the Common or in King Street. That an able-bodied man should be able to earn a living simply by being prepared for a war which might never come, was incomprehensible to the average American. Years later the Count Rochambeau, who had come as a volunteer from France to fight for American liberties, used to tell with amusement how people would ask him what he did for a living at home when there were no wars. This instinctive distrust of the regular-army man has been one of the strongest features of the American character, and it is part of the purpose of this book to show how it has been gradually overcome by the good work of our United States Army in peace as well as in war.

But to return to Gage and the British in Boston. Seeing that he could scarce feed his own troops and hopeless of alleviating the distress of the civilians, the General began granting passes to such of the latter as desired to leave the city. Some thousands, mostly sympathizers with the revolutionary cause, thereupon went out. But the "Tories," as those who supported the cause of the king were called, protested that this was in fact reënforcing the "rebel" army, and the permission was gradually withdrawn. Then Gage, fearing an American assault and that the citizens would make common cause with the assailants, forced a general disarmament. Some thousands of firearms were given up, and a curious light was thrown upon the habits of the time by the fact that there was about one weapon to each able-bodied inhabitant. That was the reason why the Colonists were able to maintain themselves against the British troops, and why years later the statesmen of the infant nation wrote into its constitution that the right of the people to bear arms shall not be abridged.

Historians and students of military tactics have always wondered why General Gage, instead of trying to ameliorate his situation with makeshift expedients, did not cut his way through the American lines, roll them back to this side and that, and open communication with the country and its plenteous store of food. He was outnumbered to be sure, but he could concentrate his whole force in overwhelming power at any fixed point faster than the Patriots could gather troops from their widely extended lines. Moreover, the Americans, though numerically stronger, were ill-equipped and wholly undisciplined. They had no heavy siege guns, few bayonets, and their muskets were not of one standard and required ammunition of varying sizes. The militia was gathered from several colonies, zealous and patriotic no doubt, but each body tenacious of its own independence and recognizing no supreme command. Every feature of the situation should have called upon Gage to rouse his troops and sweep away these "peasants" who beleaguered him. Instead he sat supine in his headquarters and even after a British fleet had brought Generals Burgoyne, Clinton and Howe to his aid with nearly ten thousand fresh troops, he still awaited the American attack.

As his ship was entering Boston, General Burgoyne asked how many regulars there were in Boston.

"About five thousand," was the response.

"What!" cried the General, "ten thousand peasants keep five thousand King's troops shut up! Well, let US get in and we'll soon find elbow-room."

The General got in but he never found elbow-room, for he only left Boston in defeat. But the phrase stuck to him, much to his irritation. Later, after reverses in Canada, he was brought back to Boston a prisoner of war. As he was boarding the ferry-boat at Charlestown an aged crone perched on a near-by

shed shrilled out, "Make way! make way! The General's coming. Give him elbow-room."

In the end, instead of Gage's moving to free his troops from the Boston peninsula, the Americans struck first. Charlestown, the spot at which Lord Percy's column fleeing from Lexington had found refuge, was a hilly peninsula jutting out from the mainland to which it was joined by a neck so narrow that one standing in the centre could toss a stone into the Charles River on the one hand, the Mystic on the other. Two hills, Breed's and Bunker's, rose near the centre of the peninsula; the former being high and much nearer Boston. At the foot of Breed's Hill nestled in 1775 a little wooden town of a thousand houses or so. Now a great city packs its factories, shops, tenements, and homes closely about the verdant eminence, on the crest of which the American people have erected a towering granite monument in commemoration of what, by common consent, is deemed the first pitched battle of the American Revolution.

Notwithstanding Gage's hesitancy and inaction the watchful Americans became convinced in June, 1775, that he was planning a hostile move. What, in fact, he was contemplating was a move to the southeast of Boston and the seizure of Dorchester Heights which, if fortified by the Americans, would give them control of the town. With an uneasy sense that something—none knew what—was doing with the enemy, the American Committee of Safety determined to strike first. The offensive move they made was the fortification of Breed's Hill, just a mile from the church where the Revere lanterns had hung, and commanding the north end of the city.

At nine o'clock on the night of Friday, June 16, the common in Cambridge, under shadow of Harvard College, witnessed the muster of about two hundred

provincial troops, including a company of artillery with two field pieces, all under command of Colonel William Prescott, whose grandson gave to the writing of American history the fervor and genius that the grandsire gave to the making of it. Prescott was among the most earnest of Massachusetts patriots. Some months before this occasion, his brother-in-law, Colonel Willard, expostulated with him for his open patriotism, saying that if persisted in, his life and estate would pay the forfeiture of treason. "I have made up my mind upon that subject," he replied. "I think it probable I may be found in arms, but I will never be taken alive. The Tories shall never have the pleasure of seeing me taken alive."

On this June night Colonel Prescott had orders in his pocket to seize and fortify Bunker Hill—orders not to be made public until his column had safely crossed the narrow neck. And so, when the venerable President of Harvard College had offered an eloquent prayer for the soldiers and their cause, the column set out, silently, without drum or talk, the intrenching tools carried in ox-carts at the rear; the van led by two sergeants with dark lanterns whose fitful flashes lighted up the way to the battle field—faint gleams indeed, but destined to light up a historic conflict.

Arrived at the field there was dispute about the course to be taken. The orders read plainly enough "Bunker Hill," but Breed's was high and nearer to Boston. Contention ran high until the engineer officers pointed out that if debate continued the works could not be completed until daybreak when the British on their ships in the river below or in camp on Copp's Hill opposite, would check work with their cannon. So Breed's Hill was chosen, but the battle, and eventually the hill, took its name from the original orders. The fortification planned was a

rough quadrangle with a wing running off one side toward the Mystic River. It was a stout earthwork about six feet high with a trench in front, and a wooden platform behind on which the defenders were to stand while firing. Pick, shovel, and mattock, tools with which the militant farmers were familiar, were plied with zeal and the fort began to assume rough form in the night. Far below, the lanterns of the British ships glimmered dimly on the tide, and the long drawn cry "All's well" of the sentries among the graves on Copp's Hill sounded faintly across the flowing river. The officers urged on the men, of whom several hundred would work an hour, and then go on guard duty while fresh workers took their places. Prescott was there, and Israel Putnam, "Old Put," whose daring had been tested in the French war, and who was as intolerant in council as he was undaunted in battle. During the night came also General Warren, whose superior rank entitled him to command but who declined to displace Prescott. Later there arrived a company of New Hampshire men under command of John Stark, whom we shall hear of again as threatening to make Molly Stark a widow should he fail to beat the British at Bennington.

Through the night the toil went on and when the light grew gray in the east a sleepy sentinel on His Majesty's Ship "Lively" rubbed his eyes and gazed in blank amaze at a long line of earthworks, on which men by the hundreds were still working, and over which flapped a defiant flag. What flag it was the sentinel could not make out. For that matter history itself cannot tell us to-day. It may have been the pine-tree flag so popular in Massachusetts, or some other bit of emblematic bunting. At any rate it was not the scarlet banner of King George, but a rebellious rag. So after rolling drums and piping of boatswains' whistles the

"Lively" let fly a broadside which thundered in the clear morning air and woke up the artillerists on Copp's Hill who continued the cannons' chorus.

But artillery bothered the Colonials not a bit and they worked away perfecting their defences. When a round shot struck unpleasantly near and some of the diggers showed natural alarm Colonel Prescott leaped to the top of the embankment and strode up and down, encouraging his men by his display of fearlessness. On the other side of the water, General Gage, through his field-glasses, noted the tall figure with flowing coat who so calmly exposed himself.

"Who is he?" he asked Councillor Willard, who stood at his side.

After a look through the glasses Willard replied: "My brother-in-law, Colonel Prescott."

"Will he fight?"

"To the death," replied Willard, remembering Prescott's remark about not being taken in arms.

All the morning the cannon roared but did little hurt to the Americans. One man was killed by a grape-shot and the farmers, still new to the necessary brutality of war which lets the dead rest where they fall while the fight goes on, stopped work aghast.

"What shall we do with him?" asked a subaltern of Prescott.

"Bury him, of course."

"What! without prayers?"

And a chaplain threw down his spade and insisted on performing the sacred office over the first victim of Bunker Hill, while the men, despite Prescott's commands, gathered reverently about with uncovered heads.

Prescott knew, as all with any experience of war there knew, that the thunderous chorus of the cannon was but the overture to the grand and tragic drama that was to be enacted on that gentle hill-slope that

fair June day. Though the sun was sultry he spared his men no exertion. But while no time was wasted in his command, it was sorely squandered in the main camp at Cambridge. When Prescott's party set out it was understood that rations were to follow them. But none were forwarded and between heat, hunger, and fatigue the men were in sorry straits before noon. Worse even than the lack of food was the failure of General Ward to send forward more ammunition. Powder was the scarcest thing in the American lines that day. In all the towns about Cambridge could be found only twenty-seven half-barrels and Connecticut sent thirty-six half-barrels more. Even this slender supply was not rushed to the front, and we read in memoirs of the time of officers sitting on the tongues of ox-carts and measuring out half a gill of gunpowder each to soldiers who were going to give battle to the well-equipped regulars of the British army.

About noon the bristling crowds that had been seen during the morning in the streets of Boston, took the form of marching bodies of troops. Evidently Gage had made up his mind to attack the works and their defenders—their work done—stopped to watch the marshalling of their foe. The spectacle from the breastworks was a thrilling one. Boston still had its three hills—two have since been levelled—which gave the town its early name of Tremont or Trimountain—and the circling rows of housetops, rising one above the other to the crest of these eminences, were crowded with citizens watching the beginning of the fray. Scarce a cloud flecked the sky, and the sun beat down upon the blue rippling waters of the Charles, as later it beat fiercely on the red coats and heavy headgear of the British troops advancing to the assault. At this moment, however, the troops were on the water being ferried across to the Charlestown shore in a

multitude of boats, while the warships in the stream covered their crossing with an active fire, as did the battery on Copp's Hill, its guns roaring over the graves of patriots dead and gone. The Americans made no effort to harass the troops as they landed. Powder was too precious to be used in long-range fighting.

There had been dissension in the ranks of the British commanders over the plan of battle. Clinton urged that instead of assaulting the Americans in front, the troops should be ferried to the Neck, then landed, and attack the works from the rear. The men-of-war could have protected the landing easily, and the Americans, outnumbered and deprived of their protecting works, would have been annihilated or captured. It was easy later to see the superiority of this plan of action, but at the time it was overruled. The fact is that the British, stung by the disgrace of Concord and Lexington, were eager for a straight-out fight and clamored for the assault. Prescott, as he saw the plan developed, was confident of victory, and rejected vigorously the suggestion that his men be relieved after their night's work by fresh troops. "The men," he said, "who built this breastwork can best defend it." Putnam, too, knew his men, knew well how great was the advantage of a shelter, however slight, for their bodies, to men who had been trained in the war tactics of Indians. "The Americans," he once said, "are not afraid of their heads though very much afraid of their legs; if you cover these they will fight forever."

By three o'clock the British were all ashore, drawn up ready for the assault. It was a brilliant body of troops, more spectacular than business-like, for that was the time in the development of war when nations thought it more important that their soldiers should dazzle the eye, than that they be stripped for swift

and effective fighting. These Englishmen, huddled together on the shore under the protecting fire of their warships, made a striking picture in scarlet, gold, white, and the rich hues of furs. But the scarlet coats were of heavy cloth ill-fitted for exertions under a blazing June sun. The white cross-belts supported heavy knapsacks holding three days' rations. The brass buttons and epaulets sparkled in the sunlight and served to direct the deadly American fire. The towering hats, some of them bearskin shakos weighing eight or ten pounds, were more foolish on a battle field than the Indians' paint and feathers, and the Chinaman's terrifying masks. The men under all these trappings were stout of heart and of body, but when we are told that the equipment of each one weighed more than twenty-five pounds we recognize that they took the field under a handicap.

After listening to a speech in which General Howe assured them that if beaten in this battle they would be driven out of Boston altogether, the troops gave three cheers and began the advance, at quick-step, firing as they marched, at the American earthworks that lay silent and sinister in their front. In all about three thousand troops were in the charge, or the supporting lines. General Howe, a man of high courage, who would have scorned to send his men whither he would not himself go, commanded the right wing, seeking to break the American line behind a rail-fence that stretched from the redoubt down to the Mystic River; General Pigot led the left wing against the redoubt itself. The artillery tried to aid in the attack but soon ceased firing as it was found that twelve-pound balls had been served out for six-pound cannon. Critics of the time said that the trouble was due to the fact that, "the wretched blunder of the oversized balls sprung from the dotage of an officer of rank who

spends his whole time in dallying with the school-master's daughter." There, it seems, must have been a true Daughter of the American Revolution. However, on the Patriots' side the artillery was equally futile, though not Cupid but mere inefficiency and lack of courage put the Yankee guns out of commission.

Men who have served in battle say that the critical time that tries men's nerves is the brief pause before the first volley. The flash, the roar, the smoke, the sight of companions writhing in agony, the knowledge that an enemy is doing his best to hurt, to kill you, rouses the mad rage that leads men to forget danger and self. The British had ample time for this calm contemplation of the peril they were about to confront. Their march lay across about half a mile of fields knee-deep in thick grass, crossed here and there by fences which must needs be torn down. The sun beat down upon them and the heavy load they carried fairly dragged them down. But as they marched, firing now and again without effect, the line of beetling breastworks before them gave no answering shot. They could see the muzzles of the rifles of the invisible defenders resting on the parapet sullenly watching, watching.

What they could not see or hear was the officers in the trenches running up and down the lines commanding the men to hold their fire. Every American schoolboy knows the shrewd but simple orders of that day, "Pick off the officers"; "Aim at the gold-laced coats"; "Fire low; aim at the waist bands"; "Save your powder." "Lads, you are all marksmen," cried Prescott. "Don't one of you fire till you see the whites of their eyes." But it was not easy to hold the eager riflemen in check; now and then a shot rang out. Down at the rail-fence Putnam swore he would cut down any men who fired without orders. In the

redoubt Prescott sent officers to knock up the muzzles of the guns. Those officers knew how scarce the powder was; the men did not.

At last the order came. The red line was within eight rods of the rail-fence and the redoubt when the blast rang out. Those deadly muzzles, silent so long, had been kept trained on the British and every bullet found its mark. The enemy was ranked according to the tactics of those times, shoulder to shoulder, elbow touching elbow, a line impossible to miss. The first rank went down at the first fire; the second, struggling over the bodies of their companions, pushed on only to be swept away as the American muzzle-loaders spoke again and again. As Private Peter Brown wrote from the trenches later to his New England mother, "When the enemy came up to swallow they found a choaky mouthful." As the lines halted in confusion the Americans began to pick their marks. "There! See that officer. Let me have a shot at him!" and three or four guns would ring out at once. The rail-fence, where stout "Old Put" commanded, was the scene of the fiercest fighting, the British approaching almost near enough to push it over, but the muskets rested in deadly calm on the topmost rail, smote them down. A British officer wrote, "Our light infantry was served up in companies against the grass fence without being able to penetrate;—indeed how could we penetrate? Most of our grenadiers and light infantry the moment of presenting themselves, lost three-fourths and many nine-tenths of their men. Some had only eight and nine men a company left; some only three, four, and five."

Human nature could not withstand so deadly a fire. Deaf to the appeals of their officers, the surviving British turned and fled. With the utmost difficulty the Americans were restrained from rushing out of the

trenches in pursuit, and on every side the cry went up, "Are Americans cowards!"

But Prescott, Putnam, and the gallant Warren knew the dogged British courage well. Moreover, they knew how grave was the situation of the defenders on the hill. Mounting his horse, Putnam dashed back to Cambridge to demand reënforcements and more ammunition. The situation there was discouraging and discreditable. While the men under fire in the trenches were cool and efficient, the men at the base in the rear were excited and plunged in confusion. There was much galloping to and fro with futile messages, and some bodies of troops started for the front, but few got to the scene of battle. No powder was sent at all. Had there been intelligence and system in the rear, as there were devotion and gallantry at the front, the story of Bunker Hill would have been different.

Again the British advanced to the assault; mainly fresh troops this time, though still led by the gallant Howe and Pigot. Howe had gone through the leaden storm unhurt, but the blood of others that lay thick upon the grass had stained his white silk stockings crimson. The story of the second charge differs little from that of the first. The scene was made the more terrifying by the fact that "carcasses" or large shells filled with inflammables fired from Copp's Hill had set Charlestown ablaze and meeting-houses and homes were all in flames. General Burgoyne writing to Lord Stanley afterward said:

"And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived; if we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; to the left, the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land (here Gen-

eral Burgoyne's view is imaginative rather than real); and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town in one great blaze—the church steeples being timber were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us the church steeples, and our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was engaged; the hills around the country covered with spectators; the enemy all in anxious suspense; the roar of cannon, mortars and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks and whole streets falling together; the storm of the redoubt with the objects above described to fill the eye; and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was the final loss to the British Empire in America to fill the mind; made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came to my lot to be witness to."

So for the second time the British line faltered and gave way before that deadly fire. The toll of death lay heavy on its bravest and best. Three times Howe found himself standing alone on the field, his aides and officers about him having gone down in one red burial blent. One company of the Fifty-Second Regiment had every man killed or wounded. Where the dead lay like windrows on the grassy field the gleam of gold lace in the sunlight told how cruelly the American fire had marked down the officers for its own. After the battle some British critics complained of the action of the men; but the roster of the dead stilled any question as to the gallantry of the officers.

Baffled, but not beaten, the British gathered again at the water-side, within range indeed of the Colonial rifles, but safe since the scarcity of powder checked the fire of the men in the trenches. This time neither officers nor men were eager to renew the assault. "It

is sheer butchery," murmured some as Howe pressed on the work of reforming the lines. The troops had lost their confident air. They had learned that if indeed they were confronted by peasants the American peasantry could stand firm and shoot straight. The officers had to prick the men sharply with sword-points and bayonets, and strike them with scabbards to force them into line. But reënforcements came from the other shore. General Clinton, who had watched the progress of the disaster, came to serve as a volunteer. The new attack was ordered more wisely. Heavy hats and knapsacks were discarded. The attack was centred on the redoubt with only a side demonstration at the rail-fence. The artillery was so posted as to command the interior of the redoubt. The attack was made in column instead of the long line offering a fair target to the defenders.

From the redoubt Prescott watched these new dispositions with grave dread. The silence of the British guns foreshadowed a desperate charge. The new position of the enemy's cannon enabled them to rake the redoubt with murderous volleys. From Cambridge came no reënforcements and above all no powder. Of that prime necessity of warfare there was not enough in the American works for more than two volleys. He ordered the men to hold their fire until the enemy was within sixty feet. Stones were gathered for use in hand-to-hand fighting and, as there were not more than fifty bayonets in the whole force, the men were told to club their muskets when the enemy mounted the parapet—for that it would come to that pass there could be no doubt.

The British came on gallantly and in perfect silence, for their orders had been to rush the works at the point of the bayonet. At twenty yards they were met by a volley, but after a moment's hesitation, pressed on.

The American fire slackened—the powder was nearly gone. Howe turned one end of the redoubt; Pigot the other, while red-coated soldiers swarmed over it in front. An officer of marines waved his sword from the crest crying, "Come on men! The day is ours!" and fell dead. It was Major Pitcairn who so doughtily had ordered the "rebels" on Lexington Green to throw down their arms and disperse. Within the redoubt defender and assailant were so thickly mingled in the smoke that firearms could be but little used—the fighting was with bayonets and clubbed muskets.

The Americans retreating crossed the crest of Bunker Hill. Here the gallant Putnam had some half-completed works and here he strove to rally the fugitives. "Make a stand here!" he cried. "We can stop them yet. In God's name stop and give one shot more!" But still no powder, and the helpless and dispirited troops streamed away across Charlestown Neck and so on to Cambridge where was the ammunition that might have saved the day. In the last stand was slain Joseph Warren, best beloved of the patriots whose activity and eloquence had brought on the Revolution—doomed to die in its first pitched battle.

There was no pursuit by the British, who contented themselves with fortifying the hill and resting on their arms. Prescott, a very glutton for the fight, stormed about Cambridge, denouncing those who had failed to support him. "Give me 1,500 men and ammunition and I will retake the position," he cried. But the moment was passed. The day was lost and won. For the British it was a Pyrrhic victory—another such and they would be undone. According to official reports they had lost 1,054 men—American historians claim more, but even that is over thirty per cent. That was a higher loss than on the historic fields

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MINUTE MEN AT LEXINGTON

(From an old print)

of Fontenoy, Waterloo and Gettysburg. But the battle of Waterloo lasted all day; Gettysburg, three days; that of Bunker Hill, an hour and a half. The American loss was 411 killed and wounded, or about twenty per cent. of the force engaged.

In its results Bunker Hill was one of the great battles of history. Was it an American defeat? True England won the hill, but she lost 13 colonies. Never was there a finer illustration of the adage, "Truth loses battles but wins wars." In the parade ground of the citadel at Quebec, England's Gibraltar of this continent, stands a little old brass cannon. "This was captured at Bunker Hill," says the scarlet-coated soldier who shows tourists about, smiling with a touch of malice if there be, as there usually are, citizens of the United States among them.

"All right," answered a Yankee once, robbing the sneer of its sting forever. "You keep the gun; we've got the hill."

CHAPTER II

Creation of the Army—Siege of Boston—Taking of Ticonderoga—Expedition Against Quebec—The British Evacuate Boston.

THE result of the Battle of Bunker Hill left the British in possession of Boston and Charlestown. The Americans had all the surrounding country. Both of the invested towns were on large promontories connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus, or neck, as a flower is held to the parent plant by a slender stem. By binding tightly this stem one can cause the flower to wilt for lack of sustenance. By blocking the two necks with fortifications the Americans could starve the British into subjection, and this they straightway proceeded to do.

Meantime the news of the events in Massachusetts had stirred the whole band of colonies from Maine to South Carolina. Swift carriers galloped out of Cambridge before the wounds of those who fell at Lexington were stanched, bearing bulletins of the affair. Ridiculously incorrect some of these proclamations were, but they had their effect. War-fire blazed throughout the land. Men dropped plow and axe, and flew to arms. The Committee of Safety called for men to defend wives and children "from the butchering hands of an inhuman soldiery." The troops thus collected, provincial militia, minute men, free companies, and individual volunteers gathered in and about Cambridge. New England and New York furnished most, though some began coming in early from Pennsylvania and Virginia. But it was a rabble, not an army. There were men there trained to com-

mand in the wars with the French and the Indians, but they were not always in command. The country militia companies conducted their military affairs on the town-meeting principle, and it was not always the best soldier who was elected captain. When the authority of general officers was involved there was apt to be a clash because of the antagonistic ambitions and jealousies of the colonies represented. Rhode Island did not see why her militia should serve under a Massachusetts general, and such a situation bred confusion and almost open mutiny. It was natural that with the scene of action in and about Boston and with that colony furnishing the greater number of the troops, it should expect the chief command. Accordingly General Artemas Ward was appointed commander-in-chief by Massachusetts May 20, and was in command at Cambridge on Bunker Hill day. Probably the failure to swiftly support the troops at the front was then due to the slenderness of his authority. But even before he took command it had been determined to ask the Continental Congress to designate a commander-in-chief. A messenger was sent to Philadelphia to communicate this fact to the Congress which was then sitting there.

With that Congress begins properly the Story of Our Army. There had been fighting men in the colonies ever since the times of Myles Standish and Captain John Smith. There had been battles, well fought, like those of Fort Duquesne, Louisbourg and Bunker Hill. But the fighting men had enrolled and the battles been fought under the scarlet flag of St. George or the diverse flags of the colonies. Now they were to serve under national authority and a national flag—though the design for the latter was not at once approved.

June 14, 1775, the Continental Congress took up

the burden of the war. It took over the troops of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. It provided for the raising of an army; it drew up the first edition of the Articles of War, appointed four major-generals and eight brigadier-generals and chose George Washington, of Virginia, commander-in-chief.

What we would call to-day "politics" had quite as much to do with the selection of Washington as had strictly military considerations. He had, it is true, some repute as a soldier, resting mainly on the skill with which he had extricated the shattered remnant of Braddock's army from the trap set for them by the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne. But he was easily the foremost citizen of Virginia and as such a man of large influence throughout the Southern colonies. New England had taken the lead in the earlier stages of agitation against Great Britain and armed resistance to her authority. Accordingly, it appeared to John Adams, of Boston, a member of the Continental Congress, destined later to be President of the then unthought-of United States, that to select the eminent Virginian would allay possible jealousy among the Southern colonies and weld them into a harmonious whole. Washington had not sought the command, and accepted it not without misgivings. "I am prepared," he wrote to a friend, "to bid farewell to what little reputation I may now possess." His words were prophetic, so far as momentary repute was concerned, for the Revolutionary days did not differ from our own as far as the price exacted from public men for their promotion was concerned. Later generations have raised Washington to the position of a demi-god, but in his own day he had to bear the shafts of slander and the ribaldries of ridicule even as do the great soldiers and statesmen of later days.

With Washington were commissioned other general officers whose names will often recur in this story. Senior among the major-generals was Artemas Ward, who at the moment was in command of the troops around Boston. He served until the British evacuated that city and then resigned. Major-General Philip Schuyler was a New Yorker, a soldier tried by service in the Indian wars. Of Charles Lee, more was expected than of any of the new major-generals, for his manner and conversation were brilliant and plausible. He turned out to be an adventurer and probably a traitor. His chief place in history rests on the fact that he acted in so unsoldierly a manner at Monmouth as to make Washington swear in a fashion intensely human. Israel Putnam, the fourth major-general, had a wide reputation for courage which he well upheld during the war, though a certain blunt insistence upon his own claims to rank and preëminence kept him in continual quarrels.

Of the eight brigadiers the notable ones, of whom we shall read much, were Richard Montgomery, of New York and Nathanael Greene, of Rhode Island. Horatio Gates was appointed adjutant-general. He was a Virginian whose service as an officer in the British army under Braddock should have made him a notable figure in the American service. But he became a political soldier, always intriguing against his superiors, and even trying to displace Washington. In the end he dropped into obscurity.

Washington was commissioned, and started for Cambridge on horseback to take command of the army. The news of Bunker Hill had not yet reached Philadelphia, but scarcely twenty miles out Washington met the courier who was bringing it.

"Did the militia fight?" he asked before the mes-

senger could say more than that there had been a battle.

Being told how they had fought, he said gravely, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," and rode on.

Looking back with full knowledge of all that was done in those seven years of revolution it seems hard to believe with what incredulity men of high standing in the colonies regarded the prospect of the people conducting themselves like brave men and soldiers. They should have known better for constant struggle with the wilderness and the hostile forces of nature had strengthened the will of these Colonists, while repeated Indian wars had inured them to the perils of battle. Most of them were or had been pioneers and to be one of the advance guard of civilization presupposes personal courage. The British found out soon enough that they had underestimated the personal bravery of the Americans and were frank enough in their admissions of it. Before the series of events that began with Lexington, General Gage was sufficiently contemptuous of American valor, but after Bunker Hill wrote to Lord Dartmouth, "The trials we have had show the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be; and I find it owing to a military spirit, encouraged among them for a few years past, joined with an uncommon degree of zeal and enthusiasm, that they are otherwise."

Among American leaders the same distrust of the bearing of the Colonials had been felt, as their exultation, when Concord and Bunker Hill proved that farmers would fight, showed. "I am glad of it," cried Patrick Henry, when he was told of the battle; "a breach of our affections was needed to rouse the country to action." And the shrewd old philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, forcasting the future from the event

said, "Americans will fight! England has lost her colonies for ever."

Arrived at Cambridge, Washington assumed command of his army under that spreading elm on Cambridge Green that for more than a century has been shown to travelers as the "Washington Elm." Present, or on service in the works overlooking Boston were 17,215 officers and men out of an army, "on paper" of 20,242. Of the 35 regiments, 26 were from Massachusetts alone. The force was almost exactly equal to that of the British, but the latter were drilled, disciplined, armed with standard weapons, commanded by officers schooled in European campaigns, trained in the subordination so necessary to the soldier, and well provided with artillery.

Washington's men had their high qualities. Their patriotism was unbounded. They were willing to fight, to suffer, to die, if need be for their country. But they were minded to do it their own way. Of discipline they knew nothing, and wanted to know no more. They saw no reason for eternal drilling, for daily shaving and keeping arms and accoutrements bright. Why, when the enemy seemed content in Boston and a mere handful in the trenches could keep him from breaking out, those whose farms needed care could not go home subject to call, was hard for them to comprehend. All the same they were sound stuff to the backbone, and could march, and dig with the best of regulars, knew how to care for themselves, and with their long rifles—seven feet long as a rule—were deadly shots. Their courage was shown on a hundred fields. In a most readable book,* which is at the same time a real contribution to history, a New England writer describes two American privates:

* "The Private Soldier Under Washington," by Charles Knowles Bolton; New York, 1902.

"Can you not see two of them now—Haines at Bemis Heights, astride the muzzle of a British brass twelve-pounder, ramming his bayonet into the thigh of a savage foe, recovering himself to parry the thrust of a second, and quick as a tiger, dashing the same bloody bayonet through his head; recovering again only to fall from the cannon, shot through the mouth and tongue; lying two nights on the battle field until thirst, hunger, and loss of blood overcome him, then in the ranks of the dead made ready for burial; and from all this recovering for three years more of service and a green old age; or again that unknown daredevil whose swaying figure stood out upon the parapet of the intrenchments about Yorktown, brandishing his spade at every ball that burred about him, finally going to his death 'damning his soul if he would dodge.'"

Out of such raw material Washington had to forge an army. Moreover, he had to replace it with a new army before it was half finished, for the terms of enlistment of the militia began to expire about the time he assumed command. He had to tighten the works about Boston, and be on the *qui vive* all the time for a sortie. He was short of cannon, of powder, and of men. Of the first two the enemy furnished the first supply.

Ticonderoga, at the junction of Lake George and Lake Champlain in the colony of New York, was a fort on which the British government had spent some considerable money, and which was well armed and garrisoned. It held a vital point on the long waterway which, with but one portage, extended from the ocean at the mouth of the Hudson to the river St. Lawrence. Its walls of heavy masonry, erected there in a wilderness trodden only by the feet of trappers and occasional traders with the Indians, were fitted to withstand the fire of the ordinary artillery of that day,

and their ruined fragments still stand on the high bluff looking down upon the placid lake, which after witnessing the wars of the red men, the French, the British, and the Americans, has settled down as the placid pathway of peace and pleasure. The fort was well filled with cannon of different weights and calibres, precisely the weapons which the American forces most lacked. Indeed in all Massachusetts were but twenty-three small pieces of artillery, and of these five were lost at Bunker Hill.

In April, 1775, before that battle, Captain Benedict Arnold had arrived at Cambridge with a company of volunteers from New Haven, Connecticut. He knew that Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, its neighbor, were but feebly garrisoned and that they contained a considerable store of cannon. On his suggestion to Washington he was authorized to raise a force for the capture of the forts, and was commissioned colonel—the beginning of a military career that was wholly brilliant until it was suddenly snuffed out in a calamity of ignominy and disgrace.

Arnold raised four hundred troops for his expedition and set out across the country, going himself ahead of the main body of his troops with a comparatively small party. Curiously enough the same purpose that animated him had occurred earlier in the mind of Captain Ethan Allen, of Vermont, whom Arnold found already on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain with a party of two hundred "Green Mountain Boys," bound on the same errand. The two joined forces, Arnold finally accepting second place as a volunteer, though he insisted strenuously on being put in command. Ferrying their troops across the narrow lake, they held in restraint all country folk who might by any possibility carry a warning to the garrison. Through the dark night of

May 8 they lurked in the forests that surrounded Fort Ticonderoga and just at dawn rushed to the attack, sounding the Indian warwhoop. It was not the first time that savage ululation had rung among those hills, for the fort stood there as a British outpost against the Indians, to hold a spot won from the French and their savage allies at heavy cost of blood and treasure. Now the commander of the fort supposed all was peaceful about him. If any rumors of the disturbances about Boston had reached his ears he supposed them to be merely local troubles. So on this May night the garrison slept, the great gate was closed indeed, but the wicket was open and through this the assailants rushed, the sleepy sentinel vanishing as he heard their advancing shouts. But few shots were fired. The few defenders on duty threw down their arms while most were taken in their cots. Rushing to the commandant's quarters, Ethan Allen beat thunderously on the door with his sword hilt. Captain Delaplace came to the door clad in the unmilitary trappings of sleep.

"What does this mean? What do you want?" he demanded.

"Surrender," cried Allen, "we are in possession of the fort."

"By what authority?"

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

There was nothing for it but surrender, and Delaplace yielded. He knew nothing of any war. "He wandered about as one dazed," wrote a soldier of Allen's command, "repeating, 'What does this mean?' over and over again."

With the fort the Americans captured the captain, a lieutenant, forty-eight privates and a number of women and children, all of whom were sent to Albany. What was more important was the capture of nearly

two hundred cannon. Of these the lighter pieces were sent at once to Washington at Cambridge, while the heavier ones were held until the cold and snow of winter would make the roads passable, when they too were sent thither to aid in driving Gage out of Boston. The fort had cost England in the various expeditions for its establishment something like eight million pounds sterling. It was taken by the Americans in ten minutes without the loss of a man. Within a day or two the neighboring British works at Crown Point and the harbor of Skenesboro were taken by Allen's forces and the waterway to Canada was in possession of the Americans.

The authenticity of the swashbuckling phrase in which Allen demanded the surrender has been questioned on the reasonable grounds that the Continental Congress had never met, and did not meet until six hours after the assault, and that the dashing Green Mountain soldier notoriously did not believe in Jehovah. But the story rests on Allen's own narrative and the phrase is too deeply graven on American history ever to be obliterated.

While drawing the lines tighter about the beleaguered British in Boston, Washington as commander-in-chief had forced upon his attention the need of activity in other directions if from a local revolt the American uprising was to be developed into a true war of independence—for after Bunker Hill men began to speak of a separation from the mother country as they never had talked before. A little study of the map of the colonies, or a present day map of the United States will show the geographical facts which determined the whole plan of the British attack upon the colonies. England controlled the ocean, the bays, the harbors, and the navigable rivers absolutely. Even then her navy was supreme upon the Seven Seas. The Colonists

controlled a strip of land bordering the ocean and reaching on an average fifty miles into the interior. Boston was in the hands of a British garrison. New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston were still held by the Americans though the cities were full of Tories, as the sympathizers with King George were called, and it needed only for a few British men-of-war to drop anchor in the harbor to make of any one of these towns a British stronghold. Indeed, very shortly after Washington cooped him up in Boston, Gage wrote to London urging that he be allowed to abandon that city and take his troops by water to New York. In those days water transportation was everything. Railroads there were none, and the ordinary highways were quagmires in wet weather. But nature had provided several broad waterways from that sea, which was ever Britain's broad domain, to the heart of the Colonists' country.

One was the path by water up the St. Lawrence past the towering heights on which stand the town and citadel of Quebec, to the point at which the St. John's enters that river. The St. John's in turn offered a way to a point within a short portage of the head of Lake Champlain, which with the connecting Lake George, extends south to the headwaters of the Hudson. This water route from sea to sea was the objective of almost a continuous campaign by the British throughout the war, but at no time did they control it. They came nearest to its possession at the critical time when discovery foiled Arnold's treacherous purpose of selling to the enemy the fort at West Point, which held the water gap in the highlands of the Hudson against all comers.

To control this northeastern waterway, Washington determined to invade Canada. Word reached him that General Carleton, the British commander, in that

province had but a few hundred men under arms, and that in Quebec was not a single regular soldier. Both Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold were clamoring for permission to command an invading expedition. Allen wanted to follow the line of the St. John's River and fall upon Montreal. Arnold, who had left the Ticonderoga region in a passion because of a fancied slight, wished to march from the upper waters of the Kennebec and attack Quebec. Washington hesitated for some time. Canada was a distinct province. Her people largely French had shown no sympathy with the New England revolt. Invasion of their territory might positively estrange them—make them a hostile instead of a neutral force. As it turned out it did have precisely this effect. Probably the two soldiers so eager to lead the expedition were not all to Washington's liking, for with all their gallantry they were insubordinate and animated by selfish ambitions.

In the end Washington agreed to both expeditions, but denied to Allen command of the expedition against Montreal. That was conferred upon General Philip Schuyler, but upon his falling ill the actual command devolved on General Richard Montgomery, an Irishman who had served with Wolfe against Quebec. Allen characteristically enough made a bold dash, without orders and with an insufficient force against Montreal, but failed. After losing about forty men he was captured with the rest of his command and sent to England a prisoner. After two years of captivity, he was released and, returning to military service, became a brigadier-general in the Continental Army. As notable for bluster as for bravery, tenacious of fancied rights and intolerant of rivals, he achieved by his picturesque qualities a popularity which his record as a soldier did not justify, and through an indiscreet cor-

respondence with the enemy came near being branded forever as a traitor—a fate which his true patriotism did not deserve.

General Montgomery meanwhile found that Montreal and Canada were not to be taken by mere dash. Fifty days were spent in reducing St. Johns, a village at the northern end of Lake Champlain, where the British erected defences that barred the waterway to Canada. When it fell a luckless chance aided the escape of the British General Carleton, who with a considerable force went down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, arriving there in season to dash American hopes. Montreal delayed Montgomery only a brief time. Quebec with its beetling citadel was the important objective for him. But it was the important point for the British as well, and having to defend one of the two towns General Carleton hurried to save the more important one.

Meanwhile General Arnold with about twelve hundred men was fighting his way northward through the Maine woods toward Quebec. The enemies he had to encounter were not human but were more formidable. The Indians were indifferent or friendly, and there were no British or Tories about to offer battle. But there were no roads. That portion of the route which lay along the course of the upper Kennebec was covered by dragging heavy bateaux, laden with stores, against a cold rushing current in which the men waded waist deep, over rocky bottoms. At points were low falls and rapids impossible of passage for the boats, which had to be hauled out over the steep granite banks, boats, stores, and wearied men all suffering in the process. The river shrunk to a purling brook and the long portage over the highlands to the headwaters of the River Chaudiere, down which the expedition was to drift to the St. Lawrence, began. This was the most

arduous portion of the march. Great bogs barred their way in which men sank to their shoulders and were with difficulty drawn out. The forests were thick and the undergrowth so dense that paths had to be cut with axes and the clothing and bodies of the men were torn. Poisonous gnats filled the air in clouds. Much of the path had to be covered two or three times as the men struggling forward to the camping place would have to go back over the path thus broken to bring up the provisions. Food failed them. They ate dogs, candles, roots, and berries, some poisonous of which they fell sick. Some boiled their moccasins for soup, others ate shaving soap, pomatum, and salve. Many of the exhausted or sick who fell behind perished miserably in the forest. The whole rear guard, when the march was all but ended, gave up the fight and returned to the Kennebec and so to the coast. To find the headwaters of the stream which was to take them to the St. Lawrence was no easy task. In those impenetrable woods they might be within a few hundred yards of it yet not discover it. Much of the time it rained furiously, but as the season advanced the rain turned to snow, and the ponds they had continually to pass froze over, so that the men had to break the ice with the butts of their muskets to permit the passage of their few remaining boats. In 83 miles along the Dead River the boats had to be taken out and carried 17 times. Out of 220 miles on the whole journey the boats had been hauled through the water 180 miles and carried bodily 40 miles. Under this strain the boats, like the men, were going to pieces fast. At last, with only three days' provisions left, Arnold set out with a small party on a swift march in search of succor. He found some friendly French settlements and bought lavishly of food. When the fresh provisions reached the

famished soldiers in the rear they gorged themselves so ravenously that many died.

They were now near the end of what was the most exacting and toilsome march of revolutionary days. But though progress became easier the men were too greatly fatigued to hasten. The last 30 miles took 10 days, though so slight were the natural obstacles that they should have been passed in two. Before starting out it was estimated that the march from what is now Augusta on the Kennebec to the south bank of the St. Lawrence would take 20 days. In fact it took 50. Starting with nearly 1,200 men the St. Lawrence was reached with a force of about 750. All the boats had been lost or destroyed and to cross the river Arnold had to secure some 30 birch bark canoes from the Indians. He had no artillery, for it had been known from the first that cannon could not be drawn through those dense northern woods. But many of his small arms were lost, and his stock of powder was low. To add to the dismal state of the shattered force gazing across the broad river at the towering ramparts and comfortable town of Quebec, a cold sleety rain set in, and a sharp wind whistled in the trees for two days. Those who cling to the ancient superstitions and believe in "a Jonah," cannot fail to note that the expedition was commanded by Benedict Arnold and had among its subalterns Aaron Burr—the two names bearing the most sinister brand in United States history.

Notwithstanding the dire state of his command, Arnold made shift to get across the river, landing at Wolfe's Cove, where about sixteen years earlier the commander of that name had landed to win Quebec from the French. That he crossed at all shows that the English on the two war vessels anchored in the stream were wholly blind to their duty. Yet all

crossed in safety and clambered up the path by which Wolfe had reached the Plains of Abraham. Once there what was there to do? Quebec was surrounded by stout walls, some remnants of which are still standing. While Arnold had been struggling in the woods and rapids of Maine the city had been reënforced until its defenders outnumbered the besiegers and had withal the advantage of protection and an ample supply of ammunition—the Americans were reduced to five rounds each. Under such conditions there was no hope of success in an assault. Arnold tried at first to win his point by a characteristic game of bluff. He paraded his troops and in boastful terms called on the British commander to surrender, but was properly laughed at. In the end he withdrew his bedraggled force to the Point aux Trembles, there to await Montgomery. A letter had been dispatched to the latter urging haste, but the Indian runner to whom it was entrusted was faithless and delivered it to the British.

Montgomery, meanwhile, at the head of an insubordinate body of troops, was making his way from Montreal toward Quebec. Only three hundred were willing to follow him. Some pleaded illness, a great number dropped out because the time of their enlistment was past, others simply deserted. It was then winter and the hardships of a Canadian December told on the devotion of the soldiers. The progress down the St. Lawrence to Quebec was, however not difficult. It is curious to note that on his arrival Montgomery was particularly impressed with the soldierly quality of Arnold's men. "There is a style of discipline among them," he wrote, "much superior to what I have been used to see in this campaign. He (General Arnold) is active, intelligent, and enterprising." It is rather pathetic in the light of his later disgrace to read now of the high opinion formed of

Benedict Arnold in the earlier days of the Revolution by all the American commanders from Washington down.

Montgomery, though a gallant soldier, put far too much faith in the theory that the residents of the town were friendly to the American cause, and he wasted much time in attempting to induce them to treachery. Letters attached to arrows were shot over the walls promising reward to any inhabitant who would throw open the great gates. A woman was smuggled in on some pretext bearing letters to prominent merchants telling of the profitable patronage which would follow the American entrance. But the letters were carried to Carleton, the woman was cast into jail, and the few inhabitants who showed signs of disaffection were expelled from the city by the British commander, who showed himself both vigilant and courageous. As a matter of fact there was not then, or later, any considerable sympathy with the American cause in Quebec or Lower Canada. The greater part of the inhabitants were French, who, if they resented British rule, thought the Americans no less alien. They were Catholics little fitted to fraternize with New England puritanism. Having been under English rule but sixteen years they had not learned devotion to those principles of liberty for which the Americans were fighting. As the Revolution progressed thousands of Tories from the colonies sought refuge in Canada, or more particularly in Halifax, and laid the foundation of a political society quite as British as England itself.

Disappointed in his effort to cajole the defenders into surrender, Montgomery settled down to a siege. It was a poor moment for such an effort and the army was ill-equipped for it. The ground was frozen five feet deep and the few intrenching tools the besiegers possessed could make little impression upon it. A

novel bastion was begun about four hundred yards before one of the gates. Its framework was of walls of timber and brush; between snow was packed hard and water poured over all, making a smooth redoubt of glistening ice. It looked formidable enough, but the first shot from the enemy's guns that struck it shattered the walls like glass, wounding several men and endangering Montgomery, who happened to be inspecting the work. It was abandoned promptly, ice proving as poor a defence in the frozen north as did years later cotton bales in the tropic fields about New Orleans.

Three weeks passed in misery for the besieging troops. Bitter cold, gnawing hunger and to cap all, an epidemic of smallpox wrought havoc in the American ranks. The men lost spirit, murmured loudly, and signs of mutiny spread. Three companies of Arnold's division flatly refused to serve longer under him. Individual desertions reduced the force to 750; less than half the number Carleton had snugly ensconced behind the walls of Quebec. Desperate as the chance appeared, Montgomery had no choice but to order an assault or retire ignominiously from the field.

The city of Quebec is in two parts. The older, a network of narrow, tortuous streets, and crowded houses which even today gives it the air of an old-world town, lies huddled between the foot of beetling cliffs and the rushing St. Lawrence. The upper town on the Heights nestles at the foot of the citadel and was in 1775 surrounded by a stout wall, parts of which still endure. Montgomery planned his attack for the night of December 31, 1775, thus:

His army on the Plains of Abraham was to be divided into three parts. Two divisions under Montgomery and Arnold were to descend the steep cliffs at

different points, and attack the lower town from directly opposite directions. Meeting in the centre they were to move on the upper town by the roadway unblocked by any wall. The division left on the Heights was to make a fierce show of assaulting St. John's gate, to engage the enemy's attention there, thus giving the real attack of Montgomery and Arnold a better opportunity.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the troops moved. The snow was falling heavily and lay heaped on the rugged pathway by which the Americans were to descend to the riverbank. It had been planned that signal rockets should give the order for a simultaneous attack of all three bodies, but this failed. Montgomery got first into action. At the foot of Cape Diamond where a metal slab still marks the spot of his death, he found progress barred by a stout palisade but as this was undefended a breach was soon made. Montgomery was first through into the blackness beyond. Faintly outlined in the night, about fifty yards away, stood a dark and sinister blockhouse. On the one side towered the crags; on the other rushed the icy river. No light gleamed from the menacing castle. It might be deserted. Fearlessly Montgomery pressed forward, crying to the New York troops behind him, " Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads. Push on, brave boys, and Quebec is ours! " At the words, as though they were a signal, the blockhouse sprang to malignant life, and spat out jets of fire and streams of lead. Montgomery fell dead at the first fire, his two aides falling by his side. His force fell back in confusion, and though rallied, advanced no more to the attack.

At the other end of the lower town Arnold was fighting no less gallantly, and meeting an equally desperate resistance. So narrow was the path that the

Americans had to advance in single file. Arnold led the way with thirty riflemen; next, an artillery under Captain Lamb with one field-piece which owing to the depth of the snow was never put in action; finally Morgan with riflemen and scaling ladders. Into the dark and narrow streets of the town the column wound its way, meeting no resistance until a two-gun battery was encountered. Arnold fell at the first fire badly wounded. Morgan taking command, fought on, taking the battery and fighting his way through the tangle of streets, from the house windows of which half-clad citizens poured down a harassing fire. A second barricade was reached stretching across from the cliffs to the river. Here the American riflemen dashed up, firing through the embrasures at the defenders while scaling ladders were planted on the redoubt. British forces rushed down from the hill, and a fire from every fortified point was turned upon the Americans crowded in the narrow street.

For a time they wavered, but finally in a gallant rush carried the position. Lamb, the artillery commander, fell with his whole lower jaw shot away. The loss among the men was heavy, but Morgan prepared for a rush upon the upper town. By this time, however, the British had discovered that the attack upon St. John's gate was a mere ruse. The Americans there had been easily beaten back and the British forces were left free to rush down the cliffs and take Morgan in the flank and rear. The town was awake. Alarm bells were clanging out from the cathedral on the hill and the lesser churches by the riverside. Cannon roared from the citadel and the barricades in the streets. Citizens flocked to aid the defenders though the night was still so black that one could scarce tell friend from foe. Morgan's rear guard was cut off and compelled to surrender. Almost destitute of offi-

cers he took refuge in a stone warehouse and defended himself gallantly though hopelessly. With day came the news of Montgomery's death and American defeat all along the line and Morgan yielded to the inevitable, but with the honors of war full upon him.

It had been a hard fought battle. The Americans lost 160 killed and wounded; the British only 20. The Americans lost Montgomery, slain, Arnold and Lamb badly wounded. Montgomery's two aides fell with him. "This will insure me a decent burial," one of them, Captain Cheesman, had said with a laugh as he thrust some gold in his pocket before going out on his last service. The British recognized the gallantry of the attack and gave to Montgomery's remains a soldier's funeral within the walls, whence they were removed forty-two years later to their present resting place in St. Paul's churchyard in New York.

With reënforcements and repeated changes of commanders, the Americans kept up a futile siege of Quebec for months, only to abandon it when the break-up of winter opened the St. Lawrence to British vessels. Then the troops were withdrawn and Canada abandoned. That New Year's battle was big with importance to the world. Had it been won Canada would to-day be part of the United States. Had Montgomery lived the battle might not have been won, but at any rate the struggling colonies would have been saved a gallant and an able general. Had the ball which struck Arnold's knee reached his brain instead he would have left a fame like Montgomery's in place of making of his name a synonym for traitor and a by-word of infamy.

Meanwhile Washington was molding his motley forces into an army, and drawing more tightly his lines about Boston. The cannon from Ticonderoga had

arrived and that gallant ranger of the seas, Captain John Manley, had furnished the troops with a store of captured powder. Congress, too, had set up saltpetre and gunpowder works, and was preparing for a long war. For weapons, other than great guns, no provision was needed. Every farmer had his rifle and powder horn hanging over his chimney-piece and had but to take it down to be equipped for war. Good weapons these were too; trustworthy at three hundred yards while the British muskets bungled at half the distance. Uniforms were few. Washington, being the richest man of his day in the colonies and punctilious about his appearance, clad himself in a blue coat with buff lapels, buff riding breeches, knee boots, and a cocked hat. One or two of the New England militia companies wore a sort of uniform fabricated by the farmwives at home, but one such soldier tells how, at Lexington, they were fain to wear their ordinary clothing over their gay trappings lest they be too conspicuous. The hunting shirt, a sort of smock belted at the waist and worn outside the trousers, was the favorite garment and Washington in a proclamation urged all the soldiers to garb themselves thus. Lafayette, who came to this country shortly after the British had been expelled from Boston, wrote of the patriotic army in this wise:

"About eleven thousand men, ill-armed and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle. Their clothes were parti-colored and many of them were almost naked. The best clad wore hunting shirts, large gray linen (cotton) coats which were much used in Carolina. . . . They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line."

No particular effort was made to instruct them in military tactics. In fact not until Baron von Steuben came over from Prussia did any officer take pains to

drill them in the manual of arms. Perhaps that was one cause of their strength. Like the Boers in South Africa they thought more of picking off the enemy than of keeping their own lines straight, and as for practising the "goose step," even now beloved of the German drill sergeant, the man who sought to enforce it on the Colonials would have had a counter-revolution on his hands. At first the officers had no distinctive regalia, but at last cockades of ribbon were ordered for them. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution who are cherishing portraits of ancestors in cocked hats, smart surtouts and epaulets must credit these adornments to the artist rather than the tailor. Nor was there then any Patriot flag regularly adopted. Some regiments carried a yard of bunting showing a coiled rattlesnake with the legend, "Don't tread on me!" but the adoption of a snake as an emblem of liberty was not widely popular and the flags disappeared before the sneers of the Loyalists.

Within Boston were about 12,000 troops, all regulars. Why they did not sally forth and cut to pieces the ill-equipped American recruits is still one of the puzzles of the war. Some say General Howe was unnerved by the slaughter of Bunker Hill. Others that he secretly sympathized with the patriot cause. At any rate he gave Washington the thing he needed most next to powder—time to discipline his army and perfect his lines. True, the British kept up a scattering fire of musketry and cannon against the American lines, but it was so little effective that the death of an American by a British projectile seemed as rare as one from a lightning stroke. As the Americans held all the country about Boston the beleaguered troops and citizens began to suffer sorely for food. Eggs cost more than $2.50 a dozen, geese ten shillings, and chickens five shillings each; beef and pork nearly

MOLLY PITCHER AT MONMOUTH

(From an old print)

thirty cents a pound. These prices sound high now, but the ordinary high purchasing power of money at that time made them doubly exorbitant. The British made raids on the surrounding country for more supplies, but were harried on each expedition by American riflemen whose vigilance was as admirable as their disregard for discipline was scandalous. Once in a while a coaster from Newfoundland would slip in with a cargo of provisions but such supplies barely met the demands of the people rich enough to pay dearly for them. The troops and the common people were fed on salt provisions and the inevitable outbreak of scurvy was the result. While unwilling to attack the Americans in their trenches the British ravished the unprotected villages along the coast and the burning of Falmouth, the bombardment of Bristol, and pillaging of Jamestown, opposite Newport, were occurrences that injured their perpetrators by arousing the bitter resentment of the Americans. Washington himself would have liked to assault Boston; to put to the sharp test of battle the issue between his army and that of Howe. But two councils of his generals voted against such action, and, as the outcome proved, wisely.

So wore on the winter. As March approached the cannon hauled over the mountains from Ticonderoga arrived, the store of powder was replenished, the places of men whose terms of enlistment had expired were filled. It was time to do more than sit and watch the captive British slowly starve. Accordingly it was determined to seize Dorchester Heights, an eminence that commanded Boston from the south. The ground was still frozen hard on March 2, 1776, when this movement was begun and in order to cover the noise of the artillery and supply trains moving to the Heights, a fierce cannonade was opened on Boston. It did no injury to the city but did divert the British

attention from what was actually being done. When morning broke the new works were there in plain sight of the British. Howe was perplexed. "There must have been 12,000 men engaged in this great work," he wrote. As a matter of fact there were less than 1,200. Washington expected that Howe would immediately attack the works which made Boston untenable and commanded a great part of the harbor as well. To meet such an attack, he prepared for a counter attack on the town, and was bitterly disappointed when the British general failed to move. Howe did in fact plan an assault for the 5th of March —the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. "Remember it is the 5th of March and avenge the death of your brethren!" said Washington to his men when expecting the attack. "It will be another Bunker Hill affair or worse," said the people who lined the streets in Boston as the British marched out to the boats which were to take them to the point of attack. Night and an ebb tide delayed them. Meanwhile both sides kept up an artillery duel noisy, but fruitless. "I went to bed about twelve," wrote Mrs. Adams, of the family of patriots, "and rose again a little after one. I could no more sleep than if I had been in the engagement; the rattle of the windows, the jar of the house; the continual roar of 24-pounders, and the bursting of shells give us such ideas and realize a scene to us of which we could scarcely form any conception." Terrifying as it was to the good lady, it was only the noise of war—carnage there was none. In the end a savage storm delayed the British advance by water until the American works became, in Howe's opinion, impregnable.

Washington was admittedly disappointed in Howe's failure to attack. Though general of the army for months he had taken part in no battle. Since Bunker

Hill all had been dig, drill, and discipline, and his soldierly nature cried aloud for action.

No one can study the history of the Revolution without being convinced that the caution for which Washington was sometimes reproached, and which withal was the means of his saving the nation, was less natural than acquired through stress of untoward circumstances. In battle he more than once risked himself more freely than should a commanding officer, and in all the operations about Boston he was with difficulty restrained from staking all on the issue of battle.

At this time no assault was needed. Having lingered but briefly in New England's capital after the American guns first peered down from Dorchester and Nook's Hill, on the 17th of March with all his troops and about one thousand Loyalist citizens of the town, Howe took to his fleet of warships and transports. The Americans moving first upon the redoubt at Bunker Hill, found it defended by two or three dummy sentinels made of wood. Approaching the city from the other direction they met no opposition, nor any sign of a Redcoat. The British had fled and in all the American colonies there was left no regular soldier of King George ashore.

Dropping down the bay to Nantasket Roads Howe lay at anchor for several days, then sailed for Halifax. All his operations since the day of Bunker Hill went far to justify the bitter attacks made upon him in England. He was accused of being a coward who dared not engage in battle, or a traitor only too ready to see the American cause triumph. What was probably the fact, as shown throughout his whole military career, was that he did, like the Whig party in England, sympathize to some degree with the Colonists and clung too long to the hope that by avoiding measures of extreme severity he might still bring the Americans to

peaceful acceptance of British authority. As long as he remained in command in America this effort to pave the way for peaceful negotiations was apparent in his every act and made his military operations notable for indecision and the rejection of chances to end the uprising at a stroke.

In the Boston operations he showed the utmost weakness in not striking Washington at the moment when the American army was half-formed and less than half-armed. Washington himself in more than one letter expressed his amazement that he should act thus. When the British sailed they took away about eleven thousand soldiers and one thousand Loyalist refugees. They had ten days in Boston to complete their preparations for the evacuation but, nevertheless, left behind a prodigious quantity of provisions and military stores of vast value to Washington's army. True, much powder had been thrown into the bay, and most of the cannon were made useless by breaking the trunnions or spiking. But what was left seemed a treasure to the half-clad Continentals. Finally when Howe did leave Massachusetts waters it was for Halifax. Had he sailed to New York or Newport he could easily have occupied either city and his movement would have been considered a mere change of base. Going to far-off Halifax was rightly construed as a retreat. When heard of in England it caused a storm of criticism, while in the colonies it inspired an enthusiastic confidence in the American cause that bore fruit a few months later in the Declaration of Independence.

CHAPTER III

The New York Campaign—Operations in New Jersey—Battles of Trenton and Princeton—Creation of a Regular Army.

WASHINGTON was endowed with an extraordinary faculty for swift action, and an equal self-restraint which enabled him to rest in seeming inaction until the precise moment for striking a blow should arrive. When the British sails disappeared down the tortuous channel of Boston harbor no one in the American trenches could tell where that fleet of more than fifty ships with eleven thousand fighting men would go. Military reason pointed to New York as its objective. General Schuyler was there with a few battalions, but the city and the bay were practically undefended. So, hardly waiting for the British ships to be hull down below the eastern horizon, Washington began marshalling his men for the march to New York. In all he had fit for duty rather more than twenty thousand men. About seven thousand of these were Massachusetts militia who were dismissed to their homes. Five regiments were started at once on the march for New York, five were left to garrison the town, and Washington with the remainder started southward three weeks after the British evacuation.

New York was not then the metropolis of America. Philadelphia was bigger, and Boston almost equalled it in population. But it had a military importance greater than any other city, for it was at the southern end of that waterway of which the northeastern terminus is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Arnold's failure at Quebec gave the British control of the St. Lawrence

and it was only to be expected that they would soon fight their way along Lakes Champlain and George to the headwaters of the Hudson. Could they control that stream to its mouth they would have the rebellious territory cut in two and could subdue either section at pleasure. As a matter of fact they did in time get control of the whole stream save at West Point, and only the timely discovery of Arnold's treachery saved that point to the Patriot arms.

New York itself was quite incapable of defence by the Americans. The foe had absolute control of the sea, and to hold the island city against the fleet which Great Britain could muster against it would have been an impossible task. Washington so thought, and considered seriously destroying the city altogether, so that on their arrival there the British should find only a ruined town and a deserted country-side, instead of a flourishing city to serve as a base for operations against the surrounding colonies. The city was undefended at his coming and the defences he laid out proved impotent. A large and active portion of the inhabitants were Tories who made the British welcome on their arrival, and throughout the Revolution plotted against the American cause.

While the American youth has been taught to hate the very word "tory," it must not be forgotten that in England there were those who sympathized with the Americans, as we had amongst us loyal subjects of King George. After Lexington five hundred pounds sterling were raised in the mother country for the relief of the "embattled farmers." Samuel Rogers, an English poet and banker, tells that in his childhood his father leading in family prayers besought aid for the Americans in the trenches before Boston.

History has shown that from every point of view, save the political one, the destruction of New York by

the Americans would have been a telling blow to the British cause from the very first. But conditions made it politically inadvisable. New York had been no leader in the revolutionary activities of the land. Boston to the north and Charleston in the south had taken up the struggle earlier and pressed it with more vigor. Yet to destroy New York would have been to depress the country beyond measure. Some of the Massachusetts men in the Continental Congress did indeed urge this act of Spartan severity—perhaps as Artemus Ward was later willing to put down the rebellion if he had to sacrifice all his wife's relations. But Washington finally determined not only to spare the city but to defend it as long as possible. The latter part of this resolution cost him dear.

Even while Washington was marching from Boston to New York the British expedition for the capture of the latter city was afloat. England by this time had concluded that there was something more than a riot in the colonies, that the farmers would fight, and that preparations must be made for an actual war. Late in October, 1775, Parliament provided for an army of fifty-five thousand men and twelve thousand sailors in addition to those already employed afloat or ashore. Of these twelve thousand were then cooped up in Boston. But where to get the men was the puzzle. Englishmen do not like the trade of the soldier. That dislike, inherited by the Americans, has kept our regular army down to insignificant proportions. So George III and his ministers, unable to enlist men at home, and being denied the aid of compulsory military service, were reduced to buying men abroad, just as in the Boer war more than a century later England bought our Missouri mules for South African service.

For a time the market for mercenaries was bad. Catherine of Russia diplomatically refused to sell any

of her subjects for food for cannon, though quite ready to use them for such purpose herself. Holland was happy to rout out a few thousand men, but only on the proviso that they should not be sent out of Europe. Frederick the Great roared with disgust when asked for some of his troops, and even refused the use of German ports to the Brunswickers and Hessians whom King George finally bought from the petty princelings of Germany. The employment of these hired soldiers —who by the way fought very badly—further embittered the colonies against England.

When Washington had gathered into New York every company he could command, he had a scant seventeen thousand men, of whom barely ten thousand were fit for duty. On Staten Island the British flag waved over a camp of thirty-one thousand men, and a great supporting fleet floated in the Narrows. The fleet alone was sufficient to assure British victory, for the situation of New York is such that every point of the city as it then existed could have been searched with shells from the bay and the rivers, while an effective blockade would have starved out the defenders in a few weeks. But Sir William Howe felt that his prestige at home depended on a successful battle, while Washington, well aware of the futility of resistance, saw that all he could do to delay the British occupation would be well done. For Carleton was pressing down the line of Lake George and Lake Champlain from Canada, and if Howe could accomplish a junction with him by ascending the Hudson the territory of the colonies would be cut in twain.

By way of preparing for defence works were thrown up on the western end of Long Island, and at various points on Manhattan Island as far north as Kingsbridge. Howe had the inestimable advantage of superiority in numbers and the initiative. It was for

him to strike and for Washington to guess where the blow would be delivered. Having a fleet Howe might have landed at the Battery and swept northward. Or he could have landed at Spuyten Duyvil, at the far northern end of Manhattan, penning the American army between the two rivers and the bay. Or he might ferry his troops across the Narrows to Long Island and march upon Brooklyn, taking possession of Brooklyn Heights near what is now Wall Street. Those heights dominated New York as the hills of Roxbury controlled Boston, and in taking this plan of campaign Howe merely imitated the American tactics that had driven him out of the Massachusetts city.

Washington had nothing but intuition to guide him in preparing to meet Howe's attack, but that his estimate of his enemy was shrewd was indicated by the fact that he sent the greater part of his army over to Long Island and stationed them in trenches along the crest of Brooklyn Heights. Some detachments he sent out to cover the roads leading to the Heights, but this turned out to be a strategic blunder. The advance guard was too small to hold the enemy, but it was too big to lose. Lost it was, however, and with it Fort Putnam, now called Fort Greene. The line of defence is now preserved in Prospect Park and marked with a boulder bearing a suitable tablet. In this first disaster of the New York campaign the American loss was 970 killed and wounded and 1,077 captured—a heavy toll to be taken out of a total force of about 8,000. The British loss was 400.

This was Howe's golden moment. Fully half of Washington's effective army was intrenched along the Heights. Though their works were strong they were no match for the 40 cannon and the nearly 20,000 men under Howe's command. Back of them a steep declivity sloped down to the rushing East

River, notorious for the force of its tides. An attack in force would have driven the Americans into the river, or compelled their surrender. Such a disaster might even have ended the Patriot cause.

But instead of pushing his advantage Howe sat down to rest and began preparations for a siege. At the first news of the defeat of Putnam, Washington rushed to the scene with reënforcements and began strengthening his works as though he intended to fight there. A brief survey of the field convinced him that an effort to hold the position would be risking too much on the doubtful issue of an unequal battle. Accordingly he began preparations to move his army back to New York, and did actually so withdraw it without leaving a man behind. On the second night after the battle, August 29, he put his eight thousand men into flat boats, and in the very face of a hostile fleet ferried them across to Manhattan Island. Brooklyn was lost, New York was doomed to fall into the hands of the British, but the army was saved and had been hardened by its trial by fire.

In following the course of the fighting in and around New York it must be kept in mind that Washington never had a chance of holding the city, and knew it from the first; that his whole fight was for delay and that battles in which he was worsted were in fact victories, for they served to check a little longer the advance of the enemy toward the Hudson and a juncture with the troops of Carleton. Howe unwittingly aided Washington by failing to press his advantage when won. After his success on Long Island his troops rested in camp for two weeks, then crossed the East River and landed at Kip's Bay, near the present foot of Thirty-second Street. Washington had a small body of militia there to impede the landing, and he himself was speedily upon the scene with two New

England brigades. To his amazement and unbridled wrath these troops fell into a panic at the first fire and began to retreat without firing a shot. At this spectacle the fighting blood of Washington, the rage that sometimes forced him into personal combat when as general he should have taken thought for his own safety, mastered him. Sword and pistol in hand he rode into the midst of the routed troops, heaping reproaches and imprecations upon them and forcing his way through the mob to get at the enemy. His officers implored him to spare himself from danger, but were brusquely ordered to stand aside. For a time his example held his demoralized troops, but the rout had gone too far to be stayed and in the end all fled leaving the landing party unopposed.

There was good reason for Washington's wrath. In New York, which at that time hardly extended north of Wall Street, was General Israel Putnam with four thousand men. If Howe's troops were landed speedily they could quickly seize the roads leading to the north and hold Putnam and nearly one-third of the American army in a trap from which there was no escape. This, indeed, they prepared to do, and as fast as landed the British troops were pushed forward toward the centre of the island until they reached the point called Murray Hill, now the centre of the fashionable shopping district. It was then a handsome farm owned by Mrs. Lindley Murray, mother of the author of the famous grammar which earned for generations of hapless school-boys more beatings than ever an army sustained. Mrs. Murray knew something about the easy-going habits of General Howe and sent out to invite him to luncheon. With a number of his principal officers Howe sat at the hospitable board for two hours, while his troops, fresh and fit for forced marches, loafed about in the fields. A bronze tablet

stands on Park Avenue, near Thirty-Seventh Street, in commemoration of Mrs. Murray's diplomacy.

Putnam, meanwhile, leaving behind his tents, blankets, and heavy guns, marched his men along the bank of the Hudson as far north as Bloomingdale, where he came in touch with the right wing of the main army and was safe.

The American lines now extended directly across Manhattan Island from the juncture of the Harlem and East Rivers to the Hudson, somewhat north of the point at which Grant's tomb now stands. This situation was not at all to Howe's liking. Mrs. Murray's lunch made scant amends for the lost opportunity to gobble up Putnam and his four thousand men. So for once without waiting to rest he attacked the centre of the American line but was repulsed with a loss of three hundred men, the Americans losing sixty.

There followed four weeks more of inaction. Washington rested content, for every week brought nearer the time when winter would take from him the task of keeping the bars across the route from New York to Canada. In the end Howe determined to land his troops on the mainland above the Harlem. He chose to send his troops up the East River, for the Hudson was guarded near the northern end of Manhattan Island by Fort Washington on the New York and Fort Lee on the New Jersey side of the river. The Congress set great store by these works and thought they effectually closed the river to a hostile fleet, but as a matter of fact they were totally inadequate, and on the 9th of October were passed without trouble by two frigates.

Howe landed his forces at Throg's Neck, a peninsula at the entrance to Long Island Sound. He expected no trouble in getting his troops to the mainland, but Washington, forehanded as usual, had burned the

connecting bridge, and the marsh over which the British troops had to advance was submerged at high tide. Howe thus was checked again, for six days this time, and Washington took advantage of the halt to withdraw all his troops from Manhattan save a garrison at Fort Washington.

For days there followed continuous fighting throughout that country known to New Yorkers as "the Bronx," now covered with apartment houses, but then rugged and affording good ground for the sort of fighting under cover to which the American army was best adapted. Howe pressing on from the east, and Rahl, with his Hessians coming up from Manhattan, pushed Washington in front and on the flank, forcing him steadily back toward the Hudson. The hardest fighting was near White Plains, where the Americans lost 130 killed and wounded, and the British 231. While Howe was considering attacking the American works here, Washington again slipped away, and took up a strong position at Newcastle where he was left unmolested.

Unhappily there had been left at Fort Washington a garrison of more than 3,000 men with artillery and stores. This little force was cut off from Washington's main army by the whole of Howe's command. If attacked it would have no fate save surrender or death. Washington recognized the peril of the situation and wished to withdraw the garrison to New Jersey which could readily have been done. Two explanations of his not doing so are given in history. According to one, his generals were so thoroughly convinced that Fort Washington was impregnable, and Congress was so insistent upon its being held, that he surrendered his own judgment and retained the garrison. According to the other, he did actually instruct General Greene to withdraw the garrison, and went

himself to West Point to supervise the erection of a fort there that should effectively block all transit by the Hudson—something Forts Lee and Washington had already failed to do.

While Washington was thus absent came special orders from Congress that the fort should not be abandoned save in case of the direst extremity. Greene was in a dilemma. Washington's orders for the evacuation were not peremptory, but left Greene a certain latitude of judgment. He personally believed that the fort could be successfully defended, but he did not know—nor did anyone else until some twenty years later—that a traitor, one William Demont, adjutant to Colonel Magaw in command, went into the British lines and furnished Lord Percy with plans of the fort and a statement of the garrison and armament. Greene, meanwhile, had reënforced Colonel Magaw, and the Americans, wholly ignorant of their betrayal, had every hope of holding the post.

When Washington reached Fort Lee it was too late to withdraw the menaced garrison, since several of the enemy's ships had passed up the Hudson and that way of retreat was closed. But the confident messages of Magaw, supplemented by the assurances of Greene, somewhat allayed his misgivings and he was able to watch from the New Jersey side, through his field glasses the next day, the British preparations for the assault, without initial fear.

November 15 Howe appeared before the fort with an overwhelming force. He sharply summoned Magaw to surrender, declaring that if any resistance were offered the whole garrison should be put to the sword. The summons was more like the swashbuckling manners of the buccaneers than characteristic of Howe, who was rather a mild-mannered man for a soldier. But it failed to affright Magaw who replied

with spirit that if they wanted the fort they could come and take it.

Howe at once sent his troops forward to the attack. Having perfect knowledge of the contour of the fort and of the topography of the land about it, they planned their assault accordingly. The garrison resisted stubbornly, but found that the enemy, with a prescience which seemed to them supernatural, pushed in his column wherever the fort was weak. Men went down fast among the assailants, four to each one of the defenders, but they could afford the loss. Driven at last to the central point of the defensive works, Colonel Magaw saw the hopelessness of his case and surrendered. Howe, of course, made no effort to enforce the bloody terms of his demand for a surrender, but some of the Hessians did break from control and massacred many of the Americans—seizing them unarmed, throwing them to the ground and despatching them with bayonet stabs. As soon as Howe heard of this he forced the murderers to desist. It is said by many historians, the accurate Fiske among them, that Washington from the Jersey shore of the river witnessed the massacre, and the stout heart that blazed with ire in battle melted into tears at the sight of his gallant soldiers thus foully slain. If correct the incident shows an admirable trait in the commander-in-chief, but the width of the Hudson at that point suggests that it was rather intuition of what was going on, than actual sight of the massacre, that awakened his grief.

This disaster was one of the most grievous that fell to the Colonial arms during the entire Revolution. True, the British had lost 500 men in the action to the Americans' 150, but the latter had surrendered 3,000 of Washington's best troops, together with an enormous quantity of stores and many precious guns. More-

over, it gave to Washington's whole New York campaign an air of disastrous failure when it had in fact been a complete success. For in that campaign, while the Americans won not a single battle, unless the favorable result at White Plains be called a victory, they had yet won what they were fighting for, namely delay. It had taken Howe two months to move thirty miles. Winter was now at hand and the route south from the St. Lawrence was already closed by ice.

The greatest disaster that might have followed the fall of Fort Washington was averted by the merest chance. The day before that battle Washington started for the fort to take command in person, but gave it up because of the supreme confidence of the defenders. Had he persisted he would probably have been captured, and perhaps hanged, for the British had not yet ceased to consider him a scoundrelly rebel. In any event, the chief command would have fallen to General Charles Lee, an English soldier of fortune, and an arrant impostor, whose showy qualities impressed Congress and won for him the second position in command. At this moment, Lee, with six thousand, was in an impregnable position at North Castle, near White Plains. Washington needed men. Lee's command constituted almost half of his remaining army and he ordered Lee to join him in Jersey. The latter made no move. If Washington's slender force should be overwhelmed by Howe and the commander slain or removed by Congress so much the better for Lee's fortunes. So he sat tight in his trenches and spent his days writing letters derogatory to Washington and sounding his own praises. While the ink was still wet on one of these precious epistles, the British swooped down on him at a tavern, where, for greater comfort, he abode, some four miles from his own lines. The people, who were then, as now, fond of

charlatans in uniform, while neglecting the plodding, persistent soldier, esteemed this a great disaster. As a matter of fact, it was a great aid to the American cause, as it removed from its lines a marplot and a traitor. The British must have discerned this, for instead of hanging him as a traitor—he had once been a lieutenant-colonel in the British army—they speedily exchanged him and sent him back to make more trouble. He really owed his escape to Washington, who notified the British that he held five Hessian officers, whose fate should be that which was inflicted on Lee. Being thus saved, that rascal devoted his leisure time, in captivity, to formulating plans for the assistance of the British. In one of these, in his own handwriting, but which was not discovered for nearly eighty years after the war, he declared he was willing to stake his life upon the subjugation of the colonies if his plan were adopted.

Washington, meanwhile, was repeating in New Jersey the tactics of New York. Calling Greene away from Fort Lee, barely in time to avert a second disaster like that at Fort Washington, he retreated slowly to the south, sending almost daily letters to Lee, demanding that he join the army with his detachment. His own ranks were so depleted that he dared not risk even a skirmish. By the time he reached Princeton, December 8, he had but three thousand available men, and these were ill-armed and cowed by homesickness and a record of adversity. Putting the Delaware between himself and his enemy, and destroying every bridge or boat by which the British might hope to cross, Washington went into camp. The British soon arrived on the east bank, but had no means of crossing and Howe and Cornwallis went back to New York, where the comfort was greater. As a matter of fact, they thought the war practically

ended—when, as Paul Jones remarked, "we had not yet begun to fight." A proclamation of pardon and protection, issued at New York, brought three thousand Tories to take the oath of allegiance to King George, and Cornwallis had his trunks packed and aboard ship ready to sail for England after the Christmas festivities which had been planned for New York.

But Washington contributed an unexpected Christmas greeting. By this time the troops with which Lee had been trifling, and those under command of Gates and Sullivan, had reached him, increasing his force by about six thousand men. It was ever Washington's policy to dispel gloom and despair in his army by some sudden stroke, which would restore confidence. This time he determined to attack Rahl, who, with twelve hundred Hessians, was stationed at Trenton. It may be noted here that the Hessians, during the New Jersey campaign had behaved like savages rather than civilized soldiers, burning and sacking houses, killing non-combatants, ravishing women and carrying off young girls for brutal usage in their camps. Any successful stroke against these foreign brutes would be warmly applauded by the country.

Washington determined to make his stroke successful and issued orders which, if obeyed, would have given him a force sufficient to crush all the British on the east bank of the river. Gates, Ewing, Putnam, and Cadwallader were to cross and join Washington on the farther shore. All failed. Each had his own excuse. But Washington did not fail. His high spirit led his men across the rushing Delaware, piled high with rolling ice-cakes, taking ten hours in crossing, and for nine miles through wintry snow and sleet to the town of Trenton he plodded in the van. Sulli-

van sent word that his muskets were wet and could not be fired. "Tell your general," responded the commander, "to use the bayonet. The town must be taken." The town was taken. The Hessians had been having an old-fashioned Christmas carouse, and well comforted with food and drink, they slept soundly. When the cries of their pickets and the racket of the musketry awoke them, it was to a hopeless contest. Half-frozen, mad with privations, and determined to win for the time at least the comfortable quarters of the foe, the Americans fought with desperation. Rahl was shot down trying to rally his men who, thereafter, ceased to fight but strove only to escape. In this about 200 succeeded, about 30 were killed, and more than 1,000 surrendered, with a large quantity of needed stores—Washington's Christmas present to his army. Two Americans were killed, and two frozen on the march.

The remainder of the British and Hessians in the vicinity fled to Princeton. Up at New York, Cornwallis disembarked his troops once more, and reflected that these Americans were a stubborn sort. Washington sent the captured banners to Baltimore, where Congress was sitting, and marched the Hessian prisoners through the streets of Philadelphia, in token of his victory. The public heart was strengthened at once, and enlistments showed a marked increase. The people were ready to maintain a fighting army.

The presence of Washington at Trenton was not pleasing to Howe and Cornwallis. It barred the path to Philadelphia, which they called "the rebel capital." Accordingly, Cornwallis gathered some 8,000 men at Princeton, and started on the familiar adventure of "trapping the Yankees." When he reached Trenton, he found the American force withdrawn beyond the Assunpink, a small river flowing into the

Delaware, and try as he would, he could not force a crossing. So he sent back to Princeton for two thousand more men, and determined to attack in the morning. The British general went to bed in high spirits. "We have the old fox run down at last," he said, "and we will bag him in the morning."

Washington was, indeed, in a perilous plight. With his superior force, Cornwallis could cross the stream above the Americans' line and crowd them down into the angle formed by the junction of the two rivers. In this predicament, the American commander determined to run—not from battle, but in search of one under more equal conditions. He figured that Cornwallis had so weakened the British force at Princeton, that a successful blow might be struck there. Accordingly the campfires were kept burning brightly throughout the night. Small parties of men were set to work noisily strengthening the breastworks and everything was done to make the British certain their enemy was still in their front. While this was done the American forces slipped out of the end of their works, marched around the British forces and set out on the road to Princeton. At sunrise Cornwallis found the American works empty. The "Old Fox" had slipped away once more. But whither? Just as the question was asked the far-away booming of cannon on the Princeton road answered it. Washington had met the troops Cornwallis had called to his aid and giving prompt battle cut them to pieces—half fleeing down the road to Trenton, the other half making for New Brunswick where the British had a depot of supplies. The fight was too brief to be bloody, but about two hundred British and one hundred Americans fell, while about three hundred of the Redcoats were captured.

Washington now had Princeton and the supplies gathered there. It had been his intention to go on to

New Brunswick, where there was a larger depot, but his men were exhausted and so wretchedly shod that the roads were stained with their blood. In less than three weeks he had won two battles and captured two thousand men and quantities of supplies. Accordingly he determined to rest, and with the British practically driven from New Jersey, went into winter quarters. His campaign had been a marvellous one, winning the admiration even of his adversary, Lord Cornwallis, who, after his final defeat at Yorktown, took occasion to say to the American general, "Your excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them."

But Washington was forced to other achievements than those of war. During the dark days of the retreat through New Jersey his men were unpaid, half-clad, and less than half-fed, and the periods of their enlistment rapidly expiring. To meet their monetary needs Washington pledged his own private fortune, as did also gallant John Stark and other officers. But the desperate condition of the army coupled with the gallant showing it made at Trenton impelled Congress to action. It was guarded and half-way action, for the people were still jealous of a regular army, though how they could hope to win a revolution without one baffles imagination. Still Congress increased the number of the army to sixty-six thousand men, furnished by the states in prescribed proportions, who were to serve for the period of the war, and at its close receive one hundred acres of land each. No state furnished its full quota of this force, nor, in the end, did the full number of enlistments reach the number authorized. Besides this, Washington was vested with the powers practically of a dictator, and authorized to raise in the name of the United States sixteen battalions of infantry, three of artillery, three thousand light cavalry,

and a corps of engineers. This was a really national army with which the states had nothing to do. About it there was some grumbling, and some discussion of the right of Congress to create the force. But in the end it was accepted as one of the powers implied when Congress had been authorized to declare the United States independent and to wage war for the maintenance of that independence.

CHAPTER IV

Character of General Burgoyne—His Expedition into New York—Capture of Ticonderoga—Battle of Bennington—Battle of Oriskany—Surrender of the British at Saratoga.

THE British generals who faced Washington between the beginning at Bunker Hill and the end at Yorktown, have not left behind them great names in military history. They invariably gave to the American commander time to recoup when he needed it, and an opportunity to strike hard when he was best equipped for the striking. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge describes one general and his qualifications for command thus:

"Burgoyne came of a good family, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne, it must be said that he had other attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of Parliament and a clever debater; a man of letters and an agreeable writer; a not unsuccessful verse-maker and playwright; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal; a gentleman and a man of fashion." It is not surprising that he proved the worst beaten of all the British generals. His type seems to have persisted long after in the British army, for after the Napoleonic wars the Duke of Wellington remarked that in all the army there were not two men who, if they had fifty thousand men in Hyde Park, could get them out.

But if the commanding generals were deficient in

capacity, the Ministry at St. James, which planned their grand strategy for them, was obviously stupid. It was, among other things, obsessed with the desire to hold the Hudson River from its source to its mouth and thus cut the colonies in twain. The purpose was not a futile one, from the military point of view, though to cut Washington's army to pieces would have more suddenly ended the Revolution. But the Ministry wished to attain their end, by bringing together at the point desired, armies from widely separated points. In 1776 as we have seen, it was Howe's purpose to march up the river's bank and meet Carleton coming down from Canada. But Washington kept Howe busy enough in southern New York and New Jersey. Carleton did his part well enough, but was beaten back by Benedict Arnold, who worked and fought with a savagery which showed his determination to avenge the disasters and defeat he had suffered in his own effort to capture Quebec. With large ships, built in England, and taken to pieces in order to pass the rapids of the St. Lawrence, supplemented by 20 gunboats and more than 200 flat-bottomed bateaux, Carleton took a force of 12,000 men into Lake Champlain, in the summer of 1776, and started for Fort Ticonderoga. Arnold was awake to his coming. His woodsmen felled the forest trees in Vermont and shaped them into ship's timbers. Shipwrights, sailmakers, gunners with their guns, and seamen to navigate the building flotilla, had to be brought from the coastwise towns. By September, he had a mosquito fleet of 3 schooners, 2 sloops, 3 galleys, and 8 gondolas, mounting 70 guns. About all he could hope to do was to harass and delay Carleton, hoping that winter would do the rest—just as Washington was hoping down in New York.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ

(From an old print)

Carleton, like Howe, coöperated ably with winter. Brushing aside Arnold's fleet, after a stiff battle lasting four hours, he sailed on to Ticonderoga, whither Arnold had preceded him. Then he stopped. The fortress looked formidable. The way back to Quebec seemed long and painful. Winter was approaching. So to the amazement of the Americans, who were awaiting his attack without fear, but without much hope, he broke camp and started back for Canada. The blunder was colossal, and for it he was censured by all of his superior officers and even by the King himself.

The failure of the efforts to make a British river of the Hudson in 1776, did not divert the Ministry from their purpose, and during the winter new plans to the same end were formulated. This time Carleton was to stay in Quebec and General Burgoyne invade the colonies by the Lake Champlain route. But more: Colonel St. Leger, with a smaller force, was to go up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Oswego and proceed thence by the Mohawk Valley to join Burgoyne at the Hudson. The Indians and the Tories who, under the influence of Sir John Johnson, were strong in the valley, were expected to aid St. Leger. Finally, Howe was to make the march up the Hudson, which Washington had rudely interrupted the year before.

On paper, the programme was as simple as drawing three lines, converging at a given point. There proved, however, to be obstacles to its fulfilment. The first was natural—and fatal. In a well cleared country, with good roads and easy intercommunication between all points, a converging movement of this sort is looked upon by strategists as perilous, because the enemy, his force united and with shorter interior lines to any point, can strike any one of the

three invading columns and destroy it before the others can render aid. This is vastly more true when the invaders are separated from each other by hundreds of miles of wilderness, with few roads and those little more than Indian trails through the forest. The British strategists overlooked, too, the readiness of the American farmer to fight, whether enrolled in the army or not, when the sound of an invasion approached his home. They did not understand the Berserker wrath, awakened by the employment of Indians as well as Hessians to slaughter American colonists. And, finally, they were probably ignorant of the crass stupidity and negligence in their own office, which enabled Lord George Germaine, being in haste to catch a coach for his country-seat, to tuck the orders to Howe into a pigeon-hole of his desk and leave them there to gather dust until after the Revolution was over and Burgoyne, St. Leger, and Howe safely at home mooning over their defeats.

It is doubtful whether the end for which the British planned so eagerly, the control of the Hudson, was worth while. The point of greatest vitality in the colonies, at the opening of the summer of 1777, was Washington's army which numbered only about eight thousand men. Howe, with twenty thousand, ought to have been able to crush it without aid, but had Carleton and Burgoyne put on ship the ten thousand or more men with whom they invaded northern New York and sent them around to New York Bay, they could have driven Washington off the map. And it cannot be too often reiterated that Washington was the brains and the vital fluid of the Revolution.

However, the plan of the British Ministry was followed, fortunately for the Americans, and as the three columns never did get together, we may well consider the fate of each separately.

Burgoyne entered the colonial territory first. He had an army of about 8,000 men, of whom 3,116 were Hessians and 503 Indians. If anything were calculated to make the American farmers fight fiercely, it was the invasion of their country by foreign mercenaries and painted savages. Indeed, it had already been seen in New Jersey that the Hessians were as barbarous and as indifferent to the laws of civilized warfare as the redskins themselves. The bitterness awakened by the personnel of his army, Burgoyne enhanced by a fustian proclamation, warning the people of devastation, famine, and the horrors of the battle field. He was gaily sanguine of complete victory and made his way up Lake Champlain with banners flying and bands playing, that the hearts of his Indian allies might be the more stirred. It may be worth noting here that the Indians were, throughout the campaign, a hindrance rather than a help to Burgoyne. At the outset, he besought them "to restrain their passions," to conduct themselves "in accordance with the religion and laws of warfare * * * which belonged to Great Britain" and which positively forbade "bloodshed when not imposed in arms," and, finally, told them that "aged men, women, children, and prisoners were sacred from the knife, even in conflict." The redmen listened in amaze, grunted in disgust, and went on handling the tomahawk and scalping knife as of yore. The German officers with the army, reported to their sovereigns repeated outrages, one chronicling a day in which the Indians brought twenty scalps into camp.

At first, events seemed to justify all Burgoyne's hopes. Fort Ticonderoga, owing to the neglect of Congress, was barely half-garrisoned, and by a singular neglect of plain prudence, a tall hill near by, called Mt. Defiance, which wholly commanded the fort, had

not been occupied. There had been discussion of this very point among the American officers, who finally decided that the hill was too steep for the enemy to drag heavy siege guns to the top. But this is precisely what the British did do. "Where a goat can go, a man can go;" said General Phillips, of Burgoyne's army, "and where a man can go, he can drag a gun." And so after some days' hard work on the side of the hill shielded from American observation, the dogged general broke out a pathway and capped the hill with a neat battery, which made Fort Ticonderoga untenable.

There was nothing for it but to abandon the fort, and St. Clair fled under cover of night. He did not get off scot free, however, as by ill-luck a frame house within the fort caught fire and the flames aroused the British to pursuit. In their flight, the Americans lost heavily, but finally reached Schuyler with the main army at Fort Edward, after a loss of about one-third of St. Clair's men.

The fall of Ticonderoga produced vast rejoicing in England and corresponding wrath in America. After the fashion of British generals, who won an initial skirmish, Burgoyne dispatched at once news of his victory to England with as much boasting as though his whole campaign were ended. Horace Walpole describes the childish George III dancing into the Queen's apartments, clapping his hands and crying, "I have beaten the Americans! I have beaten *all* the Americans!" At this very moment, Burgoyne was in a most precarious position and on his way to a field on which he was destined to be soundly beaten.

The Americans, for their part, were savage with wrath. Why had not Mt. Defiance been fortified? "We shall never be able to defend a post until we shoot a general," said John Adams, and the finger of

scorn was pointed at St. Clair, Schuyler, and Gates, one of whom must have been responsible for the undefended state of Mt. Defiance. But, after all, the value of Fort Ticonderoga, to either friend or foe, was greatly overestimated. Burgoyne found it a burden, for he had to leave an eighth of his force to defend it. If reduced to its present condition of ruin, neither the British nor the American arms would have suffered.

The country into which Burgoyne now plunged, was the most efficient of the Americans' allies. The roads were vile, the forests on either side impenetrable, and through all was a tangle of swamps and creeks. St. Clair and Schuyler, retreating, used the axe and the torch to make the way of pursuit more difficult. Great trees were felled across the roads; the streams, where navigable, were blocked by stumps and boulders, and bridges were burned with such completeness that Burgoyne had forty to rebuild in making a thirty-mile march. His rate of progress was about a mile a day. The settlers, instead of flocking to him with protestations of loyalty, drove their flocks and herds to places of safety, and came back to harass his flanks.

One incident, inevitable when Indians were employed in war, served still further to infuriate the American settlers. Jennie McRea, the beautiful daughter of a Scotch clergyman, was visiting at Fort Edward, not far from the British lines, when a raiding party of Indians burst into the house and carried her away with her hostess, a Mrs. McNeil. What happened that night has never been authoritatively told, but there was pursuit and attack by some American soldiers and the next morning Mrs. McNeil found her way alone into the British camp. During the day, a gigantic savage came in flaunting a scalp, which was at once recognized by its long black tresses as that of

the girl. After brief search, her body was found pierced with three bullet wounds. The Wyandotte Panther, as the chief who displayed the scalp was called, declared she had been shot accidentally in the skirmish. But the story spread that the Indians secured rum, got drunk, and gave their savage instincts full rein, finally murdering and scalping the girl. Embroidered in various ways the story spread about the country and was told as indicative of the barbarities that followed in the British train. Burgoyne, a kindly and sympathetic man, in horror and wrath would have hanged the Panther but that his officers feared the effect of such action upon their savage allies. So he contented himself with ordering that henceforth no marauding parties of Indians should leave the camp save with a British officer in command. When the redskins comprehended this order, they sulked for a day or two, then stealing all they could lay hands on, sneaked away to their forest fastnesses. King George had lost five hundred or more valuable allies, and he had stirred up some thousands of "embattled farmers" to land on Burgoyne's flank. The story of Jennie McRea was the best of recruiting arguments.

Burgoyne by this time had reached Fort Edward, on the headwaters of the Hudson. There he stopped. Food was running low. Instead of living on the country, the irate farmers compelled him to bring his supplies from Canada. Horses to drag his cannon were lacking. But he heard that the rising militia of New England had established a depot of supplies at Bennington, Vermont, where there were horses and food in abundance. So he sent about one thousand Hessians and one hundred Indians, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Baum, to seize the plunder and incidentally to discipline the rebels. Baum had been told that a friendly country-side would turn out to meet him—it

did, but after the fashion in which wasps turn out to greet the boy who disturbs their nest. In affright, Baum intrenched himself at Bennington, to await the arrival of the second half of his army, which was following under Colonel Breymann.

By good fortune, General John Stark, of Washington's army, a veteran of Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Princeton, was not far away in New Hampshire. As a matter of fact, the old farmer was sulking for, like several other generals who really fought—like Benedict Arnold, for example—he had been passed over by Congress in favor of generals who merely intrigued. But the thought of a British force so near his own hearth roused the warrior spirit. Hastily rallying about eight hundred armed farmers, and swearing that he would take orders neither from Congress nor any superior officer, he set off to find the foe. At Bennington, he was joined by nearly two hundred "Green Mountain Boys," led by a "fighting parson"—not an unusual figure among the Colonial volunteers. John Fiske tells the story of the meeting thus:

"Mr. Allen, the warlike parson, of Pittsfield, went up to Stark and said, 'Colonel, our Berkshire people have been often called out to no purpose and if you don't let them fight now they will never turn out again.' 'Well,' said Stark, 'would you have us turn out now, while it is pitch dark and raining bullets?' 'No, not just this minute,' replied the minister. 'Then,' said the doughty Stark, 'as soon as the Lord shall once more send us sunshine, if I don't give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again.'"

The sunshine came with the morning. It found Baum with his German regulars, posted behind breastworks on the crest of a small hill beyond the shallow stream. "There they are, men," cried Stark, pointing. "They'll be ours by night or Molly Stark will be a

widow." The New Englanders had the more men—nearly two to one—but had no bayonets or side arms, nor any cannon. Baum had two field pieces. To carry breastworks without bayonets against a well-equipped force was unprecedented, but it had to be done. All the morning, in small groups, Stark's men wandered aimlessly around Baum's flanks, to his rear. They excited no attention. The Germans, accustomed to European fields, were looking for an army with drums and banners. Their own leather hats and cumbrous swords weighed more than the whole equipment of a British soldier, while the American carried nothing but his rifle, bullet pouch and powder horn. These simple farmers, in cotton jumpers or shirt-sleeves, were probably timid Tories seeking a spot of safety, thought the Germans. But at a signal, the shirt-sleeved ones poured in a fierce rifle fire from front, rear and both flanks. With a yell, the Indians fled, but the Germans doggedly closed up and for two hours the fighting was furious. Protected only in front by their breastworks, the Germans fell fast before a fire from the rear. At last the Americans charged, meeting bayonets with clubbed muskets and after a murderous mêlée in which Baum fell, mortally wounded, the British surrendered.

It was none too soon, for just at this juncture, with his own men tired out by battle and demoralized by victory, Stark saw the fresh troops of Breymann approaching. For a moment the Americans wavered but just then General Seth Warner, with his "Green Mountain Boys," arrived and the second German force was disposed of, like the first. Breymann fled, with fifty or sixty men, and carried the news to Burgoyne. It was not cheerful news for that harassed chieftain. Instead of a Tory country, he had found a Patriot stronghold. Instead of getting fresh horses and food,

he had lost one of his best officers, 207 men killed or wounded, 700 captured, 1,000 stand of small arms, 1,000 dragoon swords and four field pieces. Fourteen Americans were killed and 42 wounded.

Disasters now began to come fast to Burgoyne. Hardly had the news of the defeat at Bennington grown old when there came the tidings from central New York that the column, which was advancing to his aid by way of the Mohawk Valley, had been defeated, and had fled back to Lake Ontario, on its way to Canada. It will be remembered that Colonel St. Leger with several regiments had been assigned to this enterprise. His initial force was small, but the Tories were strong in the Mohawk Valley, where Sir John Johnson ruled like an English feudal baron of the olden time. It was thought that this element would greatly strengthen St. Leger, and he was, indeed, met at Oswego by Johnson, with his famous Tory regiment called the Royal Greens, and Colonel Butler, with his company of Tory rangers. The Mohawk Indians, too, under the influence of their famous chief, Joseph Brant, joined him. As he had, besides regulars, Hessian Chasseurs, Canadian voyageurs, and a company of axemen, his force was decidedly motley.

Moving out from Oswego about the last of July with some 1,700 men, St. Leger, on August 8, sat himself down before Fort Stanwix (sometimes called Fort Schuyler), which was defended by about 600 men under Colonel Peter Gainesvoort. The fort was too strong to be carried by assault, so St. Leger settled down to a siege. It proved the old story. All the Americans needed was time, and that the British generals were always giving them. In this instance, time was afforded for the Patriots in the valley, who hated bitterly their Tory neighbors for their assumption of superiority, to rise and organ-

ize. This they did to the number of some eight hundred under General Nicholas Herkimer, a stout old Patriot over 60 years of age. Leading his forces, unsuspected by the British, to Oriskany, within eight miles of the fort, Herkimer sent forward three runners. The garrison was apprised of his approach and told to fire three guns when the scouts arrived. They were then to fall furiously upon the enemy in front, while Herkimer would attack him in the rear.

The plan which events showed would have fully succeeded had it been carried out, was spoiled by hotheads, untried soldiers in Herkimer's army. The scouts were late in getting to the fort, and though all the merit of the strategy hung on attacking the British simultaneously in front and rear, the younger soldiers grew restive waiting for the signal guns and demanded that he lead them to battle. He resisted long, but at last stirred to wrath by the epithets, "Tory" and "coward," he gave the order to advance, saying bitterly that some of those so eager to fight too soon would be the first to run away.

Meanwhile, the British had heard of the American advance and dispatched the Royal Greens and the Indians, under Brant, to meet it. The cunning chief at once planned an ambuscade in a ravine, into which the Americans fell headlong, and encountered a fire that would have routed them had they not been trained bush fighters. The fighting was bloody and desperate in the extreme. Here were old neighbors, farmers whose lands abutted, and whose children went to the same schools, fighting out ancient grudges with clubbed musket, with bayonets and with knives. There was no semblance of orderly battle. The ravine was filled with a mob of maddened men intent on killing, while the more cautious Indians hovered in the background, slaying when the risk to them was least. Their favor-

ite method was to watch for a puff of smoke from behind some tree, then rush and with club or tomahawk, dispatch the rifleman before he could reload. Early in the action Herkimer received a fatal wound but sat propped against a beech tree, smoking his pipe and directing the course of battle so far as the soldiers, now without any semblance of organization, would heed direction. Even nature took part in the infernal din and a furious thunder-storm, with the peals of thunder, the roaring of the wind, and the splashing of the sheets of rain, silenced the shrieks of the soldiers and the clatter of the musketry.

As the storm died away the noise of battle was heard coming from the fort five miles away. Herkimer knew that it meant the sortie had been made, now that his men were too weary to take the fullest advantage of it. The British, however, were perplexed, and for the moment relaxed their efforts. The Indians, too, were startled and fearing the worst, set up their weird cry of retreat, "Oonah! Oonah!" and slipped off into the wilderness. The British thereupon gave up the fight and fled, the Americans being too exhausted to pursue them.

The sortie, meantime, had been a complete success. Colonel Willett, who had led it, routed Sir John Johnson with his Tories and Indians, and looted his camp with thoroughness. Seven wagons were three times loaded with spoil and driven into the fort, while the quantity of food and munitions of war was prodigious. Five British standards were captured and presently flung to the breeze above the ramparts beneath the first American flag ever displayed. For Congress had just approved the design of the stars and stripes, though no flags were yet available. But the Americans in Fort Stanwix made one out of a white shirt, a soldier's blue jacket, and a woman's red skirt, and

flung it out high above the five humbled British ensigns.

Though it neither destroyed the British army nor raised the siege of Fort Stanwix, the battle of Oriskany was a notable American victory, and that the American flag should then have been first displayed—August 6, 1777—was meet and right. Had Herkimer's plan been followed, all the fruits sought by his attack would have been gained, and perhaps the life of the doughty old soldier spared, for he died bravely the day after the fight, puffing his pipe, reading his Bible, and serenely conscious of having done his duty.

Some days later, the news of Oriskany reached Schuyler, with an appeal for aid to Fort Stanwix. The general, though himself eager to send a relief expedition, was opposed by his officers, one of whom impudently said, "He only wants to weaken the army." Schuyler's wrath was roused. "Enough," he cried, in the council, "I take all the responsibility. What brigadier will take command?" All sat in sulky silence until Benedict Arnold, who had been sent thither by Washington, and was still justifiably aggrieved over his treatment by Congress, jumped up, crying, "Here! Washington sent me here to make myself useful and I will go."

Next morning with twelve hundred volunteers, Arnold set forth. He won his end practically without a battle, for capturing on his way some Tory scouts he found among them a half-witted fellow called Yam Yost Cuyler whom the Indians regarded with the superstitious awe with which they always looked on idiots and lunatics. Yam was first condemned to death, then, when sufficiently scared, was promised pardon if he would spread panic in the British camp. He joyously agreed and set out. Next day Johnson's Indians began telling stories of advancing Americans,

more numerous than the leaves on the trees. Then Yam turned up in St. Leger's camp, his coat riddled with bullets. He had escaped miraculously, he said, from an overpowering American host. He was known as a Tory and Johnson's men believed his report. They began to desert, while the Indians broke open the stores and regaling themselves too freely with rum began to attack the whites. Suddenly, panic fell upon the whole camp. So great was the demoralization that St. Leger and Johnson fell into a fierce quarrel, drew their swords and were only stopped from mortal combat by the interposition of Indians. The red men found something humorous in the British panic. When the fugitives were resting an Indian would come dashing up crying, "They are coming! They are coming!" and the poor, harried soldiers would take up the flight again. The whole army fled, leaving tents, artillery, and stores behind. Marvelling much at this precipitate retreat, for which they knew no reason, the garrison sallied forth in pursuit, but went a little way only. The Indians were more pertinacious. One scalp was as good as another to them, and they pursued the hapless troops of St. Leger even to the doors of Oswego, where what was left of the British force took boat back to Montreal.

Burgoyne, facing starvation at Fort Edward, had hardly digested the news of Stark's victory at Bennington, when the tidings came to him of the complete obliteration of St. Leger's force. His army was fast dwindling; the American forces found hundreds of new recruits after each new success. At no time did the British camp have provisions for more than two days ahead. No word came from Howe, who, Burgoyne supposed was advancing by the Hudson to join him. As a matter of fact, Howe had gone south to take Philadelphia, but had sent Sir Henry Clinton up

the Hudson with a small force. It is enough to say here that Clinton swept the Hudson clear of impediments, broke the great chain that stretched across the river at the Highlands and captured the American forts established to guard it. He ultimately reached Albany, but not in time to be of service to Burgoyne. That officer for his part would have been fully justified in beginning a retreat to Canada, but being a gallant soldier decided to risk all. "The expedition which I commanded," he wrote, "was at first evidently intended to be hazarded; circumstances might require it should be devoted."

Accordingly, Burgoyne threw a bridge of boats across the Hudson and crossed with his army on September 18. That very day, far in his rear, an American force fell on the outposts at Ticonderoga, captured them with three hundred British soldiers and released one hundred American captives. The road to Canada was being blocked behind him; his way south was barred by the American army, now under General Horatio Gates, with whom Congress had supplanted Schuyler.

This is no place to discuss the blunders made by Congress when it sought to remove and appoint generals. A whole volume would not be too long for such a discussion. Political generals, intriguers, spectacular self-advertisers, always appealed to Congress. Gates was a compound of all three. He was a fit associate for Charles Lee, with whom he had held a correspondence closely verging on the treasonable. Washington trusted Schuyler and distrusted Gates—Congress degraded the one and exalted the other. Congress nearly drove John Stark out of the army, and treated Arnold with such gross injustice as to palliate, though not excuse, his later treason. It would be well to-day when passion has somewhat died down, if our

children could be taught that Benedict Arnold was a martyr long before he was a traitor.

But to return to Burgoyne. Scarcely had he crossed the river, when he found himself confronted by the Americans who occupied strong works on Bemis Heights—works which had been skilfully laid out by the Pole, Kosciusko, who, denied liberty in his own country, had come to fight for it here. After reconnoitring Burgoyne concluded that Gates's position could be carried by a strong attack, and he began his dispositions with this end in view. Early in the morning of the 19th, his troops began to move. Then was shown the folly of brilliant uniforms, which not until the last of the Nineteenth Century, did nations abandon for troops in active service. The patches of bright scarlet moving through the green forest quickly caught the eyes of the American scouts, and Burgoyne's stategy was unmasked almost as soon as it was begun. Arnold was informed first of the movement and sent messengers to Gates for permission to attack. Gates hesitated. He hated Arnold, and moreover, was sedulous in his efforts to prevent any of his generals from achieving any reputation for themselves. At last, he gave a grudging permission, and Arnold, with his usual fiery dash, fell upon Burgoyne's advance in the midst of an abandoned clearing called Freeman's Farm. Both sides fought in the open, the Americans having few bayonets and no artillery. Yet they repeatedly captured the British guns, but were unable to hold them and had unhappily no appliances for spiking them. In the end Arnold pierced Burgoyne's line, and sent an earnest appeal to Gates for reënforcements, which appeal was ignored. It became evident later that, had the fresh troops been sent, Burgoyne's army would have been ended then and there. But that would have given Arnold high reputation, which was the last thing Gates

desired. Indeed, the commanding general in his final report made no mention of Arnold at all, though Burgoyne, in his testimony before the House of Commons, frankly admitted that his whole plan of attack had been defeated by the activity and dash of "Mr." Arnold.

The battle of Freeman's Farm was essentially a draw, though the British held the field. The losses, however, told heavily against the enemy, and had not Gates kept eleven thousand men idly watching the fray from Bemis Heights, the Burgoyne expedition would then have been ended. Though he kept Arnold's name out of the official dispatches, Gates could not keep it off the tongues of the soldiers who were tireless in sounding the praises of this general who fought. Accordingly, instead of proceeding at once to crush Burgoyne, Gates set himself to crush Arnold by all sorts of tyranny and injustice. He practically deprived Arnold of all command, ignored him as though he were the cheapest of camp followers, and even told him he might quit the army and return to Washington's camp if he chose. In white wrath Arnold declared he would go, but after a moment his loyalty to Washington asserted itself, and he swore doggedly that he would stay where the commander-in-chief had sent him.

For a time the two armies rested in their lines; Gates's force growing steadily; Burgoyne's case growing daily more desperate. No word came from Clinton. That officer had indeed dispatched a messenger with a brief note of encouragement enclosed in a hollow silver bullet. American scouts captured the messenger, who was seen to swallow something. An emetic was applied, the bullet was disgorged, the note was read, the messenger hanged to an apple tree, and Burgoyne was left in ignorance of the advance of his supporting force.

So he determined to attack Gates again, and with

1,500 picked men under his best commanders, made the effort on October 7. His line was hardly in motion when it was struck on the flank by Morgan's riflemen, while an overwhelming force attacked in front. Carried away by this superior force, the British lines broke. Arnold—destitute of any command—watching from the Heights, saw that the moment was ripe for a decisive stroke. He leaped to his saddle and dashed down among the Americans, who recognized and cheered him lustily.

"Call back that fellow!" cried Gates, as Arnold galloped toward the place of battle, "or he will be doing something rash."

It was time for something rash, and Arnold did it. Rallying the Americans he attacked in turn General Fraser, who fell mortally wounded; the Canadians, who fled; Lord Balcanas, who occupied intrenchments too strong to be taken, and Breymann, who was slain and his force of Hessians routed. The battle was won while Gates rested idly in his tent, discussing the political reasons for the Revolution with a wounded British officer. Burgoyne was forced back to his fortified camp whence he could not be dislodged. Arnold, in one of his fierce attacks, was badly wounded by a shot fired by a wounded Hessian lying on the ground. As Arnold fell, an American rushed up and was about to bayonet the German, when the general cried out, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow." The hand of the avenger was stayed.

There was nothing for Burgoyne to do but to retreat, which he did the next day. During the night the body of General Fraser was buried, and the American shot and shell whistled through the air above the mourners. The Baroness Riedesel, who had spent the day of the battle in a house near the field, tells of the circumstances attending the general's death: "The noise grew

dreadful, upon which I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of guests whom I expected to dine with me, I saw one of them, poor General Fraser, brought in on a hand-barrow, mortally wounded. The table, which was already prepared for dinner, was immediately removed and a bed placed in its stead for the General. I sat terrified and trembling in a corner. The noise grew more alarming, and I was in a continual agony and tremor while thinking that my husband might soon be brought in wounded like General Fraser. . . . I heard often amid his groans such words as these, 'Oh bad ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! Poor Mistress Fraser!'"

The retreat took the British only to the village of Saratoga, where it was found that every bridge, ford, and pass leading to ultimate safety was heavily guarded by Americans. The British camp was wholly surrounded, and exposed to a galling fire on every side. The cellar of a large house was used as a retreat for some women and children, with a few of the wounded. With little food or water, and the American rifle bullets and cannon balls crashing through the house overhead, their sufferings were indescribable. Though the river was near, every man who ventured out with a bucket for water, was picked off by sharpshooters. At last a woman went out and the American riflemen, respecting her sex, the thirst of the prisoners was assuaged.

By this time, surrender was obviously the one recourse for Burgoyne. His provisions were low, and his commissaries reported pathetically that for days they had neither rum nor spruce beer. At first Gates would listen to nothing but unconditional surrender, but a rumor reached him that Clinton was near with heavy reënforcements for the British, and he moderated his demands. Burgoyne heard the same rumor, and

for a time, was inclined to withdraw from the convention, but in the end agreed to surrender, being granted all the honors of war, his officers to retain their side-arms, and his army to be sent back to England by way of Boston.

The first part of this programme was carried out October 17, 1777. In a meadow by the riverside, the British laid down their arms in the presence of the American army. Speaking of the demeanor of the victors, a captured lieutenant said, "I did not observe the least disrespect, or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity." But because of most dishonorable delay and indecision on the part of Congress, the agreement to send home the captured army was never fulfilled. The soldiers were moved from point to point, being finally established in a village built for them near Charlottesville, Virginia. Many escaped with the connivance of their guards, but most settled down permanently and were finally fused in the great melting pot of American citizenship.

Burgoyne had done his best, but the task confronting him was one no one could have performed without the active aid of Howe. After his return to England, the general entered Parliament, where he became known as one of the defenders of the Americans on the floor of the House of Commons. Perhaps the harshest criticism of him was expressed by Baroness Riedesel, who travelled with his army. She wrote:

"It is very true that General Burgoyne liked to make himself easy, and that he spent half his nights in singing, drinking, and diverting himself with the wife of a commissary who was his mistress, and who was as fond of champagne as himself."

CHAPTER V

Howe Moves to Philadelphia—Washington's Defence of that City—Battles of the Brandywine and Germantown—Battle of Fort Mifflin—The Winter at Valley Forge—Clinton's Retreat.

WHILE Burgoyne was thus moving onward to his own downfall in northern New York, Washington and Howe were confronting each other in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. But the real interest of the campaign of 1777 centers about the events related in the last chapter. Howe, who had troops enough to have crushed Washington, outdid his own record for delay, and while the winter of 1776 was spent by the Americans in reorganizing and strengthening the army, the summer or campaigning months were consumed by both armies in futile marches and counter-marches with indecisive or unimportant battles. The only book of strategy from which Howe could have drawn his plan of campaign must have been that of the King of France, who:

> "* * * with fifty thousand men
> Marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

When Washington went into winter quarters in the neighborhood of Morristown, N. J., in December, 1776, his army was at low ebb. Though Congress had vested him with dictatorial powers, and authorized the increase of the army to sixty-six thousand men, enlistments were slow and March 14, 1777, the general reported to Congress that he had but three thousand men fit for duty. That was the time for Howe to strike, with the eighteen thousand men he had under arms. It is said that the adjutant of the American

army had false rolls prepared showing twelve thousand men under arms and gave a British spy an opportunity to see them, and that Howe was affected by the report. At any rate he did nothing but march into New Jersey and out again, enjoying what the British called "two weeks' fooling" in that state. The fooling was serious for the settlers, for the Hessians pillaged right and left, and British officers when appealed to merely observed that that was the German way of making war. It was not a popular way with the settlers, and they resented it by enlisting in the Patriot army. Before spring Washington had more than eight thousand men. At this time needed help came from France in the shape of 2,300 muskets, 1,000 barrels of powder, and shoes for 25,000 men. These munitions were collected and sent by Beaumarchais, the French wit and watchmaker. Congress manifested its gratitude to the patriotic playwright by not paying his bill until 1835—long after his death—and then paying only one-fourth of it.

One of the munitions of war continually arriving from France, and as a rule not greatly valued, was the French officer. Usually according to his own account he was a nobleman, and must, therefore, have a high commission. He was accustomed to luxury and must, therefore, be well paid and lavishly equipped. His professed long experience in war was supposed to make amends for his ignorance of the English language, so that he could neither receive commands understandingly nor deliver them intelligibly. A type of this international charlatan was one Ducoudray, who turned up with a contract signed by the American agent in Paris, Silas Deane. By virtue of this, he claimed rank as a major-general and commander-in-chief of the American artillery and engineers. He dazed Washington with the tidings that one hundred of his old companions-in-arms would presently arrive from France

to act as his personal staff—with pay! After much wrangling with Congress, the Ducoudray case was settled by that officer's horse, which becoming fractious, leaped from a ferry-boat into the Schuylkill and drowned his rider.

Not all the foreign soldiers who came to our aid were of this type. The United States rejoices to honor the names of DeKalb, Von Steuben, Kosciusko, Pulaski, and above all, Lafayette. The last named was, in fact, an aristocrat by birth, his wife a daughter of the Duc d'Ayen; himself a frequenter of the court of Louis XVI and, with his wife, an intimate of Marie Antoinette. He was, however, a sturdy republican, defied the prohibition of the French court, and out of his private means purchased a vessel and made his way to the shores of America. He offered his services as a volunteer, and though coldly received by Congress, was finally commissioned a major-general without pay. Washington quickly perceived the nobility of his character; he, for his part, made Washington his hero and his model, until in the end their relations were those of father and son.

It was, of course, General Howe's business to ascend the Hudson and aid Burgoyne. That he did not do so was the wonderment of Washington, who, more than once suspecting a ruse, made his dispositions to contest the Hudson with the British. An old bush-fighter himself, Washington knew that Burgoyne could not make his way through the woods of northern New York alone. Even when Howe, with 228 sail, took his eighteen thousand men out to sea through the Narrows, seemingly bent on proceeding against Philadelphia, Washington was skeptical. "I can not help casting my eyes behind me," he wrote. Howe wrote a note to Burgoyne, saying that he had gone with his troops to Boston and would march thence to the Hud-

son, and contrived to have the note fall into Washington's hands. But the "Old Fox," as Cornwallis called him, was not fooled. He at once concluded that Howe had gone to attack Philadelphia, which was in fact the case.

Just why Howe attached so much importance to Philadelphia, a study of the military conditions of the time does not explain. It was temporarily, at least, "the rebel capital," but that capital was as peripatetic as a circus, being established wherever the Congress thought it could sit without danger. Perhaps he was influenced by the "plan of campaign" prepared for his guidance by his precious captive, Charles Lee, in which great stress was laid upon the wisdom of taking Philadelphia. More probable it is, that Sir William, who was a valiant trencherman, an habitué of London clubs, thought it pleasanter to have a city to winter in, than to shiver in the tented field. Boston had sheltered him the first winter; New York, the second, and he now forehandedly looked forward to Philadelphia.

There was perhaps as little reason why Washington should oppose his taking the city as there was for Howe to seek it. To begin with he could not have barred Howe's entrance had he desired, for the general's brother, Admiral Howe, was there with a fleet ready to sweep aside the flimsy defences of the Chesapeake and take the city by water, even if there should be difficulty in taking it by land. For that matter, even if Washington took the city himself, he would not be able to hold it with the fleet at its very water-front. But the American commander felt that the temper of the people made some sort of a movement of the American troops necessary. He had not yet heard of the destruction of Burgoyne in the north, and when the news came the people began to decry Washington and exalt Gates—of whom all that can be said is, that he did not prevent

his division commanders from winning battles for him, though he was careful to take all the credit for victory to himself.

Because of these various considerations, more political than military, Washington, as soon as he was convinced that Howe's objective was Philadelphia, began moving the Continental army thither. By way of encouraging the Patriots, and overawing the Tory residents of that town, he marched his entire army, at that time numbering about eleven thousand men, through its streets. The effect may be doubted. The Americans were sorely tattered, armed as variously as Falstaff's "Rogues in buckram," and for lack of distinguishing uniform, were constrained to wear a sprig of green in their hats by way of cockade. However ill-clad and equipped the Continentals might be, however, they were abundantly ready for battle, and after passing through Philadelphia took up a position south of Wilmington, Delaware, to await the unfolding of Howe's plans. This was not quick in coming. Howe was not swift in action and gave no heed to the doctrine that the highest strategy was "to get there first with the most men." He had idled about New York for six weeks, while poor Burgoyne's army was crumbling in the northern woods. After he had made his way into the Delaware River, he hesitated a time, then put his ships about and after a twenty-four days' voyage landed his weary army at Elkton, just thirteen miles from the point he had attained on the Delaware. Washington was puzzled by his disappearance from the Delaware and concluded that he had gone south to capture Charleston. The fleet was discovered just in time to prevent the American army from returning to New York to contest with Clinton the control of the Hudson.

Howe's voyage had been perilous and tiring as well as needless. He had exposed to the perils of a voyage

BATTLE OF MEXICO CITY

(From an old print)

of 350 miles nearly 230 vessels with their ships' companies and eighteen thousand troops. Almost universally the men were seasick, and the weather, when not tempestuous, was torrid. The crowded 'tween decks of the ships was fetid—almost as bad as the hold of a West Indian slaver. Water ran low, hundreds of horses were thrown overboard as a more humane action than letting them die of thirst. As the fleet edged its slow way along, row-boats plied between the vessels begging a keg of water here and there, or a few provisions. After eight and twenty days of this sort of progress Howe disembarked his troops, having made just thirteen miles by the voyage. And far away in the forests of northern New York poor Burgoyne was hoping that this very body of men was coming swiftly up the Hudson to save him from total destruction.

Having disembarked his forces, Howe rested on his arms another week. Washington, meantime, took up a position at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine, twenty-six miles from Philadelphia. In his immediate front the creek was placid and shallow, but at the point where the American left rested, it was a brawling stream flowing through a rocky gorge. The right flank was less well protected. It rested on the river two miles farther up, and it was thought, incorrectly, that there were no fords in the vicinity. Washington had about eleven thousand men; Howe, about eighteen thousand.

After reconnoitring the position, Howe decided to attack it by the left flank. He was much given to flank attacks, and had routed the American army at Long Island by this simple and popular device. The flank was defended by General Sullivan who, though a gallant soldier and desperate fighter, was not fortunate in the defence of flanks. It was he whom Howe had crumpled up at Long Island. Now he was igno-

rant of the existence of two fords above him, and worse than that, when Washington was about to act on knowledge of the flanking movement, sent him word that there were no British on the left. The message had hardly been delivered when Cornwallis fell upon Sullivan and rolled his lines away.

Washington had determined to meet the flank movement of Cornwallis by crossing the ford in his front and attacking Knyphausen, who commanded the British centre. It is obvious strategy when your enemy has marched away with the greater part of his army to attack the weakened division he left behind. Had Washington adhered to his purpose his chances of victory would have been good, for the Americans were not seriously outnumbered by the enemy in their front. Unfortunately, just as Washington was about to move, the incorrect information was received from Sullivan. Washington stopped in perplexity. If Howe had not detached any part of his force for an attack in flank, then the enemy in front must be too strong for him. While he hesitated, the clatter of musketry to his left gave tidings that Sullivan had erred. Lafayette was hurried forward to aid the stricken flank, and was promptly wounded. General Greene followed him, and then Washington, though Knyphausen was attacking him in front, made for the place of greatest danger. Not knowing the quickest way he pressed an old farmer, named Brown, into service as guide. Mounted on a cavalry charger, which took the fences as he encountered them, Brown though expostulating loudly still led the general straight. He had no chance to escape, for Washington kept the nose of his own horse close to the terrified farmer's knee and rode hard, crying continually, "Push along, old man! Push along!"

The defeat of the Patriot army was complete. That it was not a disastrous rout was due to the celerity with

which Greene and his Virginians secured a strong position in front of Cornwallis, and the stubbornness with which he held it until darkness put an end to the battle. Sullivan, to whose earlier error was doubtless due the disaster of the day, fought like a lion throughout the action—a fact that was much to his advantage when the inquiry into the battle was subsequently held. The valor of these generals and Washington's cool strategy, which never failed in the darkest hours, saved the army, which in the end got away in fairly good order to Chester. But the British held the field; while their loss had been nearly 600, the Americans lost more than 1,000 including prisoners, and the road to Philadelphia was wide open to the British column.

As usual Howe hesitated to follow up his advantage. He had eighteen thousand men to Washington's nine thousand, and it would have seemed could have annihilated the American army and ended the war. Yet it was Washington who first prepared to renew hostilities, but was balked by a fierce rainstorm which destroyed the ammunition of his army and made the muskets useless. Accordingly, he retired again, General Howe being savagely criticised for his escape. "We are told," said the British critics, "that the Americans have no bayonets, but greatly excel our soldiers in marksmanship. Here they were with useless guns, no means of defence, and General Howe still permits them to escape."

Escape they did, General Wayne being left behind as a rear guard, with instructions to cut off Howe's baggage trains. This officer was popularly known as "Mad Anthony" Wayne, because of his zest for battle, but this time he had his fill of the business of slaughter. His troops, about 1,500 in all, were encamped about a tavern at Paoli and, the night being wet, had been directed to wrap their overcoats about

their cartridges. While thus encumbered they were fiercely assaulted by General Grey. This British officer shared his people's fondness for the bayonet, and had forced his troops to unload their muskets and even remove the flints, so that no untimely discharge should arouse the Americans. Charging with cold steel, they carried all before them, but Wayne, fighting with gallantry, managed to save his artillery but lost some three hundred men. About sixty of these were killed outright, and so large a percentage of fatalities caused the affair to be known as the "Paoli massacre," while Grey, who seems indeed to have been an honest soldier and gentleman, gained the nickname of "the prisoner killer."

Howe was now approaching Philadelphia near-by, and it was apparent that Washington could not prevent his capture of the city. There was panic among the citizens who had been loyal to the American cause and who had heard with horror of the treatment of private property by the Hessians. Congress, of course, fled precipitately and was followed by hundreds of citizens, who felt that their wealth or their activity in the Patriot cause had marked them for persecution. The town-crier went about the streets ringing his bell and calling upon every man who could carry a gun to join in muster at the common—a very futile command, for none appeared. Instead the town, which was largely Tory, greeted the British entrance with loud acclaim—not an unusual procedure, for all through history we find captured cities striving to win the favor of the conqueror by extravagant expressions of joy. The British marched in with a splendor contrasting vividly with Washington's parade of patriotic tatterdemalions a few weeks earlier. The soldiers wore their best scarlet and the bands, which were many, discoursed the patriotic airs of England. Everybody was agog to see the

Hessians. "Their looks to me were terrific," wrote a gentleman, who, as a boy of ten, witnessed the spectacle. ". . . their brass caps, their mustachios, their countenances by nature morose, and their music that sounded in better English than they themselves could speak, 'Plunder! Plunder! Plunder!'"

Settling down to the occupation of Philadelphia, Howe protected himself by stationing a strong detachment at Germantown, commanding the roads into the city from the north. Washington looked upon this outpost and thought the chance of destroying it good. Moreover, he wanted to combat the depressing effect upon the army and the country of the reverses at Brandywine and Paoli. The British had not fortified themselves in any fashion, but their troops were encamped about the mansion of Benjamin Chew, then Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. This house with its massive stone walls was destined to play a considerable part in history.

The night of October 3, the Americans, about ten thousand in number with forty field pieces, took up their march. The bustle in their camp had been reported to Howe, who had warned his generals to be on the alert. Marching all night they came into collision with the enemy at sunrise, but so heavy a fog filled the air that men were scarcely visible at twenty yards. At first all went well for the Americans, though the fog told heavily against their plan of attack by converging columns. Sullivan's troops drove that part of the British line they first encountered back for a full mile. There Musgrave for a time checked the American advance but soon gave way. At that moment Sir William Howe came on the scene, mighty wrathful to find his troops retreating. "For shame, Light Infantry!" he cried, "I never saw you retreat before. Form! Form! It is only a scouting party."

At that moment an American battery opened with grape on the general and his staff, and they, too, vanished in the fog.

At this moment combined good fortune for the British and bad judgment for the Americans, saved the day for the former. Colonel Musgrave with six companies of British regulars were surrounded, and seemed to have no alternative but surrender, when opportunity came for them to fight their way into the Chew house. Quickly they barricaded the doors, manned the windows and prepared to stand a siege. The main body of the British army was now in full retreat, despite the presence of the commander-in-chief. The obvious thing to do was to press on and cut them to pieces, leaving this inconsiderable force in the rear. But there is a military maxim against leaving a hostile fortified point behind an advancing army, and it appealed strongly to the book soldiers in Washington's army. "What," cried Colonel Joseph Reed, "call this a fort and lose the happy moment!" Unfortunately, this was precisely what was done. Behind the massive stone walls of the mansion Musgrave's men kept the greater part of the American force busy, until Cornwallis arrived from Philadelphia with a division of light horse. Then the British rallied and drove the Americans back. The fighting about the house was savage in the extreme. A boyish American officer, advancing with a white flag, was shot dead, for the nature of his colors was not discernible in the dense fog. Then the American cannon opened. They blew in the doors, did havoc with window casings, but had no effect on the stout walls. Piles of mahogany furniture barricaded the entrance, and one after another American storming parties were repulsed with heavy loss. One officer, carrying straw and a lighted torch, was slain by a shot fired upward through a cellar grating,

as though Hades itself had joined in the defence. When the battle ended fifty-three lay dead on the lawn, and four prone across the very doorsill. So loud was the firing at this point that regiments and divisions lost in the fog, thinking that the centre of battle, groped their way thither. As a result three thousand American troops that should have been pressing on the main attack, were engaged with Musgrave's handful of infantry.

Failing ammunition and the new strength of the British at length decided the issue of battle. Washington was the promptest of men to recognize the need for retreat when it became inevitable. In this instance he quickly had his lines reformed and marched to safety, saving all his cannon. But his loss was heavy. Four hundred Americans had been taken prisoners, six hundred killed or wounded. The British loss was only half as great. Both sides united in caring for the wounded and there is a ghastly light thrown on battle-field surgery by this note left by a spectator: "I went to see Dr. Foulke amputate an American soldier's leg which he completed in twenty minutes, while the physician at the military hospital was forty minutes performing an operation of the same nature." There was no ether nor other merciful anaesthetic in those days.

The results of the Battle of Germantown were curiously diverse. The military effect might have been serious had Howe followed it up with sledge-hammer blows, as nearly a century later Grant did in fighting an enemy no less brilliant and resourceful than Washington. Upon the American soldiers the effect was stimulating. Though defeated they knew it had been by a "scratch," and they were proud of a general who even in retreat could thus turn and hammer his adversary. In Europe the fact that Washington had

thus shown again the dash and spirit he had manifested at Trenton and Princeton was generally applauded. The recognition of the United States by France, which presently followed, was not a little hastened by this evidence that the Americans refused to recognize defeat. But the American politician in Congress remained sceptical, sneered at Fabian tactics and hinted at Washington's incapacity.

Though Howe was now snug in Philadelphia, he was not yet comfortable there. His addition of some twenty thousand men to the population of that city made the question of subsistence a serious one. Living on the surrounding country was made difficult by the close presence of the American army, and also by the fact that the farmers of the neighborhood were not altogether favorable to the cause of the King—though indeed, the surroundings of Philadelphia were more Tory than Patriot. True, Howe's brother with his fleet controlled the ocean, and the waterways leading to Philadelphia, save at a point a few miles below the city where the Americans had obstructed the channel and built defensive works on the banks. It was evident that these obstructions must be swept away if the British were to enjoy the winter of gaiety and good cheer they had planned.

The Patriot works on the Delaware consisted of two forts, Mifflin, on the Pennsylvania shore, and Mercer, at Red Bank on the New Jersey shore. At various points the channel was obstructed by driving steel-pointed piles into the bed, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the points directed down stream, so that any ascending ship would be impaled, and either sunk or held a fair target for the guns of the forts. An incomplete fort stood at Billingsport on the Jersey side, but this was at once taken by the British and the chevaux de frise in the channel before it removed.

This left the two other forts blocking the waterway to Philadelphia. Their possession was all-important. "Upon taking them," wrote Washington, "depends all the enemy's hopes of keeping Philadelphia and finally succeeding." Accordingly, the Americans threw strong garrisons into both forts, and further strengthened them by a mongrel fleet, consisting of one good frigate, and a number of floating batteries, xebecs, fireships, galleys, gondolas, and other bizarre craft of the day. The flotilla might have been of some service had its commander thought fit to bring it into action on the day of battle. But it was as badly manned as commanded, most of its defenders being landsmen, who had been moved to enlist by a glowing advertisement which offered them a month's pay in advance and "a dollar's worth of drink to drown sorrow and drive away care."

Sir William Howe was not less aware than was Washington of the importance of these forts and, overcoming his natural tendency to delay, began on the day he entered Philadelphia his preparations for their reduction. Lord Howe brought his fleet back into the Delaware and soon lay at anchor just out of range of the American cannon. The fleet was to keep Fort Mercer busy by a lively cannonade of its water-front, while Colonel Von Donop with two thousand Hessian bayonets was to carry the works by assault. For this employment Von Donop had petitioned Howe. The Hessians were somewhat in disrepute in the British camp, and he desired to reëstablish them. The fort was garrisoned by about four hundred Rhode Island troops under command of Colonel Christopher Greene.

About four of the afternoon of the 22d of October, Colonel Von Donop aligned his men before the fort, and sent forward two of his staff officers to parley. After berating the garrison as rebels, they were sum-

moned to surrender with the warning that "if they stood the battle, no quarter whatever should be shown them." That was rather unusual savagery, but the Americans shouted back defiance, and the Hessians cheering wildly, and declaring the fort should soon be rechristened Fort Von Donop, rushed boldly to the assault. Greene, knowing that his force was inadequate to man the whole range of walls, had withdrawn his troops into the inner fort, and from its parapet watched the advancing foe. One word of counsel he gave to his men ere the clash—a direction to be ranked with the Bunker Hill command, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." "Fire low, my men," said Greene. "They have a broad belt just above the hips. That is where you must aim."

When the advancing Hessians found the outer line of breastworks undefended, they thought the garrison had fled in panic. In the intoxication of victory they cheered, danced, threw caps in air, and came on like a torrent. Speedily they were undeceived. Their further path was obstructed by fallen trees and sharp spikes. Entangled in these they received the first deadly volley delivered in accordance with Greene's shrewd order. Officers and men went down in heaps. Three colonels fell together. Though they rallied for another rush the Americans had reloaded and again they went down in crimson carnage. After the fashion of the German soldiers they were encumbered by huge knapsacks and heavy leathern hats. They had no scaling ladders, and loaded down as they were, had no chance of climbing the smooth wall that confronted them. Von Donop fell early in the action. His routed followers sought to escape the trap by running around to the river side of the fort, but there they encountered the American galleys which rowed close in shore and poured upon them murderous volleys. On

few battle fields has the carnage been more frightful. In forty minutes all of the Hessians who were able to walk had fled. They were not content with merely retiring out of the field of fire. They plodded on through the night until they reached the ferry which took them across the Delaware to safety.

One hundred and twenty-seven dead Hessians lay within the outer walls of the fort. The wounded had been helped away by their companions in arms, but of these twenty-two were buried by the roadside, and sixty, too spent to march even with help, were left behind. Out of a pile of dead the American soldiers dragged poor Von Donop, fatally wounded. They could not forbear reminding him of his threat of no quarter. "I am in your hands," said he. "Do with me as you will." He was tenderly cared for but died on the third day. It had been a sorry day for the Hessians, but there was profit in it for the serene Landgrave, who had sold them to the British to make food for cannon. He was to get an extra thirty crowns each for his beloved subjects killed in battle. Their families got nothing.

It was a sorry moment for the British. The naval attack on Fort Mifflin had failed, and a ship-of-the-line and a cruiser were destroyed by fire. Just at this juncture, too, the British learned of Burgoyne's surrender, which sorely depressed them. There was talk in the American camp of attacking the enemy, but Washington felt the risk was too great. Indeed, events were sufficiently making Howe's position uncomfortable without any new American hostilities. The day of high prices had come upon Philadelphia, and the pinch of starvation would next be felt unless the Delaware could be opened. So it was determined to assault the barrier again, Fort Mifflin being this time the point of attack. That work had been so located that it could

be commanded both by shore batteries and the British fleet, and the enemy having built the former and moved the latter into position, began a savage fire on the works. It is estimated that for a time over a thousand shot passed over or fell into the fort every twenty minutes. For several days this furious cannonade was kept up, destroying all edifices within the works and levelling the redoubts to the ground. The vessels could approach so closely that marines in the tops could shoot down into the fort. By such a shot Colonel Smith was wounded, and Major Thayer took his place. There was, indeed, little to do but to stick. To reply to the fire was impossible. To save lives Thayer sent away all his men save forty, and with these completed the destruction of the fort and retired at dead of night. Not long thereafter Cornwallis, with five thousand men, was sent to attack Fort Mercer, but that post was no longer worth the price of its defence and it was accordingly abandoned.

Winter was now approaching and the two armies prepared to meet it in very different fashions. The British were quite comfortable in Philadelphia with the river open for supplies, and with the foe in their front hardly likely to attack them. The finest houses in the city were commandeered for officers' quarters. For every inhabitant over ten years of age there was now one British soldier—for the mass of the citizens who were Patriots had departed after the Brandywine battle.

But there was plenty of gaiety. The store of old madeira in Philadelphia had long been famous, and there were balls at the City Tavern, sport at the cock-pit, a new race course especially constructed for the pleasure of the red-coated officers, faro and other games of chance everywhere, and above all, hosts of young ladies, even among the Patriots, who did not scorn a dance with a scarlet coat plentifully bedecked with

gold braid. British commissaries of prisoners grew rich feeding American prisoners in Walnut Street jail on rats and garbage. The professional gamblers revelled in luxury, though more than one young officer was compelled to sell his commission and go home, ruined by an unlucky turn of the cards at faro. Women of that class that follows an army were much in evidence, and the mistress of one officer created a sensation by driving along the lines at a review dressed in an adaptation of the uniform of her patron's regiment.

The American army faced a winter of a very different sort. Yet Valley Forge, the name of which has passed into our national tradition as a synonym for bitter privation and cruel suffering, was by nature well fitted for a winter's encampment. A hill, steep on the side toward the enemy, sloped gently down to the Schuylkill River. Here the Americans built log huts and threw up intrenchments—it was the common jest among the enemy that the Patriots never went into camp for a night without building defensive works. The men who settled down in these huts to await the winter were ill-clad, half-shod, staining the icy roads with their blood as they walked. Two days before Christmas Washington reported 2,898 men as unfit for duty for lack of shoes and other needful articles of clothing. Although they were in an excellent situation for obtaining food from the country-side they had no money to obtain it, and the hard money dispensed at Philadelphia tempted the farmers to take their produce thither for sale. The American Commissary Mifflin, had thought to show his disapprobation of Washington by resigning his office, and that important branch of the service was therefore in a state of chaos. Washington expressed his apprehension that the army would "starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence." Indeed, the tattered ranks did begin to melt

away. Galloway, an American, who had been appointed by Howe chief of police of Philadelphia, reported that over two thousand American soldiers came to his office for help. Many of them were bareheaded, barefooted, with ragged blankets for overcoats and ready to sell their guns to buy necessaries. Besides those who deserted to the lines of the enemy, there were hundreds who simply went home. The American patriot was a farmer first—a soldier only when he thought it needful. Ready enough on the march or in the attack, he could not understand the necessity of clinging to a camp through a cold and hungry winter when his own warm farmhouse awaited him with plentiful good cheer. So every winter Washington's lines dwindled while the yeomanry went home to return again when the sun of springtime made life in the field tolerable.

But this winter of 1777-78 saw the heaviest of these annual losses. It is, indeed, a wonderful tribute to the loyalty of the men and to the genius of Washington for inspiring devotion, that any remained. A European officer, serving with the troops, tells of a sentry, his feet tied up in rags, his coat tattered and open to the icy winds, his red and frost-nipped hands ungloved, pacing his beat, and singing a song in praise of the commander-in-chief! In February, 1778, Washington reported "a part of the army had been a week without any kind of flesh and the rest three or four days." From the huts rose doleful cries of "No meat! No meat!" and the Americans, more used to a flesh diet than the peasantry of Europe, found but an unsatisfactory substitute in soaked wheat and sugar, or flour paste. Once an officer, seeing a kettle boiling merrily, asked one of the soldiers in the group what they were cooking. "A stone, Colonel," was the reply. "They say there is great strength in that if you

can get it out." The jest was not more grim than the reality.

Of clothing the soldiers were equally destitute. In November, 1777, Washington formally offered a reward of ten dollars to the one who should produce the best substitute for shoes made of raw hides. He declared that for lack of blankets they were obliged to sit up all night before the fires. Anthony Wayne, in a rage, reported that a third of his men had "no shirt under heaven," and that their clothes were in ribbons. Lafayette told of poor fellows whose feet were frozen black and had to be amputated. When a soldier's turn for picket duty came his comrades who were to stay in the warm hut, contributed articles of clothing that he might withstand the cold. Naturally, amidst such pinching want, the hospitals were pest houses. The worst of it all was that hogsheads of shoes and raiment were ready for the camp, but there was no way of getting them hauled to it. "Perhaps by midsummer," wrote Washington, "the soldiers may receive thick stockings, shoes, and blankets, which he will contrive to get rid of in the most expeditious manner. By an eternal round of the most stupid management the public treasure is expended to no kind of purpose, while the men have been left to perish by inches with cold and nakedness."

Why General Howe, with his twenty thousand well fed and accoutred men, did not attack the half-frozen, half-starved, and wholly dispirited American army—which at one time numbered barely four thousand—is one of the puzzles of history. In his later defence before the House of Commons, the British general laid great stress on Washington's redoubts, giving thereby some force to the American theory that the redoubt at Bunker Hill permanently shattered Howe's nerve. It is more probable, however, that the general, who at

home was one of the Whigs who disapproved of the war upon the colonies, sincerely believed that moderate measures would lead the Americans to listen favorably to the proposals for peace which he put forth as soon as he was established in Philadelphia. Indeed, in his defence, he said that, "A check at this moment would probably counteract His Majesty's intentions of preparing the way for the return of peace by the bills proposed." These bills were parliamentary measures for a peace commission to negotiate for a compromise. But bitter as was the state of the Patriot army in this winter of discontent, there was no thought of compromise. All felt that as soon as the news of Burgoyne's surrender reached Europe, France at least would recognize the colonies as independent and come to their aid—which indeed turned out to be the fact.

But throughout the cold and cruel winter Washington expected an attack by Howe, and privately expressed the opinion that it could not be resisted. To both parties, Patriot and Tory, the lethargy of the British general was inexplicable. Much was made of the fact that a fine setter dog, wearing a collar showing him to be the property of General Howe, strolled one day into the American camp and was politely sent back to his master. From this it was argued that an understanding existed between the hostile generals, and an absurd story became current that Washington would occasionally visit the city incog. and accompany Howe to the theatre.

As a matter of fact, Washington was using the winter to drill such fragment of his army as remained into the semblance of regular soldiers. With the butt of his musket at his shoulder and his eye seeking the sight, the American soldier was a man to beware of. But when it came to the manual of arms, he was a man to laugh at. To correct this, Baron Von Steuben, one

of the really devoted foreign volunteers who lent us their aid, undertook to be drill-master, and with a musket in his hands taught the lieutenants, who, in turn, were to teach the privates. As the winter wore on, too, Washington, despairing of getting proper supplies through the established commissaries, took matters into his own hands, and sent out his ablest officers to gather provisions from those sections of New Jersey and Pennsylvania which had been feeding the British. Destitute of money, the foragers paid in promissory notes which in due time were honored. They gathered good store of cattle, sheep and swine, and wagonloads of grain. Moreover, they captured supplies that were on their way to Philadelphia, thereby filling their own larders besides depleting those of the enemy. The soldiers engaged in this work were called in Philadelphia "market stoppers," and when caught were bedecked with vegetables and market baskets, and paraded through the city streets before being whipped and sent to prison. The Americans, in retaliation, when they caught a Tory farmer taking goods to the British camp, would brand him in the hand with the letters G. R., and send him into the enemy's lines. The results of the Patriot forays were to so replenish the Valley Forge larder that in the spring each private received daily a pound and a half of bread, a pound of beef or fish or pork and beans, and a gill of whiskey. The "water wagon" formed no part of the Patriot baggage train.

With the coming of spring many things occurred to give new confidence to the Patriots and to swell their ranks. Divers cabals and political intrigues against Washington, which were at the time so numerous as to make discussion of them impossible in a brief historical work, had failed, and brought upon their authors such odium that Congress thereafter forbore to meddle with the commander-in-chief and gave him a free

hand. The quartermaster's department had at last been properly organized, and with Valley Forge no longer a starvation camp, the soldiers came trooping back. But most stimulating of all the happenings was the news which reached Washington on May 1, 1778, that a treaty of commerce and alliance had been concluded with France. Every soldier was enough of a politician to know that this meant substantial aid in the way of men, money, ships, and munitions of war. The camp was wild with enthusiasm. A day of thanksgiving was set, and after due praise and prayer a banquet was served to 1,500 officers who marched to the table thirteen abreast with arms locked in token of the Union of the thirteen states. A British spy, being detected in camp, was given his liberty upon condition that he would return to Philadelphia and inform the British of the exultation of their enemy.

But the British for their part were planning a more regal celebration of a very different event. Late in 1777, Sir William Howe, being piqued at the tone of certain criticisms made upon his strategy, wrote a letter to the Ministry which might be constructed as a resignation. Lord George Germaine chose so to take it, and promptly sent an acceptance with an order that Sir Henry Clinton should assume command. Howe's officers were sincerely grieved. Though all must have recognized his lack of vigor, and not a few had commented upon it, they all liked him as a man. Perhaps the fact that he had no zest for pushing them into uncomfortable positions—having spent his three winters in America's three largest towns—had something to do with this. At any rate they determined to make his last days in office glorious—not by winning a battle, which would have been a novel celebration—but with pageants and revelry. The outcome was the famous Meschianza—a combination of mock tournaments and

mock heroics, in which officers grouped as Knights of the Burning Mountain and Knights of the Blended Rose, rode caracoling steads in honor of rival American and English Queens of Beauty. There was much braying of brass and glittering of tinsel, a mighty banquet with oceans of wine and volleys of fireworks, in which was consumed the gunpowder, which if turned against the Americans shivering at Valley Forge a few months earlier, might have changed the history of the world. The stage manager of the comedy was a brilliant and lovable young officer, Major John André, who was destined some months later to play a star part in the sinister tragedy of the treason of Benedict Arnold.

Howe sailed for England on the 24th of May. Sir Henry Clinton, who succeeded him, inherited a perplexing situation. Washington's army was reinvigorated—one might almost say resurrected, so near had it been to death in the days of winter. His flying squadrons swept clear the neighboring portions of New Jersey and Pennsylvania whence Philadelphia had drawn its supplies, and Clinton was wholly dependent upon the Delaware as a pathway for his food and munitions of war. Even this road was not free and open, for both shores of the river were in possession of the Americans, who disputed with artillery, or by audacious expeditions in rowboats, the passage of cattle-ships or market boats. Out on the ocean, haunting the line between Sandy Hook and the capes of the Delaware, were flotillas of privateers which found large profits in preying upon ships carrying goods to Clinton. In one month nine big ships with cargoes valued at over $700,000 were thus taken. Seven loaded wholly with food and arms for the British troops were taken at one haul, and everything useful for Washington's men was dispatched direct to his camp. In his notable

book, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," Admiral Mahan estimates that by the end of 1778 the Americans had captured nearly a thousand merchantmen, valued at about $10,000,000.

But more perplexing than these present ills was Clinton's outlook upon the future. He knew only too well that the French Comte d'Estaing, with twelve ships of the line, a large fleet of frigates, and four thousand infantry, was on the broad Atlantic headed for America. Should he arrive and seize New York, Clinton would lose his base of supplies and be starved into surrender at Philadelphia. The French fleet was too strong to be met and destroyed by Lord Howe's naval command, and whether it should take New York or merely blockade the mouth of the Delaware, the condition of Clinton's army would be alike hopeless. About this time a royal commission empowered to treat with Washington and Congress for peace—an embassy which was emphatically dismissed by both—arrived at Philadelphia, and Lord Carlisle, one of its members, recorded some facts which show the beleaguered state of the British. He noted the chain of war vessels anchored in the river to protect traffic, "for I am grieved," he wrote, "that both sides of the river are in possession of the enemy, who are well armed and absolutely prevent any intercourse whatever with the land." Later he rode out into the country. "This is market day," he wrote; "to protect the people bringing in provisions, which otherwise they would not dare to do, large detachments to the amount of above two thousand men, are sent forward into the country."

This was almost two years to the day after the embattled farmers fired the shot at Lexington. In those two years, the British had lost Boston, had left New York open to Washington's army, and lost Burgoyne's army and St. Leger's expedition, had been beaten at

Bennington, Fort Stanwix, Bemis Heights, Saratoga, Princeton, and Trenton. The only considerable monument of British power remaining in America was this army of Clinton's that could not get a side of beef or a bushel of potatoes up the Delaware without a chain of warships, or over a Jersey road without an armed guard.

Clinton determined to take his army to New York. The first question was—how? He had a fleet at his disposal, and it seemed easy to load the army with its stores and cannon on the ships and sail to the destination. But what would Washington do meantime? Calms or adverse winds might delay the fleet for a month or more, and it then might arrive two or three ships at a time. Washington could get his sixteen thousand or eighteen thousand men there in a fortnight, fortify the Narrows, and keep the British at bay. Or D'Estaing's fleet might fall upon them on the way, or worse yet, might be already waiting in New York harbor to take them at a disadvantage. Moreover, the Loyalists wanted to flee the city when abandoned, and would take up much of the room on the ships, while the army had accumulated several thousand horses, which could not be taken by water and which the Americans would be only too happy to get. So in the end Sir Henry determined to send his heavy guns by sea and march his army to New York, keeping it ever between Washington and that city.

On the 18th of June Lord Howe, with his fleet and chartered merchantmen—three hundred sail in all—weighed anchor and dropped down the river. Aboard were about three thousand Loyalists, who fled from the wrath of the incoming Patriots. About the only inhabitants of Philadelphia who were calm and unperturbed were the Quakers. In their creed was provision neither for fighting nor for running away. It was the wise prac-

tice of the American officers always to respect their scruples, and many Quakers served the American cause more effectively than if they had killed or been killed. Early on the same morning the Royal troops marched silently down the streets to the ferries and crossed over into New Jersey. There was none of the beat of drum and clash of brass that had signalled their entrance into the "rebel capital" the preceding summer. They slipped away as though shod with rubber, and many honest citizens, emerging from their homes after the usual breakfast hour, were amazed to find the streets so deserted with never a scarlet coat or a Hessian helmet to be seen.

Before many hours passed small bodies of the American troops marched into Philadelphia to take possession of the city. Washington kept the great body of his army together, as he intended to start immediately in pursuit of Clinton. The new American garrison found many evidences of the haste of the British flight. Salt was one of the great needs of the American army, and the fugitives had kindly left 130,000 bushels of it, which they might easily have shovelled into the Schuylkill. Enormous quantities of military stores packed the depots to which no Redcoat had the foresight to apply the torch. The sutlers attached to Clinton's army, and the Tory merchants of the town who fled with the British, sold their stocks cheap to the shopkeepers who remained. All in all, the British evacuation of Philadelphia made for the advantage of the American army, save in one respect. Curiously enough Washington left the ideal fighter of that moment, Benedict Arnold, in command of the garrison, and took the marplot, Charles Lee, with him in pursuit of the British. Lee either blundered grossly or played the poltroon at the battle of Monmouth, putting the day in jeopardy. Arnold—more used to

the tented field and the clash of battle than to social amenities—became the associate of such Tories as had remained behind, married a Tory belle, who had figured gaily in the Meschianza, and began to lose touch with patriotic sentiment. Some there are who date from this Philadelphia day the moral deterioration which ended in the treason of West Point.

Nature and Washington combined to make Clinton's march to New York a miserable and a perilous one. First storms and then a blazing sun beat upon the British heads, while all the time the Americans hung on the flanks of the column, harassing it with constant rifle fire. The people of Jersey sent their families and livestock to places of safety, cut their well-ropes, hid everything eatable and rifle in hand nagged the British from behind stone-walls and protecting trees. It was like Pitcairn's flight from Lexington, long protracted. At one time rain fell for fourteen hours, spoiling the ammunition and supplies; immediately thereafter the sun blazed out fiercely. The heat broke all records. Men went down by scores, especially the poor Hessians still carrying the load of decoration which Frederick the Great thought necessary to a soldier. The wagon train was twelve miles long, and as often the roads and bridges were narrow, or the latter broken down by the active farmers, progress was slow and the infantry would stand for hours in the heat. The New Jersey mosquito, famous to the present day, was active in adding to the British discomfort.

Within a few hours after Clinton's departure from Philadelphia Washington was hot upon his trail. Some dissension existed in the American ranks as to the wisdom of attacking the fugitives, but in a council of war Washington stood with Lafayette, Anthony Wayne, and Nathanael Greene for a battle. The British line indeed invited a stroke. It was nearly

twenty miles long, encumbered with a baggage train and a host of non-combatant refugees, and destitute of cavalry force adequate to protect its flanks. Like a serpent it was formidable when gathered to strike, but extended could be broken in two by a blow at any part of the spine. Sir Henry Clinton was not blind to the peril of his situation, and on the 27th of June, having reached Monmouth Court House, he sent all his baggage train and the refugees forward on the road to Sandy Hook, and made his dispositions for battle. The surrounding country was swarming with Americans, and the garb of those observed made it clear that the advance of Washington's army was at hand.

Charles Lee was in command of the first American division. His selection was a blunder. In the council he spoke warmly against any attack upon the British, saying it would be better to "build a bridge of gold" to carry them to New York than to risk a battle. Perhaps this idea was still uppermost in his mind when his division on the morning of the 28th was struck by Cornwallis, who brought his troops into action in gallant style. Lee proved utterly unable to meet the attack. Men said he showed the white feather and he was later court martialed on this and other charges and found guilty, though his partisans have always contended that on this point the evidence did not justify the conviction. At any rate Washington, coming up to a field on which he had every expectation of finding the Americans triumphant, found them instead in full retreat. There had been no battle, no sustained attack. Lee had given the order to turn and run almost at the first fire. Lafayette begged for permission to rally the men and fight. "Sir," replied Lee, "you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them." At this juncture came up Washington. He was in no peaceful mood. Some of the soldiers had

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PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE

From "Photographic History of Civil War"

sulkily excused their retreat by reference to the general's (Lee's) orders.

Washington's cold blue eye, which then flashed with rage, lighted upon Lee. "I desire to know, sir, what is the reason—whence arises this disorder and confusion?" he demanded. Lee responded with some equivocation. The discussion grew hot and in its course arrived the historic moment when—to the later delight of every American school-boy, wearied with the perfections of the Father of His Country—Washington broke into oaths.

"Yes, sir!" said General Scott, who witnessed the epoch-marking occurrence, "he swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charmingly, delightfully. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that memorable day, he swore like an angel from heaven."

With his spirit high from this encounter, Washington rallied the troops for victory. "I never," said Alexander Hamilton, "saw him to such advantage." Lee was sent to the rear. The other brigade and division commanders, fired with new determination, pushed the British at every point, and they, for their part, showed great gallantry. Many of the knights of the Burning Mountain or of the Blended Rose found Monmouth's field of honor a fatal one. The fury of the conflict was made more dreadful by the excessive heat. Men dropped on both sides from sunstroke and many went mad. Both Clinton and Washington reported many deaths from the sun though the British, dressed in heavy wool, were the greater sufferers.

After a long afternoon of carnage the two armies lay down practically on the same field, separated by but a few furlongs. Washington and Lafayette lay under the same cloak, sleepless and talking of the

strange conduct of Lee. Perhaps the conversation dulled their ears, for the night was not half spent when Clinton began to withdraw his army. It was a retreat for silence and swiftness worthy of Washington, and when the American army was astir in the morning, it found no British left in its front, save the dead, the sorely wounded, and the stragglers. Clinton was too far away for successful pursuit, speeding toward Sandy Hook where he hoped to find the British fleet.

Both belligerents claimed Monmouth as a victory. Clinton pointed out, with truth, that Washington had failed to check his progress to New York or to capture his baggage—the two purposes of the attack. He also pointed with pride to the success with which he had stolen away, though a retreat however skilful seems an odd achievement on which to base a claim of victory. The Americans, on the other hand, claimed that their final possession of the field gave them the victory no less than the heavy losses they had inflicted on the enemy. But the estimates of losses were conflicting and remained so. Washington reported 60 killed, 130 wounded and 130 missing. From the number of British dead his soldiers buried, he estimated Clinton's loss at about 300 killed, possibly 1,000 wounded and a great number deserted. Clinton, however, reported 124 dead (59 from heat), 170 wounded and 64 missing. He was quite certain that the American losses were greater. But whether estimated as a victory or as a drawn battle, the fight at Monmouth was of advantage to the Americans. Howe had been boasting that he continually dared the Americans to fight in the open, but that they clung to their breastworks. But here at Monmouth, the Americans had flung themselves across the British path and the latter had fled for safety by the shortest route.

To the world it appeared that they had been driven out of Philadelphia, badly cut up on their retreat and only reached New York in safety because of the succor of Lord Howe's fleet.

That fleet was in waiting when Clinton's columns reached Sandy Hook. The army's coming was heralded far in advance by the blazing farmhouses along its route. The British soldiers, and the German mercenaries in particular, pillaged and burnt without scruple or mercy. It is usually the case that soldiers who break over discipline in one particular are lax in all, and desertions from the British ranks ran up into the hundreds. It was said that two weeks after Sir Henry Clinton abandoned Philadelphia not less than six hundred Redcoats, mostly Germans, were again loafing in the streets of that city. Those who reached Sandy Hook were speedily taken up the bay to New York, in all about ten thousand men, with their artillery and baggage. On the 6th of July, 1778, all were safe. It was the 30th of June, 1777, that Sir William Howe with seventeen thousand men had set sail from that port for Philadelphia. The year had been worse than fruitless and had D'Estaing's fleet, which reached Sandy Hook three days after Clinton had landed his troops in New York, been but a few days earlier the British army would have been destroyed then and there, and the Revolution ended. As it was, the blow to British prestige was mortal.

"What," asked Horace Walpole, "has an army of fifty thousand men, fighting for sovereignty achieved in America? Retreated from Boston; retreated from Philadelphia; laid down their arms at Saratoga and lost thirteen provinces."

CHAPTER VI

The Wyoming Massacre—Services of George Rogers Clark—The War in the South—The French at Savannah—Defeat at Camden —The Victory at King's Mountain.

THE struggle of the American people for independence was destined to continue for a little more than three years. But these were years of desultory campaigns, of raiding expeditions, of ghastly massacres due to the British employment of the Indians, and of offensive operations in widely separated sections with no coherent plan. Never, after the downfall of Howe and the flight of Clinton, did the British Ministry plan another comprehensive campaign for the subjugation of the colonies. The English people were sick of the war. The great Whig party, though in the minority, opposed its continuance with the finest oratory of such statesmen as Pitt and Burke. England was without a friend in Europe—more isolated even than was our own United States at the opening of the Spanish War of 1898. France had made a treaty with the colonies, her friendly fleet was on our coasts and war between France and England was already a matter of fact, if not of formal declaration. Frederick the Great was encouraging France and the colonies and enriching military history with shrewd encomiums upon Washington's strategy in the New Jersey campaigns. Out of this praise have grown certain legends, as that the King of Prussia sent to Washington a sword inscribed, "From the oldest soldier in Europe to the greatest soldier in the world."

In this situation, torn by political dissensions at

home, menaced with new wars on every side, with Europe showing covert friendship to the Americans when it did not openly aid them, the English Ministry would probably have dropped the war altogether had it not been for King George. His temper was uncompromising. Even after the final collapse at Yorktown, when Lord North on receipt of the news cried wildly, "Oh God! It is all over!" the old King calmly declared his determination to proceed with the war. But after the evacuation of Philadelphia the Ministry made only a showing of military activity. There was fighting enough by sea and by land, and much of it was bloody and even barbarous. But apparently the sole British purpose was to harass the Americans, and the main endeavor of the latter was to resist stubbornly, until the enemy, exhausted by its conflict with France, should abandon its hopeless effort at coercion. The story of the Revolution from this time forward, therefore, is rather the story of notable battles than of campaigns.

The first fruits of the French alliance proved wholly disappointing. The fleet under D'Estaing though a noble collection of vessels and superior to that commanded by Lord Howe, reached the capes of the Delaware too late to intercept the English on their way to New York. Giving prompt pursuit, the French arrived after their enemy had found shelter behind Sandy Hook. Howe, an able sailor and a gallant man, had put his ships in excellent position to sustain an attack by even so superior a force as that of the French and undoubtedly expected it. But D'Estaing showed hesitancy about going into action. He pleaded that the channel was not deep enough for his heaviest vessels, and after backing and filling in the offing finally drew off and made for Newport. There has been much discussion of his action and the charge of

timidity has been freely brought against him. There is evidence that at that season the channel depth was ample for any of his ships, and there is reason enough to believe that when he saw the superiority of his force offset by the strength of Howe's position, he had no stomach for the fight. His later career afforded only too much corroboration of this theory.

Newport had been seized by Lord Percy in December, 1776, and was the only British stronghold on New England soil. Washington, who had marched his army from Monmouth to White Plains and was again in his old lines there, thought the capture of Newport a desirable exploit. The British now held only New York and this town, and expulsion from either would be a serious reverse. Accordingly, the New England militia to the number of about seventy-five hundred gathered at Providence, under command of General Sullivan. Washington sent fifteen hundred more, commanded by the veteran, Greene, who was accompanied by Lafayette. As D'Estaing had four thousand French infantry on his fleet, it was thought that with his coöperation the force would be ample to overcome the British garrison.

The latter was commanded by General Pigot, who had succeeded a certain General Prescott of unsavory renown. The latter was a braggart, a bully, and as usually happens, a coward. He was much given to beating Quakers, who in accordance with the customs of their church, passed him on the street without uncovering, and he encouraged his soldiers in insulting women and plundering citizens. Being captured, without notable resistance on his part, he was given dinner at an inn kept by one Captain Alden. Mrs. Alden, among other dishes, offered him some succotash —a viand little known to the British.

"What do you mean by offering me this hog's

food?" roared the boor, snatching the dish and throwing it to the floor. The poor woman left the room in tears, but her husband entered in her place and with a rawhide lashed the general until he cried for mercy. The Americans shortly after exchanged him for General Charles Lee, and it is hard to tell which got the worst of the bargain.

General Pigot, his successor in command at Newport, was a soldier of parts. He had but about six thousand troops under his command and might fairly have faced the pending attack with grave apprehension. But he acted with vigor and was destined to experience a new proof of the maxim, "Fortune favors the brave." Count d'Estaing, upon whose coöperation rested the whole promise of the American attack, was the most unlucky officer whose name appears in our revolutionary annals. By ill-luck he reached our waters only a day or two too late to meet and destroy Howe's fleet on its way to New York. Had he delayed his departure from that port after his failure to fight, he could have easily picked up several British vessels which, sorely battered by wind and wave, came limping in to reënforce Howe and were in no condition for action. Now at Newport his bad luck—or bad judgment—pursued him. August 10th had been set for the joint attack on Newport, and Sullivan's yeomanry had indeed moved to a commanding hill on the 7th. But on the afternoon of the 10th, Lord Howe's fleet put in an appearance in the offing. That admiral had promptly put in condition the battered ships, which D'Estaing had missed, and thus reënforced, sailed at once for the relief of Newport. It was one of the most effective strokes of the war—one of the few times the British acted with celerity.

D'Estaing had landed about half his troops, but fearing to be attacked at anchor recalled them and

put to sea. That was the day when hostile squadrons manœuvred interminably to get some advantage of wind or tide, and two days were spent by D'Estaing and Howe jockeying for the weather gage. In four hours Admiral Schley destroyed the whole of Cervera's fleet—ships any one of which could have annihilated all the French and British ships off Newport. While the two admirals were trying to get the right wind, the wind got them, for there blew up the mightiest tempest that stormy coast had known in a century. The fleets were blown apart and resolved into their original atoms of isolated ships, some of which met and fought futile fights. The British ships were widely scattered but most of the Frenchmen made their way back to Newport.

The Americans, meantime, had suffered in their trenches from the tempest, which was recalled for half a century in Newport as "the great storm," and had moved back some distance, fearing a sortie. Seeing the fleet return, they advanced again but learned to their amazement and disgust that D'Estaing had determined to abandon the attack and take his fleet to Boston. It appeared that the so-called admiral was really a military man; his captains were navy officers and combined to force him to this course seemingly against his will. Sullivan, Lafayette, and the rest of the American officers naturally protested bitterly. What was a French fleet sent here for, they asked, if not to fight? Thereupon the admiral declared himself insulted and with his fleet and troops departed for Boston. Shortly thereafter Howe returned to Newport and the Americans, seeing the opportunity to take the town lost retired, after a day's heavy fighting with Pigot's troops.

In Boston the Frenchmen met with ill-concealed hostility. The street urchins mocked at the seamen

and in a street riot a French officer was killed. The question, "What are the French here for if not to fight?" was repeatedly put, not alone in the Massachusetts city but throughout the colonies. The Boston riot was paralleled in Charleston, South Carolina, and the ink was hardly dry on the treaty of alliance when an anti-French sentiment sprung up, bred almost wholly of D'Estaing's inactivity and avoidance of actual battle. He did participate in a dashing though futile assault upon the British at Savannah, but in November took his fleet to the West Indies. This last move ended D'Estaing's standing with the American people. The French fleet was as loudly cursed as once it had been prayed for, and no allowance was made for the fact that its attack upon the British West Indian possessions forced Clinton to send five thousand of his troops thither, and diverted for the time the attention of the British Ministry from the American colonies.

The British now held only Newport and New York on the Atlantic coast. Away from the protection of their fleets they were powerless. Out in the Middle West they held some frontier posts, notably that at Detroit, and about these a guerrilla warfare raged, the combatants being mainly Indians spurred on by the British, and American settlers. There was no organization, no army involved. The colonies had no strong general government to map out and execute a general plan of defence, while the only tactics of the British were to harass the settlers in western New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, and force them back from the lands which they had wrested from the forest, and upon which they were erecting the commonwealths of to-day.

In northeastern Pennsylvania lies a fertile valley, watered by the broad, swift Susquehanna, which here thrusts its way through a water gap in the mountains.

In 1778, this valley, known as the Wyoming Valley, was filled with settlers mainly from Connecticut, for by an early charter the region, though geographically part of Pennsylvania, had been granted to Connecticut. About three thousand people were there in all, and so overwhelmingly on the side of the Revolution, that they drove from their midst the few Tory families who dared avow their royalist convictions. The expelled ones carried their grievances to the Tory, Colonel John Butler, at Fort Niagara. With a martial force, composed partly of Indians, he descended the swift flowing Susquehanna in canoes, and before the settlers had time to feel alarm the red terror was upon them. The vale had shielded a community of peaceful New England farmers, whose white church spires marked every little hamlet, while the well ordered fields and neat groups of farm buildings told of thrift and resultant prosperity. But now murder and pillage were the fate of the valley people. The torch was set to the white hamlets; the tomahawk and the scalping knife were plied, that the authority of King George might be reëstablished. Three hundred farmers, hastily mustered, went out to resist the enemy, while the women and children were gathered in a blockhouse. But the defensive force was swept away and nearly all its members slain, for the enemy had more than twelve hundred men and his method was massacre. The women fled from the blockhouse but scores were overtaken, tortured and slain. In one dark swampy spot, known ever since as the "Shades of Death," a hundred women and children are said to have perished of starvation and fatigue. The men taken captive were put to the torture. Burning at the stake, or being held down with pitchforks upon glowing coals were forms of death mercifully swift in comparison to being cut to pieces by ingeniously de-

vised gashes that produced the longest period of agony before death brought relief.

The massacre of Wyoming was long held in the memory of Americans. Books, poems, and plays were written about it, and its ghastly incidents were made more horrible by a wholly needless exaggeration. It had much to do with the persistent hatred of Great Britain, which existed in the United States even into the Twentieth Century, for though the atrocities of the valley were typically Indian, the savages were under command of Colonel John Butler and constituted less than half of his force.

Another sanguinary figure of that time of Indian warfare, a figure perplexing for its contradictory qualities was Joseph Brant, a pure-blooded Mohawk, whose sister was one of the Indian "wives" of the Tory leader in the Mohawk Valley, Sir William Johnson. In his tribe Brant's name was Thayendanegea. He was taught by the braves the use of the ambush, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife; while in a Connecticut school, which later became Dartmouth College, he learned to speak and write English with elegance and vigor. He translated the English Book of Common Prayer into his native tongue, and became for a time an Episcopal missionary among his people; yet on occasion his warwhoop rang loudest upon the bloody field and his acute mind excelled all others in devising cunning expedients for entrapping an adversary to his doom. He visited England after the war, associated with men of cultivation on an equal plane and on his return built the first Episcopal church ever erected in Canada; but he nevertheless planned the massacre of Cherry Valley, in which a village was wholly destroyed by the torch and every one of its fifty inhabitants slain or put to the torture without regard to sex.

These bloody successes of the Indians and Tories

had been won against unorganized farmers, but their sufferings and blood cried loud for vengeance and Washington detached five hundred men from his army in 1779, and sent them to lay waste the country of the Iroquois, and to destroy the nest of the Tories at Fort Niagara.

In two columns the army advanced up the valleys of the Susquehanna and Mohawk rivers, meeting at Tioga, New York. On the site of Elmira, they administered a crushing defeat to the Tories and Indians, which they followed up by wholly devastating the country of the Iroquois. That tribe had advanced beyond the merely nomadic state and had become tillers of the soil and builders of villages. All their evidences of progress were swept away, more than forty villages burned and their fields laid waste. A bitter winter following so completed the ruin of the tribes that made up the famous League of the Iroquois that they never recovered. Yet they were not annihilated and for two years the Mohawk Valley was the scene of Indian raids, so ruthless and sanguinary, that the farmer's grasp turned naturally from the plow to the rifle, while the bay of a hound or the distant lowing of cattle smote like a warwhoop on ears, ever tense for sounds of alarm.

South of the Ohio River, the settlers in Kentucky had for years suffered cruelly from continuous Indian warfare, for which, to some extent, their own aggressions were to blame. The wanton murder of the family of Logan, a high-minded and friendly Indian chief, had added fuel to the flames of strife that gave to Kentucky the sinister appellation, "the dark and bloody ground." Though the British commandant at Detroit—"Hair-buying Hamilton" he was called, because of his bloody traffic with the Indians—had been chiefly active in fomenting the war in New York

and Pennsylvania, he had nevertheless done enough in Kentucky to awaken the resentment of the sturdy people of that state, one of whom determined upon reprisals.

At that time Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan were a true international frontier. All were claimed and held by the British or by the revolting Colonists, but the population was largely French, while beyond the Mississippi lay Spanish territory with a Spanish commandant at St. Louis. At Kaskaskia, a now vanished village of Illinois, once its capital, was the seat of British power, maintained by a small garrison. Most of the inhabitants of the place were French. At Vincennes, now in the state of Indiana, was another British garrison, surrounded by a population of Frenchmen.

A young land surveyor, George Rogers Clark, following his calling in the settlements along the Ohio River, learned that the garrisons at Kaskaskia and Vincennes had been much reduced by sending their troops to Detroit. When he heard of the surrender of Burgoyne, he suddenly conceived the idea of taking all this territory out of British control. Without awaiting authority he sent spies throughout the land, and armed with their reports, collected a force of about two hundred men with some light artillery, at Pittsburgh. No one but Clark himself knew his purpose. In May, of 1778, his little expedition rowed down the Ohio to its mouth, a distance of a thousand miles. Through forests and across prairies he led his men swiftly, until he came within three miles of the town. There he learned that the garrison had no suspicion of any impending danger. At nightfall he divided his little force into two divisons and slipped quietly up to the fort. So careless was the watch that Clark, preceding his men, walked through the postern gate and into the stockade. From a brightly lighted

building came the merry sound of fiddles and the shuffling of dancing feet. Quietly Clark crept to the door, opened it and stood within, his arms folded, silent, solitary. No one for a moment noticed the strange figure in buckskins and the dance went gaily on. Then an Indian, suddenly sensing the presence of a stranger, leaped to his feet with a warwhoop, and all turned in alarm. Before any could strike Clark told them that his men—whose triumphant shouts could be heard—had captured the fort without bloodshed and that the dance might just as well go on. The military officers were at once seized but the people, who were more French than English, accepted the sudden change in sovereignty with indifference or perhaps satisfaction. Cahokia and Vincennes also surrendered to his messengers, though he had no troops with which to garrison either place.

Hamilton heard the news at Detroit with natural resentment. Sending out men first to stir up the Indians, he marched on Vincennes with five hundred English, French, and Indians. There was an American commandant there but no garrison, hence the town was taken without trouble—its French inhabitants caring little which flag flew since their own could not. Happily the ease of his first conquest did not spur Hamilton on to proceeding against Clark at Kaskaskia. The way was long, the winter coming on apace. Accordingly, he sent most of his men back to Detroit, and settled down to winter in Vincennes. This comfortable project, however, was interrupted by Clark who, when he found that Hamilton would not attack him, determined to do the attacking himself. With 180 men he made one of the most thrilling marches in the history of war—a march on which Stonewall Jackson himself might have looked with admiration and envy. It was 240 miles from

Kaskaskia to Vincennes. The time was February, and the country lay deep under the snows of winter. But the cold and the snow were better than what followed. For after a week of not uncomfortable progress through the wilderness, with plenty of game and roaring campfires at night, a sudden thaw set in. The rivers of that region were then as they are now, subject to sudden rises, and when they came to the Wabash, which they had thought to cross upon the ice, they found that with its branches it was now a rushing river five miles wide. With notable foresight Clark had brought boats along and in three days had his entire force ferried across. But presently, thereafter, they came upon land so flooded as to require wading, but not deeply enough to permit the use of the canoes. Cakes of ice floated on the turbid stream, and the air above froze stiff the sodden clothing of the men when they had reached dry land. Through four miles of this sort of travelling the men marched doggedly, Clark at their head singing, shouting the warwhoop, and employing every device to encourage them to press on. Lest encouragement should not suffice, twenty-five were told off as a rear guard with orders to shoot any who strove to turn back. This duty was not, however, required of them.

Notwithstanding its difficulties, the march had been made so expeditiously and secretly that Vincennes might have been surprised as Kaskaskia had been. But Clark learned from a hunter, whom he had captured, that two hundred Indians had just arrived in the town, which gave Hamilton a marked advantage in point of numbers. He reckoned that the population of the town being mostly French would, if attacked without warning, make common cause with the British and Indians and fight for the defence of their homes; while if a summons to surrender were presented they

would remain neutral. Accordingly, the summons was sent, and while awaiting an answer a scalp-hunting party of Indians, sent out by Hamilton, blundered into the American camp and were all killed, not as hostile soldiers, but as savages and murderers. A day later Hamilton with his force surrendered. The power of the British in that section was permanently shattered, and the chief scalp-hunter had no longer an opportunity to press his peculiar calling.

Few men have done more to permanently affect the course of our national development, and few have won smaller fame by their patriotic efforts than George Rogers Clark. As a civilian he planned and executed the campaign which held for the Americans the country north of the Ohio River, and having done his deed, returned to civil life and virtual obscurity.

Southern writers and students of history have often complained that the histories of the Revolution have usually given but scant attention to the military operations and the battles in the Southern colonies. They have been accustomed to ascribe this neglect to the fact that the historians have been in the main Northern men—New Englanders, indeed, in great numbers—and impute to them an inclination to underestimate the part of the South in the War for Independence. But the fact is rather that the operations in the Southern colonies were at no time—except in the final campaign which culminated with Yorktown and victory—conducted in accordance with any definite plan of campaign on the part of either the British or the Colonials. The operations south of the Potomac were at no time so dramatic, or so full of importance to the cause of liberty as Washington's prolonged struggle against British conquest in the North.

Charleston, South Carolina, before the Declaration

of Independence, that is, in June, 1776, had beaten off a British naval attack, under Admiral Parker, and an assault of more than three thousand British regulars under General Clinton. Every American school-boy knows the story of Fort Moultrie—how it was built of palmetto logs at which the engineers scoffed but which, by their soft and spongy texture, stopped the cannon balls without splitting. And the figure of Sergeant Jasper, springing to the rampart, seizing the flag which had been shot away and waving it from his sponge-staff, is one of the classics of American history. After this triumph the Southern colonies had been left in peace until the autumn of 1778, when British troops, making their base in the Spanish territory of Florida, began desultory raids into Georgia. Plantation homes were burned, fields laid waste, and slaves carried off to be sold anew into slavery for the profit of their captors. Savannah was captured after a brief defence, and with that city as a base, the British set about the subjection of Georgia and South Carolina. The British Ministry planned to conduct the war in this territory as they were prosecuting it in the Northwest—with the aid of Tories and Indians, and by the savage methods of raids and massacres, rather than by campaigns of organized and disciplined troops. They had not heard of the complete overthrow of their scalp-hunting Colonel Hamilton at Vincennes, nor of the vigorous fashion in which Washington had avenged the victims of the Wyoming massacre. Accordingly, they planned for the South all the barbarities they had committed in the Northwest.

The outlook there for the Patriot cause was not promising. Georgia was but sparsely populated—in many ways the weakest of the colonies. South Carolina was full of Tories, and her slaves were in a chronic state of discontent, which kept the small and ill-

ordered militia fully engaged in putting down incipient servile revolts. Fighting began early between the Continentals and the Loyalists. A party of seven hundred Loyalists from North Carolina, marching to join the British at Savannah, were encountered by a smaller body of Patriots under Colonel Andrew Pickens, and put to flight. About half their number were captured and were straightway put on trial for their lives, on a charge of treason. Five were found guilty and hanged. This action, in view of the tone of the British proclamations outlawing all Patriots taken in arms, was perhaps legitimate, but nevertheless unwise and barbarous. Naturally, it led to immediate reprisals. The British commander at Augusta, one Colonel Thomas Browne, had in his possession some Patriot prisoners, of whom he at once hanged several. Thus he not only avenged the deaths of the North Carolinians, but gratified a personal rancor, for at the outbreak of hostilities the Colonists had applied to him a coat of tar and feathers, the recollection of which long rankled within his breast. From that time on, however, the neighborhood war in the South was savage and cruel.

At the close of 1778, General Lincoln, who had been distinguished in the Saratoga campaign, was sent to take command of the Patriot armies in the South. With him appears first that name so venerable in our national annals. Establishing himself in Charleston, he gathered a considerable force and set about driving the British out of Georgia. General Prevost, his antagonist, was quite his match in military skill and energy. When Lincoln, leaving Moultrie with about one thousand men to guard Charleston, set out on a campaign against the British at Augusta, General Prevost let him get fairly out of the way, and then with three thousand men marched out of Savannah and

turned his steps toward Charleston. There was nobody to offer any effective resistance. In the most leisurely fashion, and with practically no losses, the British column swept along through a rich and thickly settled region. Plantations were ravaged and laid waste; mansions were sacked and burned, silver plate and movable valuables were carried off by the cart-load, and all else cut to pieces or otherwise ruined. So savage and wanton was the British conduct that trees were girdled and cattle and horses that could not be taken away were killed. A band of Cherokees formed part of the expeditionary force and the tomahawk and scalping-knife were employed on the helpless of every age and both sexes. More than one thousand slaves are believed to have perished from starvation or violence.

Reaching Charleston about the middle of May, Prevost sent in a summons to surrender. The defenders were at the moment torn by internal dissensions. Colonel Moultrie, in command, was a brave and devoted officer, but he had subject to him a force wholly inadequate to oppose the British, while little reliance could be placed upon the inhabitants or the civil authorities, because of a new problem which at that most unfortunate moment had been sprung upon them. For long years the South Carolinians had lived in some dread of their slaves. The friendly, almost affectionate relations, which subsisted between the Virginians and their blacks had for some reason never obtained in the Palmetto state. There the slaves were held subject with an iron hand, never cloaked with the velvet glove. Indeed the militia of the colony was so constantly engaged in guarding against an African uprising, that South Carolina had been able to contribute but little to the Continental army that fought under Washington. Henry Laurens, one of the most distinguished

citizens of that state, had nevertheless urged the bold plan of selecting a number of brave, stalwart, and trustworthy negroes, and enrolling them in the army, under white officers. His son, who was an officer on Washington's staff, urged the project upon the commander-in-chief, who sternly discouraged it. Hamilton, however, warmly approved it, and in the end, Congress recommended it to the consideration of the people of South Carolina. The younger Laurens, bearing this message from Congress, arrived in Charleston almost simultaneously with Prevost's peremptory summons to surrender.

The people of the city were in a rage. They had been hoping for aid from Congress and received instead advice to arm the slaves, whom, for a century, they had systematically stripped of every knife, pistol, or gun that could be found. They wondered whether their greater foe was the British thundering at their gates or the theorists sitting at Philadelphia. The South Carolinians, then as in 1861, or indeed to-day, were bitterly intolerant of any effort of Congress to solve their eternal question of the relation between the races. Some in a rage were for surrendering to the British. The utmost that Moultrie could coax them into doing was to send a flag of truce to Prevost, suggesting that South Carolina would remain wholly neutral until the end of the war, and then decide her course by ballot and by treaty. The British general contemptuously refused even to listen to the representations of civilians, but curtly announced to Moultrie, as military commandant, that he would consider no terms but unconditional surrender.

Moultrie's fighting blood was afire in an instant, and he prepared for defence. Unknown to him, however, fate was shaping events to his advantage. Lincoln had heard of Prevost's movement and, aban-

doning his advance on Augusta, returned hastily and the British suddenly abandoned the siege and returned to Savannah. But with all the marching and counter-marching, the enemy was left in undisturbed possession of Georgia.

That possession was destined to be menaced in a most unexpected way. D'Estaing, it will be remembered, left Boston after an exceedingly unpleasant visit there and took his fleet to the West Indies to harry the British possessions and commerce there. After some successes he sailed northward again, swooped down on a British fleet, hovering off the mouth of the Savannah River, and captured four ships. Elated with this success he thought of capturing Savannah, and wrote to the government of South Carolina, asking for coöperation. In September, 1779, the French troops from the fleet, in coöperation with Lincoln's forces, began a systematic siege of the city, which was stubbornly defended by Prevost who, throughout the war in the South, showed himself a gallant and a resourceful soldier, though his name was tarnished by the atrocities committed by his soldiers. Wearying of the slow progress of the siege, and fearing lest the autumnal storms might work havoc upon his fleet in the insufficient anchorage at the mouth of the Savannah, D'Estaing persuaded Lincoln to join in an effort to carry the town by assault. The attack, made on the 9th of October, failed utterly, though it was delivered with the utmost gallantry. Though the lilies of France and the stars and stripes of the Americans were planted upon the redoubt, the assailants were unable to maintain their lodgment. D'Estaing was twice wounded. The Count Pulaski, one of the most gallant of the young noblemen who had crossed the ocean to serve the cause of liberty, was slain. Six hundred of the French and two hundred Americans

were lost. The British loss was slight and when the battle was ended, their hold upon Savannah had not been shaken. A few days later D'Estaing sailed away, never to appear again in the war. Both of his efforts at coöperation with the American forces had ended in disaster.

Georgia was now merely a conquered province and was so treated by the conquerors. Every planter suspected of favoring the Revolution suffered. Pillage and murder were common. Slaves were seized and sold—seized and sold again. Secure in Georgia, the British determined to subdue South Carolina next. The first step was to take Charleston, then held by Lincoln with but two thousand men. Clinton, by abandoning Rhode Island, which had ceased to be of importance, was able to take 8,500 men to sea on Arbuthnot's fleet, and on reaching Tybee Island, at the mouth of Charleston harbor, he was joined by Prevost, who raised his force to ten thousand. On looking the field over, he sent back to New York for three thousand more men. Lincoln had in all but three thousand men, and it would have been well had he abandoned the city. Charleston is a veritable trap for an occupying army, and into that trap Lincoln gathered all the troops he could secure, while the British fleet ran past Fort Moultrie into the harbor, and the British troops threw up works on every side and blocked every possible pathway of escape. To sustain an assault would be mere wanton waste of life, and on May 12 Lincoln surrendered. Three thousand men were lost to the Continental army, and South Carolina joined Georgia in the list of subjugated colonies. "We look on America as at our feet," said Horace Walpole.

Perhaps the two colonies might have lain thus prone until the end of the war, had the policy of the con-

querors been one of pacification. But instead, the victors applied the lash until the victims, in very despair, revolted. Expeditions were sent in every direction to put down any armed opposition and to suppress any signs of resentment. The people were offered the choice between taking the oath of allegiance, or being treated as rebels and subjected to the severest penalties of the law. Those who chose the latter suffered confiscation, ruin and death. No neutrality was recognized, and very quickly the South Carolinian who could not reconcile it with his conscience to fight for the King, recognized that unless he wanted to die he must fight against that monarch. Accordingly, the country-side was soon in arms and a guerrilla warfare begun, of which the British by no means got the best.

This spluttering warfare of hasty raids and swift retreats, of lurking places in dense forests and rocky dens bred some hardy and dashing characters, who were long heroes to American boys. Chief of these was Marion, the "Swamp Fox," of whom Bryant wrote:

> "The British soldier trembles
> When Marion's name is told."

When the poet's collected works came to be republished in England, however, a prudent publisher edited the line to read, "The foeman trembles in his lair," which serves to show that while war may ennoble the muse, peace and the prospect of profits humbles her.

Francis Marion was of French Huguenot descent. He had served in the French and Indian war, and plunged into the Revolution in its very first days. A planter and a man of substance, he threw all aside to serve his country. In a war characterized by wanton

cruelty and even savagery on both sides, he restrained his men from the commission of excesses. "Never shall a house be burned by one of my people," he said. "To distress poor women and children is what I detest." This was his attitude during a campaign, the cruelties of which led Lord Cornwallis, a man of restrained speech and just temperament, to speak of "the shocking tortures and inhuman murders which are every day committed by the enemy." The British general was careful to confine his reference to the misdeeds of the Americans. He made no reference to Colonel Tarleton's massacre of prisoners at Waxhaw. Nor did he comment on the British practice of destroying the property of all who were associated with the Patriot cause. Sometimes—generally, in fact—this practice did the British cause more harm than good, as in the instance of Thomas Sumter, who saw his wife and children turned out into the cold, and his roof-tree ablaze, while British troops plundered his house. Sumter became like Marion, a partisan ranger. With small bodies of followers, numbering at times from twenty to seventy, these men would dash here and there, sweeping away British outposts, cutting British columns in twain and harassing the enemy at every point in every way. They were ill-armed. Marion took saws from the country saw mills and had them beaten into swords, while pewter bowls and spoons were melted up to make bullets. They were ill-disciplined, for any who tired of warfare would quit the ranks for a stay at home, rejoining when they craved excitement anew. But they were admirably led by leaders who knew no fear, and threaded the country roads and mountain paths with the assured certainty of long acquaintance. They lived on the country, needing neither tents nor baggage trains. And they kept alive the spirit of revolution at a time when Corn-

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THE WORK OF FEDERAL SHELLS

From "Photographic History of Civil War"

wallis wrote, "But for Sumter and Marion, South Carolina would be at peace."

Washington, however, had no intention of leaving the South to the zeal of the partisan leaders alone, and in June dispatched Baron De Kalb with a force of about two thousand men southward. As he proceeded, his force was increasing gradually. Sumter and Marion both joined him. But before the South Carolina line was reached, Congress sent down to command the army General Gates, who had enjoyed the glory of receiving the sword of Burgoyne, though he bore little part in the events that compelled that general's surrender. Washington had wished to give the command of the southern army to Greene, whom he esteemed his ablest general—an estimate which history has thoroughly confirmed. But Congress, with which body Gates had always been popular, he being one of those political generals common in our later wars, insisted that the beneficiary, if not the hero, of Saratoga, should be given the command. Though living in retirement on his Virginia estate, he responded with alacrity, took command of the army at Hillsborough, North Carolina, on the 19th of July, and within thirty days had led it to the most needless, disastrous and ignominious defeat sustained by any American troops during the Revolution. When he set out to take his command, his friend, Charles Lee, sulking in compulsory retirement, wrote him, "Take care that your Northern laurels do not change into Southern willows," and the dismal prophecy was most thoroughly fulfilled.

The defeat of Gates was the culmination of a series of errors of judgment, and the inevitable result of an indifference to ordinary military precautions. He found his army ill-disciplined, short of arms, ammunition, tents, and all the munitions of war. The enemy was not menacing and all the conditions demanded that

the army should be refitted and drilled before undertaking any offensive movement. Instead Gates ordered an immediate advance. The enemy was at Camden. To defeat him there would be to force him back to Charleston, leaving the Americans in control of all other parts of South Carolina. The point of attack was well chosen; the tactics not so good. Two roads led to Camden. One was 160 miles long, through a country thickly populated with friendly Whigs, where the advancing column would be sure to find ample provisions. The other was 50 miles shorter, but through a barren and hostile country. Gates chose the latter. He saved three days of marching, but wasted two on arriving in the enemy's front through indecision as to his plan of attack. His men arrived weak and ailing from insufficient food, but their sufferings would have been repaid had advantage been taken of the time saved, and an immediate attack made upon the enemy, who was then outnumbered, and ill-prepared for an attack. But Gates hesitated, until Cornwallis arrived with reënforcements of British regulars. It appears that the American general knew accurately neither his own strength nor that of his enemy, for he was confidently counting on 7,000 men under his own command and was mightily surprised to learn that he had but a few more than 3,000. The news derived from prisoners that Cornwallis had as many, mostly regulars, seemed to greatly astonish the American general. Even at that he let Sumter weaken the army by going with 800 men to capture the British wagon train—an enterprise which was successfully conducted but was barren of results because of the defeat of the main American army.

Battle was brought on on the morning of the 15th of August by the simultaneous determination of Corn-

wallis and Gates to surprise each other. Stealthily creeping forward, the hostile armies blundered into contact, and the woods and fields were at once ablaze with musketry. At the very first onset the raw militia from Virginia and North Carolina threw down their arms and fled. Cornwallis flung against them his most seasoned regulars, but in so doing weakened that part of his line that faced the veterans from Washington's army, led by the gigantic De Kalb. Here the fortune of war so favored the Americans that De Kalb ordered a charge and was sweeping all before him, when the flight of the American militia left the whole British army, save Tarleton's cavalry, which was pursuing the fugitives, free to concentrate upon him. Born down by sheer weight of numbers, the regulars were beaten, but not routed. De Kalb, fighting on foot, fell dying with eleven wounds. His men made an orderly retreat, but the militia that had made up the left wing, fled in disorder and were cut down by scores by Tarleton's horsemen. Gates was caught in the torrent of fugitives and seems to have made little effort to resist it. At any rate, by changing horses, he beat all his followers to Hillsborough, making the two hundred miles in a headlong flight of four days. His laurels had indeed turned to willows.

In this engagement, the American loss is estimated at one thousand killed and wounded, with as many more taken prisoners. Seven pieces of artillery and two thousand muskets were lost. But the British did not win the day without loss. De Kalb's seasoned troops put up a stubborn resistance and, though they lost eight hundred men in the fight, inflicted a loss of about half as many upon the enemy. Few and badly organized as were the Continental troops of that day —the progenitors of the regular army of to-day— they never failed to give a good account of themselves

in battle and challenged in war the admiration of the people, only to find in peace that the immemorial English dread of a standing army was too strongly implanted in the minds of the people to be eradicated by deeds of valor on the battle field.

It so happened, however, that the first sharp check administered to the British, now that their power seemed unshakable in Georgia and the Carolinas, came not from the regular forces but from a body of mountaineers, men who had taken no part in the Revolution thus far, but who, finding their homes and their liberties menaced, girded up their buckskins, seized their rifles, and descending from their hillside fastnesses, dealt Cornwallis a staggering blow. This done, they retired again to figure no more in the war.

Across the northwestern end of both of the Carolinas extends a rugged range of mountains in which, since the earliest days of the white settlement of America, there has lived a race of sturdy, independent mountaineers, somewhat heedless of what is going on in other parts of the land, but tenacious of their own rights, and ready to defend them by their own valor without appeal to law. These qualities persist in the people of the Blue Ridge to-day. They were apparent in the revolutionary days. For while the mountaineers took little interest in that struggle so long as it took only the form of a contest over sovereignty, they blazed in fierce wrath when Patrick Ferguson, a cavalry leader, whom Cornwallis had commissioned to uproot and eradicate patriotic sentiment in the Carolinas, sent word up into their mountain fastnesses that he would extend his raids thither and destroy their villages if they sent aid to the Colonists fighting for self-government along the sea coast. The men to whom this message was sent were not accustomed to take orders or to listen to threats. They were pio-

neers of the Boone, Logan, and Clark type, who swung the axe and held the plow when possible, but were ready enough to turn from them to the rifle, as need arose. They had sustained the shock of Indian raids, and had wrested their lands from a foe more cunning and quite as brave as Ferguson's raiders, and they were in no mood to endure menace or receive commands from any source. There is an old adage about the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie and it would have been well for Ferguson had he observed it.

In the mountains two men were all-powerful, because of their capacity for initiative, their popularity and their knowledge of the art of frontier war. Isaac Shelby heard first the news of Ferguson's threats and rode through the passes to consult John Sevier. At the latter's place he found a festival in progress with the three frontier amusements—a barbecue, a horse race and hard drinking—going on. In the midst of the festivities, the mountaineers listened to Shelby's story and agreed that after a reasonable time for the completion of their spree, they would join in driving Ferguson away from their threshold. Word was also sent to people in the nearby Virginia mountains, and soon there gathered at a fixed rendezvous about twelve hundred men from the three colonies. It was a unique fighting force. Clad in buckskin with fringed leggings and tasselled caps, carrying long rifles and keen hunting knives, taciturn of speech and swift with a shot or a knife-thrust, they were fighting men from youth. There were no commissary wagons, no tents, no arrangements for supplies. Every man foraged for himself. There were no bayonets, cannon, nor even swords for the officers. As a matter of fact, there were not in the true military sense any officers at all, though the personal ascendancy of Shelby, Sevier, and Campbell, who led the Virginians, vested them with

a certain leadership. In the end Campbell was elected chief commander, but at the same time Shelby made a speech to the men in which he assured them that each man was to be his own officer, fight on his own account, but never leave the field. When the British were come up with, they were to be "given Indian play." Thus instructed, the mountaineers set out upon the warpath, their numbers increasing by volunteers as they made their way along, following the enemy like the hound the scent, and steadfastly refusing to be drawn from the trail by tempting rumors of smaller bands that might be tracked down and easily destroyed.

Ferguson was by no means asleep, nor did he underestimate the character of the force so tirelessly tracking him through the sparsely settled country. That he could not rejoin Cornwallis without a battle he knew well, but he continued his retreat in the direction of his chief, watching meanwhile for a spot where he could most effectively sustain the expected assault. The mountaineers, for their part, seeing in his retreat only a confession of panic, pursued the more swiftly, splitting their force in twain, and sending forward 750 picked men, mounted on the best horses that they might the more quickly overtake the fleeing quarry.

On a rocky ridge of King's Mountain in South Carolina, near its northern boundary, Ferguson halted his men and made ready to fight. He had with him about 1,200 men, of whom about 200 were British regulars, the remainder Tories, who had flocked to his standard. As he looked upon them massed on the crest of a precipitous and rocky hill he felt himself impregnable and cried aloud to his men, "Well, boys, here is a place from which all the rebels outside of hell cannot drive us."

To a certain extent Ferguson spoke truly. Not one of his men left that place except as a prisoner. For

the men of the mountains—"dirty mongrels," Ferguson called them though in their veins flowed the blood of the Scottish Covenanters and French Huguenots—closed in on every side of the ridge and undeterred by its steep and rugged sides, advanced relentlessly upon the foe. Here came into action that "Indian play" which Shelby had advised. Crouching behind trees and boulders to load and to fire, the frontiersmen would run warily from shelter to shelter, ever advancing a little upon Ferguson's line. That commander, brave and alert, called his men into action with blasts upon a silver whistle, and when the assailants were near enough flung his whole line upon them in a mad charge. Unused to the bayonet, the frontiersmen gave way, and thinking them routed, the Tories turned with cheers to their position on the crest of the hill only to find another line of silent, swift figures slipping up the other side, spitting deadly rifle bullets from behind logs and boulders and always mounting higher. Again the shrill blasts of the whistle, and once more the fierce charge. The assailants vanished and the defenders, wearied with their rush returned to their stronghold only to find the other side of the hill once more alive with the pertinacious foe. So for hours the conflict raged, silently on the part of the Americans who needed no officers to shout commands and who let their rifles speak for them. At last a bullet found Ferguson's heart and he fell dead from his white horse. At the moment the assailants were mounting each side of the hill simultaneously, and perplexed by the problem of defence offered, and shaken by their leader's death, the British raised the white flag. They had lost 389 men, killed or wounded, and 716 surrendered with 1,600 stand of arms. The Americans had lost 20 killed and 60 wounded.

The fight at Kings Mountain was a notable victory for the Patriot cause, even though it was not followed up. The mountaineers, having slain the man who threatened them and destroyed his band, after hanging a few of their prisoners, returned to their homes, their horses and their barbecues. They were Patriots for local reasons only. Nevertheless their victory took the snap out of the British campaign in the Carolinas. Cornwallis had lost his best partisan leader and only a few weeks later his other dashing cavalryman was roundly beaten at Bluestock Hill, escaping with his life and little else. Marion and Sumter had taken the field again with renewed enthusiasm. Patriotic farmers were flocking to their camps, and the Tory settlers were beginning to see that it was not wholly safe to aid the British invaders. Before the end of the year, British authority in the Carolinas extended a rifle shot beyond the principal British camps and no farther.

It seemed, therefore, to Washington a fitting time to attack British power in the South. In the North, the enemy held New York City and nothing else, but his grip on Georgia and the Carolinas was still firm and it was evident that Virginia would soon be menaced from the South. Thus far American resistance in that section had been futile, except in the work of the irregular forces like those of Sumter and Marion, or the men from the mountains. Lincoln had permitted himself to be locked up in Charleston and lost his whole army. Gates, through carelessness and stupidity, had sacrificed his men at Camden. The South seemed the burial ground of the military ambitions of the Patriot generals. Nevertheless, Greene, at the urgency of Washington, took up the desperate cause, and Congress, which had had its way with Gates and learned its lesson, acquiesced in the selection. Wash-

ington showed his recognition of the importance of the southern campaign at this moment by his selection of the commanders to accompany Greene. Among them was Daniel Morgan, one of the fighting generals whom Congress had passed over with cold indifference. At Quebec and at Saratoga, Morgan and Arnold were rivals in their dash and courage, but the claims of both were ignored. How Arnold resented the ingratitude of Congress is one of the tragedies of history. Morgan, equally ill-treated, resigned his commission and retired to his plantation, but after the disaster at Camden, he declared that it was no time to nurse a grievance, however just, and reported to Gates without questioning the rank or the service to which he was to be assigned. Baron Steuben, the drill-master, unapproachable for his skill in making a finished army out of raw levies, Kosciusko, the trained engineer, and Henry Lee—"Light Horse Harry"—the dashing cavalry leader, were there. Another brilliant commander of horse appeared in Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, of Virginia, a cousin of the commander-in-chief.

The southern campaign, planned and executed by the leader, not only resulted in a series of victories, but ended in the conclusive and final triumph at Yorktown. While it was in progress, however, there were occurrences in the North that made the national sky seem dark indeed. It was, as we know now, that darkest hour that according to the proverb comes just before the dawn, but at the time its dark was unillumined by any morning star or any faint flush of the approaching morn.

CHAPTER VII

The Taking of Stony Point and Paulus Hook—The Treason of Arnold and the Execution of André.

MEANTIME in the North the war had fallen away to a mere series of British raids, resisted but ineffectively by such Patriot forces as could hastily be gathered. The British held New York, and Washington held them to it, though there was no chance for him to attack them successfully so long as he had no fleet and they controlled the sea. But every time they ventured out from under the guns of the fleet the enemy were driven back. Clinton had seized Stony Point, a strong position on the east bank of the Hudson below West Point, which the Americans held. Although the enemy had built strong works there Washington determined to recapture the position, partly because it menaced his more important post at West Point, partly because it afforded a convenient base for the raiding parties with which the British were harassing Connecticut. The adventure was no light one. Stony Point was well adapted for heroic defence. On three sides it was protected by the waters of the Hudson River. On the fourth was a deep morass, crossed by a causeway that might be passed only at low tide. When the tide was high the Point was in effect an island. Heavy batteries commanded this causeway, and with a garrison of six hundred men the British might well have considered their position impregnable.

To retake this position Washington called upon General Anthony Wayne—"Mad Anthony" the soldiers called him but loved him in his maddest exploits. The

Indians, who had come to know him well and feared him much, called him "the black snake," and the Indian estimate was the shrewder of the two, for there was more of cunning than of madness about him. Yet other Indians, recognizing his irresistible force, dubbed him "the tornado," and it was in that quality that he answered Washington who asked if he could carry Stony Point. "I will storm hell if you will plan it," responded "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

Whichever general planned it, the plan was well matured and swiftly executed. With 1,200 men Wayne took position in the country near Stony Point. Every precaution to avoid detection was taken, even the dogs for three miles around being mercilessly slaughtered lest they betray the presence of strangers, and the muskets were kept unloaded for fear of a premature discharge. At midnight of the 15th of July the attack was delivered. The Americans rushed across the causeway, and falling into two columns swiftly carried the works in a resistless rush. Wayne was struck down by a spent ball, and unable to tell the gravity of his hurt, but thinking it perhaps mortal, cried to his men to bear him on that he might die within the fort. He was thus borne on, but to triumph and not to death, for after a very few moments of sharp fighting the British surrendered. For a brief struggle it was unusually deadly. The Americans lost 15 killed and 83 wounded, the British 63 killed. Including the British wounded, 553 prisoners were taken. Washington held the captured works but three days, then razing the redoubts he retired to the Highlands with the captured garrison, the cannon, and the military stores.

Watching the British ships lying lazily at anchor in the North River, and listening to the British bugles blowing on Manhattan Island was wearying work for

the men of the Continental army, but shortly after Wayne's dashing exploit at Stony Point another gallant adventure stirred the spirits of the Americans. This time it was "Light Horse Harry" Lee, who went out after laurels and came back plentifully bedecked with them. At Paulus Hook, New Jersey, the low-lying sand bar on which now stands Jersey City, the British had a strong fort, cut off from the mainland by a morass and a deep ditch crossed by a single drawbridge. The place appeared impregnable. Certainly its defenders thought so and in their confident carelessness invited an attack. Major Lee, who was posted in the neighborhood, reported the situation to Washington and was authorized to try a surprise. With about three hundred soldiers Lee started to the attack, but in some way the troops became separated and he reached the fort with but 150 men, hardly half the number he supposed the defenders possessed. Nevertheless he determined to make the attack, and passing along the lines the watchword "Be firm," rushed the drawbridge and the redoubt, carrying the fort at a rush and with the loss of but two killed and three wounded. It was no easy task to retreat with prisoners outnumbering his own force, for 159 Britons had been made prisoners. But the firing of alarm guns and the roll of drums on the ships in the river gave warning that retreat was imperative, so hastily dismantling the fort the victors withdrew, reaching the American lines in safety with their prisoners.

These two victories, though without bearing on the course of the war, reanimated the drooping spirits of the army, and served in part as a corrective to the dispiriting tidings from Camden, Savannah, Charleston, and other scenes of British triumph in the South. Yet they could not be followed up, nor indeed were they of proportions sufficient for the basis of a cam-

paign. So long as the British clung to New York Washington, without ships, was barred from any offensive movements. A long dismal winter was followed by an equally uneventful summer. Rochambeau, indeed, with six thousand Frenchmen, arrived from France with the fleet of Admiral Ternay—seven ships-of-the-line and three frigates. They put in at Newport to await a second expedition which was to follow them. Unhappily that section never came, but was caught at Brest by thirty-two British ships and there blockaded until the war was over. Meanwhile Clinton with a naval force superior to that of Ternay blockaded the French in Newport, where they remained the more contentedly as they knew nothing of the state of their fellows at Brest, but daily expected the arrival of the second fleet. Accordingly Rochambeau was for the time of no more service than D'Estaing had been a year before.

Into this atmosphere of quiet, of lazy camps, silent cannon, and idle drills was suddenly thrown a bomb, the explosion of which stirred up the whole countryside, struck Washington in one of his tenderest friendships, roused the wrath of the nation to the fighting point, and cost the life of one of the brightest and most engaging youths that ever wore the British uniform. The story of the treason of Benedict Arnold and the death of Major André has been so often told that it has become commonplace. It is difficult for us to comprehend to-day the prodigious effect it had on the mind and temper of the people. So high was Arnold's state, so close was he to Washington, so vital the point in the American line which he proposed to sell to Great Britain, that men wondered how much farther the taint of treason had spread, and whether the whole revolutionary movement was not infected. Be sure, too, that in that time of sharp dissension between neighbors over

the merits of the proposition for independence there were plenty to spread the spirit of distrust and apprehension, and to counsel abandonment of the whole war as a futile uprising, honeycombed with treason and doomed to disaster.

The treason of Arnold is one of the great tragic stories of history. It has the dramatic qualities of a true tragedy, the pathos of a soul slain even though the body escaped. Until the fateful moment of his final fall, Arnold stands forth as one of the most engaging figures of the American Revolution. His courage and pertinacity manifested in the expedition against Quebec, and again at Saratoga where he was seriously wounded, won for him the admiration of that class of citizens to whom a soldier who fights is an idol. The callous indifference of Congress to his just claims for promotion, the stupid indifference with which he was set aside while honors and promotions were heaped upon semi-traitors like Charles Lee, or political generals like Gates, won for him the sympathy of men who understandingly watched his career, while his loyalty to Washington and the readiness with which he responded to his chief's every call to service, protesting, as he did, against the gross injustice done him by Congress, earned for him the esteem of military men of every grade. There were times often when Benedict Arnold would have been fully justified in resigning from the Patriot army on the ground of ill-treatment. The long record of studied negligence he endured at the hands of Congress might almost have justified his going over to the enemy. But when he finally took the fatal step he did so in a way that indicated that dignified resentment, or a fierce and overmastering desire for revenge had less to do with it than had a lust for money and for place in the British army.

Much speculation has been wasted upon the question of when the idea of betraying his country first seized upon Arnold's mind. Some refer it to the period when he was put in command at Philadelphia, after Clinton had been driven from that city. The pace was high in what we are accustomed to call the staid old Pennsylvania city, and General Arnold's entertainments were lavish and costly. He ran into debt, embarked in some unwise speculations in a vain attempt to recoup himself, and was even accused of financial irregularities. The gayest social set in Philadelphia was made up of the moderate Tories, people who disapproved of carrying the war to the final goal of independence, but believed that the concessions offered after the victory at Saratoga should have been accepted. In this circle Arnold moved, and listened perhaps the more willingly to the arguments he heard there, for that he had become greatly enamored of one of its chief belles, Miss Elizabeth Shippen. His devotion to this lady, naturally compelled marked courtesies to her relatives and friends, and in time his preference for Tory society became so obvious that formal protests were sent to Congress and to General Washington. When they had been put in the form of definite charges Arnold demanded a Congressional investigation—a demand which, while compelled by the situation, was none the less courageous, since it involved the trial of his case by a body long and inveterately hostile to him. Congress quibbled long with the matter. The committee report exonerated him, but Congress instead of following the usual practice and approving the report of its committee, wrangled long and finally recommended that the whole matter be referred to a court-martial. When Washington sought to have the court-martial called at once, the council of Pennsylvania asked for more time to prepare its case. In the midst of all this

delay, so irritating to a man of Arnold's temperament, his marriage to Miss Shippen occurred, and, knowing his high temper and keen sensitiveness to personal affronts, one can but feel that the lady must have had a stormy honeymoon. It has been charged that Mrs. Arnold, whose sympathies as a girl were strongly with the Tories, incited her husband to his act of treason, but this charge has been most conclusively disproved. It was, however, just about the period of his marriage that he wrote the first letter to Sir Henry Clinton, signing an assumed name and describing himself as an American officer, aggrieved by the French alliance, unjustly treated by Congress and contemplating the transfer of his allegiance to the British flag. While this correspondence was still in progress Congress reported on the charges against him, exonerating him from all serious blame but directing that he be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief for "imprudence." The slur was of the slightest, but to a man of Arnold's stamp it was unbearable. From that moment, apparently, dates his determination not only to go over to the British himself, but to deliver some prominent fortress, some considerable command as well.

The most important part of Washington's line of defence against British aggressions was the string of forts and outposts by which he controlled the Hudson. Of these West Point was the strongest, the most truly vital one. Arnold in July, 1780, deliberately sought command of this fortress from Washington, pleading that the wound he had received at Saratoga unfitted him for more active service. Washington, who loved him, granted the appointment; the more readily perhaps since he had just unwillingly discharged the duty laid upon him by Congress of reprimanding Arnold for his imprudence at Philadelphia. Arnold, his

mind full of morose broodings over his wrongs, took command of the stronghold in the Hudson highlands, ready to betray not merely the country whose uniform he wore, but the friend who had offered him so great a consolation in the moment of his mortification.

The correspondence with the British had been kept up, the letters from the enemy's camp being signed John Anderson, and written by that gay and debonair young officer, the moving spirit of the Meschianza, designer of its costumes and writer of its lyrics, Major John André. In the course of this correspondence references were made and hints dropped that led Sir Henry Clinton to suspect that the American officer was none other than Benedict Arnold, though the letters came signed with the non-committal name "Gustavus." So certain was Clinton, however, of the identity of the traitor that he embarked troops for an expedition up the Hudson, and detained Admiral Rodney, who was on his way to the West Indies, to take command of the flotilla.

As matters progressed it seemed necessary to the fruition of the project that the two negotiators should meet in person. Accordingly "John Anderson" wrote from the British headquarters to "Gustavus" at West Point, and a meeting was arranged between Major André and Benedict Arnold. All the accessories of melodrama attended the conference, the development of the conspiracy, its failure and its tragic end. Major André was taken up the river on a British sloop-of-war significantly named the "Vulture." A little below Stony Point a mysterious boat put off from the shore and the young officer was taken from the ship in the dead of night, and conveyed to a funereal grove of fir trees under whose gloomy shades the arch-conspirator appeared and revealed himself as indeed General Benedict Arnold, one of the most dashing soldiers

of the Patriot line, the commander of Washington's most vital stronghold and a traitor of the blackest dye. The business in hand permitted of no haste, and the night wore away before the two plotters had fully matured their plans. When dawn broke the men who had brought André ashore demurred at pulling back to the ship by daylight. It was the time when rival gangs of Patriots and Tories, "Cowboys" and "Skinners" they called themselves, were raiding up and down the east bank of the Hudson, and it would go ill with boatmen seen to visit a British man-of-war. During the remainder of the night and throughout the day that followed, the two conspirators mapped out their plans. The great chain which spanned the Hudson below West Point, some links of which may still be seen at the United States Military Academy, was to be cut, and a part removed on the pretext that it needed repair. Through the gap thus opened the British fleet and transports were to advance upon West Point. A heavy bombardment and a land attack were sure to be successful, since Arnold agreed to scatter his troops so widely that successful defence would be impossible. It was even planned that the traitor should summon Washington to his aid, concealing the British strength so that the commander-in-chief and a part of his army might be entrapped.

As his reward for this Arnold was to receive $30,000 and a commission as brigadier-general in the British army. The price of his treason to his country and treachery to his friend was as low as his action was base.

The consultation had been held at the house of a farmer named Smith, well within the American lines, and while the two officers sat at the breakfast table they heard the booming of guns from the river. Much alarmed they rushed to the window, and saw the

American fort on the other side of the river firing upon the "Vulture." That vessel being wholly unfit to sustain an attack at such short range speedily dropped down the river, much to the disquiet of André who had expected to return to New York by her. Arnold, however, reassured him, saying that the vessel would doubtless only proceed beyond cannon shot, which indeed proved to be the fact, luckily for Arnold, though it had no bearing on the fate of André. Shortly after this incident Arnold returned in his barge to West Point, leaving André to the friendly care of the farmer, Smith, who was to put him on the ship after nightfall. It was recognized, however, that it might be necessary to proceed by land to the British lines, and to facilitate that Arnold wrote out a couple of passes for André and Smith. At the solicitation of the former Arnold further gave him some papers in his own handwriting, including a plan of the West Point works, and a memorandum of the disposition of the troops. These papers cost the young officer his life.

It would seem as if fate moved remorselessly to compass the downfall of Major André. His own disobedience of orders contributed much to the fatal ending of his adventure. In sending him out Sir Henry Clinton, who thought highly of him, ordered him explicitly not to enter the American lines, not to accept any incriminating papers, and above all, not to dispense with his uniform. All three orders were unheeded. When the boatmen refused to take him back to the ship after the midnight conference with Arnold, he went to the Smith house within the American lines. There he accepted the written pass and other papers from Arnold—the latter probably to show his commanding officer, if as he suspected, Arnold was merely preparing a trap for him. Finally when he set out with Smith to make his way back to the British lines,

the farmer, who seems to have been a timid and nervous person, persuaded him to doff his army uniform and don citizen's clothing. He became thus a spy to the fullest extent of the definition—one travelling in disguise, within the lines of his enemy and carrying incriminating papers.

If Arnold's friend, Smith, had planned to deliver up André he could hardly have gone about it more effectively. Instead of rowing his guest off to the ship in waiting, he begged him to make the journey by night to White Plains where was the British outpost. André, being armed, should have forced him to make the trip to the ship, but instead, moved perhaps by his companion's fears, agreed to the more perilous path. Here again the trepidation of the farmer cost the young officer dear. Crossing the river at sundown at King's Ferry the two set out to ride through the night. But some gossip along the road persuaded Smith that the "Cowboys" were abroad and that whatever his political beliefs, his purse, horses, and perhaps his life were endangered if they caught him on the road at night. André allowed himself to be persuaded by his nervous companion to spend the night at a farmhouse, and before dawn they were on the road again. But once more Smith failed to perform the duty laid upon him by Arnold. He had been strictly enjoined to guide André all the way to White Plains. But having passed the Croton River and entered a sort of neutral ground between the British and American lines, he begged to be excused from further service. Andre, thinking himself near home and probably disgusted by the timid fussiness of his guide, readily released him and continued his way alone.

He was travelling the Tarrytown road and it happened that just then the feud between the Cowboys

and Skinners was peculiarly active. Indeed a party of the latter guerrillas was at the moment seeking for a band of Cowboys reported to be in the vicinity. As André rode along, thinking doubtless of the apparent success of his mission and nearing the British lines with each pace of his horse, a party of three men sprung from the underbrush at the side of the road and commanded him to halt. André complied readily enough. They had stopped him without any particular reason or suspicion, but merely because he was a stranger. Had he been silent, or merely blustered about his arrest they would doubtless have let him pass on—perhaps robbing him, for that was part of the patriotic activity of these rangers. But the guilty secret André bore within his bosom made him nervous. Seeing that one of his captors wore a Hessian uniform he jumped to the conclusion that all must be Cowboys, or partisans of the British cause, and rashly proclaimed himself a British officer travelling on business of importance. Thereupon the man in the Hessian livery avowed himself an American and commanded the captive to dismount and be searched. Between his stockings and the soles of his boots were found the papers which Arnold had given him. Two of the captors could not read, but the third, John Paulding, looking over these documents swore mightily, "By God, he is a spy," and deaf to all offers of bribes and hush money took his captive to an American outpost at North Castle, where he was delivered up to Colonel John Jameson. André, indeed said later, that he was confident that a rich enough offer would have induced the three Patriots to let him go, but it is fair to say that John Paulding, thus curiously tossed into fame by fate, averred that after he saw the papers ten thousand guineas would not have induced him to free the prisoner.

Fate now began to play a pitiful game of cat and mouse with Major André. Indeed, throughout his tragic story there are so many points at which we see he would have escaped if only this or that had happened, that it seems fairly the work of malign destiny that he ever suffered at all. Colonel Jameson seems to have been a high-minded military gentleman quite incapable of suspecting scoundrelism in his commanding officer. For, though he was perplexed by the appearance of a British officer travelling toward New York, on a pass furnished by General Arnold, with plans of the West Point fortifications in his stocking, he let no suspicion of his chief cross his mind but sent André to Arnold for judgment. The papers he sent to Washington.

One almost regrets that the worthy colonel's intentions were frustrated. There would have been a dramatic completeness in the confronting of the undetected traitor by the detected spy that would have made it one of the famous meetings of history.

But again fate intervened. That way André might have escaped, and destiny had clearly marked him for death. With his guard he was well on his way toward West Point when Colonel Jameson's second in command, Major Benjamin Tallmadge, came into camp at North Castle and was told of what had occurred. More suspicious than his chief, Major Tallmadge urged that André be brought back. This Jameson did, but allowed the letter warning Arnold to proceed on its way. So destiny opened the pathway of escape to the arch-traitor while tightening the fetters on the lesser criminal.

Meanwhile the messenger carrying the papers to Washington had failed to find him, for that officer was making his way to West Point by an unaccustomed road. Though Arnold was in command of that

fortress his headquarters were at the Robinson house on the east bank of the river. Thither came Washington with Lafayette, Hamilton, and several other members of his staff. Joking the younger men about their being in love with Mrs. Arnold—and indeed the winsome Peggy Shippen had become the toast of the Patriot army as she once had been of the British—Washington and Knox went out to look at some defensive works while the rest went in to breakfast. The meal was gay. Lafayette was ever a charming table mate, and the company was at its merriest, totally unconscious that their host's mind was occupied with the project of betraying West Point and its defenders, including in the betrayal Washington himself, if he could be lured into the zone over which black treachery was brooding. Nor did the guilty host imagine that the mine he had so secretly planted was on the verge of explosion and that he, and his hapless ally, would be its sole victims. The talk and the meal went gaily on until a messenger entered and handed General Arnold a sealed note.

It was a moment to try the soundest nerves. The self-conscious traitor, facing at his own board the commander-in-chief of the army he plotted to betray, and his companions in arms whose bitter contempt would soon be loosed upon him, held in his hand the letter in which Jameson unwittingly warned him that all was discovered. What thoughts must have rushed through his mind at that moment! How much, may he have wondered, did Washington know, for Jameson's note told that the papers found upon André had been sent to the commander-in-chief. Those present at that fateful moment agree that by no pallor, no tremor did he give any indication of the shock he had sustained, but after finishing the remark which had been interrupted by the arrival of the note he excused

himself, saying he had been suddenly called across the river to West Point and left the room. Had there been a sign of trepidation visible on his face those present would scarcely have allowed him to respond to this sudden and mysterious call without asking its character. Only his wife detected a slight something under the mask and anxiously followed him to his room. There he told her briefly that he was ruined, disgraced, and must flee. With a scream she fainted, and lifting her to the bed and stooping to kiss his infant son, he made his way to the riverside and was rowed in his barge to the "Vulture," which still lay in the river waiting for André, who was destined never to return.

So quietly had his departure been taken, so complete had been his self-control that no suspicion had been aroused. About noon General Washington went over to West Point. Surprised that no salute greeted the coming of the commander-in-chief, they were still more perplexed to find Arnold absent from the fort, though he had left the breakfast party declaring he was going thither. Even then no suspicion entered the mind of any of the party. But on returning to the Robinson house early in the afternoon they found Hamilton awaiting them with a face that told the story of some dire disaster. Jameson's letter for Washington with André's papers had come and the aide had read them. "Arnold is a traitor and has fled to the British! Whom can we trust now?" were the words in which Washington announced the news to Lafayette and Knox.

There was little time for speculation or for regrets. Washington quickly found evidences of Arnold's intent to so scatter the troops that adequate defence of West Point would be impossible. Countermanding these orders, he prepared for an immediate attack, and

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indeed, had not Major André been captured the British would at that very moment have been proceeding up the Hudson to the assault. At supper-time a letter from Arnold reached Washington. The traitor made no plea nor apologies, but simply assured Washington that Mrs. Arnold had no share in his treason and begged that she might be sent to her parents in Philadelphia or to join him, according to her choice.

For the unfortunate André there was universal pity, and no mercy. Perhaps in some wiser, more humane, and more sensible age the infliction of a cruel and ignominious death sentence upon a youth merely because it is customary, though even his judges deplore it, will be rightly looked upon as a piece of barbarism. No one desired André's death. Baron Steuben, one of his judges said, "It is impossible to save him. Would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead." Why it was "impossible" the kindly Baron might have found it hard to explain. Men wearing the British uniform, thinking themselves quite as sternly bound by precedent and the laws of war as now did Washington's staff, had four years before put to death with like ignominy, Nathan Hale, a young American patriot. The bright young life then snuffed out did not deter André from becoming a spy later when his country's service demanded it, nor did the execution of the latter lighten the burden of sorrow that the fate of the former had caused. A dignified and pathetic statue in the City Hall Park of New York commemorates the sacrifice of the American spy; a vault in Westminster Abbey holds the ashes of the British spy. Honored by posterity, beloved by their comrades in arms, and respected by their foes, these two hapless young men were sacrificed to a military superstition which even yet persists.

André was hanged nine days after his capture. He made his trial an easy one by telling Washington and his judges, with the utmost frankness, all about his ill-fated errand, but he made his sentence and execution cruelly hard by winning the liking, the affection even, of all brought into association with him. Even to the very last there were faint possibilities of his escape. Always that crucial "if," with which fate so plentifully bestrewed the story of his march to the gallows, appeared at the critical moment to block good fortune. If Arnold could be turned over to the Americans, or recaptured by them, was the diplomatic suggestion made to Clinton, André might be permitted to escape. But the British general could not be treacherous to the traitor he had bought, and so André went to the gallows to expiate another's sin.

It was a wretched and a pitiful affair throughout. André's shameful death was scarcely more tragic than Arnold's subsequent shameful life. In America the traitor's name passed into a synonym for all that is base and unworthy. His final infamy was made all the deeper and blacker by the height to which he had carried his name in the days of his loyal service to his nation. "They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga," said a captive American captain when Arnold asked what would be done to him if taken prisoner, "and bury it with the honors of war. The rest of you they would hang on a gibbet." In England, however, he was treated with general respect, though occasionally some testy Briton insulted him with references to traitors. But his sons went into the British army, and the family was gradually merged into the British ruling classes. His own later life was wretched and full of self-reproach. Until the last he saved the old buff and blue Continental uniform, and the epaulettes and sword-knot

which Washington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. As death drew nigh he put these on. "Let me die," he said, "in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other."

CHAPTER VIII

The Battle of the Cowpens—Cornwallis Retires to Virginia—Lafayette's Pertinacious Pursuit—Approach of the French Fleet—The Surrender at Yorktown—The Continental Army Disbanded.

WAR is, after all, the most uncertain of tribunals to which nations commit their causes. It would have required an inspired seer to foresee at the time of Arnold's treason that within a year the issue of the Revolution would be settled in behalf of the rebellious colonies and settled, not in the North, where thus far the bulk of the fighting had been done, but in Virginia which, despite its eminence in the leadership of the Patriot cause, had seen but little of the actual fighting.

The winter of 1780 indeed brought the two contending armies but seldom into actual clash. During the fall occurred the battle of King's Mountain, which has already been described, and which left the state of affairs in the South so promising that Greene had been appointed general of the armies there operating. Greene put Baron Steuben in command in Virginia, intrusting him with protecting the state against the ravages of Arnold who was already busy in the British service, and himself went on to Charlotte, North Carolina, where he began his preparations for a campaign against Cornwallis. That dashing British general, though somewhat shaken by Ferguson's defeat at King's Mountain, was being strengthened by troops sent in haste by Sir Henry Clinton, and commanded an army with which Greene was not strong enough to cope. But the American general possessed in Sumter, Marion, Lee, and Colonel William Washington,

cavalry leaders whose dash and audacity were invincible. They were to the Patriot army what in later years Sheridan was to the Union, and Forrest, Mosby, and Fitzhugh Lee to the Confederate forces. They hovered about Cornwallis, raiding his outposts, cutting his communications, stirring up anew the section of the country he thought he had pacified. He had no leader able to cope with them, though in Tarleton he possessed a cavalry leader of the first rank. Greene had divided his own army into two bodies, the lesser of which, 900 strong under General Morgan, he had sent to menace Augusta and Ninety-Six—the latter a little hamlet near the centre of South Carolina, which long since vanished from the map. Cornwallis followed suit. With about two thousand men he advanced into North Carolina hoping that Greene would follow him thither. Tarleton with 1,100 men he sent after Morgan. Each of the British divisions was numerically superior to the American force it confronted, and they had the added advantage of being made up of regulars while the Patriots were mainly raw militia.

Morgan was in no wise loath to meet the champion sent to overthrow him. Retreating just long enough to choose his ground, he finally took position at a clearing not far from King's Mountain, known as the Cowpens. Here he posted his men in a battle array which the conventional tactician would look upon as fatal. The first daring strategist who burned his bridges behind him had none the better in audacity of Morgan. Behind his line of battle was a broad river with no means of passage, but when he was told that in case of disaster he had reserved no possibility of retreat he responded that this was just what he wanted. His militia would see it was impossible to run away and would therefore stop and fight. It was better, he contended, than the usual custom of stationing a line

of regulars to shoot down fugitives. When he came to post his men he put the Carolina and Georgia militia in front, telling them very frankly that he expected them to be frightened by the novel experience of sustaining a charge, but exhorting them not to run away without delivering at least two effective volleys, and when they did run, not to charge back through the lines behind them, but to run around the flanks and to the rear, thus assuring their own safety without throwing the whole army into confusion. Back of the militia he placed the Continentals—seasoned troops from Virginia and Maryland—and back of these were Colonel Washington's squadrons of cavalry.

The British came on gallantly. They had marched all night over muddy roads and through swollen creeks, but dashed into the attack scarcely waiting to form their ranks. It was Tarleton's characteristic way of rushing to the attack, but it did not work well this time. The American militia, piqued perhaps by Morgan's calm assumption of their timidity, fired not two, but many rounds at close range and when they did give way, retired in good order around the flanks of the supporting Continentals. The British pressing on, their ardor aroused by the flight of what they supposed to be Morgan's main army, found themselves confronted by a perfectly fresh body of veteran Continentals. These they engaged with gallantry, and owing to a mistaken command were about to crumple up the American left wing when Washington's cavalry with ringing cheers dashed around the American flank and fell upon them. Caught between two fires the enemy was thrown into a confusion from which there could be no recovery. The two lines mingled in hand-to-hand conflict, and Colonel Washington and Colonel Tarleton in the midst of their men fought a sabre duel in which neither was injured, and which ended by Tarle-

ton's taking to flight, not through fear of personal injury, but because his men on every side were throwing down their arms and his capture was imminent. The day ended not merely in defeat for the British but in hopeless rout. They lost 230 in killed and wounded, 600 prisoners, 1,000 stand of arms, and 2 field pieces. One of the enemy was killed, wounded, or captured for every American engaged, while the Americans lost but 12 killed and 61 wounded. This great disproportion between the losses is the more amazing when it is remembered that the Americans had no defensive works. 231 of the British escaped—some riding away with Tarleton, more making their way in small bands across the country to join Cornwallis. In that one day's fighting the British general had lost fully one-third of his army for the subjugation of the South.

Morgan was not unduly elated by the victory he had won. He knew that Cornwallis with a superior force would be quickly at his throat clamoring for revenge, and he straightway set out to join Greene. That general, hearing of the victory, took a small party of dragoons and rode hard to meet his victorious lieutenant. The juncture was soon effected, and with Greene in command Morgan's force continued its flight toward the main American army with Cornwallis in hot pursuit. So great was the Earl's desire to give battle that he even destroyed his baggage train in order to march the faster. But the Americans raced the faster and at Guilford Court House, only 30 miles from the Virginia border, the American forces were reunited. Even then they were inferior to the British in numbers, and for a month or more Greene evaded a battle. But his force was steadily increasing and by the middle of March he outnumbered Cornwallis nearly two to one. Then at Guilford he stood and

prepared to meet the shock of battle. Though the Americans had the advantage of numbers the British troops were all seasoned veterans, while the Patriots were in the main militia.

The success of Morgan's formation at the Cowpens seems to have encouraged Greene to make a very similar disposition of his troops, though there was no river in the rear to cut off a possible retreat. His first line was made up of North Carolina militia. These he expected to run away, but he adjured them earnestly to fire a few deadly volleys before fleeing. As they were men used to the rifle in hunting, if not in war, he anticipated that their fire would cause the enemy some loss. 300 yards to the rear, in a patch of woods was the second line made up of Virginia militia, while on a hill 400 yards farther back were the regulars of Maryland and Virginia. On the flanks were the cavalry of Washington and Lee, and the sharpshooters of Campbell. Rather more than 4,000 men stood ready to give the British battle.

The enemy came on in gallant style and the untrained Carolinians withstood his advance but briefly. The Virginians, however, were more tenacious of their position and held the enemy long in check. But the tide of battle rolled back and forth with varying success for either side. Cornwallis handled his men with more caution than had Tarleton at the Cowpens, and though more than once some portion of his line was thrown into rout by the fierce dashes of Washington's cavalry he stubbornly reformed his lines and fought on. Night fell upon a drawn battle, though the Americans retired from the field. There was not great disparity in the losses—to the Americans about 400; to the British about 600. But the whole British force hardly exceeded 2,200 men and the loss

of so large a portion of it made it utterly fatuous to risk another battle. Herein, even though the actual battle of Guilford be reckoned as a defeat for Greene, it proved the culmination of audacious strategy that had been thoroughly successful. He had enticed Cornwallis far away from his base, from the coast where he might look to the fleet for aid, and crippled him so that he dared not fight again. Nor in his weakened state did Cornwallis dare to return to South Carolina whence he had come. Flight it is true was imperative, but it must be by the shortest route to the nearest place where the protecting guns of the fleet might afford him shelter. Wilmington seemed to offer such a haven of refuge and, abandoning his wounded in retreat, as he had burned his baggage train in the ardor of pursuit, the noble earl fled with the shattered remnant of his army.

Two weeks only the British remained at Wilmington; then began the movement which ended in delivering them into the hands of their adversaries. The belated activities and repeated successes of the Americans had brought to naught all the early successes in the Carolinas and Georgia. True, the British still held Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta, but the interior of these colonies was wholly unsubdued. Cornwallis might have returned to Charleston by sea, and begun once more the task of subjugation, but he had no taste for the work, which furthermore savored somewhat of a retreat. Accordingly he determined to move over into Virginia. Benedict Arnold was there, prosecuting raids with a savagery that showed the position of a confessed traitor not conducive to a gentle disposition. General Phillips had just been sent down by Sir Henry Clinton with a considerable army and Cornwallis, by effecting a junction with these commands, found himself at Petersburg with a force of five thousand men.

What he did thereafter was utterly unimportant until he surrendered at Yorktown.

The withdrawal of Cornwallis left Greene with a free hand in the South. No one of the British garrisons left there was strong enough to cope with him in the open, though behind their defensive works they would be able to give him a hard fight. He pursued Cornwallis for about 50 miles and then turned southward, having made up his mind to free South Carolina and Georgia from British domination. The question of strategy involved was a nice one. If he could force the retreating British into a battle and win it, he would completely wreck British power in the South. But Cornwallis showed every intention of refusing battle, and once at the coast and in communication with the British fleet would be no light adversary. It was better, thought Greene, to leave Cornwallis to his own devices, and swoop down upon the isolated British garrisons to the southward, all of which would be easy game unless Cornwallis turned in pursuit.

Keeping his own counsel he turned toward Camden, 160 miles distant, where the British had nine hundred men under command of Lord Rawdon. Cornwallis, perplexed by this move made no effort to follow, but pressed on into Virginia thinking no doubt that the importance of that colony was so great that Greene would be called back from whatever adventure he had undertaken, to afford protection to the towns and great estates of the Old Dominion. In this, however, he misjudged the temper of the Virginians. No cry went forth for Greene's return, and that officer marching swiftly invested Camden, and sent out Lee and Marion to reduce Fort Watson, a point on the British line of communications half-way to Charleston. The taking of this fortress was amusing rather than sanguinary.

It stood on the crest of an Indian mound, rising steeply forty feet high from level country, and was garrisoned by 120 picked riflemen. The fire and dash of Lee's and Marion's roughriders were little service here, for it was no place for cavalry. Artillery would have ended the fort in a jiffy but the besiegers had no guns. Dreading the heavy loss of life that would attend any effort to rush so powerful a work, the besiegers brought American ingenuity into play. All about them was the stately forest of Southern pine. The command was suddenly turned into axemen and carpenters. Leaving a few score of riflemen at the edge of the forest to keep the defenders of the fort busy, the rest of the Americans worked with axe and saw, until after five days' work the garrison saw rising before them, within easy rifle shot, a huge wooden tower from the top of which riflemen might command every corner of the fort. A breastwork of logs protected its base from any effort on the part of the garrison to rush it, while a ramparted platform at the top was crowded with men ready to pick off the British wherever they might seek refuge. It was a clear case of checkmate. Resistance would have been mere bloody sacrifice of the garrison, and the inevitable surrender was soon effected.

Meantime Lord Rawdon, advancing from Camden, engaged the Americans and beat them. The defeat was decisive, but not sufficiently so as to justify Rawdon in reoccupying Camden with his connections severed through the loss of Fort Watson. Accordingly he retreated toward Charleston. The events of the succeeding months need not be told in detail. There was almost constant fighting in the uplands of Georgia and the Carolinas, with victory almost invariably resting with the Americans. Most of the battles were small affairs, engaging only the partisan bands of Sumter,

Marion, and Lee, until the main armies of Greene and Colonel Stuart, who had succeeded Lord Rawdon, came into collision at Eutaw Springs, South Carolina, about fifty miles from Charleston. In this action the British were decisively beaten in the first day of fighting, but rallied and regained on the second day all they had lost on the first. Whether to class it as an English or an American victory is a matter admitting of some doubt, but in the end it worked to the American advantage, for the enemy retired from the position regained, and fled to Charleston where they were penned up for the rest of the war. Greene had saved the state for the Patriot cause, and presently thereafter all semblance of British authority in Georgia and North Carolina away from the coast was surrendered. In eighteen months the South, that seemed hopelessly lost, had been regained. Its redemption was largely the work of its own people, and the names of Sumter, Marion, Lee, Pickens, Moultrie, and Shelby are rightly placed high in the American table of fame. But while the partisan rangers and the local militia fought well and effectively, it must be conceded that the little nucleus of Continentals, the precursors of our regular army of to-day, formed in nearly every battle the cornerstone of the edifice of defence, the animating force of the attack.

Cornwallis, in Virginia, heard of the collapse of the British authority in the South with no pleasant feelings. But the die was cast when he moved into Virginia, and he was too far away to do anything to aid Rawdon or Stuart. Moreover, he was beginning to worry a little about his own position. He was confronted only by Lafayette, whom the British called contemptuously " the boy," and about three thousand militia, as against his own five thousand veterans. None the less the Earl felt vaguely disquieted. He had hoped to be able to

rouse the slaves against their masters, as had been done in South Carolina. But he found there that the relation of owner and slave had in it much of affection and mutual confidence. Instead of responding to his agents the blacks betrayed them and he very speedily abandoned hope of this method of prosecuting war in Virginia.

Lafayette, despite his youth, irritated Cornwallis not a little. He set himself the task of crushing the young marquis but the Frenchman showed a talent for swift evasion of attacks, while ever maintaining a menacing position of which he had not been thought capable. "The boy cannot escape me," wrote the Englishman, but the "boy" not only escaped him repeatedly, but manœuvred him into a position from which he himself could not escape. For Lafayette's force grew continually. Cornwallis sent Tarleton on a raid to Charlottesville to disband the legislature and if possible capture the governor, Thomas Jefferson, who was on his estate at Monticello near-by. Jefferson escaped in the nick of time, warned by the faithful slaves whom the British general had hoped to corrupt. It is interesting to speculate upon what the British would have done with Jefferson had Tarleton caught him. The author of the Declaration of Independence could have hoped for but little mercy from Lord North's government, but on the other hand, the war had progressed too far for American captives, however obnoxious, to be treated merely as rebels. Nevertheless, Jefferson was doubtless justified in sacrificing dignity to expedition when he fled from his home only a few minutes before Tarleton's raiders reached it.

After this exploit Cornwallis proceeded in leisurely fashion toward the sea, having ever in mind the wisdom of keeping close to the fleet and his base of supplies. After a brief stay in Richmond, he marched down the

narrow peninsula between the James and the York rivers until he had reached Williamsburg, the Colonial capital and the seat of William and Mary College. Lafayette, who seemed no longer averse to being caught, since his forces had been increased to 5,000 men by the arrival of Steuben, pressed hard on his rear, attacking him once but being beaten off with a loss of 145 men.

Had Cornwallis allowed himself to ponder upon the improbable in those summer days of 1781, he might have been somewhat concerned about his military prospects. On three sides his army was hemmed in by water. On the fourth he was confronted by an enemy his equal in numbers, though it is true, not in discipline or efficiency. But the Americans could be reënforced continually by land, while all supporting troops, all provisions and munitions of war for him had to come by sea. But the despised rebels had no navy, no way of menacing his easy communication with New York. So Cornwallis dismissed from his mind any disquieting thoughts, certain as he was that whenever he chose he could say good-bye to Lafayette and sail off to New York or to Charleston as he saw fit.

Had Cornwallis known what was doing far from his own lines he would have been less easy in his mind. For some months Washington and Rochambeau had been planning a combined American and French attack on New York. To give any hope of success to the coöperation a great French fleet was necessary and now the Count de Grasse was on the ocean, bound for America with 28 ships-of-the-line, and 6 frigates, carrying 1,700 guns and 20,000 men. The British had no fleet in American waters at all capable of coping with it. There were no swift scouting steamers in those days, no cables nor wireless, and intelligence travelled but slowly. Wash-

ington was watching eagerly, wistful for more news, the operations of Greene in South Carolina and Lafayette in Virginia. He saw how precarious was the position of Cornwallis, provided the control of the sea could be wrested from the British, and he was racked with anxiety as to the plans of De Grasse. If the French fleet were to come direct to New York that would, of course, be the point at which to strike. But contemplating the position in which Cornwallis had put himself, Washington fairly itched to be at him, and when news arrived from De Grasse that he was on his way to the Chesapeake, the American army sprung from its position like hounds from a leash.

Rochambeau's force had prior to this time joined Washington at West Point, and after providing for a sufficient garrison to hold that fortress in his absence, the American commander started southward with two thousand Continentals and four thousand Frenchmen. Rochambeau knew his destination but no one else, for it was vitally important that his movements should be cloaked in secrecy as far as possible. Clinton had still command of the sea, and if he learned in time that Washington contemplated marching his troops four hundred miles from West Point to Virginia, he would undoubtedly put his army on ships and hurry to the succor of Cornwallis. Accordingly, Washington marched as far from the Hudson as possible. Even so, Clinton learned that the Continental army was in motion but imagined it was Washington's plan to occupy Staten Island and hold it until De Grasse should come up. Washington furthered this delusion in every possible way, feinting against Staten Island, and even beginning the erection of quarters as though preparing for a protracted campaign. Not until September 2, 1781, when the Americans were marching through the streets of Philadelphia did Clinton fairly wake up to

the fact that he had been ignored and that Washington was closing down upon Cornwallis, who was in a trap from which there could be no escape.

As Washington led the allied armies of French and Americans through the streets of the quaint Quaker City, all alert and eager for a battle in which all were confident of victory, his mind must have turned back to the time, early in the days of the Revolution, when he fled through the same streets with the British triumphantly pressing upon his rear guard. Three years had passed away. The American army had sustained the sufferings of Valley Forge, the reverses at Savannah and Charleston, and the treason of Arnold. It had endured and survived the utter impotence of Congress. It had starved, not cheerfully but still with resignation, and had endured without revolt the inchoate state of the National finances and currency that made the soldiers' pay an often deferred hope, and a mockery when it was finally tendered. There had been no really great Patriot victory during this period, but on the other hand, the British had made no progress toward the subjugation of the colonies. A revolution is triumphant as long as it persists. Its continued existence is in itself a victory. The forces of King George now held New York, Charleston, and Savannah and practically nothing else. Small wonder is it that as Washington passed through Philadelphia and out into the country through which he had fled before Howe, he should feel the spirit of victory animating him. At Chester he learned that De Grasse had arrived in Chesapeake Bay, and he hastily sent back the joyful tidings to Philadelphia, where it was hailed with the ringing of bells, parading bands, and mighty revelry in the taverns and tap-rooms. On the 5th of September, the army boarded waiting ships at the head of Chesapeake Bay and dropped down to Yorktown. It took thirteen days to

make the voyage, which is now accomplished by steamer in a few hours.

Good fortune, or fate, played a determining part in the operations leading up to the climax of the American Revolution. De Grasse, on leaving the West Indies for North America, had been hotly pursued by Admiral Hood with an English fleet of inferior quality. But Hood was one of the dashing sea-fighters of the days of war in which England won that primacy on the high seas that has never been wrested from her. His superior in command, Admiral Rodney, one of England's patriotic sailors, had been invalided home, and Hood was naturally eager to seize upon this moment to win a victory and make a name. Had he overtaken the French he would have given them battle and possibly have cut them up so badly that they would have been unfit for coöperation with Washington and Rochambeau. But his very dash proved his undoing, for so eagerly did he pursue his foe that he ran by the French fleet at night or in murky weather, and cruised on up the North American coast looking eagerly for the enemy whom he had left behind. He entered Chesapeake Bay but finding no French fleet dashed on to New York, sure that place must be De Grasse's objective. There he found Admiral Graves in command of the British fleet and the two combining their fleets, returned to Chesapeake Bay as fast as favoring winds could urge their vessels.

The moment of Hood's arrival at New York was dramatic. The situation was big with vital importance to the new nation. Clinton, vaguely disquieted by the disappearance of Washington from the West Point neighborhood, had no idea where he had gone nor any facts on which to base a conjecture as to the American commander's strategy. He knew, of course, that Cornwallis was at Yorktown, but with the British in control

of the sea, he could be in no better place. He was well fortified, and if Washington should be successful in an attack on his works he could still load his men on transports and bring them up to New York. Meanwhile, it would be easy for Clinton to send him reënforcements by sea, and this he was preparing to do when the news brought by Hood put an entirely new face upon the situation. With the French in control of Chesapeake Bay, there could be no retreat, nor any reënforcements for Cornwallis. If Washington hesitated to attack the English works, he could sit down placidly and watch them starve into submission. The trap was sprung. It could be opened in only two ways—either by the defeat of Washington for which the available British force was inadequate, or by the destruction of the French fleet and this task Admirals Graves and Hood undertook but not too hopefully.

Their combined fleets reached the mouth of Chesapeake Bay the very day that Washington began embarking his troops at its head. The French fleet was found and attacked without hesitation. What English victory in that battle would have meant to the American cause can be seen clearly. Not only would the way have been open for the escape or the reënforcement of Cornwallis, but the lighter ships of the victorious British fleet might have pushed on up the bay to where Washington was coming down in unarmed transports and either compelled his surrender or annihilated him. The American cause saw many crucial moments but there seems to have been the climax of them all. But again fate was with the struggling Colonists. After a two hours' sea fight the British withdrew, about seven hundred men having been killed or wounded in the two fleets. In a sense the battle was indecisive for there was but little damage inflicted on either contestant, though the British did, indeed,

burn one frigate which was too badly crippled to be seaworthy. But in a broader sense it was *the* decisive victory of the war, for the withdrawal of the British fleet sealed the fate of Cornwallis, and the loss of his army meant the loss of the colonies to King George.

Of the disaster in store for him, Cornwallis had at this moment no premonition. Lafayette's lines before him shut off all information of the approach of Washington, but as soon as the French troops from the fleet had been landed, the young Frenchman, "the boy," as Cornwallis had airily called him, came farther down the Peninsula and extended his lines across it at its narrowest point near Williamsburg. That was the last chance for Cornwallis to escape. He was still strong enough to attack "the boy" with a fair chance of victory, and had he known of Washington's approach he would certainly have done so. But ignorant of that vital factor, he contented himself with strengthening his earthworks, and settled down to await the return of Graves who, he felt sure, would speedily collect a naval force strong enough to drive away the French fleet. While he was thus quiescent Washington arrived and took command. When his army had all been concentrated, he had sixteen thousand men at Williamsburg, and the fate of the British was sealed.

Yet there was still a possibility of disaster to the Patriot cause. Washington had the cards, but it was his task to play them rightly. De Grasse was getting nervous. He had heard that the fall was the season of hurricanes, he feared the return of the British in greater numbers, he liked better the balmy air of the West Indies, and proposed seriously to sail thither leaving but two ships to coöperate with Washington. The latter argued and implored. He had to push forward the siege of Yorktown in front, and plead all the time with the French admiral not to open the back

door to Cornwallis's escape. The Frenchman seemed hardly to comprehend how epochal was the impending victory in which he had the opportunity to participate. While he was still arguing, Washington pushed forward his parallels and approaches. Alexander Hamilton and the Vicomte de Viomeuil carried two of the redoubts by storm. More than seventy cannon were pounding away at the British works and on the 17th of October, the fourth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender, Cornwallis hoisted the white flag. That very day Sir Henry Clinton sailed from New York with 25 ships-of-the-line, 10 frigates and 7,000 of his best troops, arriving at the mouth of the Chesapeake five days too late. Had Washington wavered, or delayed in pressing the attack, the battle that ended the War of the Revolution might never have been fought, or if fought, might have ended disastrously to the American cause.

For Yorktown marked the end of the war. With it Cornwallis surrendered an army of 7,247 with 840 seamen, their colors and arms. To General Lincoln, whom Cornwallis had captured at Charleston, the British commander was now forced to surrender his own sword, and he showed how little he liked the ceremony by pleading illness and making his submission in his sick room. For some reason the British had always found a peculiar pleasure in playing their enemy's tunes, seeming to think it a sort of taunt. Accordingly, when the details of the surrender came to be determined, the Americans stipulated that the English bands must play an English or a German tune—for because of the hired Hessians the Americans took pleasure in harping upon England's debt to Germany. But while this condition was duly observed, some humorist in the British camp robbed it of much of its ignominy, for the tune selected for the final march out of the surrendered

army was no national air, but a popular tune much in vogue at the time called, "The World Turned Upside Down!"

Indeed when the news of this defeat reached London, the King and his ministers thought that the world must have fallen into that topsy-turvy state. After five years of effort, the British endeavors to repress the rebellious Colonists had ended just where they began. Cornwallis's attempt at the subjugation of Virginia had turned out as did Pitcairn's march on Lexington, only a little more disastrously. Four years to a day after England's first great army of invasion under Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, the white flag fluttered over the redoubts at Yorktown. Cornwallis, in all his Southern campaigns, had not lost a battle, yet wound up in crushing defeat. Greene, who had been sent by Washington with a puny force to give aid and succor to the South, had not won a battle yet he had redeemed Georgia and the Carolinas and lured Cornwallis to his doom. Such results could have followed only in a land the dominant spirit of which was loyalty to the Patriot cause. The news reached England at a moment when, even without it, the fortunes of that nation seemed, indeed, in a desperate strait. She was at war with France, Holland, Spain, her subjects in India and her colonies in America. The King, stubborn in defeat, demanded that the war go on, but Lord North no less committed to the policy of oppression which had roused the colonies to revolt, recognized the completeness of the disaster and cried in despair, "It is all over." In Parliament the opposition party, headed by Fox and Pitt, openly rejoiced over the news of Yorktown and a resolution declaring further efforts to coerce the Americans inexpedient failed by but forty-seven votes. Brought up again on February 22—Washington's birthday by a significant coincidence—it came within one

vote of success, and five days later was passed and Lord North's ministry fell. With the subsequent political events that culminated in the Treaty of Paris and American independence this Story of Our Army has nothing to do.

But while the politicians and the diplomats abroad were trying to bring order out of war's chaos Washington, at home, was striving to make doubly sure the victory he had won. There was no certainty that Yorktown betokened the end. The British still held New York, Charleston, and some lesser Southern ports, and Washington tried to persuade De Grasse to coöperate with him in an attack on Charleston. But the Frenchman, for no particular reason, demurred and went back to his cruising in the West Indies, where in the following April Admiral Rodney, restored to health, fell upon him and totally defeated him. Though his name was linked with the victory that put a new nation on the map, it became also identified in France with one of that nation's greatest naval disasters. Better far would it have been for his fame had he responded to the overtures of Washington and joined in finally sweeping the British from the coast of America. The combined French and American forces could have accomplished this beyond doubt. As it is, while the victory at Yorktown was undoubtedly due to French naval support, history will ever record that that support was given but grudgingly by the French commander, and that at the crucial moment it required the earnest, almost passionate appeals of Washington to dissuade him from sailing away on the very eve of the victory. The French have always been insistent upon their share of the glory of Yorktown, but there, as in the case of D'Estaing, at Newport, the foibles and jealousy of the commander militated against the best service and even put victory in jeopardy.

Had Congress had its own way, or for that matter, had the various local governments been relied upon, the colonies would have been left naked to their enemies immediately upon the downfall of Cornwallis. There could be no assurance that the war was ended. As a matter of fact, it was not ended until the Treaty of Paris, nine months later. But Congress acted as though, indeed, as Lord North had wailed, "all was over." Though Washington wrote repeatedly, and made appeals in person that action should be taken to continue the war, Congress made no response. Even more. It failed to pay the soldiers for their services, and even discussed the proposition of mustering them out without payment for the past or provision for the future. Washington protested with hot indignation. The cruel injustice of the proposition affronted his sense of honor, the danger in it aroused his grave apprehensions. The army was not a great one, but it was the one coherent armed force in the land. If it chose to set itself up as the sole source of power, there was nothing to oppose it effectively. It was quite capable, should the spirit seize upon it, of reënacting the deeds of the Prætorian guards, or Cromwell's army. In fact, the situation in the infant Confederacy in 1782, was just that which we have observed in some of the Central American governments where independence won by the sword has resulted in a military despotism, because of the inability of the civil government to meet the just demands of the soldiers. There is not the slightest doubt that overtures were made to Washington to make himself dictator with the Continental army at his back. And it would have been easy for him to stifle his democratic instincts with the plea that in this emergency a savior of his country was needed, one who could bring order out of chaos, set the machinery of democracy in perfect order, and then retire to let it do

its perfect work. Perhaps no military dictator ever assumed power except on the plea that he was undertaking a purely temporary duty. But once installed, they are ever hard to dislodge. Washington met all such propositions with stern disapproval. Though he sympathized with the ill-treated army, he sternly repressed any threats of a military uprising.

The time came when something more than the quiet exercise of his influence through personal interviews was necessary to repress the rising storms. An artfully written address, setting forth the wrongs and the sufferings of the soldiers and the impotence or ingratitude of Congress was circulated widely throughout the camps, and was having its effect. It frankly called the army to action and counselled force. Discussions of the policy thus advocated were common in every camp. Even with officers present the discussion of a general mutiny was open. Washington set himself to stay the storm. In general orders, read to every command in the army, he condemned the address. More than that he called a meeting of his officers and rising, took out his glasses, saying, "You see, gentlemen, I have grown both blind and gray in your service," after which he began his appeal. It was an earnest adjuration to the army not to sully its glorious record of endurance and achievement by a conclusion in mutiny and revolt. He begged them to retain confidence in the government they had defended and promised that he would see that that government acted with justice. His great influence turned the scale. The advocates of an uprising were for a time silenced. Before they could renew their plotting, Congress had acted—belatedly and ungenerously, but still in a way to quiet the most bitter complaints. The soldiers were sent to their homes, with their half-pay commuted to a lump sum, with land warrants in further payment for their services, and with

AT THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO

the old flint locks that had served them so well for the five years as memorials of a not over-grateful country.

It was 1783 before peace was actually proclaimed, though it had existed in fact since shortly after the downfall of Cornwallis. In November of that year, the British set sail from the Battery in New York and Washington with his tattered Continentals marched in. By way of a final taunt, the departing troops had nailed a British ensign to a staff on the Battery and slushed the pole so that it tested the ingenuity of a group of sailors to get the repudiated bit of bunting down. That was the final dramatic act of the war. But the end of the Continental army, the germ of our regular army of to-day may be said to have come when Washington took leave of his officers in the dining hall of Fraunce's Tavern, which still stands in Broad Street, New York. There, after that Farewell Address which is cherished as one of our ablest state papers, the commander-in-chief pressed the hand of each officer, and as later his barge faded from their sight on the broad waters of New York Bay, they turned each to his individual calling. The Continental army was no more.

CHAPTER IX

The War of 1812—Lack of Military Resources—Reverses on the Canadian Border—Battle of Queenstown—Cockburn on the Chesapeake—The Capture of Washington—Battle of New Orleans—The Treaty of Ghent.

EVER since history began to be made in America, before the creation of the United States, indeed, our people have feared a large standing army. In the days of Washington and Jefferson, as in the later days of Roosevelt, popular reliance for defence has always been placed upon that "well-ordered militia" which has become almost a fetich among us, but which has usually figured more gloriously in stump speeches than on the battle field. Morgan at the Cowpens recognized the inevitable and bluffly told the militiamen he had posted on the first line, "Just hold up your heads boys; three fires and you are free." In battle and skirmish, it was almost the regular thing for the militia to run away, until the example of steadiness set by the regulars encouraged them to stand their ground. Between 1776 and 1861, the militia ran away or mutinied in no less than thirty battles or marches. This record does not mean to imply that militiamen are made of other stuff than regulars. Humanity is much alike and courage is not put on with any particular kind of uniform. But the professional is usually more efficient than the amateur, and long years of drill, the enforced habit of obedience, and above all, the familiarity of the regular with scenes of battle and bloodshed make him more trustworthy than the militiaman when the guns begin to play. In a long war the militiamen who remain in service throughout get to be as steady and dependable

as the regulars themselves. This was particularly the case in our Civil War, which was fought on the part of the North by 2,605,341 militia and volunteers, and only about 67,000 regulars. Notwithstanding the difference in efficiency, the militia have always been the more popular with the people. Their doings and achievements in time of war furnish themes for countless songs of praise. "I ain't no hero, I'm just a regular," said a trooper in the Spanish War, who was disgusted by popular adulation for an act which to him was all in the day's work.

The day after Washington delivered his Farewell Address, the whole Continental army was disbanded, with the exception of one regiment of infantry and two battalions of artillery, retained to guard public property and stationed at West Point. One of these batteries, raised originally by Alexander Hamilton, has remained in continued service—Battery F, of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery. During the days of the Confederacy, prior to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, Congress made spasmodic efforts to keep a small regular force in the field. There was occasional need for such a body. Indian troubles required constant vigilance on the frontier; and in 1786, Shay's Rebellion, in the course of which two thousand insurgents, clamorous for paper money and resisting the collection of debts, marched on the Springfield arsenal but were dispersed by the artillery stationed there. Later still the so-called Whiskey Insurrection required the employment of troops from the eastern colonies to overawe the rebellious mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee among whom whiskey was almost as much of a circulating medium as a beverage. It was practically their only manufactured product and a tax upon it appeared to them more tyrannous than the tax upon tea that drove the colonies into rebellion. But

in the main, domestic insurrection and Indian outbreaks alike were resisted by militia, and there were enough such occasions to demonstrate how very insufficient a force for order and mutual defence this was.

When the mutterings of the second war with England began to be heard, the standing army of the United States was but 6,744 strong. Even this force had been gathered with difficulty. Congress was not enamored of the idea of a standing army. When the proposition to increase the force to 35,000 men was first broached in that body, the fiery John Randolph, of Roanoke, vehemently denounced the project of submitting the liberties of American citizens to the guardianship of mercenaries gathered up in taverns and brothels. But when he saw the day going against him, he urged an amendment to the bill providing that in time of peace the army be engaged in works of general utility—building roads, digging drainage ditches and improving harbors. The Virginian's proposition was bitterly denounced as tending to degrade the soldiers to the level of convicts, but it had in it an element of reason. The professional work on the Panama Canal has just been completed by United States army engineers, and the success of that undertaking will undoubtedly lead to the commitment of public work to army supervision in a continually increasing degree.

Looking backward one is amazed at the calm confidence with which the Congress of the United States declared war upon Great Britain. Nothing was thought of but an offensive campaign and a brilliant series of victories. It was admitted that we had no navy to cope with that of Great Britain, but it was predicted that American privateers would sweep British commerce from the ocean—a prediction that was fairly well fulfilled. A navy maintained at private cost, that is to say, privately owned vessels fighting for prize

money, and an army mainly composed of volunteers, with a core, so to speak, of regulars was the description congressional orators gave of the forces that were to abase British pride. "The acquisition of Canada this year," wrote Jefferson from the scholarly seclusion of Monticello, "as far as the neighborhood of Quebec, will be a mere matter of marching, and will give us experience for the attack of Halifax, and next the final expulsion of the British from the American continent."

Alas for the philosopher's hopes! The American forces never even menaced Quebec or Halifax, and as for the "mere matter of marching" on Canadian soil, the motley forces of the young republic never got far out of sound of the rushing waters of the Detroit and Niagara Rivers. To provide for this military programme the United States had about four thousand regulars under arms and fit for service, but widely scattered. The law authorized the increase of the regular force by 10,000 men, the enrollment of 50,000 volunteers, and the shifting to national service of 100,000 militia from the various states. But the enactment of the law was the least part of the business. Enlistments were slow in every branch of the service. A man who enlisted in the regular army for five years was given a bounty of sixteen dollars, and promised food, clothing, and five dollars a month for the period of his service. At the expiration of his service he was to receive fifteen dollars in cash and 160 acres of land. But at the end of three months barely 4,000 had enlisted. Of the 50,000 militia called for, barely one-twelfth came forward. Local sentiment concerning the righteousness of the war varied greatly, and while in some quarters heavy bounties were offered to induce enlistments, in others the war fever was so strong that a draft was actually needed to select those who should

stay at home. In general, however, enlistments were slow, and when the regular army numbered 36,000 on paper, it had less than 4,000 men in fact. The situation was by no means improved by the contention of certain states that Congress had no right to call out the militia unless the governor of the state furnishing the troops agreed that the necessity for them existed. The governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut denied that there was such need, and refused to issue the call. Later the militia of both Ohio and New York refused to cross into Canada, in the face of an enemy, on the plea that they were not bound to serve in a foreign land. This question of the duties and rights of the militia harassed our commanders throughout the war.

Despite their military weakness, the American people rushed confidently, almost gaily into the war. Hardly had war been formally declared, when the cry was raised, "On to Canada," and the military authorities gave it instant heed. The whole nation agreed with Thomas Jefferson that to overrun Canada as far as Quebec would merely give the army needed practice in marching, but the country ignored the fact that by the possession of a few armed ships on the lakes, the British controlled water transportation and could thus convey their troops and munitions of war from place to place with comparative expedition, while the Americans were laboriously cutting roads through the forests and bridging swamps.

The plan of campaign laid out for the first year of the war was limited to the subjugation of Canada. It comprehended the same elements of weakness that brought disaster to Burgoyne in the Revolution. Three expeditions were to invade Canada, one starting from Detroit, one crossing the Niagara River near its mouth, and the third proceeding into the enemy's country by

way of Lake George and Lake Champlain—the old route down which Burgoyne had come to New York filled with high hopes and destined to dismal disaster.

It seems ever the failing of a weak belligerent to plan its offensive movements on a scale far beyond its military capacity. So it was with the United States in 1812. The instinct that led those who planned the grand strategy to order an invasion of Canada was a true one. To force the fighting in the enemy's country was the best way to dismay the foe and make the war popular at home. But the strategy was too grand for the forces at hand to give it effect. One expedition into Canada might have succeeded—the three failed.

Detroit was then a mere military post where the great city of that name now spreads far up and down the matchless river. It was the true frontier of the United States, though at Michilimachinac, which summer tourists know as Mackinaw, and at Fort Dearborn standing at the mouth of the now busy Chicago River, there were isolated army posts. General William Hull, who had rendered distinguished services in the Revolution, was Governor of the Territory of Michigan, and at the first rumors of war Congress made him a brigadier-general, and put him in command of about two thousand troops in Ohio with orders to take them to Detroit for service against the Indians. Events proved that age and perhaps a native tendency to vacillation, made Hull no man for the work allotted to him, but until submitted to the test he had the confidence of the government and of the country. When war was declared on June 18, Hull was in complete ignorance of the fact, and so remained until the 2d of July. The English commanders in Canada were better served by their government, so that when Hull, thinking to expedite matters, loaded all his personal and military papers into a great chest and shipped them by schooner

to Detroit, never dreaming of hostile interference, the Canadians captured the craft and with it complete knowledge of his plans and strength.

Early in July, however, responding to orders from Washington, Hull crossed into Canada and took possession of Malden about fifteen miles below Detroit. It was then, as it long has been, a favorite delusion of the people of the United States that the Canadians were restive under the British government and eager for an opportunity to link their fortunes with those of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Hull, as much a prey to this delusion as any, signalized his seizure of Malden by a proclamation asking the Canadians to rally about his standand—a trumpet blast that fell upon indifferent ears. Fort Malden, which General Hull menaced with proclamations—and never with any more serious missiles, held a small British force. It was a mere stockade, erected originally as a defence against the Indians, but Hull hesitated long about assaulting it. He had no artillery, and three-fourths of his men were raw militiamen. True, they clamored to be led against the enemy and even showed signs of mutiny as the period of inaction dragged on. But while the colonel of one regular regiment reported his men quite fit to bear the brunt of the assault, the three militia colonels expressed doubt as to the conduct of their untrained levies. Being in doubt, Hull did nothing—thereby encouraging the enemy, and greatly disheartening his own army. In all he had about 1,600 effective men, about 300 being regulars, while the enemy was of about equal strength with 280 regulars and about 230 Indians. There is every reason to believe that had Hull attacked promptly he would have carried the British post, a success the value of which may be judged by his statement to the Secretary of War in a letter: "If Malden was in our possession, I

could march this army to Niagara or York (Toronto), in a short time."

But Malden was not destined to American occupation. While Hull hesitated the Canadians, who at first had seemed either affrighted by or indifferent to the American invasion, began to show signs of hostility. Foraging parties that, at first, had met with no resistance, began to encounter sharp opposition. The "embattled farmers" were against the Americans this time and the stone-walls around Sandwich spat out bullets at Hull's men as had those around Lexington at the British invaders nearly forty years before. Meanwhile the British were strengthening their works, and were reënforced by about sixty men from Fort Niagara. To further discourage the Americans, there arrived at Detroit the garrison of Fort Mackinac with the tidings of the downfall of that frontier post, and the warning that a large party of warriors was coming down the lake to attack Detroit. Irresolute and hesitant, Hull abandoned his position on Canadian soil and recrossed to Detroit.

Detroit then had about eight hundred inhabitants and a fort by the riverside made up of earthworks and a double stockade. Strong enough in itself, the fort was not one which could withstand a protracted siege, for it was two hundred miles from any point whence reënforcements or supplies might be drawn, and the road was exposed to British attacks by water or Indian ambushments. Hull wished to abandon the post and retreat to a point near where Toledo now stands, but was deterred by the very frank declaration of his Ohio colonels that their troops would refuse further obedience if he showed such weakness. The British, quick enough to detect the signs of vacillation in the American camp, sent raiding parties across the river and an expedition sent out by Hull to open communica-

tions with Ohio posts was attacked by a force of British and Indians and, though victorious in the skirmish, returned to the fort with its errand undischarged.

Daily the British attitude became more menacing, and the situation within the American lines more discreditable. Hull's army was practically in revolt. The militia colonels offered to arrest the general, and give the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, of the regulars, but that officer declined to accept so irregular a promotion. While the British were busy erecting batteries on their side of the river, the Americans made no preparations to meet the attack which was clearly foreshadowed. Presently fire was opened from the Canadian shore, which could have been of but little effect with the then primitive artillery, but under cover of it, General Brock, who had come from Niagara to take command of the British forces, crossed the river about 2 miles below the fort. Brock had 330 regulars and 400 militia, with about 600 Indians who were scattered in the forests seeking to harass about 350 Ohio militiamen who had been sent out the day before to bring up some supplies which were about 35 miles away. Hull had under his immediate command about 1,000 men, yet with this superior force, he permitted the enemy to cross a swift stream, almost a mile wide, and make a landing unopposed. From the moment of that landing, Hull acted as one paralyzed with fear. No assault was necessary to make the British triumph complete. The approach of a mere reconnoitring party was made the occasion of a hasty display of the white flag, and Detroit, the fort, 300 regular officers and men, and about 2,000 militia were surrendered to the British. As only the day before the Indians had massacred the little American garrison at Fort Dearborn—a massacre com-

memorated by a bronze group at the foot of Sixteenth Street in Chicago—the frontier of the United States was pushed back to the Wabash and Maumee rivers, and could not have been held even there had it been seriously menaced.

Hull was court-martialled for treason and cowardice, found guilty and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned by the President in consideration of his distinguished services in the Revolution and because of extenuating circumstances. These circumstances grew out of the action of General Henry Dearborn, in command of the American forces in the East.

Like Hull, General Dearborn was now of advanced years, and of peaceful rather than warlike habit. He was, indeed, summoned from the placid and profitable political post of collector of the port of Boston to take command of the American armies in the East, with headquarters at Albany. His orders were to support Hull by making a determined attack upon the British at Niagara, where General Stephen Van Renssalaer was in command, and himself to organize and lead with promptitude an invasion of Canada. He did neither. On the contrary, at the very moment when Hull was most seriously threatened by the enemy, Dearborn entered upon an armistice with Prevost, the chief British commander, the effect of which was to release General Brock from all anxiety concerning any American attack upon Niagara. That alert general took advantage of this kindly cessation of hostilities to rush across Canada to the Detroit River, overthrow Hull and make his army prisoners and return to Niagara before the armistice was concluded. This fatal failure of Dearborn to obey his orders was one of the extenuating circumstances that saved the life of Hull after his death sentence by the court-martial.

On the Niagara frontier, as on that fixed by the

Detroit River, the record of the American arms was inglorious. It was a story of failure when all conditions save that of military preparedness and vigor should have made for success. The American troops, such as they were, made their camp at Lewiston, where the river after its mad plunge through Niagara Gorge widens into a broad and placid estuary. Here in August, 1812—four days after Hull's surrender, though of that he was ignorant—General Van Renssalaer found awaiting him about one thousand men, mostly militiamen, half-clad, ill-shod, undrilled, and with their pay long overdue. If there was military zeal in the army, these conditions did much to obscure it, while its manifestation by an immediate attack upon the enemy would have been worse than futile, for there were no cannon, no cannoneers, not above ten rounds of ammunition per man, and no lead wherewith to make more bullets.

The new general's first task was to mould his army into military form and this he did with some measure of success, appealing the while for reënforcements until he had increased his force to five thousand men, including one regiment of United States regulars. The spirit of the troops was high. The men demanded to be led against the foe, and their martial wrath was further excited by the British, who vauntingly paraded the captives brought from Detroit on the river's bank within full view of the American lines. Those captives, by the way, were the regular soldiers only, the victorious British commander having scornfully dismissed to their homes the captured militiamen.

Queenstown, the British post directly across the river from Lewiston, was garrisoned by about three hundred men only, including two companies of British regulars. That looked like an easy morsel for Van Renssalaer to gobble. On the night of October 10, it being dark

and stormy, the Americans essayed to cross the river and gather in this petty handful of Britons. Several hundred men huddled together on the beach, guarding the priming of their guns from the driving rain, and boasting of the deeds they were about to accomplish. One boat, loaded to the limit, pushed off and disappeared in the blackness. They bustled to make ready a second, when it was discovered that all the oars for the flotilla had been carried away in the vanished craft. To call it back by shouts would be to alarm the enemy. So wet and grumbling the warriors watched until dawn broke, and were marched back to camp mightily disgusted with their leadership.

The next day the enterprise was renewed and thirteen boats landed twenty-five men each on the Canadian shore under a sharp fire from the enemy. The invaders, in full view of their comrades on the American side, bore themselves well under fire, and drove the Canadians back toward Queenstown. Fired by the spectacle, some four hundred more crossed from the American side, and the Canadians rallying, a general battle began in which the Americans had at first the advantage of numbers. On the heights above Queenstown, where now Americans making the Niagara Gorge trip may see a towering monument commemorating British valor, was a battery commanding the town and the plains below. A gentle slope led up to the heights on the landward side but toward the river the acclivity was so steep that Colonel Brock, the victor of Detroit, thought that no defence on that side was needed. While he watched the battle raging on the plain before him, Captain Wool with a handful of American regulars scaled the steep front, and made their appearance within the works so suddenly that Brock and his men escaped capture only by precipitate flight.

The lodgment thus easily effected by the Americans

was of the highest importance. It gave the Americans command of Queenstown and of the entrance to the Niagara River. Brock, a clear-headed and gallant soldier, saw its value and determined upon its recapture. With a hurriedly marshalled force he led an assault but was beaten back. Rallying his men again, this time in larger numbers, for reënforcements were now coming in from neighboring British posts, he led the way a second time but fell, shot through the lungs—a gallant and commanding spirit well worthy of the impressive monument that marks the spot for which he fought so well. Beyond the river, on the American side, the militiamen stood by the brink and gazed stupidly across at the battle raging. Officers breaking away from the conflict rushed to the water-side and shouted orders that they come over and make the British rout complete. They made no move, but with murmurs of horror and gestures of fear, clustered about the boats that were bringing over the wounded from the battle field. Van Renssalaer, weak from four wounds, went among them begging them to act like men and go to their embattled comrades' aid. But appeals to patriotism, pride, and manhood were unavailing. From a body of soldiers they became a pack of lawyers. They were militiamen, they declared, and as such, could not be compelled to serve in a foreign country. The spectacle of their countrymen falling before the fire of the British moved them not a whit from their inglorious stand upon their strict constitutional rights. Instead they watched the British, in growing numbers, push back the Americans to the river's brink, where, as none of the poltroons gathered on the American side had courage to even bring boats for their escape, they were forced to surrender. In the engagement, once won by the Americans, ninety of the invaders were killed and about nine hundred surrendered. Of the latter it is recorded that

fully 350 were skulkers and cowards who had kept carefully aloof from the actual fight.

The disaster was complete. Van Renssalaer, who had borne himself bravely, resigned in wrath at the poltroonery of his troops. He was succeeded by General Alexander Smyth, of the regular army. Smyth began at once a rapid fire of proclamations, and soon gathered a force of about 4,500 regulars and volunteers at Black Rock, about three miles down the river from Buffalo. Another invasion of Canada was planned, and amidst the volley of proclamations and orders by which it was preceded, Smyth betrayed his Irish ancestry by a "bull," which in his later disaster became famous. "The soldiers," he ordered, "will advance with shouts—and charge bayonets. The soldiers will remain silent above all things."

But slight rhetorical extravagances of this sort were the least of Smyth's blunders. A force of regulars and sailors having crossed the river and spiked the guns of the battery that commanded the crossing, the way was open for an invasion in force. The army therefore began to embark. The soldiers were in high spirits, eager for the enterprise, but scarcely were they ready to push off when an aide galloped to the river's edge crying, "Fellow-soldiers, the expedition is given up." No explanation was given. The troops were ordered to camp, and broke out in bitter denunciation of Smyth. He heard a Canadian bugle blow and was afraid, said some. Others remembering that he had ridiculed Van Renssalaer for a mere militiaman said he was a "regular Van Bladder." In wrath he fixed another day for the invasion, and again countermanded the order after the troops were afloat. This time his life was in actual danger. To avoid assault he had his tent pitched in the centre of the camp of regulars. A militiaman shot at him on the street in Buffalo, and

General Porter, whom he had designated to command the ill-fated expedition, challenged him to a duel in which neither was injured. In the end he retired to his estate in Virginia, leaving his army disorganized, mutinous, and worthless for military service.

At two points—Detroit and Buffalo—that invasion of Canada which Jefferson had cheerfully described as a "mere matter of marching," had thus failed, and had failed with ignominy and disgrace. One more step in the grand strategy planned by Congress remained to be taken—namely, the invasion of Canada by way of Lake George and the attack upon Montreal. This was to be undertaken under the direct command of General Dearborn—an officer whose repute at the moment must have been high if one may judge by the number of forts, towns, villages, and streets in the Middle West which still bear his name. He had under his command at Albany some six thousand troops, and with some flourish he set out on his career of conquest. It was the middle of November but the lake was still clear of ice, and the way to Montreal was open. But when the Canadian border was reached, after a march of about twenty miles, the militia stood upon their constitutional rights, refused to leave the territory of the United States, and nothing remained but to ignominiously march them home again. Thus was rounded out a record of military incompetence and disorder at which even so young and ill-organized a nation as the United States in 1812 might well blush.

Indeed the shame of it made the Americans do more than blush. To mortification succeeded wrath. It was a boastful day and people, and the saying became current, as new armies were called for, that the surrender of Hull had done more to help on the war than could the capture of ten thousand British regulars. It did for a time stimulate mightily the war spirit. All

through the nation spread the call for volunteers to retake Detroit, and to guard the Northwest from Indians. Every man in public life, everybody who hoped to be somebody, took up the cry. A young man, one Henry Clay, then little known but destined to great place in the politics of the young nation, travelled far and wide arousing the patriotic youths to enlist. "Invincibles," "Tigers," "Irish Greens," and "Republican Blues" organized, elected officers, and demanded arms and leadership. William Henry Harrison, hero of the battle of Tippecanoe, Governor of the Indiana Territory, and destined to become President of the United States and grandfather to a later president, was put in command of the troops which to the number of ten thousand gathered at Cincinnati.

But all the patriotic zeal, all the military enthusiasm so generally manifested and so skilfully encouraged was destined to come to naught in the face of military famine. The men were there, but for them there were no shoes, mitts, blankets, or food. Guns were scarce and many of the rifles supplied were without flints. As clothing and munitions of war were slowly gathered at the central depots the lack of any transport service made their distribution slow and inefficient. First muddy roads, then frozen rivers, intervened. The troops became demoralized, and the lack of discipline joined with the lack of supplies to create a general state of utter inefficiency.

Detroit, which had been the objective of General Harrison's campaign, was never reached, but in the northwestern corner of Ohio, near the Michigan state line, and bordering upon Lake Erie, the Americans and the allied British and Indians clashed fiercely with results generally disastrous to the former. In these battles, and more especially in the massacres which followed them, the Indians acted with a savagery and

bloodthirstiness which was perhaps only to be expected of them, but which brought upon the British who employed them and who did not discourage their barbarities, the execration of the Americans. The foemen confronted each other first at a point on the River Raisin, then called Frenchtown, but near the site of the present town of Monroe, Michigan. Here General Winchester, in command of a body of Kentucky troops and one regiment of United States regulars, attacked and drove out a British force without very serious loss on either side. The British, however, were in force at Malden, about 18 miles way, and before General Harrison could get reënforcements to Winchester they fell upon the latter in overwhelming numbers. The American commander was largely to blame for the defeat and rout that followed, for despite the representations of his officers General Winchester had made no effort to fortify his camp and did not even throw out pickets, or have any patrol make the rounds. It was therefore merely a commonplace of war that General Proctor should have been able to surprise the American force and utterly defeat it. It was far from the ordinary practice in war, however, that there should have remained but 27 Americans wounded to 397 killed.

Rather more than half of the British force was composed of savages, and if any attempt had been made by their employers to correct or to repress the barbarous instinct to torture and massacre which characterized the American aborigine, it did not appear in the carnage attending this battle. For when after a gallant resistance the Americans were put to flight, the Indians massed themselves in the woods and behind the walls bordering the roads and shot down the fugitives as they fled. All who fell were scalped. One party of twenty commanded by a lieutenant surrendered,

but were hardly disarmed before they were massacred. Even in the midst of the rout and the slaughter one part of the American line, made up of Kentucky riflemen who had won some slight shelter behind fences, kept up the fight and by their marksmanship inflicted heavy loss upon the enemy. Of sixteen men who manned one of the enemy's guns thirteen were killed by these sharpshooters. General Proctor, who had General Winchester a prisoner at his headquarters, had no liking for this sort of fighting and prevailed upon his captive to order Colonel Madison, who commanded the Kentuckians, to surrender. The order, coming from one in captivity, even though a superior, had no force, but Madison, seeing the day irretrievably lost and relying upon Proctor's assurance of protection against the savages, showed the white flag. In this surrender 384 men laid down their arms. A British eye-witness described them as coatless in a bitter January, clad in cotton, with blankets wrapped about their loins, armed with tomahawks, axes, bowie-knives, and long Kentucky rifles. Wretched as their ill-clad and half-fed condition had been they were destined to a harder fate, for Proctor, ignoring his promise of protection, moved away, leaving the prisoners unarmed and many of them wounded without any guard whatsoever. The Indians first began plundering the captives, then maddened with whiskey, set about a wholesale massacre in which the wounded were slain first, then the other prisoners as fast as they could be run down. All were scalped, and the ghastly trophies were common spectacles in the British camp where Proctor seems to have done nothing to indicate any reprobation of the massacre.

Thus, with new disaster, opened the year 1813. General Harrison heard the news at the Maumee River and filled with dread of the conquering Proctor, burned his stores and fled. At the same time Proctor, in equal

dread of Harrison, was fleeing toward Canada with all possible speed. General Grant in his Memoirs says that one of the first and hardest lessons for him to learn in war was that if he was afraid of the enemy, the enemy was probably equally afraid of him, and a recognition of this fact would probably have saved many a commander from an ignominious retreat. Harrison, however, soon recovered himself and advancing again to the Maumee built at the rapids a strong fort, which he named Fort Meigs. To garrison it he had but 500 men, many of them militia whose time was about to expire. But by energy and skilful pleading, the general managed to drum up about 300 more men. Hardly had these reached the fort when the redoubtable Proctor with about 1,000 whites, 1,200 Indians led by the famous Tecumseh, and with plenty of cannon, laid siege to the fort.

The operations that followed should have been wholly to the glory and triumph of the American arms. As a matter of fact, where they were not inconclusive, they were discreditable. Proctor invested the fort and had been bombarding it for four days when Brigadier-General Clay, of Kentucky, with about 1,200 men, came up to the relief of Harrison. Hearing from afar of the conflict General Clay sent 850 of his best men in advance who fell upon the British, drove them from their batteries, and captured the guns which alone could seriously menace Fort Meigs. That was the time to crush Proctor altogether. He had, it is true, more than 2,000 men, but of these 1,200 were Indians whose nature it was to vanish at the first reverse. Had the defenders of the fort quickly joined with the newcomers and turned the captured guns on the enemy, Proctor might well have been annihilated. But Harrison remained quiescent behind his stockade,

while Proctor rallied his troops and attacked the relieving force. Over seven hundred of these were killed, wounded, or captured. Here, as on the earlier occasion, Proctor sullied his laurels with the crimson stain of massacre. His prisoners were confined in an old fort a little way down stream, where the Indians were permitted to murder them at will. An eye-witness wrote, "The Indians were permitted to garnish the surrounding rampart, and to amuse themselves by loading and firing at the crowd or at any particular individual. Those who preferred to inflict a still more cruel and savage death selected their victims, led them to the gateway, and there, under the eye of General Proctor, and in the presence of the whole British army, tomahawked and scalped them." It was not to British interference, if the records of the time are trustworthy, that the stoppage of the bloody work was due, but to an Indian, the chief Tecumseh himself, who is said to have made his way into the midst of the murderers, and buried his own tomahawk in the brain of one of them crying, "For shame! It is a disgrace to kill a defenceless prisoner." But the British did not further press their advantage and returned to Canada, leaving the American flag still waving over Fort Meigs. The affair had been creditable to neither belligerent.

However, Proctor stayed but briefly in Canada. General Prevost, his superior officer, sent him word from Lower Canada that no more troops or supplies could be spared for him and that he must draw his rations from the Americans or starve. Accordingly, with about five thousand men, including a number of Indians, he reappeared before Fort Meigs. General Green Clay was behind the stockade, and as he refused to come out and fight a superior force in the open, Proctor looked about him for an easier victim. Not far away, where the Ohio town of Fremont now stands,

was a post, a mere stockade mounting one gun and garrisoned by 160 men. This looked to Proctor like a plum ripe for the picking, and by land and water he transported his troops in that direction. Harrison, with eight hundred militia ten miles away from Fort Stephenson, thought the place indefensible and ordered its commander to burn and abandon it. But that officer, bearing the stout Irish name of Croghan, was a fighter. His father had been in the Continental army, he was himself a regular and veteran of Tippecanoe, and he had no intention of fleeing without a fight. "We are determined to maintain this place," he answered to Harrison, "and by Heaven we will." With which highly mutinous response he set about strengthening his walls with bags of sand and, at some points, of flour, and loading his only gun with slugs masked it at a point which commanded the probable line of the enemy's attack.

Proctor came up with his 5,000 men and summoned Croghan to surrender. Being met with jeers and defiance he turned loose his four cannon against the fort for two days and nights and then, thinking the garrison unnerved by the bombardment, sent his troops forward to the assault. The British columns rushed upon the fort on three sides, while the Indians assailed it from the fourth side. Each of the storming parties was almost as large as the entire garrison, and there was some reason for the boastful confidence with which the British Colonel Short commanded his men to "scale the pickets and show the damned Yankee rascals no quarter." But as he gave the command Croghan's one gun blazed from its concealed position. It swept the ditch, cutting down nearly every man, including Colonel Short, who was soon waving his white handkerchief and begging himself for the quarter which he had ordered refused to his enemy. On the other sides of

the fort well-directed musketry was equally effective in repulsing the assailants, and at nightfall General Proctor gathered up his dead and wounded and sailed away for Canada. Instead of replenishing his stock of munitions of war he abandoned a very considerable quantity of stores in his precipitate flight.

It is one of the curious episodes in American history that while Major Croghan was for a time made a national hero because of the gallantry of his action, he very quickly disappeared from the public eye, while General Harrison, who had ordered him to abandon the post and who, during the three days' action rested supine and seemingly terrified with eight hundred militia only ten miles away, was afterward loaded with honors and elected President of the United States.

After this battle the land forces of the United States in the Northwest remained inactive for some time. The government had been exerting itself to regain control of Lake Erie, and although the record of delay and blunders which preceded Perry's famous victory seems even now discreditable enough, the fleet was finally built, and Perry was able to send from Put-in Bay the famous dispatch to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." Of the naval operations of the War of 1812, glorious to the American flag as they were, I will not speak in detail here.* But the success of Perry opened the way to the forces of the United States to regain the lost territory of Michigan with the exception of the post of Mackinac, which the British held until the end of the war. General Harrison late in September reoccupied Detroit, and marched into Canada taking Malden, whence

* The story of Perry's victory and other actions of the naval war of 1812 is told in the companion volume to this, "The Story of Our Navy," by Willis J. Abbot.

Proctor fled eastward, and garrisoning several Canadian points. After a hot pursuit Proctor was overtaken on the banks of the Thames River at a point then known as Moravian Town. The honor of leading the attack and sustaining the chief burden of the battle rested with Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and his Kentucky Regiment, who while Harrison hesitated, fell upon the enemy so fiercely that he carried all before him and swept away British and Indian alike in hopeless rout.

Among the slain was the famous Indian chief, Tecumseh, and controversy raged long and loud over whose was the hand that dealt him the fatal blow. The Kentuckians always claimed the distinction for Colonel Johnson, and years after when he was a candidate for vice-president, this deed was seriously cited as one of his "qualifications." Tecumseh's red men had been savage fighters and cruel conquerors, but he had more than once set himself sternly against the infliction of barbarities on helpless prisoners; so it is with no sense of pride that an American will read that the Kentuckians finding his dead body cried aloud in rage, and cutting from the thighs long strips of skin, declared they would make razor strops of them, and keep them in memory of the Raisin River massacre. For that savage slaughter it would have been more to the purpose to blame the British General Proctor who, after his defeat at the Thames fled in his carriage, having the effrontery to send back a message to General Harrison, bespeaking kindly treatment for the wounded and prisoners he had left behind.

To Perry's victory alone is due the fact that the year 1813 closed with the United States forces again in possession of all the posts at the western end of Lake Erie that had been lost to them earlier in the year. At the eastern end of that lake and on Lake Ontario the plans of the Department of War had been defeated

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ARBITRATION IN THE TRENCHES NEAR MANILA

—largely through the jealousy of two rival generals, Hampton and Wilkinson, whose bickerings would have been ridiculous if they had not been fatal to military efficiency.

The plan of campaign proposed by the War Department at the beginning of the year was the capture of Kingston and Fort Prescott, and an advance upon Montreal. So far from being carried out the plan was never seriously tested. On the 27th of April, General Dearborn with about 1,700 men crossed Lake Ontario and captured York, now Toronto. The exploit was not a difficult one, for the garrison numbered but 650, and despite a good fight were forced to yield to overpowering numbers. More men of both sides were slain by the explosion, probably accidental, of the British magazine than in actual battle. 52 Americans and about 40 English soldiers were thus killed, among the Americans being the veteran General Zebulon M. Pike, who was in command of the expedition. Pike was at some distance from the scene of the explosion, seated in the woods and questioning a prisoner when a hail of timber, stones, and earth fell about him, beating him down and inflicting mortal injuries. The British surrendering soon after, their ensign was brought to the dying general who, asking that it be folded and placed beneath his head, soon afterward expired.

Out of this battle sprang a heated controversy which raged until after the war itself was ended. It was charged by the Americans that the British General Sheaffe exploded the magazine after the action had ceased and negotiations for the surrender were in progress, and that therefore the sacrifice of life was both wanton and treacherous. Sheaffe denied the charge, though military authorities generally hold that he would have been justified in exploding the magazine

since the surrender had not been consummated. In retort, the British accused the Americans of violating the code of civilized warfare by burning the government buildings in the town. Those buildings were undoubtedly burned, but the American commander insisted that the torch was applied by irresponsible individuals. At any rate they were burned, and tradition has it that it was because the soldiers were enraged by the discovery of a human scalp—thought to be that of an American—which had probably been taken by some Indian and sold to the British and was then hanging in the assembly chamber. The scalp and the speaker's mace were sent to Washington where the British found them, later in the war, when they, in turn, burned our government buildings.

The raid on York, successful as it was, did not advance in any degree the general strategic plan of wresting control of the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence route from the British. The next exploit of the Americans was more in accordance with that plan. About two miles above the mouth of the Niagara River on the Canadian side was the British post, Fort George. A considerable expedition was fitted out to attack this post by land and by water, among the subordinate commanders being Winfield Scott, then a colonel of regulars and Oliver Hazard Perry, who had yet to spring into fame by his victory at Put-in Bay. On the 27th of May the attack began with a heavy bombardment of the British works in which Fort Niagara, field batteries along the American bank of the river, and five vessels took part. Under cover of this fire, which well-nigh silenced the guns of the fort, the American landing parties landed on the shore of the lake, thus taking in the rear the British works which fronted on the river. They were gallantly received by some eight hundred or more British soldiers who,

posted at the top of a high bank, thrice beat back the American assailants led by Colonel Scott. In the end the pertinacity of the assailants prevailed, and the British fled toward the village of Newark while Scott pressed on to the fort, which he quickly entered, pulling down with his own hands the British flag. The fugitives had planned to repeat the tactics of York, and one magazine blew up just as the invaders entered the fort, while fuses laid to two others sputtered and hissed vengefully until Scott ground out the sparks under his heel. The day ended in complete rout for the British—it would, indeed, have witnessed the capture of the whole force of the enemy had not General Boyd, commanding the American army, countermanded for some unknown reason Scott's orders for the pursuit of the fleeing foe. In this action the British lost 271, killed or wounded, and over 600 prisoners. The American loss did not exceed 153 men.

Spluttering hostilities continued all along the Niagara frontier. In June, one Colonel Boerstler with 540 regulars, was surrounded by a force of hostile Indians, half his number, and surrendered in a panic. The way to retreat was clear—for that matter, the way to fight was clearer—save for a British lieutenant with 14 men, but Boerstler's fright so magnified this pigmy force that he surrendered with scarce the firing of a shot. Not long afterward the British, under command of General Prevost, made two attacks on Sackett's Harbor, but were beaten off in both instances. In the second attack, however, their success seemed so certain that the American officer in charge of the stores that had been gathered in this chief military post of the Great Lakes, set the torch to them and to a new vessel on the stocks as well. The ship was saved when the enemy retreated, but the stores were a total loss. In a later battle, fought at night at Burlington

Bay, the head of Lake Ontario, between the forces of the British, General Vincent, and the two Americans, Chandler and Winder, the two latter were captured by the enemy, and the British commander lost his way in the woods and wandered out of the field of action altogether. Though the loss was heavier on the British side, the Americans were diverted from their purpose and beaten back so that the honor of victory, such as that might be, must be conceded to the British.

In recounting these sieges, assaults, forays, and battles, it is forced upon the attention that not one of them, not all the lives lost and blood shed had the slightest effect upon the progress of the war. The Americans harassed the British and the latter retaliated in kind but the actual outcome of the quarrel was affected no more than it would have been by two mobs rioting along the border. So inconclusive was it all that the long-suffering War Department removed General Dearborn from command, replacing him by Generals Wilkinson and Hampton. Of these the former was technically the superior, but a long-standing feud between the two men made them refuse to coöperate in any way. The result was quite natural. Two disjointed and wholly futile expeditions were led against the enemy by the quarrelling generals, both were beaten back and the project of wresting control of the St. Lawrence from the British was ended for that year at least. Indeed it was abandoned for the war, and forever.

The year 1813, the second year of the war, thus ended with no material advantage to either combatant. Along the shores of the Chesapeake, the British Admiral Cockburn had conducted a series of raids upon peaceful towns and villages that had brought much suffering and distress upon inoffensive people, but was hardly to be dignified by the name of war. The

Americans had no forces on that ground of sufficient strength to offer serious resistance to the enemy. Havre de Grace, Norfolk, and Hampton were in turn raided, and the circumstances attending the sack of the last village were so barbarous as to put a permanent stain on the British record. It had been supposed that the days of the violation of women and the slaughter of little children by the troops of a civilized nation had long since passed away, but at Hampton the British were guilty of both.

Farther south the American arms met with a greater measure of success. That was perhaps because the country was defended by pioneers used to the rifle, and now contending against their old foe, the Indians. In the campaigns in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, the enemy were almost wholly Indians, armed and set on the warpath by the British it was true, but fighting under their own chiefs and in their own fashion. It is a matter, however, of ghastly record that a reward of five dollars was offered for every scalp, whether of man, woman, or child, which these savages would bring to the British agency. The first considerable exploit of the savages was the capture of Fort Mims, a stockade about 40 miles north of Mobile. Here had gathered a very considerable number of settlers with their families, alarmed by the signs of Indian activity in the neighborhood. A force of 175 militia had been sent by the government to defend the fort which, between refugees and soldiers, was sadly overcrowded. Rank carelessness led to a frightful disaster. Late in August 2 negro slaves came running into the fort, and reported that the woods nearby were full of Indians. There were in fact more than one thousand Creeks led by the famous Chief Weathersford in the vicinity, but as the regular scouts had failed to discover them, the negroes were not only disbe-

lieved but severely flogged for lying. After administering this discipline, the defenders of the fort went to dinner, leaving the gates to the outer stockade wide open. The opportunity for which the savages had been waiting arrived, and shouting their warwhoop, they charged through the gates and began the slaughter of the unprepared garrison. A few of the latter shut themselves in the citadel and fought bravely and well until the Indians brought fire to their aid and destroyed this last place of refuge. The massacre that followed was fiendish in all its details. Not a white person, man or woman, was left alive though many negroes were kept for slaves. In all more than four hundred were slain, with the studied and elaborate cruelty with which the American Indian put an end to hapless enemies in his power.

The massacre at Fort Mims roused a part of the American population to whom Indian fighting had become a second nature. It brought, too, into the national arena for the first time one of the most rugged figures in all American history. The state of Tennessee, having called for 3,500 men to put down the Indians, gave the command of this force to Andrew Jackson, a fighter if ever there was one, as ready with the pistol in private affrays as he was dashing in the leadership of armed forces. Swiftly pushing into the territory of the hostile Creeks, he won an uninterrupted series of victories. At Tallusahatchee (now Jacksonville, Florida), a fort was stormed and 200 warriors slain. At Fort Talladega, 300 braves fell, and Jackson, who was nothing if not thorough in his methods, raged mightily because 2 companies of militia showed the white feather and permitted some of the enemy to escape. On the Tallapoosa River, near where Montgomery now stands, villages were burned and more than 200

warriors slain. Nearby was a great camp on what the Indian prophets had assured their people was holy ground, on which no white man could set foot and live. But General Claiborne attacked this sanctuary and slew the redskins mercilessly. So complete had been the surprise that the assailants found the Indians preparing for one of their religious ceremonies, with several captives of both sexes bound to stakes and the wood piled ready for the torch. It may be readily understood that this discovery did not make the Americans fight the less savagely.

Jackson's war upon the Creeks did not close with the year 1813, but was continued during the early months of the following year. It culminated with the battle of Horseshoe Bend in the Tallapoosa, where in a battle in which neither party asked nor granted quarter, the Americans slew 557 Indians. This finally destroyed the power of the Creeks. All of this warfare, savage and bloody as it was, is related to the war with England only because the British armed the Indians and instigated them to take the warpath. General Jackson explained the situation clearly when, in a personal letter, he wrote: "While we fight the savage who makes war only because he delights in blood, and who has gotten his booty when he has scalped his victim, we are, through him, contending against an enemy of more inveterate character and deeper design. So far as my exertions can contribute, the purposes both of the savage and his instigator, shall be defeated."

The last year of the war opened in a way not at all encouraging to the American cause. Though the navy on ocean and lakes had won such a series of victories as to make the whole world recognize the arrival of a serious contestant to Great Britain on the high seas, the army, or what passed for one, had no laurels

to display. Andrew Jackson was the only fighting man of the first grade that the war had thus far developed and his victories had been won not over British regulars but over naked savages. True, the British had won none of our territory, their operations along the Atlantic coast having been confined to mere raids without any effort to hold the places captured. But the most serious fact confronting the Americans, as 1814 took its place in the calendar, was the end of the long Napoleonic wars in Europe and the consequent liberation of the whole British army and navy for the campaign against the United States. It is true that peace suggestions were in the air. Russia had offered to act as mediator. But the tone of British public opinion was all against peace, and for making the audacious infant nation drain the very dregs of humiliation and defeat.

Hostilities reopened on the line of the Niagara. By this time the American regulars were becoming seasoned to battle and though not successful at every point, did, however, give an excellent account of themselves at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. In the former battle, American regulars were pitted against British regulars and won—much to the dismay of the London journalists who commented on the action. The forces were very nearly equal and an official historian of the army declares that never after this battle was a force of United States regulars beaten by foreign troops. This historian ignores the battle of the Little Big Horn in which Custer's troops were annihilated, but doubtless does not consider the Indians who inflicted that crushing defeat as "troops."

To the American pride, however, the great and crushing disaster of the final year of the war came in the capture of Washington by General Robert Ross in August, 1814. Among the capitals of the world,

Washington is one of the most exposed to the attack of a foreign foe. Once past the capes at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, an invading fleet has a ready waterway to the capital, direct by the Potomac, or to its immediate neighborhood by the Bay. Today, of course, great forts at the capes make entrance practically impossible, but in 1814 no such guardians had been established. Cockburn's raids upon the towns of the lower Chesapeake—Norfolk and Hampton—should have fairly warned Congress of the danger that menaced the capital, but there was nothing done to avert it. In July, 1814, when had they but known it the war was nearly at an end, the urgency of the Governor of Maryland led Congress to call General Winder to the defence of the struggling new city. That officer's record had hardly been glorious, being confined to his defeat and capture by the enemy at Stony Creek. In that ill-fated action he was surprised, but the episode seemed to have taught him little, as he approached the defence of Washington with a languid indifference to anything that savored of energy, or military preparation.

August 18, word came to Washington that the British had landed at the mouth of the Patuxent about forty miles away. With about two thousand men General Winder marched out to meet them, but the meeting was seemingly not to his liking, for from a distance he saw General Ross marching by on the road to Washington and made no effort to stop his advance. It is true that the Americans were outnumbered more than two to one, but the moment was one for taking desperate chances, and at least the enemy might have been harassed by attacks upon his flank instead of being permitted to march unopposed upon the defenceless national capital.

For that capital was utterly defenceless. Though

intrusted with its defense, General Winder had erected not one single earthwork, had established not one fortified camp. At Bladensburg, not far from the city, the townspeople, more energetic than the commander intrusted with the defence, had thrown up a hasty line of defence, and hither flocked Winder's men, the militia from districts round about, many citizens with hastily seized arms and Captain Barney with about four hundred sailors from a flotilla of gunboats which had been destroyed upon the approach of the British. The valor of these sailors offered the only redeeming feature of the American part in the Bladensburg battle. A curious and almost pathetic travesty upon a fight for the possession of a nation's capital was that. Madison, the President, was there with Armstrong, secretary of war, Jones, secretary of the navy, and Rush, the attorney-general. Before the eyes of these civil dignitaries deployed, in review, the troops—3,200 in all, of whom 1,000 were regulars. We know now that Ross looked on this array with some apprehension and was seriously considering retreat to his boats, when some act of Winder's convinced him that the Americans were more frightened than he. Winder, avoiding a battle, retreated to the navy yard at Washington, but the next day, hearing the British were marching for Bladensburg, rushed his troops, his volunteers, sailors, cabinet officers, the President, and a generally unclassified rabble of sightseers to that point. The scene must have been not unlike that of the day in 1861, when all official Washington trooped gaily over the Long Bridge to witness the battle of Bull Run—nor was the return of the sightseers in the two instances dissimilar.

To call the brief tussle that occurred a battle would be to dignify with the terms of real warfare a skirmish that was ignominious for the defeated and not par-

ticularly glorious for the victors. With seven thousand men General Winder possessed the superiority in numbers though most of those under his command were militiamen. He had the advantage, too, of position, for to reach his lines the British had to pass a narrow bridge, crossing a shallow stream, and advance up a very considerable slope at the crest of which the Americans were posted, well covered by timber and undergrowth. Yet at the second charge, the defenders of their nation's capital fled. The artillerymen fired but once when they were seized with panic. A regiment of Maryland riflemen, which led in the flight, was commanded by James Pinckney, who had but lately been United States Minister at the court of that very British monarch from whose troops he was now running away. It was before the days of the American newspaper cartoon, else the caricatures of President Madison and members of his cabinet swept along with the panic-stricken mob would have added something to the vivacity of history. Execrations were heaped upon Madison as he was borne along, for he was looked upon as the author of the war, and that conflict, unpopular even in the infrequent moments of American success, was held no less than execrable in the hours of disaster.

Gaily as though it were a summer day's picnic, the British pursued the fleeing rabble. They expected no resistance, and for a moment hung back and wavered when a sharp artillery fire fell upon them from a hill about a mile from the original battle ground. Here Captain Joshua Barney had posted himself with five naval guns, and a force of about four hundred sailors, supported on the flanks by some regulars and a regiment from Annapolis. Forgotten by his superiors, standing where he did only of his own initiative, Barney put up the only semblance of a defence that Wash-

ington saw that day. But when the British, repulsed in an attack upon his front, endeavored to turn his flanks, the militia and the regulars in prompt succession ran away. Captain Barney was thrice wounded, and though lying beside one of his disabled guns, he strove to hold his men up to the defence, they could sustain the odds no longer and joined in the general retreat.

Meantime the town toward which the mob of fugitives was rushing, was itself in a panic. The rattle of musketry, and the deeper boom of the cannon sounding ever nearer told the townsfolk that the advance of the British had not been stayed. The civilians were in a panic. Had not the British at Norfolk and Hampton burned, robbed, ravished, and violated? Had not a dozen hamlets bordering the Chesapeake stories to tell of atrocities resembling those of the red men, but perpetrated in fact by the white soldiers of King George? Why should Washington expect any better handling? All the women, at least, must be sent away for fear of the fate most fearful to their sex. Valuables must be buried, dropped into wells, concealed in any way. The banks sent off their specie. Government clerks packed state papers and documents into wagons and sent them over into Virginia. Mrs. Madison, the "Dolly" Madison of American social chronicles, filled three carriages with cabinet papers, and by a sudden happy thought cut the Stuart portrait of Washington from its frame on the White House walls and sent it to a place of concealment. Then she met her husband coming in haggard from the Bladensburg field, and with him she looked for safety a few miles from the capital. It is a matter of unpleasant record that American boors showed to the President and his wife almost as much indignity as the British could have; for coming in the dark and storming night to a small tavern, they found it crowded

with refugees who cursed Madison as the author of all their woes and barred the doors. Later they relented sufficiently to admit Mrs. Madison, but the President was compelled to take shelter in a hovel in the woods while the British harried the country-side in search of him.

The treatment of Washington by the British little belied the reputation Cockburn had earned along the Chesapeake. Entering the town from the southeast, following about the line of Pennsylvania Avenue, the invaders came first upon the Capitol, then bearing little resemblance to the stately structure of today. A picturesque tradition describes Cockburn as having seated himself in the Speaker's chair, organized a body of his hilarious followers into some semblance of a House, and put the question, "Shall this cradle of Yankee democracy be burned?" The tradition is of but doubtful authenticity, but the Capitol was burned to its four walls with all the documents it contained. Sweeping down Pennsylvania Avenue, the enemy gained the White House, which was also speedily in flames. Except sentimentally it was no wanton nor very expensive sacrifice. The Executive mansion of that day was a commonplace edifice, without the porches, the wings, the lawns, and parterres, and the stately old trees that now give it dignity. Only a few of its rooms were furnished, and the East Room, now its social centre, was commonly used for a laundry. But the British soldiers found great sport in burning the "palace of the Yankee King," even though they did not find, as many accounts have untruthfully declared, an interrupted state dinner all prepared, joints in the oven, wine cooling, plates heating and all ready for the guests who had fled. The story has lasted long in the face of the fact that for twenty-four hours before the British raided the White House, its staff, in

common with all Washington, was in a state of panic, thinking only of how to escape from the impending peril.

The destruction of the public buildings at Washington has been the cause of much acrimonious writing by Americans. The British General Ross excused it by pointing to the action of the American troops who but a few weeks earlier had burned the public buildings at York, Canada. Perhaps it was a rather rigorous application of the sternest and harshest powers of the conqueror, but one can hardly but feel that too much fuss has been raised over it in American historical writing. It is quite probable that the earliest and noisiest outcry over the barbarities of the invaders came from those to whose neglect the disaster was due. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn do not, perhaps, shine as enlightened conquerors, it is true, but in our horror at their lack of reverence for national shrines that were less than fifteen years old, we need not forget the fatuity of General Winder, charged with the defence of the capital, who never built a fort, or laid out an intrenched camp. Cockburn it would appear, was a lively spirit as well as a good fighter. "Smash up the C's, boys!" he cried, presiding over the wreck of the office of the *Intelligencer* newspaper, whose editor had denounced him with patriotic vigor. "Be sure the C's are all destroyed, so the rascals cannot any longer abuse my name!" Are there no men of public note today who would like a similar chance at the composing rooms of some modern American newspapers?

Having thus administered to the Americans what they doubtless thought a well-merited and severe chastisement for presuming to make war upon Great Britain, the British departed, leaving Washington humbled and wrathful. But, had they only known it,

this easily won victory was destined to be the last triumph for their arms in the War of 1812. They planned to capture Baltimore, after crushing Washington, and turned their steps thither, while the fleet accompanied them up Chesapeake Bay. There were more than 13,000 American soldiers in Baltimore but blundering generalship strove to halt the British force of 5,000 with only 3,200 raw militia. They fought sturdily, and in the action the British General Ross was killed, but the field was won by the enemy. It was, however, but a barren victory. When the victors strove to advance the next day, they found roads so vile and so obstructed, and opposing forts and intrenchments so formidable, that they determined to wait and let the fleet silence the forts. But this, in an all-day bombardment, the fleet failed to do, and finding the water too shallow to permit the advance of his heavier ships, the admiral declared he could do no more. Straightway then the army abandoned its efforts, the soldiers were loaded upon the ships, and shortly thereafter sailed out through the capes of the Chesapeake. At their departure the people of that sorely harassed neighborhood rejoiced mightily, while New York and Philadelphia worried lest the British forces should come their way. But the fleet sailed straight for Halifax, while the troops a little later went to Jamaica. They were to land once again on American soil, and then to go down to defeat in the most sanguinary battle of the Republic's earlier days.

The Gulf coast of the United States, at that time, seemed to offer every encouragement to an invader. Its population was of mixed nationalities. French in Louisiana, Spanish in Florida, with outlawed negro slaves and warlike Indians everywhere. There were pirates at Barataria, smugglers and freebooters in the

lagoons and amidst the keys of the Florida peninsula. The English government planned to send an expedition to capture New Orleans, and rouse these turbulent elements to revolt against the growing power of the United States on the Gulf coast, even in the territory that nominally belonged to Spain. When General Ross was slain before Baltimore, his commission for this service was on its way to him. After his death, however, command of the expedition was given to Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington and a veteran of the Napoleonic wars. In November, 1814, this officer had within striking distance of New Orleans a combined military and naval expedition such as England had seldom sent out against any foe. Fifty ships of the English navy were commanded and manned by men who had been with Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, and bore on their shining decks soldiers who had followed Wellington in the Peninsula. It was a great armada for conquest, and it bore as well the civil officers who were designed to govern the country when it was subjugated. For this was to be no mere raid, no expedition to harass the enemy. It was England in her old rôle of land robber, and it was intended to permanently hold New Orleans and shut the United States off from the Gulf and free navigation of the Mississippi.

While this expedition was in process of organization, the whole coast which it was designed to conquer was ablaze with a savage war in which Jackson with an army of Tennesseeans was fighting Creek Indians, Spaniards, renegade Americans, runaway slaves, British secret agents, West India smugglers, privateersmen, pirates, and even the regular forces of Great Britain, for a major with a force of marines had had the effrontery to seize the Spanish town of Pensacola and make it the base for conducting intrigues against

the neighboring governments of Louisiana and Kentucky. With this fighting, which was sharp enough if rather irregular, and which drove Spain from the mainland of North America, we need not deal at length here and now. Enough to say that the British failed utterly in their efforts to make of these lawless and ill-assorted elements serviceable allies to their own cause. Even the pirates of Barataria, the doughty buccaneers who followed the banner of Lafitte and had their stronghold in the marshes and bayous of the Louisiana delta, repulsed the British overtures and turned their guns on the British invaders.

Early in December, the lawless elements along the Gulf coast, east of New Orleans, had been so generally subjugated that Jackson felt safe in leaving that field to others, and going himself to the defence of New Orleans. It was high time. Indeed, except for the phenomenal energy, the unwearying vigor with which he pushed the preparations for defence, the British would have found an unprepared city, an easy prize, and the name of Jackson, instead of being identified with one of our greatest victories over a foreign foe, would have been a synonym for costly delay. He risked much and the government and people of Louisiana were equally negligent. The British fleet was off the coast of Cuba before any steps had been taken for the defence of the city. Indeed the enemy had made a landing at Chandeleur Island, near the mouth of Lake Borgne, and had demolished a small flotilla of gunboats posted to defend that route to New Orleans before any real activity began among the defenders of the city. Then Jackson woke up and once roused to action, he was a man to compel obedience, admiration, respect, and loyalty. His couriers flew in every direction bearing orders that cracked like a whip. Fort St. Philip, near the passes of the Mississippi must hold

out while there was a gun left and a man to point it. General Coffee, with two thousand men near Baton Rouge, was called to make forced marches to the menaced city. General Winchester was put upon his guard at Mobile. Volunteers came trooping in—fishermen and hunters from the bayous and marshes, sailors from the Gulf, from Grande Terre came members of Lafitte's scattered band of pirates headed by Dominique You, as gallant a fighter as he was a rapacious thief. In the city was a sorely mixed population of Frenchmen, Spaniards, creoles, quadroons, all nationalities and divers mixtures. It was no part of Jackson's plan to let them sit idly back while others fought in their defence. "Every man who fails to take a gun and report for duty," he proclaimed, "will be looked upon as an enemy and treated accordingly." And when some who looked askance on the rough life of the camp, talked of the writ of habeas corpus, the general promptly put the city under martial law and ran it without interference from the courts.

Meantime the British were landing from their ships on the shore of Lake Borgne. The obvious way to New Orleans was up the Mississippi from its mouth, but the current was swift, and the way blocked by Fort St. Philip. Accordingly the invaders planned to approach the city through the shallow lakes opening off the Gulf, and the bayous with which that water-logged coast is fairly honeycombed. By this line of approach, two English officers made their way to the Villeré plantation only six miles from New Orleans and returning, guided thither some sixteen hundred men. The plantation house was seized, its occupants made prisoners lest a warning be sent to the threatened town, and word sent back to the British camp to hurry forward all available troops. The outpost was but six

miles from the city, and no fortification of any kind barred the pathway thither.

That was a critical moment for the greatest Southern city of the Union—a city which indeed promised then to be the greatest in the Union and would have fulfilled that promise had not railroads supplanted rivers as avenues of commerce. The British were massing before its undefended streets an army of veterans, men who had made the weary marches of the Iberian Peninsula, and withstood the fierce assaults of the Napoleonic legions. Most fortunately for New Orleans, Major Villeré managed to elude his guards and, making his way through the night, reached Jackson's headquarters and gave the alarm. Then the tocsin rang out from the great bell of the Cathedral, drums beat on every hand and into the Place d'Armes—the "Jackson Square" of modern New Orleans—poured the motley throng of fighting men. Swiftly they were put on the march for the Villeré plantation, and there by mid-afternoon of the 24th of December, 1814, they surprised the enemy in a fog so thick that in the hand-to-hand fighting which occurred friend could hardly be told from foe. The armed vessel "Carolina" dropped down the river and with her guns took the enemy in flank. As a battle it was satisfying—a sort not often to be seen again, for all weapons from fists and knives up to artillery were employed in the mêlée. The fight was inconclusive, though the British were driven back. Its chief value was upon the morale of the American troops who learned by it that even veterans of the Peninsula could be made to run away.

Straightway after the conflict, Jackson arranged his army on the neighboring plain of Chalmette, in a straight line reaching from the river to the neighboring cypress swamp with a shallow canal before it. The

redoubt was mainly of earthwork, though the favorite fiction of cotton bales playing a part in its construction has some slight foundation in fact. But the few bales thus used proved so inflammable that they were quickly thrown aside. The line of men back of the breastworks presented a curious motley appearance. Lanky Tennesseeans in coon-skin hats stood side by side with debonair creoles handling the carabines of Old France. A group of sailors from the "Carolina" which the British had destroyed with red-hot shot, served a small battery of ship's guns, while a group of swarthy pirates from Barataria, commanded by Dominique You, served two 24's. Free negroes fought side by side with gaily attired New Orleans militiamen, who in the days of peace looked upon them with contempt and scorn. There were Frenchmen there who had fought with the Little Corporal and were not sorry to train a gun again on the Redcoats. Motley the line may have been, contemptible perhaps in the eyes of a trained soldier who demanded perfectly drilled and equipped battalions. But the men behind that redoubt could shoot, knew no fear and were quite aware that they stood at a crisis in their country's history.

For more than a week the foes confronted each other, Pakenham hurrying forward additional troops until he had six thousand seasoned veterans on the field. His lines lay in the midst of rich sugar plantations, and as the Americans experimented with cotton bales for breastworks, he tried hogsheads of sugar with similar ill-success. Sand and sugar are not irreconcilable in groceries, but are not of equal value in fortifications. For more than a week there was a spluttering fight between the two foes, the most serious fighting being an artillery duel between batteries on opposite sides of the Mississippi River. The Ameri-

can battery on the west bank harassed the British severely, and to destroy it Pakenham had a canal dug and boats floated through from Lake Borgne to the river. The plan was to make the attack on the 7th of January, moving by both sides of the river simultaneously. The British had carefully reconnoitred the ground in front of the American line, and were aware that a small canal or deep ditch had first to be crossed, then a high rampart to be rushed. To deal with the former they made fascines, or bundles of sugar-cane which the first line of attack was to throw into the ditch filling it to a level; the second line carried scaling ladders with which to overcome the redoubt. A point near the swamp end of the American line was chosen as the point of attack. An American deserter had told Pakenham that this was the weak spot in the American defence. This was true when he reported it, but after that it was manned by Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen—hunters whose chosen targets were the swift speeding deer or the leaping squirrel. To them a British soldier clad in the gaudy trappings of the day was a mark that could not be missed. From the point at which the British lines deployed into the open to the ditch was about four hundred yards—about a quarter of a mile of level plain to be crossed with no shadow of protection from the unerring rifles of the mountaineers who, safe behind breastworks, could take calm and unerring aim. In our day, with modern tactics the advance would have been made by widely separated men, uniformed inconspicuously, running forward a few score yards and dropping to earth, there to cover with a heavy fire a like rush of others behind them. But in 1814, a battle was more of a pageant. The British were clad in scarlet, many wearing bearskins, each breast crossed by white pipe clayed belts with a glittering buckle showing precisely the best

point at which to aim. They advanced shoulder to shoulder in columns with sixty men to the front. There was no spot at which a ball could pass without piercing its man. Of course they charged steadily and bravely. The British soldier has always been notable for dogged courage. But flesh and blood could not stand the withering fire that sprung from the American earthworks. The assailants fell, they did not run. Like grass before the scythe of a mower, said an eyewitness, they went down. At last the whole line melted away without reaching the ditch for which it had started. The stragglers made their way back to shelter and the broad plain was left covered by spots and patches of red.

Rallied and reformed they returned to the charge, this time at a run. They reached the ditch but by some blunder the negro regiment bearing the fascines failed to reach there first and there was no way of crossing. In the face of this fatal blunder, the troops wavered, and in their gallant efforts to rally them, the officers paid a heavy toll of death. Pakenham, cheering and waving his hat as he spurred on his horse, was struck by a cannon ball. General Gibbs fell within twenty yards of the redoubt. Colonel Dale of the Highlanders was slain, and his regiment, which went into the fight with more than nine hundred men, came out with only 140 alive and uninjured. Two officers only reached the crest of the American works. One fell instantly, riddled with bullets. The other boldly demanded the swords of two American officers who confronted him. They laughed, bade him look over his shoulder. He looked for the regiment he thought was at his back, but found his men had "vanished as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up." The whole battle took twenty minutes, but for hours the next day, while the white flags waved

over the opposing lines the burial parties labored laying away the British dead. Nearly 700 were buried including 3 generals, 7 colonels, and 75 officers of lesser rank. In all some 2,000 were killed, wounded, or captured. The American loss was 7 killed and 6 wounded. Jackson had about 5,700 men in line of whom it is said "barely one-third fired a gun."

For more than two weeks General Lambert, who had succeeded to the British command, lingered on the field. He made no further move against New Orleans nor did Jackson venture to attack him. The war indeed was over; had been officially ended before the sanguinary battle, for the treaty between the two nations had been signed at Ghent on Christmas Eve, 1814. But there were then no ocean cables, nor even ocean greyhounds to carry swiftly the news of peace, and it was long weeks before the intelligence reached the United States. Not until February 18 was the treaty approved by Congress and proclaimed the supreme law of the land.

The War of 1812 called into action on the part of the United States 56,032 regulars and 471,622 militia and volunteers. Viewing these figures one is somewhat appalled by the statement of General Upton, the official historian of the United States army that "the largest force of British regulars opposed to us was 16,500." But at the beginning of the war, most of our regulars were of little more service than the militia. Men are about alike, whether professional or amateur soldiers and the superior efficiency of the former grows only out of their greater experience in war. In 1812, the new regular regiments were no braver than the new militia regiments, but in the Civil War the long service made of the volunteers a fighting machine quite equal to the regular regiments, and

by the time Appomattox came the two branches of the service were equally efficient. The great lesson of the War of 1812 was that a regular army, even though a small one, was essential to the national defence, and that the short periods of enlistment which resulted in the melting away of whole commands at critical moments were fairly suicidal. The lack of a regular army, too, resulted in a complete lack of properly equipped general officers. Hence the disasters of the early days of the war under civil officials like Hull, Dearborn, and Wilkinson. It took nearly three years of fighting to produce leaders like Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott.

If the war had not been glorious—as was indeed the case save upon the ocean—it had at least not been burdensome upon the people. In contradistinction to the prodigious number of troops called out is the fact that at no time were there more than 30,000 actually under arms and thus drawn away from the vocations of peace. In no battle were there engaged more than 4,000 men. The total loss of the whole war—in land battles—is estimated at less than 1,600 killed and 3,500 wounded. Foreign trade it is true had been killed by the war, but the energies thus checked found outlet in domestic manufactures. The embargo was more effective than the highest protective tariff. The British raids along the sea-coast were harassing but had no effect on the general well-being of the country. Not a single town of any commercial importance was in the hands of the enemy for even a single day. And thus when peace opened once more the ocean highway to American ships, the store of produce ready for export was prodigious and the rejoicings that attended the end of the war signalized as well the dawn of a new era of prosperity.

AMERICAN ARTILLERY ENTERING PONCE, P. R.

CHAPTER X

The War with Mexico—Strengthening the Regular Army—General Taylor in Mexico—Battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma—General Scott's Invasion—Capture of the City of Mexico.

SHORTLY after the conclusion of the War of 1812 Congress enacted a law for the establishment of the army in time of peace, fixing the whole number of men at ten thousand. Military historians criticise the law for defects in prescribing the form of organization of the forces, but at the same time recognize in it the first step after the creation of the United States to give the nation a true and a continuing army. Major-General Emory Upton, whose book "The Military Policy of the United States" is the final authority upon the subject says of this law and its effects:

"From this moment, wherever the Regular Army has met the enemy, the conduct of the officers and the men has merited and received the applause of their countrymen. It has rendered the country vastly more important service than by merely sustaining the national honor in battle. It has preserved and still preserves to us the military art; has formed the standard of discipline for the vast number of brave volunteers of our late wars, and while averting disaster and bloodshed, has furnished us with military commanders to lead armies of citizens whose exploits are now famous in the history of the world."

We are apt to think of the period between the end of the war with England in 1815 and the outbreak with Mexico in 1845 as one of profound peace. But as a matter of fact, there was scarcely a year of that whole

era when some portion of the regular army was not in the field against the Indians, and the border warfare frequently took on so serious a character that a call for volunteers was necessary. The Seminole War, the Black Hawk War, and the Florida War were the chief of these contests. The last began in 1835 with the massacre of about 110 officers and men of the regular army by the Seminole Indians in Florida, and lasted no less than seven years. Though the war was waged against an uncivilized enemy ill-equipped with arms or munitions of war, and numbering only about 1,200 warriors in all, there were employed during the seven years no less than 60,000 troops. This seemingly huge force to employ against so puny a foe, was made necessary by the short term of enlistments of volunteers and militia. The "three months'" regiments had scarcely time to reach the theatre of war when their enlistments expired and they went gaily home as though from vacation. General Winfield Scott, to whom the task of breaking up the Seminoles and moving their shattered remnants from Florida had been committed, once incautiously expressed his confidence that he could speedily end the war with "3,000 troops, not volunteers." The nation, firm in the belief that a citizen soldiery was the ideal military defence of the nation rose in clamorous wrath. In vain did General Scott explain and excuse. Plaintively he wrote, "I am, of course, delivered over to the hostility of the whole body of the militia," and he foresaw clearly, for presently he was removed from his command. Yet when the war was ended it was made clear that had it been fought by a comparatively small body of trained regular troops the cost in years, money and in life would have been vastly less.

Despite this fact, however, Congress followed the

close of the Florida War by an immediate reduction of the regular army from 12,539 officers and men to 8,613. Clear-sighted men could already discern (1842) on the southwestern frontier another war-cloud gathering. The territory which came in time to be known as Texas was a part of Mexico, but fast filling up with immigrants from the North, men to whom the Latin-American ideas of state and church were intolerable. Their continued government by Mexico was impossible, as impossible as it would be for the Americans now in Alaska to be governed by the native Aleuts. There was first outlawry in Texas, then organized revolt against Mexico, finally successful revolution and the creation of the Independent State of Texas. The incorporation of that state with our Federal Union was as much a case of manifest destiny as the admission of Florida, but it gave to the Mexicans the gravest offence. They professed to see in the original revolt of the Texans the outcropping of an underhanded intrigue of the United States seeking for more land. The resentment of the Mexicans was echoed by a large portion of our own people, who insisted that the admission of Texas was a scheme to strengthen the Southern states at the expense of the Northern commonwealths, and thus to bolster up the slave-holding power—for already the crusade against slavery was in full tide and current.

I have no intention of discussing here the reasons for the Mexican War, nor shall I recount the bitter denunciations by the Whigs of the war that followed, who declared it a barbarous squandering of blood and treasure in an effort to force an unwilling people into our Union. Something of that feeling still exists, but one who will follow the course of the Rio Grande and compare the states of that Union on the north of it, with the provinces of Mexico on the south, will not

doubt that the war with Mexico made in the end for civilization and the progress of mankind.

While the question of the annexation of Texas was still in abeyance, General Zachary Taylor was ordered from New Orleans with 4,000 men of the regular army and authority to call on the governors of adjacent states for more in case of need, to protect the frontier of the United States. He was directed to establish himself at some point on or near the Rio Grande, and was further instructed that any effort of the Mexicans to cross that stream in large numbers would be construed as an invasion of the United States and the beginning of hostilities. From time to time after General Taylor had taken up his first position at Corpus Christi, he was given more warlike orders and finally moved his army to Matamoras on the east bank of the Rio Grande. This was construed by the Mexicans as an invasion of their territory and a demand for his retirement was made upon General Taylor, who gave it no attention. Then, for a few days, two hostile armies confronted each other, within sight of the flags and sound of the drums. There could be no hope that out of such a situation anything but war could come, however strenuously the governments at Washington and the City of Mexico might strive to avert it. Come it did. Two American officers wandering out of lines were killed by the Mexicans. A force of 25 American dragoons reconnoitring within territory claimed by Texas and Mexico were cut off and killed or captured. There was no longer any averting the conflict. Congress passed a bill declaring that a state of war existed through the act of Mexico, called for 50,000 volunteers and appropriated $10,000,000. This was in May, 1846.

Viewed from a strictly military standpoint, the war with Mexico presents as unbroken a record of success

as the War of 1812 did of disaster. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vista, the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, form an unbroken list of victories. Yet the war was not popular during its prosecution, and is spoken of apologetically in the histories of the period. The denunciations of it in Congress and in the press, the excoriations to which President Polk was subjected because of it, and the savage sectionalism manifested throughout the debate have affected public sentiment even to the present day. Yet no one who will painstakingly study the conditions existing along the border at the time of the outbreak of hostilities, will question that the war was inevitable, any more than one familiar with the present states of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, will doubt that it was for the ultimate good of mankind.

Hostilities once begun progressed rapidly. General Taylor had under his command an effective force of about 3,500 men. Four-fifths of his officers had been educated at West Point, and the little army had been continually drilling for the past six months in the camp at Corpus Christi. Though he had called upon the governors of Louisiana and Mississippi for aid, the storm of battle burst before the volunteers could reach him and the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were fought with his original force.

While building a fort directly across the river from Matamoras, General Taylor received word that his base of supplies at Point Isabel, a few miles distant, was menaced by the Mexicans. With the greater part of his army he went thither, leaving a small detachment under command of Major Brown to hold the fort. The Mexicans attacked as soon as the American column was out of sight, but as they confined their attack to artillery and the fort possessed good bomb-

proofs, little was accomplished. Before leaving, General Taylor had told Major Brown that all he wanted was that the fort should be held, and that no matter how tempting an opening might be proffered by the enemy, the garrison must not be put in jeopardy by any sortie. Accordingly for six days the fort sustained a heavy fire, replying but weakly as the powder of the defenders was low and they were not minded to waste it. Probably had the Mexicans known the state of affairs, they would have carried the fort by assault, but they contented themselves with repeated demands for a surrender, and a heavy bombardment which, though noisy, did but little damage. The garrison was wearying of the continued cannonade and the gallant Brown, exposing himself in a tour of inspection, had received a wound which turned out to be fatal, when the sound of guns other than those of the besiegers fell upon the ears of the besieged. They thought they were signal guns from Taylor, but they carried in fact a grimmer message, for that officer, returning from Point Isabel, had fallen in with the Mexicans on the field of Palo Alto. The enemy had the advantage of an intrenched position and, according to Taylor, of numbers as well—6,000 to his 2,300, he estimated. But he attacked them vigorously and drove them from the field, encamping his forces there for the night. The next day, following up his advantage with vigor, he found the foe strongly posted in a ravine crossing the road, and lined with picturesque palm trees—hence its name Resaca de la Palma, or Palma Ravine. Again the Americans attacked and were victorious after sharp fighting. In the two battles the Americans lost 170 killed and wounded; the Mexicans about 1,000. General Arista fled across the Rio Grande and ultimately to Monterey. Taylor in a few days crossed to Matamoras and the actual invasion of Mexico had

begun. Prior to this crossing, the fighting had been upon ground claimed by the United States as part of Texas, though the Mexicans sturdily denied this claim and declared that the invasion of their territory began when Taylor advanced to the bank of the Rio Grande.

These three victories won at the very outset of the war encouraged the people of the United States greatly. More than that, they led to a revolution in Mexico by which the warlike President Parades was driven from the presidency, and General Santa Anna was recalled from exile and made President in his place. It was the theory of the Administration at Washington that Santa Anna was not unfavorably inclined to the United States, though in the war which resulted in the independence of Texas he had fought gallantly, even savagely against the Texans and his name had become synonymous with barbarity and massacre. Nevertheless in his return to power, President Polk thought he saw an opportunity to negotiate for peace. But the overtures made were coldly referred to the Mexican Congress, which was not to meet for some months. For the United States there was then no choice save to prepare to push the war to the utmost. Taylor's victories had fired the warlike spirit of the land, and volunteers when called for responded eagerly. Twenty-three thousand were soon under arms, and distributed along the Mexican frontier. The Army of the West, under General Kearny was to invade New Mexico, capture Santa Fe, and go on into California. General Wool was given command of the Army of the Centre, which assembled at San Antonio and was to invade Chihuahua. Taylor's Army of Occupation already on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, received most of the new soldiers.

Taylor being already within the field of war, should have been the first to move. The Mexicans in his

front were disorganized and demoralized, a thousand fleeing before a mere handful of United States dragoons. One such pursuing party passed a hacienda from the gate of which a farmer shouted asking where they were going. "Trying to catch General Arista," was the response. "Catch him?" said the native in surprise. "Why his men told me that he had utterly destroyed the American army and that they were going to Mexico City with the tidings of victory."

The Mexican demoralization, however, was not seized upon by the United States leaders as it should have been. Volunteers flocked fast to Matamoras, but they were of course raw and untrained and fit only for camps of instruction. Nor did supplies and means of transportation keep pace with the flood of new recruits. For three months General Taylor was occupied in perfecting his new army, and making it a dependable machine. But during those three months, the Mexicans were equally busy in fortifying and reenforcing Monterey, which all foresaw must be the next point of attack on the south of the Rio Grande.

Meanwhile the Army of the West was busy with an active campaign that had in it little bloodshed but was, perhaps, of all campaigns since the Revolution, the most fruitful of national good—for it gave to the United States New Mexico and the great empire known as California. It was not a large army to accomplish such great ends. Mustered at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, preparatory to setting out on its campaign, it numbered 1,658 men with 16 pieces of artillery. General Stephen W. Kearny and Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, his second in command, were destined to write their names large in the history of their country. In June, 1846, they set out over the plains on the long march to California. Kearny was instructed to proceed through New Mexico, then a prov-

ince of Mexico and occupy Santa Fe, its ancient capital and a spot antedating in time of settlement many of the most populous cities of the United States. The march was arduous, across burning plains and sun-baked deserts, where water was scarce, muddy, and tainted with alkali. Every obstacle that nature could put in the way of the advancing column was interposed, but no human enemy appeared. Bands of Comanches rode up to the camp but only in friendship. Settlers and scouts reported Mexicans lurking in the distance but as their haunts were approached they vanished, even as did the cool blue lakes or the stately cities that the mirages painted on the burning sands of the desert. Santa Fe was occupied without a shot and with it the territory of New Mexico, 200,000 square miles with every variety of soil from sandy desert to fertile valleys and lofty peaks were added to the domain of the United States by the mere hoisting of a flag and firing a salute.

Meanwhile quite unknown to General Kearny, or for that matter, to the government at Washington, California was being won for the nation by wholly irregular forces under the command of Colonel John C. Fremont, who came to be known in the American political vocabulary as the "Pathfinder." In 1845, this officer, with a party of 50 or 60 men, was in California on an exploring expedition. His followers were not soldiers in the sense of being enlisted men of the army, but they submitted to a sort of quasi-discipline, acknowledged Fremont as their leader and could fight if necessary. The times in California were treacherous. It was still Mexican territory but was filling fast with Americans, and though war had not been declared with Mexico, the rumors of revolution after the Mexican fashion were general. Indeed these rumors had reached the ears of President Polk.

That statesman was sincerely desirous of maintaining peace with Mexico. But he was even more desirous of adding California to the territory of the United States. Accordingly in dispatches to one Larkin, American consul at Monterey, California, and to Commodore Stockton who had two United States vessels of war on the Pacific coast, he instructed them to make no overt move against Mexico but to encourage any possible revolutionary movement. Naturally enough, the revolt occurred, and a handful of Californians raised the banner of independence which became famous as the Bear Flag. Fremont, with his men, already under suspicion by the Mexican authorities, joined the revolutionists, and with them was on his way to attack the Mexican General Castro when the first tidings of the declaration of war with Mexico were received. Without more ado the Bear Flag was hauled down and the American Flag waved over the revolutionary army. All this was done without authority of any sort from Washington. Commodore Sloat, commanding the Pacific squadron, hearing of Fremont's activity and inferring that an officer of the United States army would not embark on a career of conquest without orders from Washington, proceeded to capture Monterey, Sonoma and Sacramento, raising the Stars and Stripes above each place and taking possession in the name of the United States. But on effecting a juncture with Fremont, and learning that that officer had no official sanction for his proceedings, the Commodore became timid and set off for Washington, turning over the command of his ships to the second in command, Commodore Stockton. Stockton had no such compunctions and joined with Fremont, landing his marines, and proclaiming himself Governor of California.

So it happened that when General Kearny, after

taking Sante Fe, undertook to carry out the rest of his orders by invading California, he was met early on his march by the famous scout, Kit Carson, with the news that the work was done, and that an American governor sat in Sacramento. The tidings were disheartening enough to the leader who had expected himself to plant the American flag beyond the Sierras and to make the Pacific the western frontier of the United States. However, he determined to continue his march, though like a good soldier he sent the major part of his dragoons back to join General Wool who was about to invade Chihuahua; for, thought Kearny, since California has already been subdued the place where troops will be the most needed will be along the Mexican border.

As it turned out, however, he was premature in abandoning his hope of further military glory. Stockton, thinking California thoroughly subjugated appointed Fremont governor in his stead and sailed away with his marines to attack the west coast of Mexico. The result proved among other things that it is sometimes dangerous to teach people the art of revolution. The Californians who had revolted against Mexico and warmly welcomed Fremont's aid, became discontented when they saw that the officer and Stockton planned nothing less than their own immediate incorporation into the United States. They had dreamed of a free and independent state of California, and as soon as the naval guns and marines had faded beyond the horizon they revolted again. Lieutenant Gillespie was driven out of San Pedro. The garrison at San Diego fled on a whaler to avoid capture. Lieutenant Talbot was forced to abandon Santa Barbara, and by the time word could be gotten to Stockton practically the whole of Southern California was in revolt against both Mexico and the United States.

For the moment Kearny regretted the dragoons he had sent back to Chihuahua, but he soon effected a junction with the forces of Stockton who had returned in haste from Mexico. In two slight skirmishes the insurgents were routed and the authority of the United States was reëstablished over California without further serious fighting. It was a magnificent and a glorious empire to add to the nation—worth perhaps more than all the rest of Mexico. Yet the Mexicans, busy with the invading American troops along the Rio Grande gave but little attention to its defence. Perhaps they foresaw that the westward course of American settlement made the loss of California to them inevitable and so let it go. At any rate no territory so rich and attractive was ever gained by a nation at so little cost of blood and treasure.

The detachment of the Army of the West under Colonel Doniphan, who had been ordered to join with General Wool at Sonora, never effected that junction. The fault was Wool's, he having been delayed at Saltillo. But Doniphan's march was long celebrated in American military annals. One part of it was across ninety miles of sandy and waterless desert which the Mexicans had significantly named Jornada de la Muerte, or the Journey of Death. With no water, nor any wood for campfires though the nights were bitter cold, the dragoons plodded along over the soft and drifting sand for three days. Hunger, thirst, and cold beset them, and they had hardly emerged from the desert when, on Christmas day, a heavy force of the enemy made up largely of cavalry fell upon them, displaying the black flag and crying, "No quarter!" Doniphan's troops behaved with great gallantry. For an hour 500 Americans resisted the assaults of more than 1,500 Mexicans, and when the assailants turned to flee it was with a loss of 75 killed and 145

wounded. The Americans reported none killed and only eight or ten wounded. The blow was a stunning one to the enemy, and for some days thereafter on his march into Mexican territory the white flag, not the black one, greeted Doniphan as he approached towns and villages. El Paso was occupied without resistance, and an immense quantity of munitions of war captured which Doniphan was later obliged to destroy, being unable to use or transport them. A few reënforcements reached Doniphan at El Paso, though General Wool was not heard from. With his augmented column, numbering little more than a thousand men, Doniphan took up the march to Chihuahua. Again the forces of nature were more cruel and more obstinate in their opposition than the forces of man. A desert of deep, soft sand sixty miles long had first to be crossed, and men and beasts suffered cruelly for lack of water. Many horses and mules had to be abandoned to die slowly of exhaustion and thirst, and only kindly mutual aid helped the weaker soldiers to get out of the death's valley alive. For days the march was through deserts, and then around snow-encrusted mountain peaks. At one point the whole command was exposed to destruction by a prairie fire, the flames of which leaped twenty feet high and threatened to engulf the artillery train with its wagon-loads of explosives. Overcoming this, as they had the other obstacles placed in their path by nature, the little army of Americans came at last, on the 28th of February, in sight of the river Sacramento where the Mexicans had established a great armed camp and were prepared to give them battle. Outnumbered four to one, Doniphan hesitated not a moment, but attacked with such dash and gallantry that the Mexicans were routed and driven from their intrenchments. Never did a confident foe suffer a ruder awakening. Amongst the

spoils which fell into the hands of the victors were a great quantity of handcuffs which the Mexicans had provided for the American prisoners they expected to take. The trenches were but eighteen miles from the city of Chihuahua, of which indeed they formed the main defence, and thousands of people had come out to vantage points on the neighboring hills whence they could witness the defeat and slaughter of the Americans. Instead, they witnessed the complete rout of their own army with 320 killed, 560 wounded, and 70 made prisoners. The Americans were fairly embarrassed by the prodigious quantity of spoil that fell into their hands, which included 50,000 sheep, 1,100 head of cattle, 100 mules, 25,000 pounds of ammunition, and 10 cannon. Doniphan's official report gave one officer killed and 11 men wounded, so slight a loss that it throws some doubt on the figures of losses attributed to the enemy. A few days later the Americans occupied Chihuahua, a city of some 25,000 inhabitants and at that time one of the most splendid, architecturally, of the smaller Mexican towns. There they remained until ordered back to the United States.

Splendid as were the achievements of the Army of the West, and priceless as were its contributions to the territory of the nation, the real battle for the subjugation of Mexico was fought by the Army of Occupation at first under General Taylor, later under General Scott. In that army there served in the capacity of subalterns young soldiers whose names in later years loomed large in the history of their country. Ulysses S. Grant was there, as also was his skilful and high-minded opponent, Robert E. Lee. Jefferson Davis fought bravely for the Stars and Stripes and the roster of regiments engaged at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, and Churubusco bore many names that blazed with heroic fire in the Civil War.

While New Mexico and California were being won General Taylor rested quietly at Matamoras. There was trouble about supplies, and wagons for their transportation, but while the army and the country were impatient at the time, the delay was in fact advantageous, as it gave three months of drill in the instruction camps to turn the raw levies of volunteers into something like an army. By August, 1846, the general was ready to move, and selected as his objective the city of Monterey. The delay that Taylor had used for drill the Mexicans had employed in fortifying this town which stood on the bank of the San Juan River and was completely surrounded by forts, two of which bore the strangely contrasting names of The Bishop's Palace and El Diablo; however, there is nothing in names and the Bishop's Palace proved harder to take than the Devil. Besides its outlying defences the whole city was a fort, with its narrow streets and solid masonry houses. After the tropical style of architecture the stone walls of the houses rose three or four feet above the flat roofs, making of each house a miniature fortress. About ten thousand Mexicans defended the town and the forts by which it was surrounded. General Taylor had about six thousand men, having been compelled to leave an equal number behind at Fort Brown for lack of wagons to transport the needed munitions.

During its advance upon Monterey, consuming nearly a month, the American army met with no opposition. Mexican cavalry hovered about the front, but retired steadily and the army was within three miles of the city before it became apparent that at last the enemy intended to stand and fight. One of the first notes of defiance was a cannon-ball which struck within a few feet of General Taylor himself. That commander who had expressed the belief that the enemy

would offer no resistance whatever, was moved by this incident to draw off somewhat and make plans for a hard-fought battle. And the fighting was desperate, as savage as in any battle of a war in which the Mexicans proved their mettle as good as that of any men who ever served a battery or breasted a bayonet charge. The citadel, or Black Fort as the Americans called it, a masonry work about 200 feet square, with a parapet 12 feet thick facing a 12-foot ditch, beat back Colonel Garland's command of Mississippians and Tennesseeans with frightful slaughter, and withstood charge after charge. Once the Tennesseeans led by Lieutenant Nixon leaped the ditch, scaled the wall, and turned the guns they captured upon the fleeing garrison. But the foothold thus gained was lost again and the citadel remained in the possession of the Mexicans until the whole army capitulated. El Diablo held out all of the first day and part of the second, spitting out grape-shot and rifle-balls at its assailants until the guns of the captured fortress El Tanerio were brought to bear upon it when its defenders fled. By roads cut through the fields of corn and cane the Americans converged upon the beleaguered town from every point save the side protected by the river. There was no question of the audacity of the attack nor the gallantry of the defence. In one charge a Tennessee regiment lost 100 out of its 300 men. The first day ended with some slight advantage to the Americans, but with the city still inviolate and the Mexican flag still flying defiantly over most of its defences.

A bivouac in a driving rain and a following day of rain with but desultory fighting did not add to the comfort or improve the temper of the warring forces. The dead lay unburied in the fields and trenches, and such of the wounded as were moved from the spots

where they had fallen received their succor under fire, for the armistice proposed by the Americans for this purpose was refused by the Mexicans. The day thereafter however, the 23rd of September, the fight was renewed with such vigor that the assailants were soon in the city. The Bishop's Palace was the last of the outlying defences to fall. General Worth had been directing the attack upon the city from the northwest; Taylor from the northeast, and for two days there had been no communication between the generals. Only by the noise and smoke of battle could either judge of the other's position. On the morning of the 23rd Colonel Jefferson Davis was ordered by Taylor into the city from his side. The advance was made with the utmost gallantry accompanied by skilful tactics, for as the narrow streets were made charnel-houses by riflemen on the roofs Davis broke through the walls of houses, posted his own men on the roofs and thus fairly tore his way through the buildings from street to street. Worth's men were fighting their way to the city's heart from the other side, and the Mexicans retreating from point to point were massed in the central plaza when night fell. Throughout the darkness the Americans worked bringing up guns, pushing forward troops, and making ready to make of the city's festal square a place of bloody carnage when day should break. But before morning came General Ampudia sent a flag to General Taylor asking for an armistice.

The armistice was speedily agreed to, the terms being so liberal on the part of the Americans that when the report reached Washington the President in a rage repudiated it, and sent orders to General Taylor to resume the offensive at once. But all the essentials of the agreement had by that time been fulfilled—the Mexicans had marched out, saluting their flag

and carrying their arms, while seven weeks of the eight weeks' truce provided by the armistice had passed.

Military authorities do not take so harsh a view of the terms agreed upon by General Taylor as did the President. In the battle the American losses were 488 killed and wounded, or about one-tenth of the force engaged. No estimate of the Mexican loss was made. Promptly upon receipt of the orders from Washington, General Taylor renewed his advance, and entered Saltillo without opposition. General Wool meanwhile had marched with 2,400 men to a point called Parras, seventy miles from Saltillo.

At this time a curious thing happened which might well have destroyed a great part of the American army in Mexico, and set back the course of the war several years. While Taylor was winning battles along the Rio Grande and in the northern tier of Mexican provinces the military authorities at Washington were debating the grand stroke of the war, the capture of the Mexican capital. There was discussion as to how it should be effected, whether from Tampico or Vera Cruz, seaports on the Gulf of Mexico which our navy could readily capture, and which would afford a base for an army marching upon the City of Mexico. The project of reënforcing Taylor and having him continue his march from Monterey southward to the capital was discussed, but wisely abandoned. Not quite so wise, and certainly not fair to this victorious general, was the determination to strip him of all his regular troops and most of his seasoned volunteers, to be given to General Winfield Scott for an expedition against Vera Cruz, and thence to Mexico City.

Despatches to this effect were sent to Taylor. Instead of reaching him they fell into the hands of Santa Anna who hailed with natural glee the tidings that the

general who had been beating him in every battle was to be deprived of his best troops by the political authorities in Washington. The Mexican general began at once preparations to avail himself of the opportunity thus offered, and Taylor, being in ignorance of the blow that President Polk was preparing to deal him, went on pushing his offensive operations in a way that fairly seemed to invite the attack of Santa Anna. Hearing that a naval force under Captain Perry had taken Tampico he resolved to occupy Victoria, the capital of a nearby Mexican province. Accordingly, he called into action the troops that had been left at Matamoras under General Patterson and was himself on the way from Monterey to meet them, when he heard that Santa Anna was about to attack General Worth at Saltillo. There was a time of swift changing of plans, much countermarching, and seeming vacillation, but in the end Victoria was seized and there Taylor first heard the news of the stripping of his command. General Worth and 4,700 men were to be sent to Scott, and the men chosen included all but one thousand of his regulars and half his veteran volunteers. With a handful of trained soldiers and such raw recruits as he could gather he was left to hold a long line in the enemy's country already menaced by the Mexicans' most dashing general, Santa Anna and a force of twenty thousand men, mostly veterans. The order was brutally unfair and Taylor made a spirited protest, but proved his title to the affectionate nickname his men had given him, "Old Rough and Ready," by preparing to do his best with the force left him. Many generals in such case would have resigned—and justifiably. Taylor stuck, fought, and won the battle of Buena Vista, and with it won the Presidency of the United States.

After seeing the flower of his army march away

to join Scott, Taylor returned to Monterey and went thence with his entire army of about 5,000 men to a point called Agua Nueva, about 20 miles from Saltillo, where he established a camp of instruction. Most of his men were sadly in need of drill, but the endeavor to make soldiers of them was rudely interrupted early in February, when at the news of the coming of Santa Anna Taylor fell back with his force to the pass of Angostura, a narrow defile in the mountains which he had previously selected as the spot at which he would fight the defensive battle on which he knew the fate of his army, and the future of all the successes won by the American army in that part of Mexico would depend. A hacienda, or large plantation near the spot was called Buena Vista, whence the battle afterward took its name.

The Mexicans approached the day of battle with the utmost confidence. Santa Anna had with him 20,000 men, well drilled and equipped, and for the most part veterans. General Taylor had 4,759 men of whom but 517 were regulars. His artillery under the command of the regulars, Sherman, Washington, and Bragg, had seen hard service and gave a gallant account of itself during the fight. But most of his troops were volunteers and their action on the field wins high plaudits from General Emory A. Upton, whose book, "The Military Policy of the United States," published by the government, is a plea for the regular soldier and a long, but judicial criticism of the record of the militia in our wars.

Before opening battle Santa Anna with apparent good reason called on Taylor to surrender. "You are surrounded," wrote the Mexican chieftain on the morning of Washington's birthday, 1847, "by 20,000 men, and cannot avoid being cut to pieces. I wish to save you this disaster, and summon you to

surrender at discretion, and give you an hour to make up your mind."

"Old Rough and Ready" rejected the hour proffered for reflection and sent word by the messenger who brought the summons, "I decline acceding to your request."

The battle was begun at dawn. The ground occupied by the Americans was rugged, cut up by gullies, flanked on one side by a deep ravine and commanded on the other by a considerable mountain, the slopes of which were held by the enemy. It was a field on which artillery could be of supreme service and the Americans were fortunate in having several batteries posted on ridges that commanded the line of the Mexican attack. But by their superior numbers the enemy, for the time, threatened to sweep the Americans away. They hotly attacked on each flank and on the centre, the attacking body in each instance being superior in numbers to the defenders. A large body of cavalry had been sent around to the rear of the American lines to cut off the retreat which Santa Anna confidently expected would follow his assault.

But the Mexican hopes were doomed to disappointment. The first day's battle was largely an artillery duel with occasional clashes of bodies of infantry, but in it the American soldiers held their ground stubbornly, beating back the rushes of the foe as a rock-bound coast repulses the crashing attacks of ocean breakers. One who will read together the stories of battles like those of King's Mountain and the Cowpens in the Revolution where the militia were appealed to fire at least once before running away, and contrast them with the steadiness with which the volunteers at Buena Vista bore the shock of assault from a numerically superior force, will see that a new type of fighting American had been developed. Night fell on the

battle field without the Americans having been forced an inch from the lines they had taken up, and through the long, cold, rainy hours before dawn the Mexican officers could be heard striving with eloquent appeals to nerve their men for even more dashing service on the morrow.

Day had hardly broken when the forces of General Ampudia, the general who had been defeated at Resaca de la Palma, came pouring down the mountain-side to overwhelm the American left. Lieutenant O'Brien with a howitzer and two cannon held them in check with the aid of a heavy infantry fire. In the centre, General Moray Villamil was trying to force the pass of Angostura. On the right, General Lombardini and Pacheco were fighting their way upward to a plateau held by the American forces. O'Brien's fight was perhaps the most dashing service of a day of gallantry, for more than half an hour he held his ground against a force twenty-five times his strength. An Indiana regiment was ordered to his support, but through some misunderstanding of orders its colonel ordered a retreat. Others strove to rally and lead it forward. In the confusion that part of the field narrowly escaped being lost. Some of the Indianians rallied and were led with drum and fife to other commands. Others fled to Saltillo where they proclaimed the day was lost. In the mêlée O'Brien was obliged to withdraw his battery leaving behind one gun for which he had not a man to serve or a horse to draw it. Pushing onward, the forces of the Mexicans carried the plateau and turned the American flank. At this moment General Taylor himself came up with May's dragoons and a regiment of Mississippians under Jefferson Davis. He formed a new line at right angles to the old, reformed the shattered commands that were crumbling away under the persistent attacks of the enemy. The Mexi-

cans were everywhere, sweeping down the hill-sides, trooping along through the gullies, charging across the plateau. Taylor pushed his artillery into more effective positions. From ridges and foothills the guns roared. Bragg, Sherman, Washington, Thomas, Reynolds, Kilburn—veterans then and destined in later days to bear yet fiercer visitations of fire on battle fields of the Civil War—worked their guns, pouring grape and canister into the crowded lines of the foe. The Mexicans in their turn broke. A large column which had gone off to destroy the American wagon train near Buena Vista, was broken by the artillery and part exposed to capture by May's dragoons. At this moment four Mexican officers were seen approaching with a white flag. Taylor instantly sent out the order to stop firing, and the attack on the menaced Mexican column was halted. When the flag-bearers came to deliver their message it was merely that General Santa Anna had sent to "ask General Taylor what he wanted!"—a most extraordinary message and one not warranting the employment of a flag of truce. But as during the temporary cessation of hostilities the Mexican detachment which had been on the verge of capture had made its way to safety the purpose of the ruse was very apparent.

Throughout the day the battle raged without material advantage to either combatant. The one moment that promised disaster to the Americans was when the failure of the Indiana regiment cost O'Brien his guns, and turned the American flank. But that disaster was promptly retrieved, and when night fell the Americans lay down again in their places expecting a renewal of the fight on the morrow. But dawn saw a field deserted by the Mexicans save for their dead and wounded. Under cover of the night Santa Anna had stolen away with his great army leaving the handful

of Americans whom he had expected to cut to pieces in possession. He had lost nearly 2,000 men, of whom 294 were prisoners. The American loss was 756, of which number 267 were killed and 456 wounded.

Santa Anna took his defeat hard. He had boasted much of what he would do when he found and gave battle to Taylor. Destruction of that general's army was the least part of his programme. He would sweep Mexico clear of Americans, retake New Mexico and even capture and sack New Orleans. He could hardly bring himself to acknowledge his defeat, but for a time sent out bulletins announcing his complete victory over "the Yankees." Some of these bulletins found their way to New Orleans where they were accepted as the truth and plunged the citizens into the gravest alarm. They reached Washington and the administration was desperately defending itself against the just reproach of having stripped Taylor's army to favor Scott, and being thereby responsible for the slaughter of our country's sons, when the true tidings arrived. Then the nation went wild with joy. Cannon roared, bonfires blazed, and the political newspapers, after the manner of their kind to-day, seeing that Taylor had done one thing well, thought he could do all other things equally well, and clamored for his nomination to the presidency.

He had indeed done well. Of the battle Colonel Matthew Forney Steele, lecturer before the United States Army Service School at Fort Leavenworth says:

"In all the annals of American warfare, no other such victory as that of Buena Vista can be pointed out. Upon ground unprepared for defence, with its left flank practically in the air, . . . this little body of well-trained volunteers successfully resisted from daylight until dark the assaults of an enemy of three

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COL. ROOSEVELT AND HIS ROUGH RIDERS

times its own strength; and at last repulsed him and kept the field."

While General Taylor was thus winning battles for the nation and laurels for himself in northern Mexico the expedition for the capture of the City of Mexico, under command of General Winfield Scott, was well under way. The chief port of Mexico on the Gulf, and the seaport nearest to the City of Mexico is Vera Cruz. In 1847 this was a town of about twelve thousand which had been made into a powerful fortress by a line of intrenchments and redoubts which completely surrounded it on the landward side, while towards the sea it was defended by the powerful castle of San Juan de Ulloa, built on an island about one thousand yards from shore, garrisoned by about one thousand troops and mounting heavy guns, many of them of the most modern type. But though fairly secure from attack, the city proved in no condition to withstand a siege. Scott's most serious opponent proved to be nature, for the spot chosen for landing the troops and artillery, about three miles south of the town, had but little protection from the sea. The troops, some twelve thousand in all; the two brigades of regulars commanded by Worth and Twiggs, the three brigades of volunteers by Patterson, a political general, were all landed on the morning of March 9. But to put ashore the artillery was a more difficult task. While it was in progress the troops were digging intrenchments, and laying batteries for the investment of the town. Late in the month the great guns opened fire. Only twelve days were needed to bring the defenders to terms. After the complete investment of the city, General Scott sent to General Morales, its defender, a demand for its surrender. He pointed out his cannon by land and sea bore directly on the town and that a bombardment would

be cruel in its effect upon non-combatants. The Mexican commander refused and the bombardment began. Its effect was terrific. Vera Cruz, like all Spanish-American towns was closely built and shells dropping in its narrow streets filled them with hurtling fragments of iron, blew in the fronts of the adjacent houses and spread death and wounds on every side. The houses were of masonry, but not stout enough to withstand the shells. Women and children were slain while praying at the altars of the churches, and at one place a shell burst through the roof of a hall in which a meeting was being held, and bursting, killed scores of people. The Mexican soldiers were brave, but this wanton slaughter of non-combatants was cruel to look upon. The consuls of foreign governments stationed in the city, sent a flag to General Scott pleading for a truce and the removal of persons of their nationality from the city, but as opportunity for this humane act had been offered by Scott before beginning the bombardment and refused, he now declined to stop his fire. The next day the city and the castle surrendered, the garrison marched out, laid down their arms, and were released on parole, and the gateway to the capital of Mexico was in the hands of the Americans.

The post-road from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico crosses a level plain of about thirty miles in width, then begins climbing through foot-hills and mountains to the elevated plateau on which stands the Mexican capital. No rivers crossed it. Much of the way it led through a fertile and well-settled country. The only natural obstacles in the way of the invaders were mountains, and narrow passes capable of easy defence. From the sea to the city was in round numbers two hundred miles.

Santa Anna after his defeat at Buena Vista had gathered up the fragments of his army and marched

to Mexico City. There he found another revolution raging—for so strong was the fighting instinct in the Mexicans that throughout the war with the United States they were continually at war with each other. Santa Anna who, notwithstanding his reverses, enjoyed the confidence and even the idolatry of the Mexican people, managed to patch up the revolutionary quarrel and with an army of about twelve thousand men set out down the road to Vera Cruz, meaning to meet the "Yankees" in the mountain passes near Jalapa and block their advance, if, indeed he could not destroy them. The American army started meanwhile for the same point, and for a time it was a race between the two commands for the advantage of position, but the Mexicans won.

When General Twiggs, in command of Scott's advance reached the neighborhood of Jalapa, he found Santa Anna's army strongly posted on a number of hills past which the American army must go in order to reach its objective. The largest and most commanding of these eminences was called Cerro Gordo (literally Fat Hill), and from it the battle which was fought took its name. For five days the Americans camped in the vicinity waiting until the entire army should come up. The Mexicans had every advantage of position. Nothing but the most determined fighting could dislodge them from their works. But that was precisely the kind of fighting which the Americans employed. For nearly three miles the road leading up to Cerro Gordo was blocked and flanked by forts perched high upon the neighboring hills. Scott determined upon another road and set his men to cutting one, behind the hills, which would bring his troops out in Santa Anna's rear. The work was done secretly and was all but completed when the Mexicans discovered it. At once the division of General Twiggs was

sent by this road to take the Mexicans in the rear, while the high hill, El Telegrafo, was captured by assault and its guns together with a number of fresh ones, which the Americans with painful labor had dragged to the crest of the hill, were turned upon the enemy. Under cover of this fire the American infantry charged up one after the other of the hills, until the Mexicans were driven from all save the tower-topped acclivity of Cerro Gordo itself.

On the morning of the second day this hill in turn was assaulted, the Americans charged down the slope of El Telegrafo and up the steep of Cerro Gordo in the face of a savage fire. It was fighting to try the best and stoutest souls. The grade was steep, the ground rugged and covered with underbrush which impeded the movements of the troops without giving them cover. Two breastworks crowned the hill blazing with savage musketry. Both were taken at a rush, and as the Americans marched to the crest they saw a body of friends from Twiggs's division climbing up the other side to take the enemy in the rear. Vasquez, the general commanding the Mexicans at this point, was killed with several other officers, and other generals were taken prisoners. Their troops fled in disorder toward Jalapa. At all points on the broken and irregular field the Americans were victorious, and the Mexicans in full flight. Santa Anna seeing that the day was lost, cut a mule loose from a stalled gun and galloped frantically away to safety, followed by about eight thousand men, the remnants of his army, with Harney's dragoons and the infantry of Worth and Twiggs in full pursuit. At mid-day it ceased to be a battle and became a rout, and from that time until night fell over the land the Americans were pursuing the enemy with relentless determination to annihilate that army. The Mexican disaster was com-

plete. Of the 12,000 men who had gone into battle 3,000 were made prisoners, and 1,000 to 1,200 killed or wounded. Seven regimental standards, 43 pieces of artillery and 5,000 stand of arms were captured. The American losses were fixed officially at 33 officers and 398 enlisted men. Scott himself said that "Mexico no longer had an army."

The way to Mexico City was indeed open to the American general but just at that juncture an obstacle to military efficiency, familiar in each of our wars, presented itself. Most of the volunteers had been enlisted for twelve months. This period was drawing to a close and General Scott lost seven of his eleven regiments of volunteers. He was within three days' march of Mexico City but with his force reduced to 5,820 he had no option save to remain on the defensive until reënforcements could reach him. Three months were thus idled away, the Washington authorities resuming their efforts to conclude a peace and being roundly snubbed for their pertinacity. Looking back upon this war, at a moment (1914) when new complications with Mexico are acute, it is well for Americans to take note of the tenacity with which in 1847 the Mexicans clung to their ideal of national honor, and the determination with which they fought for its maintenance.

Santa Anna, being a resourceful leader, though he had now been twice beaten in battles with the numerical advantages and those of position altogether with him, was busy during these days of quiescence in gathering a new army. His infantry had been dispersed or captured, but his cavalry had escaped with him and this he made the nucleus about which to build up a new force. The Mexican heart was fired by proclamations eloquently denouncing the barbarity of the Yankee invaders, skilfully arousing national pride and

promising dire vengeance upon those who had humbled the national banner. As proclamations alone would not do a law was passed making army service compulsory upon all males between the ages of sixteen and sixty. A guerrilla warfare in the districts held by the Americans was further decreed with the watchword, "War without pity unto death!" By these and other expedients Santa Anna succeeded in erecting upon the ruins of his old army a new force approximating 30,000 men. Convinced that the Americans would not stop short of Mexico City every road leading thither was heavily fortified. This was the easier task because over the overflow of the valley in which the city is placed at certain seasons of the year the roads are built in causeways with ditches on either side. A massed column of troops advancing along such a road affords a tempting target for artillery.

By August, 1847, Scott's army had been increased to about 13,000 men of whom 3,000 were sick. It was encamped about 150 miles from Vera Cruz—a long line of communication which it was difficult to guard. Cutting loose, therefore, from his base, abandoning his communications, leaving his sick and convalescent in the camp at Puebla, General Scott advanced with his 10,000 effectives on Mexico City. He was staking everything on victory. In defeat there would have been as little chance of retreat for him as in later years there was for Sherman when he burned Atlanta and started on his march to the sea.

Marching swiftly without opposition through a richly cultivated country the invaders found themselves on the fourth day on the slope of a mountain looking down upon the valley of Mexico. That is one of the world's fairest beauty spots. The level plain lying under a bright sky and with a climate nearly perfect

and equable the year round, was clothed with the living green of fertile fields, lined with the silvery course of rushing waters, dotted with blue lakes and the white walls of villages and haciendas. The capital lay in the centre, fifteen miles from the spot from which General Twiggs's division, leading the advance, first looked down upon this lovely prospect. The country that looked so peaceful was, however, feverish with warlike activity. The villages and haciendas had been stripped of their men and boys to fill the ranks of Santa Anna's army, and to toil with pick and spade in the creation of breastworks to block the progress of the Yankee host. Every road was thus guarded. From the crest of El Penon, a hill utterly inaccessible on three sides, frowned a fortress composed of three tiers of batteries, mounting 50 guns and surrounded by a moat filled with water and ten feet deep. It completely commanded the national road by which heretofore the Americans had advanced, and which was made unfit for further use by the fact that at this point it narrowed to a mere causeway bordered by marshes. Reconnoitring this position, General Scott abandoned all idea of storming it. After a careful study of the country he determined to approach the city from the south by the Acapulco road. The defences of this path were by no means contemptible. At Contreras, the first of the enemy's positions to be encountered, 22 guns were mounted on a commanding hill and backed by 7,000 infantry under General Valencia. Santa Anna with 12,000 men was intrenched before the village of Contreras blocking the path between the hill and Churubusco. At the latter point General Ruicon with 7,000 troops held a position at the head of a bridge, and at San Antonio nearby was General Bravo with 3,000. Another road, which Scott considered for his approach but abandoned, was guarded by the for-

tresses of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec which in the end the Americans were forced to storm.

On the 19th of May, the divisions of Pillow and Twiggs painfully cutting a road for themselves through the dense thickets of chaparral suddenly came into the open and discovered Valencia's lines scarcely two hundred yards away. The hill of Contreras thereupon became the Americans' first objective, and amid a general artillery fire and clashes of infantry the American forces worked their way forward during the day until by nightfall a great part of the army was massed in the village of Contreras, at the foot of the hill, and between the troops of Valencia and Santa Anna. The position was a precarious one, but during the night a path was found to the rear of Valencia and at dawn the invaders stormed his camp, front and rear. The surprise of the Mexicans at being thus attacked was complete. Ignorant of the route to their rear they had prepared only for a frontal attack, and caught between two fires, broke and fled. Their losses by death and wounds were heavy, but so great was the number of prisoners taken that the Americans were embarrassed by the presence of their captives. Four generals, a small regiment of lesser officers, and 1,000 men were taken, and among 22 cannons captured the Americans discovered to their joy the pieces taken by the Mexicans at the battle of Buena Vista. They were discovered in the heat of the battle, and it was with renewed zeal that the Americans, cheering wildly, loaded the recaptured guns to the muzzle and turned them upon the enemy.

In this battle, known as the battle of Contreras, the Americans engaged numbered 4,500; the Mexicans 4,000. Though the latter fought behind breastworks their loss in killed and wounded was 700 to the American loss of less than 100.

Though Santa Anna's force was less than three miles away from the battle field he gave Valencia no assistance whatever. It appears that the assault was begun so early and pressed with such vigor, that by the time Santa Anna, hearing the noise of cannon, roused and formed his army to come to his lieutenant's aid, the troops of the latter were already routed, and the advancing reënforcements encountered the fleeing troops and fell back with them. Abandoning his attempt to save Valencia, Santa Anna thereupon fell back to Churubusco where he halted to oppose once again the Americans' march to the national capital.

At Churubusco was a massive stone building originally a convent but which the Mexicans speedily converted into a powerful fort garrisoned by three thousand men. The front of their lines was covered by a bridge, at the entrance to which Santa Anna constructed a *tête de pont,* or fort guarding the bridge, while back of the river was his entire army with his reserves.

The Americans, who had followed fast on the heels of the retreating Mexicans, halted at a crossroads village, called Coyoacan, to make their dispositions for attack. Here the army was broken into three parts. One under Generals Franklin Pierce, afterwards President, and Shields, was sent to make a circuit and attack Santa Anna from the rear. General Pillow was to move on the enemy from the south. Twiggs, Riley, and Smith were to assault the convent in front. At all points along the line the fighting was desperate and bloody. The convent proved a stubborn nut to crack. A high stone wall pierced for musketry was reënforced at the corner of the square it formed by the stone convent wall, the windows of which blazed with rifle fire. Outside the wall were field works mounting ten cannon, and commanding the causeway by which alone it could be reached. On either side

of the causeway were spreading cornfields filled with lurking sharpshooters. The Americans pounded away at this citadel with artillery and musketry. Meanwhile a few hundred yards away the invaders were fighting hard to drive the Mexicans from the *tête de pont,* and cross the bridge. For a time it seemed that disaster menaced the American plan at this point. Santa Anna put into the defence of the bridge all his available men, and at one time, attacking the Americans in front and flank, had well-nigh cut the line of Pierce and Shields to pieces. The day at this point was saved by General Pillow, who, hearing the heavy firing, turned aside from his march upon San Antonio and took the Mexicans in flank. Once the Mexican resistance was broken the whole went to pieces like a house of cards. The *tête de pont* abandoned, its guns were turned upon the convent, which though it stood out for two hours after the rest of the Mexican army was in full retreat, finally succumbed. Its garrison joined the disorganized remains of Santa Anna's army streaming down the narrow road and across the causeways to Mexico City.

Had Scott ordered a general pursuit his army might that night have been in the City of Mexico, and the war ended without further bloodshed. Indeed some parties of Americans did press the pursuit to the very walls but were too few in number to force their way through. At this point, however, civilian and political influence interfered to stay the military arm. Throughout the war President Polk had been obsessed by the idea that the Mexicans might at any moment accept propositions for peace. Though repeatedly rebuffed he clung to this delusion and even sent with the army an official of the State Department named Trist with authority to negotiate for peace at any time, and to halt the military campaign while such negotiations

were in progress. General Scott, at first bitterly protested against the Trist appointment and authority, but in time became reconciled to it, and even conceived for the pacificator a great personal friendship. They both were convinced by officious persons that if the successes of Churubusco and Contreras were not too savagely pushed a peace might be negotiated. Accordingly the pursuit was called off, and when the time again came to actually march into Mexico City some hundreds of American lives were lost in winning what after the battle of Contreras was to be had for the taking.

The battle, the fruits of which were thus supinely sacrificed, had been fiercely fought. 9,000 American soldiers had attacked and driven from these fortified positions 27,000 Mexicans. Of the enemy 3,250 were killed or wounded and 2,627 made prisoners, including more than 200 officers. 16 officers and 120 men were killed under the Stars and Stripes, and 60 officers and 816 men were wounded. Among the troops captured in the convent were what were called the "Patricio companies"; commands composed of deserters—mostly Irishmen—from the United States army. 50 of these were hanged in one execution. After the battle an armistice was declared and peace commissioners appointed. But again the Mexicans merely trifled with the peace proposals, and finding that they were taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities to strengthen their defences and recruit their army, General Scott abruptly opened operations again, September 6.

Eight causeways raised about 6 feet above the surrounding marshes, at that time gave entrance to Mexico City. All were fortified, but the 2 by which General Scott chose to advance upon the city were particularly well defended, being commanded by the formidable

works of Molino del Rey, Casa de Mata, and the Castle of Chapultepec. There has been some military criticism of Scott's choice of roads, many officers of the time and later students believing that he could have avoided the storming of Chapuletepec and the consequent heavy loss of life by following other roads. But in war success counts and success Scott won. The Castle of Chapultepec is to-day the most impressive feature of the City of Mexico. The penetrating and battering power of modern ordnance have ended forever its value as a fortress, but in 1847 it was a formidable defence. The massive stone edifice, once a bishop's palace, that crowns the precipitous hill, was made into a strong fortress heavily armed and garrisoned. The hill itself was 150 feet high, crowned with batteries and hedged about the base with earthworks. The whole hill was enclosed by a stone-wall at the western end of which were the stone buildings known as Molino del Rey. These buildings were used as a foundry, as well as a fort, and it was a report that the Mexicans were taking church bells thither and casting them into cannon which roused Scott's ire and caused him to declare the terms of the armistice violated. Casa de Mata was another heavy stone edifice surrounded by earthwork, about a quarter of a mile from Molino del Rey. To the north was the aqueduct, still standing, the arches of which had been blocked up with masonry. The whole enclosure dominated by the castle was one great fort of masonry and earth.

To General Worth was committed the task of driving the enemy from Molino del Rey and the duty was performed with singular celerity. A storming party of but 500 men dashed forward under cover of a heavy fire from the supporting batteries, and by sheer audacity drove the enemy from his guns.

Had there been a stronger force to hold the ground thus won heavy carnage would have been averted, but even in their rout the Mexicans discovered how slight was the force from which they fled, and rallying poured a heavy fire from housetops and walls until of 14 commissioned officers in the forlorn hope 11 were struck down. While they wavered under the new attack support came to them and Molino del Rey was taken. Its guns were turned on the enemy's other defences and the victorious Americans soon after swept over the crest of the works at Casa de Mata, which was soon thereafter blown up. Little more than two hours were consumed in carrying these two strong positions. But in that time 729 men and 58 officers had been killed. The enemy's loss in all narrowly approached 3,000. So disheartened and demoralized were the Mexicans that it is probable that had a charge then been made upon Chapultepec it would have been taken with comparative ease. General Scott, however, ordered a cessation of the attack, though the day was still young, deferring the final assault until the morrow.

September is the height of the rainy season in the latitude of the City of Mexico, and the canals and ditches by which the suburbs of that town were plentifully interspersed were filled with water. After the losses of the first day's fighting Scott had but about six thousand men with whom to take Chapultepec and force the entrance to the city. Looking back after nearly seventy years one is compelled to admire the leadership and the gallantry of the American forces in Mexico, for though invariably outnumbered and usually engaged against fortified positions, they were victorious without exception. Nor was any taint of cowardice discernible in the Mexicans. They fought well, but the Americans outdid them.

On the night of the 11th of September batteries were posted and for twenty-four hours the fortress on the craggy hill was pounded hard, until its defenders were demoralized and its guns crippled. On the morning of the 13th a storming party of 260 men—a true forlorn hope—provided with scaling ladders, prepared for the attack. The batteries at the foot of the hill, and one half way up were first carried by Pillow's men. Then the forward line was opened, the stormers rushed through and began their climb. The castle blazed with musketry but the American batteries firing over the heads of the storming party kept the defenders within their walls. The fight was sharp, but the assailants reached the ditch, planted their ladders and swarmed over the walls. Like many another frowning menace, Chapultepec proved not so terrible when once attacked, and its guns were soon turned on the backs of the Mexicans who were serving the guns in the earthworks at the foot of the other side of the hill. This cleared the way for Quitman, who had been attacking these batteries from in front with but little measure of success, but when the shot from the fort on the hill behind them began to fall among the defenders they fled, and the way into the City of Mexico was open.

Worth and Quitman pushed their way along two broad roads, built on causeways, with a towering stone aqueduct extending down the centre. Shields was first to reach a city gate and was about to assault it when an aide spurred up evidently bearing orders, Shields feared orders for him to defer his attack. The aide saluted, "General Scott's compliments, sir," began the messenger, but was abruptly interrupted. "I have no time for compliments just now," cried Shields and spurred his horse forward, out of reach of orders. The gate, that at San Cosme, was soon taken and Gen-

eral Shields had the pleasure of winning for his volunteers the honor of being the first to enter the enemy's capital. Scott soon after joined the column, but if he commented upon his lieutenant's audacity the fact is not recorded. The incident parallels Lord Nelson's famous application of his spy-glass to his blind eye to avoid seeing a signal of recall.

Night fell with the hostile forces still fighting in the streets of the suburbs and along the city wall. Hardly had darkness fallen when the Mexican army began its withdrawal, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 14th came messengers from the city authorities to say that there was no longer any military command in the city and to ask for terms. Scott refused to treat with Alcaldes and city counsellors and pushed his troops on to the centre of the city, where he established his headquarters in the Government Palace, and raised the flag over the Plaza, citadel, and other public places. For twenty-four hours there continued irregular but savage fighting in the streets of the city. The Mexican soldiers, before they fled, freed and armed about 2,000 convicts and these, with a mob from the squalid sections of the town, attacked the troops, firing from the doors and windows. Grape and canister were employed by the Americans to sweep the streets clear of these rioters. Heavy cannon were turned on the houses from which shots were fired, and no quarter was granted to those taken with guns in their hands. A few hours of relentless hunting and the guerrilla war in the streets was ended.

The campaign in the valley of Mexico cost the invading Americans 2,703 men including 383 officers. The Mexican loss was 7,000 killed and wounded, and 3,730 prisoners—or a total equalling the whole American army of invasion. In the series of victories won the Americans took 20 standards, 75 pieces of

artillery, 57 cannon mounted in fortresses, and 20,000 stand of arms.

With the fall of the Mexican capital the war was practically ended. Most of Santa Anna's troops melted away during his flight from the city, but with several thousand men he went to Puebla where a little garrison of Americans was standing out against a siege by guerrillas. Only about 500 men were thus hemmed in, their besiegers numbering thousands. But they barricaded themselves in the Plaza and a neighboring convent and for thirty days held out against the besiegers, sallying out now and then and burning the buildings which harbored annoying sharpshooters. Santa Anna's arrival at the spot increased the odds against them, but in no wise lessened their determination nor were they ever dislodged. The Mexican commander left the siege to meet General Lane who was marching to the relief of the garrison. The usual short battle and retreat of the Mexicans followed, and Santa Anna faded from the military life of Mexico. His career had been singularly unfortunate. Not one victory illumines the dark record of his defeats. Perhaps no other general could have done better, but in his disaster Mexico covered him with obloquy and would doubtless have sacrificed him had he fallen into the hands of the faction which came into power with his final downfall. He fled the country and spent the remainder of his days in the West Indies.

The record of the American armies throughout the war was one of marvellous achievement. Not one defeat blotted their escutcheon. General Taylor, whose successes made the earlier days of the war glorious and roused the country to its enthusiastic support, was nominated for President in the ensuing election and triumphantly elected. Scott, whose share was equally

glorious and perhaps more arduous and more effective, was less well treated by the politicians but aroused the plaudits of military men of all nations and times. General Grant says in his "Memoirs": "Both the strategy and the tactics displayed by General Scott in the various engagements of August 20, 1847, were faultless, as I look back upon them now after the lapse of so many years." His audacity amazed some professional observers. "Scott is lost," said the Duke of Wellington when the news of his abandoning his base to move upon Mexico City reached Europe. "He has been carried away by success. He can't take the city, and he can't fall back upon his base." But Scott took the city and the Iron Duke for once was proven wrong.

The war was fought without recourse to the militia. It was a war of invasion and fought by regulars and national volunteers alone. No attempt was made to test the constitutional rights of the militia by ordering them to cross the Rio Grande. The total force employed during the war was 104,284, of whom 31,024 were regulars and marines. The money cost exclusive of later pensions was one hundred and thirty millions approximately. Out of the war we gained Texas, New Mexico, and California, or approximately 851,590 square miles, equalling 17 times the area of New York State. The wealth represented by this territory to-day is incalculable. Nevertheless the war was bitterly criticised by a large share of the American people, and even to-day is held to have been discreditable to the United States. James Russell Lowell inveighed against it in his Biglow Papers, and indeed the whole brilliant chorus of New England writers was antagonistic to it. The opinion of a not inconsiderable number of the Northern people was expressed by Gerrit Smith, a vigorous abolitionist, who, being urged as a presidential candidate, declared that

if elected he would stop the war with Mexico, give back the territory already taken, ask the pardon of God and Mexico for the wholesale murder of the Mexican people and abolish the army and the navy! But Mr. Smith was neither nominated nor elected.

CHAPTER XI

The War Between the States—The Right to Secede—Eleven States Leave the Union—Who Owned National Property?—Anderson at Fort Sumter—Virginia Invaded—Death of Ellsworth.

THIRTEEN years after the war with Mexico the United States found itself confronted with the certainty of civil war. During that brief interval of peace the regular army had—after the time-honored practice of the Republic—been allowed to languish until in 1860, it numbered but 16,367 officers and men. It had been employed mainly in suppressing Indian uprisings, and its scattered companies and regiments were widely distributed among the states west of the Mississippi. Nominally the militia numbered 3,000,000, that is to say, there were that number of male citizens liable to military duty in the land, but the organized militia numbered but a few thousands and only a few regiments, organized in large cities, were properly drilled and adequately equipped.

With the political causes of the gigantic struggle between the people of the North and South that endured from 1861 to 1865, and tested to the fullest the courage, capacity, and resources of the warring sections, we have nothing to do here. A sectional division based partly on slavery, partly on antagonistic commercial and industrial conditions broadened until no bridge could span the chasm. Being unable longer to control the National Government, the Southern states undertook to withdraw from the Union peaceably. The Northern states, having control of that government declared their purpose to compel by force obedience to it on the part of the would-be secessionists,

On this issue the war was fought, not on the slavery issue. It frequently happens that a war is ended without the settlement of the issue on which it was waged, but with the incidental determination of some other question equally important. Our Civil War ended slavery as emphatically as it ended the contention that this was a voluntary Union from which any state could withdraw at will.

The war between the states differed in one respect from the typical civil war. There was to each side an enemy's country. It was not, like the Wars of the Roses in England, a struggle between hostile factions in the same neighborhood. When McDowell crossed the Potomac in 1861 or Butler occupied New Orleans in 1862, the Union forces were as truly in an enemy's country as were Scott's troops landed at Vera Cruz, or the Germans when they crossed the Rhine in 1871. In Kentucky and Missouri alone did the true conditions of civil war arise; there brother fought with brother and neighbor with neighbor. But there, too, the operations of the organized armies were of the least importance; the partisan ranger and the guerrilla chiefly held the field.

The proportions of this volume make it impossible to describe in detail, or even in some instances to refer to many actions which were contested with the utmost gallantry. During the four years of the Civil War, there were clashes between the hostile forces, the stories of which are full of the picturesque, and brim over with deeds of individual daring. In this volume, however, the author must confine himself to sketching broadly the grand strategy of the war, and describing only those battles which were an essential part of that strategy.

The seven states which seceded first from the Union had been in a virtual state of independence for some weeks before any positive step was taken to coerce them.

They had seized all Federal property within their boundaries, including forts and arsenals. United States judges and marshals resigned or were without power to enforce their decrees or carry out Federal mandates. In expectation of conflict these states were strengthening their militia, and officers of Southern birth, educated at West Point, were resigning from the national army to serve their states. About such resignations there was much bitter feeling in the North at the time when "rebel" and "traitor" were the only words applied to the man who honestly and sincerely believed that his duty lay rather to his state than to the Union, and his place was fighting by the side of relatives and neighbors rather than against them. It has been pointed out that 182 graduates of the West Point Academy rose to rank above that of colonel in the Confederate army, and that of these 8 were generals, 15 lieutenant-generals, and 48 major-generals. The student of our military history will find the names crowned with glory in the Mexican War winning new laurels in the Civil War on both sides. Perhaps the Confederacy had rather the better of it. Distinctively military historians complain that in the earlier days of the war, the Union authorities looked with little favor on the trained West Pointer and were inclined to put volunteers, often politicians, in places of command. The complaint finds striking support in the fact that when U. S. Grant wrote the adjutant-general saying that as a graduate of West Point, he felt it his duty to offer his services to the nation, no attention was paid to his letter and it was not even filed. Only by appointment as colonel of Illinois volunteers, by grace of Governor Yates, did the victor at Appomattox get into the army at all.

Whatever the right of it may have been, the South was determined to go out of the Union and many of

her sons, both in the army and the navy, followed their states. But on the question of taking the forts at various points, built by Federal revenues and manned by Federal troops came the first actual warlike clash. Several such strongholds were involved. Forts Pulaski and Jackson at the mouth of the Savannah River, Forts Morgan and Gaines in Mobile Bay, Forts St. Philip and Jackson, near the passes of the Mississippi, were all surrendered to the forces of the states in which they were located. Fort Pickens in Pensacola Harbor was saved for the Union by Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, who scenting trouble, moved without orders his one company of United States regulars from the mainland where they could offer no effective resistance to an attack, to Fort Pickens down the bay. The state officers blustered and raged. Slemmer was commanded to surrender "in the names of the Governors of Florida and Alabama." He refused. "I am a soldier of the United States," said he. "The governors are nothing to me."

A week later appeared another flag of truce. This time the bearers were two officers who had resigned from the United States army and navy to cast their lot with the South. One of them had supervised the building of Fort Pickens, and expressed some surprise when Slemmer met him on the sands before the sallyport and declined to admit the visitors to the fort. They came to demand the surrender of the work, and brought with them a written communication to that effect, which Colonel Chase, the elder officer, proceeded to read. But his voice soon became shaky, and his eyes filled with tears, as he thought that he now stood as an enemy before two officers of the army in which he once had held an honored station. Stamping his foot with vexation, he handed the paper to his colleague, saying, "Here, Farrand, you read it." But

Captain Farrand was equally affected, and, with the remark that he had not his glasses, handed the paper on to Lieutenant Gilman, saying, "You have good eyes; read it for us." And so it happened that the summons to surrender was read aloud by one of the men to whom it was addressed.

Fort Pickens never was surrendered, nor despite the bluster of the state authorities was it ever seriously attacked. To the latter reason, no doubt, is due the denial to Slemmer of the great measure of fame and immortality won by Major Robert Anderson, who did at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor what had been done at Fort Pickens, but was driven out of his fort by the cannon of the Confederates.

In November, 1860, Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor, historic as standing on the site of the old palmetto fort whence Sergeant Jasper waved the flag of the colonies during the Revolution, was garrisoned by sixty-five regular artillerymen of the United States under Major Anderson. The commander was a Southerner and a slaveholder and it has been thought that he had been stationed there in the belief that he would do nothing to antagonize the hot-headed people of Charleston, who were the very prime movers in the secession cause. That estimate was singularly incorrect. From the moment he saw evidences of hostility among the people by whom he was surrounded he began to prepare for the defence of the property committed to his charge. Fort Moultrie was hopeless of defence against an attack from the land, having been designed as a water battery only.

From the windows of his quarters in Fort Moultrie Major Anderson could see Fort Sumter rising dark and sullen, like some rocky crag straight from the waters of the bay. About it on every side the tides rushed in their daily ebb and flow. On three sides not

a foothold could be secured at the base of the massive brick walls; the fourth side was fronted with an esplanade, which cannon, in the flanking towers, could sweep clean with grape, should any enemy secure a lodgment thereon. The nearest point of land on which the enemy could erect batteries was more than a mile away. "Once in Sumter," mused the major, "my command could hold an enemy at bay until those speech-making fellows up at Washington can determine whether I am to be reënforced, or left to be starved into surrender."

But letters to Washington pleading for authority to remove his command to Sumter were unanswered. The Buchanan administration, beaten in the election of 1860, was serving its last three months of power, and whatever the attitude of the President may have been, Floyd, the secretary of war, was warmly devoted to the cause of secession. Despairing of any answer to his appeals, and convinced that the South Carolina troops would soon attack him in the ruinous Fort Moultrie, Major Anderson determined to occupy Fort Sumter.

Christmas Day, 1860, came and passed away with no festivity to mark it at the fort. The next day the routine of guard mount, drill, and parade went on as usual, with nothing to indicate that anything was to occur that should make that day memorable in the history of the nation. But just at nightfall Major Anderson called his officers, and said quietly, "Gentlemen, in twenty minutes we will leave for Fort Sumter. Prepare yourselves, and see that the men make ready for the move."

There was bustle for the next twenty minutes in Fort Moultrie. The officers' suppers stood smoking on the tables, but there was no time for eating. Every one was packing knapsacks, looking up arms and equipments,

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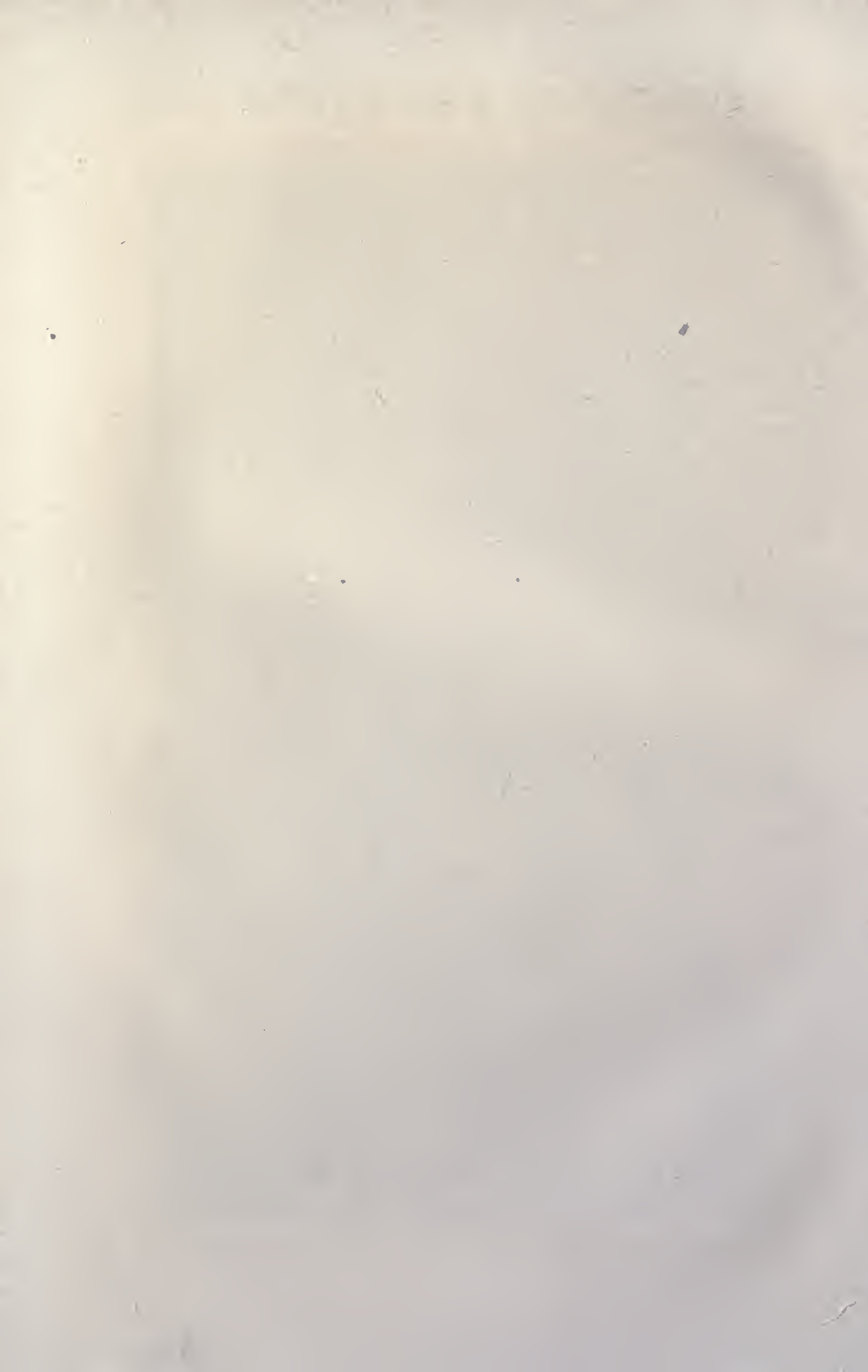
CHARGING THE FILIPINOS



and preparing for a quick and silent march. Just at sunset the little column filed out of Fort Moultrie, and took up the march to the point where boats were in waiting to ferry the troops over to Fort Sumter. A rear-guard was left behind in the deserted fort, with orders to keep the passage clear for the boats, even if in order to do so a few round shot had to be sent at the Charleston guard-boat that constantly patrolled the harbor about Fort Sumter. Soon the troops were all embarked, and the heavy boats were slowly making their way across the water. The rear-guard standing at the cannon on the sea-wall at Fort Moultrie watched them eagerly in their sluggish course. Before they were half-way across, the guard-boat was seen steaming down upon them; and the gunners in Fort Moultrie brought their shotted guns to bear upon her, ready to blow her out of the water if she should attempt to arrest or run down Major Anderson's troops. But after slowing up and giving the boats a careful examination, the people on the guard-boat seemed to reach the conclusion that all was right; and in a moment she was lost to sight in the gathering darkness, and the beating of her paddles died away. Five minutes later the boats made fast to the wharf in front of Fort Sumter, and the troops began to disembark.

Signal was then made for the rear-guard to abandon Fort Moultrie, which they speedily did, first chopping down the flag-staff, spiking the cannon, and burning the gun carriages. By eight o'clock the movement was completed, and Anderson, with his little command and provisions enough for some weeks, was safely housed behind the massive walls of Fort Sumter.

Acting thus of his own initiative Anderson had shifted the responsibility for affairs in Charleston Harbor from his own shoulders to those of President Buchanan and his advisers. The Federal troops were

safe for a time. No storming party could take that island fortress. A bombardment could hardly reduce it. Starvation, it is true, might compel the garrison to withdraw and on that fact hung the action that finally set off the powder magazine of civil war. Floyd, the secretary of war, furious with Anderson, urged the President to authorize an order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter. This Buchanan refused to do and the Secretary resigned to become a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Meantime the question of provisions for the garrison became pressing. Buchanan, still desirous of avoiding anything that would seem like coercion or an armed invasion of the South, sent a merchant vessel, the "Star of the West," carrying two thousand troops and supplies for the beleagured garrison. She carried no cannon, nor had she any naval escort to enable her to discharge her mission forcibly if necessary. Though the administration strove to send off the expedition secretly its despatch was well known to the Confederates, and when the "Star of the West" appeared in Charleston Harbor, warning shots from Fort Moultrie and Morris Island turned her back. Fort Sumter fired no gun in her defence, for Major Anderson was under positive orders not to fire unless himself fired upon. The affair reflected little credit upon the administration which had stooped to an effort to clothe in secrecy the perfectly legitimate reënforcement of a United States fort. As for the garrison of the fort it was furious at being compelled to witness the flag fired upon without one shot in its defence.

The Buchanan administration went out of office and that of Lincoln came in. It was determined to send a relief expedition to Sumter but the preparations were bungled, and the news of the project reached Charleston long before a single ship was ready. The

Confederates instantly summoned Anderson to surrender. On his refusal the bombardment was begun early in the morning of April 13, 1861. The first shot was fired by a venerable Virginian, Edmund Ruffin by name, and was well aimed, for the projectile struck the outer wall of the magazine in Fort Sumter, burst, set fire to some loose powder, and for a moment made the defenders think that the first cannon-shot had exploded their ammunition and blown up the magazine.

After the second gun the firing became general. From Morris and Sullivan Islands, and from Cumming's Point, from Forts Moultrie and Johnston and from the floating battery, a hail of shells, bombs, and solid shot was poured upon Fort Sumter. The thunders of the cannonade rose in majestic cadence, and could be heard far out at sea. Scars began to appear upon the face of the besieged fort. Clouds of dust and flying bits of stone could be seen as the shots took effect. Still for more than an hour it maintained a sullen silence, and let its assailants do their worst.

By half-past seven the garrison in the fort had finished worrying down the short ration of salt pork that was dignified by the name of breakfast, and as the drums beat the assembly the soldiers formed in one of the bomb-proofs to prepare for the duties of the day. By this time the enemy had secured the range of the fort with considerable accuracy, and his shells were dropping upon the parade, and his solid shot were making such havoc among the guns mounted upon the parapet that the necessity for keeping the little garrison under cover was obvious. With a view to saving the strength of his men as much as possible, Major Anderson divided the garrison into two "reliefs," and fixed the time each should serve the guns at four hours. Soon the first division was at the guns, and with the nine guns they were able to handle they

opened upon the batteries on Morris, James, and Sullivan's Islands a fire so vigorous that for a time the Confederates thought that in some way the fort had secured reënforcements during the night.

But after two hours' firing the gunners in Fort Sumter began to see that, with all their enthusiasm, they were engaged in a hopeless contest. Their heaviest guns they could not use, for they were mounted on the parapet, and Major Anderson felt his force too small to expose the lives of his men outside of the bombproofs. The shell guns were useless for the same reason. The only cannon which were employed in the battle (except a few surreptitiously discharged by some adventurous gunners) were the 32- and 42-pounders. The shot from these cannon rebounded from the iron-clad battery like hailstones from a roof, and the gunners, after seeing their best cannon practice thus wasted, abandoned that target and turned their guns on Fort Moultrie. But there they met with little better success. The massive walls of sand-bags that covered every exposed point were as impenetrable as the railroad iron that incased the iron-clad battery. The embrasures were closed with cotton bales, so that even when a shot from Fort Sumter entered an embrasure it did little harm. Four hours of well directed cannonading produced no more effect upon Fort Moultrie than to silence one of its guns for a few minutes, and to riddle the brick barracks that stood at the back part of the fort. Therefore, when the relief came to take the guns for the second period, the gunners who had worked four hours to achieve such puny results felt their enthusiasm waning somewhat, though their courage remained undiminished. Just before the relieving party went to the guns two veteran sergeants of the first detail determined to have some sort of revenge upon the enemy. Peer-

ing out of an open port they looked about for some vulnerable object upon which to turn their guns. About the Confederate batteries no living being could be seen, but down the beach, nearer the city, was a large crowd of spectators. On these the veterans trained their guns, and sent two solid shot that struck the beach, ricochetted over the heads of the crowd, and went crashing through the walls of a hotel behind them. Thereafter the sensitive sergeants were not troubled by the appearance of a crowd of unsympathetic lookers-on.

By this time it was nearly noon. Surgeon Crawford, who had been serving in command of one of the guns, made a visit to the parapet, which the enemy's shot and shell were sweeping at a fearful rate, and soon returned from that dangerous post to report that out beyond the bar he could see the forms of several vessels dimly outlined through the smoke. These were the vessels of the relief squadron, and their signals to the fort were quickly made. Sumter tried to respond by dipping her flag, but the halliards were shot away, and the flag caught and hung helplessly at half-mast.

The falling of the flag, though but temporary, was construed by the Confederates as a surrender and soon afterward one enterprising officer, Major Wigfall, reached the fort in a row-boat. Landing on the esplanade he sought admittance but could attract the attention of no one save a soldier loading a cannon in an embrasure who, amazed at the spectacle of a man in full Confederate uniform, refused him admittance. The Confederate shot and shell were hitting the fort in numbers quite disquieting to a gentleman on the little platform outside, and Wigfall ran from one casement to another until he finally secured admission. Once in Anderson's presence he convinced that officer that the time was fit for surrender, and a party of Confed-

erate officers arriving shortly after with authority to treat, the details of the surrender were speedily agreed upon. At noon the next day these terms were carried out. The flag was hauled down from the flag-staff, while the little garrison that had endured so much in its defence was drawn up on the parade. Unhappily, the premature discharge of a cannon during the salute led to the death of one of Anderson's brave soldiers. The Confederates present stood with uncovered heads, while this one victim, of what had otherwise been a bloodless battle, was buried within the walls of the fort he had so bravely defended. Then, with the Stars and Stripes flying at their head, and the band playing "Yankee Doodle," the Federal soldiers marched to the vessel which was to take them out to the United States fleet. The fleet once reached, the tattered flag of Fort Sumter was raised to the masthead of the man-of-war "Baltic" and saluted by all the other vessels in the squadron. Then they bore away to the northward, leaving Fort Sumter in the hands of the Confederates, and as Anderson looked back and saw the almost unknown flag of the Confederacy—the Stars and Bars—floating from those shattered ramparts, he made a solemn vow to raise once again that Union flag over Sumter's bastions. How well in later years he discharged that vow we shall yet see.

Some thoughtful writers on the Civil War declare that the advocates of secession blundered gravely when they fired on Fort Sumter. Up to that time, though seven states had seceded and the authority of the United States was flouted within their borders, the Federal government had done nothing to coerce them. No troops had been ordered to the states affected. There had been no call for the militia, nor anything done to show that the authorities at Washington intended to maintain the integrity of the Union by force. Had

this condition continued much longer foreign governments might have considered secession as an accomplished fact and recognized the truant states as independent nations. But the shots fired at Sumter set the nation aflame. Factions in the North disappeared. Everyone was for the preservation of the Union. The morning after Sumter fell, President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men to put down the "insurrection." Within forty-eight hours the needed men were under arms ready to march. The steps of most were turned toward Washington, for in the East the Potomac was the frontier. Passing through Baltimore the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was set upon by a mob and four of its members slain in the streets. The blood of the North boiled the more fiercely, and enlistments rose far above the number of men called for. In two weeks General Butler with four regiments entered Baltimore, made camp there, and treated the city much as a captured enemy's town.

The war spirit was now everywhere. We can but briefly note some of the more epochal events. By June 24, 1861, eleven states had seceded—Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Virginia, the state which bore the brunt of the fighting, was last to secede. Nearly one-half of her territory, up in the northwestern corner, populated by mountaineers, who as a rule were non-slaveholders, refused to follow the rest of the commonwealth, broke away and organized the loyal state of West Virginia. The state of Virginia, itself the Mother of Presidents, hesitated long before following her sisters of the South. Her noble son, Robert E. Lee, though destined to lead the armies of the Confederacy and to remain forever the most chivalric exponent of the Lost Cause, was opposed to secession and followed his state out of the

Union with a sigh. Kentucky, too, though a slave state, refused to secede. For a time its authorities strove to keep it in a position of neutrality. When the President asked the state for its quota of the 75,000 men called for—four regiments—the governor indignantly refused to furnish one man. Encouraged by this, the Confederate authorities asked for one regiment but met with a like rebuff. This does not mean that Kentucky furnished no men to the war—it did by thousands and in almost equal numbers to both armies. But the enlistments were individual. The state authorities had no share in them.

"It was no uncommon sight in Louisville at this time," writes an officer who served in Kentucky, "to see a squad of recruits for the Union service marching up one side of a street, while a squad destined for the Confederacy was moving down the other. In the interior a train bearing a company destined for Nelson's (Union) camp took aboard at the next county town another company which was bound for Camp Boone (Confederate). The officers in charge made a treaty by which their men were kept in separate cars."

Missouri, a neighboring border and slave-state, largely dominated by secessionist influence, still remained with the Union. A state convention, dominated by Unionists and neutralists declared for neutrality. When Lincoln called for troops the governor refused angrily, declared the purpose for which they were demanded "illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary; in its objects inhuman and diabolical." As in Kentucky both factions recruited side by side and in both of these states the fighting had the character of a true civil war. In Missouri the battle was on early for control of the state. That it was held in the Union was due to the energy and courage of Nathaniel Lyon, at the outbreak of the war a mere captain of United

States infantry. First seizing the state arsenal at St. Louis, Lyon disarmed the local secessionists, intercepting and confiscating arms sent them by Jefferson Davis. This he followed up by occupying the state capital with an armed force and expelling the governor and state officials. As a result of these drastic measures, Missouri never formally seceded although the sympathy of the great masses of its people was with the South. Lyon was killed in the first and only considerable battle fought on Missouri soil, at Wilson's Creek early in August, but his work had been done. Missouri remained one great partisan battle field, but the moral disaster of her secession was averted.

In July, 1861, therefore, eleven states were definitely out of the Union, refusing to obey the national laws or to recognize United States officials, whether military or civil. Two states, Kentucky and Missouri, were nominally in the Union, but practically debatable territory, for control in which both belligerents fought savagely. As to military preparedness the South was the better equipped for immediate action; the North for a long continued struggle. The military spirit had always been strong in the South. Its militia organizations formed more of a part of the life of the people than in the North. The planters, who set the general pace, were all horsemen and ready with their weapons. Perhaps the ever present menace of a servile insurrection may have developed this military spirit, but whatever its cause, it enabled the South to put more and better drilled militia regiments into the field with greater promptitude than could the national authorities. But the vastly greater population of the North, and the ceaseless flood of immigrants into Northern ports gave assurance from the very outset that in a contest of endurance the Northern states would win.

This fact should have led the Confederates to strike

early and strike hard. For months they had the city of Washington practically at their mercy, and with all the governments of Europe eager to assist in the break-up of the Union by the recognition of the Confederacy, it is easy to imagine what the effect of the occupation of the National Capital by the Confederate forces would have been. But it must be said for the politicians who forced the secession movement that they were at least consistent in their theories. They believed that their states had the right to withdraw from the Union. They denied to the remaining states any right to compel them to return, or to invade their territory for the purpose of enforcing Federal laws. But they did not believe themselves justified in invading the territory of their sister states and accordingly rested within their own territory until attacked.

May 24, 1861, the day after Virginia ratified the ordinance of secession, the United States authorities took their first warlike step by sending troops across into Virginia, fortifying Arlington, the ancestral home of Robert E. Lee, now a national cemetery, and Alexandria, and built intrenchments from Chain Bridge above Washington to Alexandria below. In occupying the latter town a tragedy occurred that brought the grim fact that war means murder very much home to the people. For some years a militia company, known as the Ellsworth Zouaves, had been famous throughout the North for the picturesqueness and precision of its drill. As a military organization it had not been taken seriously, being rather a troupe of entertainers; but with the outbreak of war, Ellsworth and most of his men at once enlisted, and the command was increased to the proportions of a regiment.

On the day of the advance into Virginia, Colonel Ellsworth and his men crossed the Potomac River, and entered Alexandria. This place was filled with

Confederate sympathizers, and for weeks past a Confederate flag flying from the roof of its chief hotel had been noted by the loyal people of Washington, and had even been visible from the windows of the White House. Colonel Ellsworth, marching at the head of his regiment, remembered this flag, and as soon as the town was completely in control of the Union forces, he went to tear it down with his own hands. It was a rash act; but the war was still young, and officers were apt to be carried away by their enthusiasm. Two soldiers accompanied him to the house.

"Whose flag is that?" he demanded of a man who stood in the door.

"I don't know," was the cool response.

"It must be taken down at once."

"Go and take it, if you want it," responded the secessionist, turning on his heel and walking away.

Followed by his companions, Ellsworth ascended to the roof of the house, cut the halliards, and throwing the flag over his arm began to descend. Just as he reached the second floor a door opening upon the hallway was thrown open, and a man sprang out, levelled a double-barrelled shot-gun, and discharged it full at the breast of the unfortunate officer. The gun was loaded with buckshot, and the fatal charge drove before it, almost into the heart of the murdered man, a gold badge that he wore pinned upon his breast, and that bore the motto, "*Non nobis sed pro patria.*" Slain instantly by the fearful wound, Ellsworth fell forward without a groan. Then the sound of another gunshot rang through the house as one of Ellsworth's companions sent a bullet through the brain of the murderer, and followed it by plunging his sabre-bayonet again and again into his body. Then the wife of the dead secessionist came rushing from her room, threw herself upon the body of her husband, and called upon him in

tones so piteous that even the Zouaves, mad with rage as they were, could scarce conceal their pity. The group about the two dead bodies in the dark and narrow hall made a scene at once dramatic and appalling. It was described in the vivid phrases of the newspaper correspondents in all parts of the country the next day, and carried a thrill to thousands of hearts North and South. Each of the two dead men was called a hero and a martyr by those who sympathized with the cause which he represented.

There followed some weeks of skirmishing along the south bank of the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to its mouth, and in the country back of it. But it was becoming more and more evident that the real, and effective, fighting was to be on the line between Washington and the Confederate capital at Richmond. The newspapers of the North had hardly seen the army move across the river into Virginia before they set up the cry of "On to Richmond." That the troops were raw and undrilled volunteers, commanded by officers who had never seen a battle, did not dampen the ardor of the strategists of the press. They felt a little as did General George B. McClellan who, on taking command of the Union troops in West Virginia, read an address in which he said, "I now fear but one thing—that you will not find foemen worthy of your steel." This fear, it may be noted, was very speedily dispelled.

In chief command of the United States armies was General Winfield Scott, a veteran of the War of 1812, and the only officer in the army who had ever commanded a body of five thousand men. But Scott was too old for active service, and the command of the Union army south of the Potomac was given to Brevet-Major McDowell, who was created a brigadier-general for the purpose, but whose largest command prior to that time had been a single company. Curiously

enough the Confederate commander directly opposed to him, General P. G. T. Beauregard, had been his classmate and friend at West Point.

Both Scott and McDowell understood the grave danger of complying with the demand for an advance with the force at their command. Whatever the Confederate force opposed to them might be, the Union army at the time was clearly unfit. It was composed almost entirely of men enlisted for three months and the term of their service had already more than half expired. On the 3rd of May, the President had called for 42,034 more men to enlist as volunteers for three years, and in the regular army. Scott was anxious to defer an advance until these men should be fit for service. But the country was determined that active operations should be begun at once, and that the three-months men should have their share in them. Accordingly in deference to public clamor, preparations were made for the advance that terminated in the disastrous field of Bull Run.

CHAPTER XII

"On to Richmond"—The Army Advances into Virginia—The Problem Confronting General McDowell—Patterson and Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley—The Battle of Bull Run—Jackson Wins the Title "Stonewall"—Defeat of the Union Army—Panic in Washington.

WHEN it had been determined to defer to public sentiment, overrule the advice of trained military experts, and begin active operations against the enemy's capital, it was determined to strike first at Manassas Junction about thirty-five miles south of Washington. Here two railroads crossed. One ran from Washington to Richmond and thence southward through the Confederacy. The other led westward through the mountains to the fertile Valley of the Shenandoah. Recognizing the importance of the railroad junction, the Confederates had thrown up earthworks which were manned by about thirty thousand men under General Beauregard. A serious factor in the problem of attack, however, was cited by General McDowell in the discussions of the plan of campaign at the War Department. He pointed out on the map the railroad extending from Manassas to the Shenandoah Valley. This railroad, being within the enemy's line, he could not cut or destroy until the enemy had been defeated. In the meantime it was at the service of Beauregard as a means of bringing him reënforcements. Moreover, the reënforcements were near at hand, for in the Shenandoah Valley was the Confederate General Johnston, with a force of more than ten thousand men.

"I can beat Beauregard's force with an army of

thirty thousand men," said McDowell; "but you must see to it that Johnston does not bring his troops out of the Shenandoah Valley to his aid."

"General Patterson, with an army of far greater strength, confronts Johnston at Harper's Ferry," answered Scott. "You may make your plans in full reliance that Johnston will be kept in the valley, or that if he does move it will be with Patterson's twenty thousand men at his heels."

Many days elapsed between the time of the decision to move upon Manassas and the actual advance of the army. Confederate spies in Washington kept the leaders at Richmond thoroughly posted upon all the preparations that were making. There is no more romantic chapter of the war than the story of the Confederate secret service in the North, though it has never been adequately told. Beauregard knew all about McDowell's plans as soon as they were made, and some things he knew of which the Washington authorities were densely ignorant, to their subsequent disaster.

One of the latter bits of information was that General Patterson, commanding the Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley was not an adversary to be greatly dreaded. Patterson was a veteran of the War of 1812 and the War with Mexico, not a distinguished officer in either but a patriotic soldier whose services were thought to entitle him to a command, the responsibilities of which his years ill-fitted him to endure, for he was well past seventy years of age. He prepared a great expedition for the capture of Harper's Ferry, "anticipating a fierce resistance," for as he wrote, "the insurgents are strongly intrenched, have an immense number of guns and will contest every inch of ground." Instead of doing so General Johnston, one of the ablest Confederate generals, had discerned that the

place was of no strategic importance, hard to defend, and commanding neither a railroad, a navigable stream, nor a good turnpike. Accordingly he abandoned it contemptuously and retreated up the Shenandoah Valley to a point whence he could expeditiously reënforce Beauregard at Manassas. This it was Patterson's task to prevent him from doing.

The keen eye of the veteran Scott in command at Washington discerned clearly the importance of holding Jackson in the valley. He had served with Patterson in Mexico and his dispatches to that commander indicate little confidence in his capacity. "Do not let the enemy amuse and delay you with a small force in front while he reënforces the Junction with his main body," read one. General Scott's prescience was perfect. This was precisely what Johnston did to the hapless Patterson. The latter indignantly replied: "The enemy has stolen no march on me. I have kept him actively employed and by threats and reconnoissances in force have caused him to be reënforced." Alas for Patterson! At the moment he wrote that dispatch Johnston, instead of being reënforced, had left a slender line of men to deceive the Union commander and with practically all his army was marching through Ashby's Gap to the aid of Beauregard.

McDowell's advance upon Manassas began July 16, 1861. It was the first great military expedition with which the war authorities of the Union ever had to grapple. To carry provisions and munitions of war, 750 wagons were specially built and the whole North was ransacked for the 3,000 necessary horses. Soldiers were not employed as teamsters and 1,000 men had to be found for this service. In the marching columns were 29,000 men, advancing by three nearly parallel roads. Each carried three days' rations.

"The three following things," said the marching order, "will not be pardonable in any commander: 1st, to come upon a battery or breastwork without a knowledge of its position; 2d, to be surprised; 3d, to fall back."

Put on their guard by this order the troops moved forward with painful caution. The scouts and skirmishers, still strange to their duties, continually gave false alarms. The troops, newly recruited and half-disciplined, found the march at first a pleasurable holiday. "They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or get water," says McDowell; "they would not keep in the ranks, order as much as you please; when they came where the water was fresh they would pour the old water out of their canteens, and fill them with fresh water; they were not used to denying themselves much; they were not used to journeys on foot."

Many of the people of Fairfax Court House abandoned their houses, and fled as the troops approached. The more lawless members of the Union army saw in this an opportunity for plunder, and some of the unthinking ones joined them out of mere sportiveness. Houses were plundered, and a few barns and stables burned. At nightfall several soldiers paraded the streets clad in women's clothes, which they had taken from some of the deserted houses. One man was discovered, by a regimental officer, attired in the surplice and bands of an Episcopal clergyman. In his hand he held a prayer-book, from which, with great solemnity, he was reading a funeral service for the "President of the Southern Confederacy."

After a turbulent night, during which the soldiers surrendered the rest they needed to their desire for a frolic, the reveille sounded, and the troops were soon again on the march. By nine o'clock they had reached Centreville, where they were halted, and the comman-

ders began their plans for the battle they knew was impending.

Beauregard's army of some twenty thousand men was posted behind a small stream with steep banks called Bull Run. From it the battle took its name in Northern chronicles; the Southern records always refer to it as the battle of Manassas. The stream had seven fords and one bridge, all defended by earthworks and the Confederate line extended along its bank for eight miles. A survey of this line convinced McDowell that an attack on the front would be futile and he determined to march around the enemy's flank. By way of testing out Beauregard's strength, he sent General Tyler with two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of Blackburn's Ford. Tyler was ordered not to bring on a battle, but carried away at the sight of a tempting target, he swung two field guns into position and opened fire on the Confederate camp which with all its activity of parking artillery and marching troops lay spread out before him, all unconscious of his proximity. His first shell showed the worth of unpractised artillerists. It flew a hundred feet above the target aimed at and fell more than two miles beyond. But by the merest accident it landed in the fireplace of Beauregard's headquarters and blew his dinner to pieces. This effrontery could not be overlooked. The Confederate batteries returned the fire with equal spirit and no better marksmanship. Tyler thought he might send out a line of skirmishers. Then the Confederates thought they would try an assault on his battery. Before long both sides were hotly engaged when Tyler, remembering he had been ordered not to fight, withdrew his troops. By this time it was nightfall and both armies went into bivouac, the Confederates exultantly claiming that they had won the first skirmish. The next day, the 19th and

Saturday, the 20th, were passed idly by both armies. McDowell could not attack for his provision and munition wagons had not come up. The delay cost him dear. The time of his troops was beginning to expire and Saturday afternoon one regiment and one battery whose three months' term was ended turned and marched back to Washington; "marching from the field to the sound of the enemy's cannon," as an officer bitterly remarked.

Beauregard was quite content with the delay. He had telegraphed to Richmond, and thence the order had been flashed along the wires to Johnston, in the Shenandoah Valley, to make all haste to join the Confederate host at Manassas. McDowell, not a whit behind in forethought, had telegraphed to Washington, and the order had been sent to Patterson: "Hold Johnston in the valley. Do not let him steal a march on you." But Patterson had proved wanting in diligence, and that very night a silent column of nine thousand Confederate soldiers stole away from the camp in the Shenandoah Valley, and began a forced march for the nearest railway station. On the way they met an officer galloping madly down the road. Reining in his smoking steed, he asked anxiously for Johnston, and handed him a brief note. "If you wish to help me, now is the time. Beauregard," was all it said, but it spurred the weary soldiers to a quicker pace. The officer who had brought the note killed his horse in his fierce ride from Ashby's Gap. There was no halting by the way-side, no picking blackberries for these men. The fate of a battle depended on their promptitude.

Saturday night, when McDowell thought all was well in the valley, Johnston sat with Beauregard in a farm-house back of the Confederate lines planning the battle they knew would be fought on the morrow.

McDowell planned to turn their left flank at Sudley's Ford, but the two Confederate generals, believing themselves at least equal to the Federals had determined to give up the advantage of awaiting the attack behind intrenchments and themselves attack the Union base at Centreville. However, McDowell moved first.

Sunday morning dawns. The Federals have been marching toward Sudley Ford since two at night. The narrow road by which their route lay is choked with weary men, and straining horses dragging field pieces. Delay follows delay. The ford should have been crossed by daybreak; it is nine o'clock before the head of the column reaches it. Then all throw themselves upon the ground to rest and eat a meagre breakfast. In the meantime a man living in a mill by the side of the road has galloped ahead to warn the Confederates that the Yankees are coming down upon them, by way of Sudley's Ford.

Let us look at the field on which the battle is to be fought, and the positions held by the troops of either side on that eventful Sunday morning. Bull Run flows in a crooked channel, from the northwest to the southeast. The Confederate troops were on its westerly side, facing east. Evans's brigade held the extreme left flank at the stone bridge, some half a mile below Sudley's Ford. Below Evans was Cocke, then Bonham, then Longstreet, then Jones, and finally, on the extreme right flank eight miles from Evans, was Ewell. Each of these divisions was stationed at such a point as to hold a ford. In the rear were the reserves—Bee Early, Holmes, and Jackson. The latter had just come from the Shenandoah Valley, and we shall see what his presence on the Bull Run battle field meant for the Confederates.

If we choose the hour of half-past six in the morning we find the Confederate troops posted as above, while

the Federals are advancing by three roads. Straight down the turnpike from Centreville come the troops of Tyler, with drums beating and colors flying. Richardson's division marches down to make a demonstration at Blackburn's Ford, the scene of the skirmish of two days before. All kinds of uniforms are visible in the ranks. The dark blue of the small body of regulars, the brilliant scarlet trousers and fezzes of the Zouaves, the light gray of some of the city militia companies, combine to make up a brilliant pageant on the lonely country roads on the quiet Sunday morning.

Ayres's battery of rifled guns precedes Tyler's advance. Swinging into position at a favorable point on the turnpike, it opens fire on Evans's troops, who guard the stone bridge. It is the first gun of the great battle. The second shot cuts through the tent of Beauregard's chief signal officer. Soon the whole battery of rifled cannon is in full play. The Confederates remain dumb, having no artillery of sufficient range to reply.

McDowell's whole plan of battle rested on the supposition that Tyler would show so much activity as to lead the enemy to believe that the main assault was to be made by the stone bridge. But in this Tyler signally failed. After maintaining an almost ineffective cannonade for some time, he sent forward a line of skirmishers, who engaged the Confederate skirmishers in the woods on the northern bank of Bull Run. More than this he did nothing.

Evans, meanwhile, saw rising high above the treetops beyond Bull Run a dense cloud of dust,—that telltale signal which every army marching in the summer-time gives of its movements. This first led him to believe that the skirmish in his front was but a feint, intended to draw his attention away from some more serious assault upon him from some other quarter.

While speculating upon this, he saw a horseman, hatless and coatless, coming galloping down upon him in wild excitement.

"General, the Yankees are coming that way," shouts the messenger. "They are crossing Bull Run at Sudley's Ford by thousands."

Evans here shows his soldierly qualities. Though his orders had been only to hold the stone bridge against all comers, he quickly abandons his position there, leaving but four companies to keep up the petty skirmish with Tyler's troops. Marching down the turnpike on the double-quick, he chose a position on a slight ridge, just inside the bend of Young's Branch, a little stream emptying into Bull Run. With eight hundred men he has to check the advance of an army; but he forms his line boldly, and sends a courier off to the rear for aid. Soon a line of skirmishers appears, emerging from the woods. A scattering fire of musketry begins, and here and there men begin to fall to the earth. Both sides are still ignorant of war, and the Federals suffer seriously for their inexperience. With a rapid, steady advance, they could sweep Evans's handful of men away, and carry confusion down the whole Confederate line. Instead of this their assault drags, and the brigades of Bee and Bartow come to the aid of Evans, before his position has been seriously shaken.

But now the battle becomes general. The roar of artillery and the ceaseless rattle of the musketry dismay the untried soldiery. The shrill notes of the bugle and the cheering of the Confederates tell that reënforcements are hastening to confront the Federals, whose advance now begins to gain in spirit. Despite the reënforcements, the Federals are still in overpowering numbers, and force the Confederates back from point to point, until their rout seems inevitable. Fresh

troops come to aid the blue-coats. Heintzelman's brigade comes up on the right, and Sherman, with a detachment of Tyler's troops, succeeds in finding a ford above the stone bridge, and comes to the aid of his comrades.

Now the Confederates begin to fall back; in orderly retreat at first, then in seemingly hopeless confusion. Shouts, conflicting commands, cries of pain, the shriek and crash of shells, made up so deafening a tumult that the men could not comprehend the frantic efforts of their officers to rally them. So, in a panic-stricken, surging mass, the troops of Bee and Evans flee across the turnpike and out of the valley of Young's Branch. On the crest of the hill back of the road is a brigade of troops that had come but a few hours before from the Shenandoah Valley. Five regiments and two batteries are there, unscarred by the conflict, and in command of a man then almost unknown, but destined to win, perhaps, the proudest laurels worn by any Southern soldier of the Civil War. Jackson saw the rout before him, and straightway formed his line of battle on the hill, extending from the Robinson house to the Henry house.

Seeing Jackson standing calm and stern before his troops, Bee galloped up to him, and in a tone of agony, cried:

"General, see! They are beating us back."

"Very well, sir. We will give them the bayonet," was the cool response of the other.

His words and manner infused new life and hope in Bee's mind. Dashing back to his troops, he shouted, with fierce gestures:

"See! See! There stands Jackson, like a stone-wall."

The men look where he points. The sight of that immovable line of disciplined soldiers and the calmly self-reliant manner of the great leader calms them a little. Just at this juncture, with a clatter of hoofs,

Beauregard and Johnston come galloping to the scene of battle. They try to rally the troops.

"Carry the standards forward forty yards," commands Beauregard. It is done. The color sergeant and the color guard of each regiment stand boldly out on the field of battle amid the storm of lead. "Rally upon the colors!" is the cry then, all along the line, and soon the shattered ranks began to assume some semblance of order. In the meantime Jackson's line had advanced somewhat, and the troops of Wade Hampton coming to his aid, the advance of the Federal columns is checked. Beauregard is now on the field. As he galloped up he had ordered all the troops posted along the bank of Bull Run to hasten towards the firing. Johnston has gone back to hasten them forward, and the reënforcements begin to pour in. They form, under cover of the woods, on the crest of the hill back of the Henry and Robinson houses. It is a position of great strength. Jackson's brigade lies flat on the ground, to avoid the fire of the enemy. Their general, disdaining concealment, rides slowly up and down the line. "Steady, boys; steady! All's well," he says. Out in front are the Confederate batteries making deadly play upon the Union lines, seen forming in the distance, and suffering terribly from the rapid and well-directed fire of Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries. Beauregard rides down the line. "Colonel Walton, do you see the enemy?" says he to the commander of the Washington Artillery.

"Yes, sir."

"Then hold this position, and the day is ours."

As he turns to ride away, a shell bursts beneath his horse, tearing the animal to pieces, and cutting off a piece of the general's boot heel.

But now McDowell has re-formed his regiments and is about to advance. All day long the advantage of

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THE BRIDGE AT PORANAQUE

numbers and position has been his. Now the enemy is his equal in numbers, and is strongly posted at the top of a hill up which he will have to charge. Nothing daunted, he prepares for the assault. His first move brings disaster. Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, stationed near the Dogan house, are ordered to move across the valley to a point near the Henry house. Ricketts and Griffin are officers of the regular army. They have schooled themselves to obey orders; but when they learn that they are to be supported only by two untrained regiments they feel that a mistake has been made. But, without protest, they move to the post assigned them, and open fire upon the enemy, who returns it with equal spirit. Eleven Union guns are now engaged with thirteen Confederate guns; but the latter are under cover and supported by thousands of infantrymen. For a time the exchange of shots continues; but soon the Confederates grow bolder, and sally out from the woods in quick, but ineffectual charges upon the Union guns. Ricketts's battery is nearest, and against him the assaults are directed; but with well-directed volleys of grape and canister he holds his foes at bay.

Griffin is stationed on Ricketts's right, and is ably sustaining his share in the conflict. Suddenly he sees a regiment emerge from the woods on the Confederates' left and advance boldly toward him. Swinging his guns around, he trains them upon the new-comers. But they advance with such deliberation, with no cheering or firing, that for a moment he fancies they may be Union reënforcements. At this moment Major Barry, chief of the Union Artillery, gallops up.

"Captain," he shouts, "don't fire on those troops; they are your supports."

"They are Confederates," cries Griffin; "I know they are; they are part of the enemy's forces."

"No, no; they are your supports."

Then Griffin wheels his guns around again and the double charges of grape and canister that he had prepared for the unknown regiment are sent whistling into the woods in which the main body of the Confederate troops is hidden. Meanwhile the doubtful regiment has moved up nearer, swung into a long line facing Ricketts and Griffin, halts, and with all deliberation levels its muskets and fires a volley at point-blank range into the very faces of the Union cannoneers. It is a murderous fire. Men and horses fall to the ground before the storm of leaden hail. Horses are stung by the flying bullets and maddened by the crash of the musketry, and gallop away, dragging caissons and limbers after them. The Zouaves, stationed to support the batteries, are thrown into confusion. Their officers urge them forward but they hesitate. While they waver, the Confederates advance boldly, pouring in volleys. A sudden panic seizes upon the Zouaves. They break, they fly in terror, crying that all is lost. Some of them pluck up their courage and join other commands; but, as a body, the Zouaves are not seen on the field of Bull Run again.

This disaster is directly traceable to Patterson, far off in the Shenandoah Valley, for the Confederate troops that fired the fatal volley were the troops of Kirby Smith, and had just reached the field of battle. In the cars they heard the noise of battle, and, stopping the train, they had run down the turnpike and across the fields towards the sound of the cannonading. Without reporting to Beauregard, or asking for orders, they sought the field of battle and arrived in time to deal the decisive blow.

There is no incident in the battle of Bull Run that can be definitely termed the moment of defeat. No successful charge by the Confederates, nor great dis-

aster to the Federals, was instantly followed by the rout of the latter. But toward four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour or more after the disaster to Ricketts and Griffin, the Union army began to go to pieces. Men left the ranks and went coolly to the rear. Half-disciplined regiments charged magnificently up the hill, but when driven back thought their whole duty done and quietly withdrew. "At four o'clock," says a Union officer, "there were more than twelve thousand volunteers on the battle field of Bull Run who had entirely lost their regimental organization. They could no longer be handled as troops, for the officers and men were not together. Men and officers mingled together promiscuously; and it is worthy of remark that this disorganization did not result from defeat or fear."

Crowds of civilians, members of Congress, government officials, newspaper correspondents, and curiosity-seekers had followed the army from Washington, eager to witness the battle. Few of these had ventured so far as the battle field, but thousands of them were in the fields and along the road leading to the stone bridge. The road was choked up with pleasure-carriages and with army-wagons. As the stragglers began swarming across the fords of Bull Run, dirty, grimed with powder, their faces telling of disaster, a feeling of vague alarm spread amongst the crowd of sight-seers. The contagion spread. Congressmen in carriages called to their drivers to whip up their horses and hasten back to Washington. Teamsters cut loose their horses from the wagons and galloped away. Even ambulances, laden with Union wounded, were thus abandoned and left standing in the road. Soldiers cast away their muskets, photographers their cameras.

"We have won a great and glorious victory," telegraphed Jefferson Davis, as he surveyed the field after

the battle. This was true, but it would have been more to the purpose if, instead of exulting, the President of the Confederacy had ordered an instant advance on Washington. "Give me 5,000 fresh men and I will be in Washington to-morrow morning," cried General Jackson to Davis, but the appeal went unheeded. The Federal loss in the battle was killed, 460; wounded, 1,124; captured, 1,312; total, 2,896. The Confederate loss was killed, 387; wounded, 1,582; captured or missing, 13; total, 1,982. Two Confederate generals, Bartow and Bee, who conferred the deathless title of "Stonewall" on Jackson were killed.

The state of panic in Washington when the defeated soldiers came trooping back from the battleground almost baffles the imagination. One who saw it, the poet Walt Whitman, gifted with a vivid descriptive prose style has described it in an article, a part of which may well close this chapter:

> The defeated troops commenced pouring into Washington, over the Long Bridge, at daylight on Monday, 22d—day drizzling all through with rain. The Saturday and Sunday of the battle (20th, 21st) had been parched and hot to an extreme; the dust, the grime and smoke, in layers, sweated in, followed by other layers again sweated in, absorbed by those excited souls; their clothes all saturated with the clay-powder filling the air, stirred up everywhere on the dry roads and trodden fields by the regiments, swarming wagons, artillery, etc.,—all the men with this coating of murk and sweat and rain, now recoiling back, pouring over the Long Bridge,—a horrible march of twenty miles,—returning to Washington baffled, humiliated, panic-struck. Where are the vaunts and the proud boasts with which you went forth? Where are your banners, and your bands of music, and your ropes to bring back your prisoners? Well, there isn't a band playing, and there isn't a flag but clings ashamed and lank to its staff.
>
> The sun rises, but shines not. The men appear, at first sparsely and shame-faced enough, then thicker, in the streets of Washington,—appear in Pennsylvania Avenue, and on the steps and basement entrances. They come along in disorderly mobs; some in squads, stragglers, companies. Occasionally, a rare regiment, in perfect order, with its officers (some gaps—dead, the true braves)

marching in silence, with lowering faces, stern, weary to sinking, all black and dirty, but every man with his musket, and stepping alive; but these are the exceptions. Sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue, Fourteenth Street, etc., crowded, jammed with citizens, darkies, clerks, everybody, lookers-on; women in the windows, curious expressions upon faces as those swarms of dirt-covered, returned soldiers there (Will they never end?) move by; but nothing said, no comments (half our lookers-on "secesh" of the most venomous kind,—they say nothing, but the devil snickers in their faces). During the forenoon Washington gets all over motley with these defeated soldiers,—queer-looking objects, strange eyes and faces, drenched (the steady rain drizzles on all day), and fearfully worn, hungry, haggard, blistered in the feet. Good people (but not over-many of them either) hurry up something for their grub. They put wash-kettles on the fire for soup, for coffee. They set tables on the sidewalks; wagon-loads of bread are purchased, swiftly cut in stout chunks. Here are two ladies, beautiful, the first in the city for culture and charm,—they stand with store of eating and drink at an improvised table of rough plank, and give food, and have the store replenished from their house every half-hour all that day; and there in the rain they stand, active, silent, white-haired, and give food, though the tears stream down their cheeks, almost without intermission, the whole time. Amid the deep excitement, crowds, and motion, and desperate eagerness, it seems strange to see many, very many, of the soldiers sleeping—in the midst of all, sleeping sound. They drop down anywhere, on the steps of houses, up close by the basements or fences, on the sidewalk, aside on some vacant lot, and deeply sleep. A poor seventeen or eighteen-year-old boy lies there, on the stoop of a grand house; he sleeps so calmly, so profoundly. Some clutch their muskets firmly even in sleep. Some in squads; comrades, brothers, close together—and on them, as they lay, sulkily drips the rain.

CHAPTER XIII

The War in the West—Lyon's Fight for Missouri and His Death—Grant First Appears—His Capture of Forts Henry and Donelson—Encouragement to the Union Cause.

FOLLOWING upon the battle of Bull Run came three months of comparative quiet in the main field of battle. The wrecked Army of the Potomac had to be patched up; the morale of the Northern soldiers reëstablished; and the too eager press and people of the North shown by precept following upon the example of disaster that the way to Richmond was not so open as they thought. But recruiting was not checked by the defeat, which indeed seemed rather to arouse the fighting spirit of the North. A camp preacher in Illinois seemed to express the sentiment of his neighbors when he read the news of the battle from his rude pulpit and ended with the declaration, "Brethren, it is time to adjourn this meeting and go home and drill."

To succeed General McDowell in command of the army in Virginia was chosen General George B. McClellan, a West Pointer, an engineer with a genius for organization, who had attracted attention by two not very important victories won in West Virginia in the course of holding that state for the Union. Eight months were passed in the work of reorganization and building up of the Army of the Potomac, during which period only unimportant battles were fought in the eastern theatre of war.

It was during this period, however, that General Lyon was most active in his fight for Missouri. Early in the trouble he had effectively disarmed the Confed-

erates of the state by seizing the arsenal and raiding their only armed camp. But the sentiment of the state was strongly secession, and if the movement lacked arms it did not lack men. In response to a call sent out by General S. G. Price seven or eight thousand men gathered at Cowskin Prairie in the southwestern part of the state. They had no regular arms. Some had hunting rifles, others shot-guns. Several thousand had no guns whatsoever. There were seven cannon but no cartridges. "My first cartridge resembled a turnip rather than the trim cylinders from Federal arsenals and would not take a gun on any terms," wrote an artillery officer who undertook to teach the men to make cartridges from homely materials. There were no uniforms. A bit of bright calico knotted about the arm was the common badge of rank. Price's adjutant-general described the troops thus:

> The staff was composed chiefly of country lawyers, who took the ways of the court-room with them into the field. Colonels could not drill their regiments, nor captains their companies; a drum and a fife—the only ones in the entire command—sounded all the calls, and companies were paraded by the sergeants calling out, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! all you who belong to Captain Brown's company fall in here." Officers and men messed together, and all approached McBride without a salute, lounged around his quarters, listened to all that was said, and when they spoke to him called him "Jedge." Their only arms were the rifles with which they hunted the squirrels and other small game that abounded in their woods; but these they knew how to use. A powder-horn, a cap-pouch, "a string of patchin'," and a hunter's knife completed their equipment. I doubt whether among them all was a man who had seen a piece of artillery.

General Lyon and General Franz Sigel, of the Federal army, were at Springfield, Missouri, with about five thousand men, but better armed and equipped than the Confederates. Price by joining his force with that of General Ben McCulloch had brought his available force up nearly to ten thousand men. It was Lyon's

tactics, obviously, to attack this force before it could be fully armed, effectively drilled, and made into an efficient army. The Confederates, on their part, knowing that they were ill-armed and that their one point of superiority was in numbers, determined to attack Lyon before he could be reënforced. By a curious coincidence, the foes selected the same day, August 9, for their attacks—but Lyon attacked at daybreak just as the Confederates were breakfasting preparatory to taking the field themselves.

The surprise was complete. At first the success of the Union forces seemed assured, but a large Confederate force by a stratagem succeeded in trapping Sigel into the belief that they were part of Lyon's force, and getting into a commanding position, fairly blew his line to pieces. Sigel with 300 men fled, leaving 900 men and 5 cannon behind. Lyon's plan of battle had been to divide his forces—always a dangerous expedient—sending Sigel to take the Confederates in the rear. He heard the distant sound of conflict and thus knew Sigel was engaged, but had no knowledge of the disaster that had befallen him. He himself fought bravely, though wounded early in the battle. The Federals, spurred on by his courage, were holding their own against a superior force when a bullet struck him dead. The fall of a commander always disheartens his troops, and the Union soldiers now looked with apprehension upon the Confederates who had withdrawn to prepare for another charge. Just then the trick that had been played upon Sigel was repeated upon Lyon's men. A Confederate force bearing the Stars and Stripes approached unopposed, for all supposed them part of Sigel's command. At the critical moment, however, the national flag was thrown down and the new troops charged the Union lines, while a battery made up of guns taken from Sigel swung into

action. The shock was too much for the Union troops. Though they repelled that charge they then abandoned the field and retreated to Springfield. Their loss had been less than the Confederates, but their force was little more than half as great. The official figures of losses are: For the Federals, 223 killed, 721 wounded, and 291 missing; for the Confederates, 265 killed, 800 wounded, and 30 missing. But the death of General Lyon was the greatest loss of all. The vigor with which he had acted at the very first muttering of civil war was the one force that saved Missouri to the Union.

One other affair in Missouri during this year is of interest as introducing to the active prosecution of the war the officer who was destined to become the chief general on the Union side.

The Confederates had a strong military post at Columbus, Kentucky, on the bank of the Mississippi, under command of General Polk, who had been a Bishop in the Episcopal Church. General Fremont, who was in command of Missouri, was very apprehensive lest they send over troops to reënforce General Price. Accordingly he ordered Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, who was at Cairo, Illinois, to make some sort of an attack which would keep the Confederates busy. To attack Columbus would have been folly for there were 10,000 men there in a well-fortified camp. But on the Missouri side, at Belmont, a miserable little hamlet, there was a small detachment in an unfortified camp, and putting about 3,000 men and two guns on river steamboats Grant started for that point. When he landed three miles above the camp two armored gunboats dropped down stream and began shelling the works at Columbus to keep the enemy interested there.

Four hours of fighting followed the first collision

of the hostile skirmishers. Through the woods the blue-coats advanced slowly, but without serious check. There was no open country, and there could be no charges; but the fighting was cool and deadly. "I never saw a battle more hotly contested, or where troops behaved with more gallantry," said Grant, in his report, next day. Many were struck down in the woods by the flying bullets. Grant's horse was shot under him. But the Union troops pressed on until at last the edge of the clearing about the camp was reached. Then the Confederates broke and fled, plunging over the steep bank of the river, huddling together on the sands underneath, panic-stricken, and ready to surrender at the first summons.

But no demand for surrender was made. The Union soldiers, who had fought like veterans, showed that they were but raw recruits in the moment of victory. When they saw the Confederate camp deserted they broke through the abatis by which it was surrounded, and at once gave themselves up to plunder and self-glorification. The younger officers were as bad as the men. From the backs of their horses they made speeches boasting of victory, and glorifying the Union cause, whenever they could muster a corporal's guard to listen. Meantime the privates were ransacking the tents, breaking open trunks, and appropriating everything upon which they could lay their hands. One group of men had got hold of some captured cannon, and were furiously cannonading some steamers lying at a wharf down stream, far out of range. Up stream, within cannon-shot, were two steamers black with armed soldiery, coming over to cut off the Union retreat. Galloping up to the group, Grant directed them to turn their guns upon the loaded steamers; but their excitement was so great that they paid not the slightest heed to him. Thereupon he ordered

his staff officers to set fire to the camp, which was quickly done. The flames and the shells from the enemy's works across the river, which now began to drop rather thickly into the camp, brought the demoralized soldiers to their senses. As they looked about them they saw that the Confederates had reformed their shattered ranks, and taken a position between the Union forces and the transports.

"We are surrounded!" was the cry. To the untrained soldiers the thought of being surrounded was equivalent to defeat.

"We cut our way in here," said General Grant, "and can cut our way out again."

Accordingly the lines were formed. The Confederates gave way, and before the reënforcements from Columbus had landed, the Federals had safely reached their boats.

Reaching the landing-place Grant found his troops all embarked, and the steamers in the act of pushing off. Close behind him came the enemy, their bullets whistling overhead, and their shouts ringing in his ears. He was on the crest of the high bank of the river, an almost perpendicular bank of clay, at the foot of which was a level stretch of sand, across which he must ride to reach the edge of the water. The captain of the nearest boat which had pushed out ran a single plank ashore, and shouted to him to hasten. "My horse seemed to take in the situation," writes Grant, in his "Memoirs." "There was no path down the bank, and everyone acquainted with the Mississippi River knows that its banks in a natural state do not vary at any great angle from the perpendicular. My horse put his fore feet over the bank without hesitation or urging, and with his hind feet well under him slid down the bank and trotted aboard the boat, twelve or fifteen feet away, over a single gang-plank."

Though the forces engaged were inconsiderable, Belmont was a sharp-fought battle. The Union armies lost in all 607 men; of whom 120 were killed, 383 wounded, and 104 captured or missing. The Confederate loss amounted to 641; of whom 105 were killed, 419 wounded, and 117 missing.

After the battle of Belmont the commanding officers of the hostile armies, with their staffs, exchanged several visits to arrange the details of paroles, exchange of prisoners, and such matters. On one of these visits Colonel Buford, of Grant's staff, with several other Union officers, was the guest of General Polk. Luncheon was served. The wine was passed around. "Gentlemen," said Colonel Buford, looking slyly at the Confederate officers, "let us drink to George Washington, the Father of his Country." "And the first Rebel," quickly added General Polk, and the toast thus amended was drunk by all in amity.

A little later, General Cheatham, Polk's second in command, and General Grant got into a conversation about horses, of which both were very fond. For an hour or more they chatted amicably. At last the time came to part.

"Well, general," said the Southerner, "this business of fighting is a troublesome affair. Let us settle our political differences by a grand horse-race over on the Missouri shore."

"I wish we could," responded Grant; and, soldier though he was, he probably would have liked to bring the war to an end then and there.

The battle of Belmont was of but slight importance save as introducing General Grant to active military operations. He was not long in following up the introduction. Kentucky, which had tried to be neutral, had not long been able to maintain that position. By the beginning of the year 1862 both the Federals

and the Confederates were maintaining powerful posts within her borders. In command of the latter was General Albert Sidney Johnston, a military commander of the first order, who had in all about forty-three thousand men to hold a line reaching from Columbus on the Mississippi to Cumberland Gap. His force was not only inadequate but was ill-armed, many of his soldiers carrying squirrel rifles, shot-guns, and even flint-locks. The Federals had a slight advantage in numbers and a great one in equipment. They had, moreover, a considerable fleet of gunboats, some of them armored, with which to carry the war by water into the enemy's country. In the west the rivers south of the Ohio mainly run north and south, thus forming roads into the territory then held by the Confederates. In the east they run east and west and thus were obstacles in the path of the Union armies marching southward. The superior position of the Union forces in Kentucky was somewhat affected by an unfortunate division in command. General Halleck, in chief command in Missouri, included in his department all of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River; General Buell, with headquarters at Louisville, commanded the rest.

Shortly after the battle of Belmont General Grant began urging upon Halleck expeditions up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers to capture Forts Donelson and Henry that stood upon their banks. These forts were in the rear of Johnston's line of defence and, if taken, would compel him to abandon such strong points as Bowling Green and Columbus. Halleck finally assenting, Grant left Cairo, February 2, 1862, to attack Fort Henry. He had under his command seventeen thousand men, but as there were not enough steamboats to carry all, half were taken to a point a few miles below the fort and landed while

the boats went back for the rest. With the expedition were also several iron-clad gunboats under Commodore Foote.

Fort Henry was a powerful work so placed as to be untenable at high water. How the Confederate engineers could have so blundered in placing a fort which in all other elements of technical design was admirable is inexplicable. At the very time Grant attacked it its flag-staff stood in two feet of water and the river was rising. Even before the Federal expedition appeared down the river General Tilghman, in command of the fort, had very properly determined to abandon it. He sent the greater part of his command overland to Fort Donelson, only twelve miles away, leaving Captain Taylor with fifty-four men instructed to hold the fort against all comers for an hour. The little band fought well. They had only the gunboats to deal with for Grant's troops never got into this fight at all. The shells from the heavy naval guns searched out every part of the fort, piercing the breastworks as though they were pasteboard. One lucky shot from the fort pierced the boiler of the "Essex," scalding many of her men, forcing scores to jump overboard and sending her out of action.

But, though encouraged for the time by the sight of the disaster on the "Essex," the garrison of the fort soon saw the futility of longer resistance. Their one rifled cannon had burst, striking down all the gunners who served it, and disabling the guns on either side. The heavy Columbiad had been accidentally spiked with its own priming-wire. The Federal fire had dismounted so many other guns as to leave but four fit for use. Many of the buildings in the fort were on fire, the waters of the river were creeping higher and higher, threatening to drown the magazine,

and all the time the gunboats stubbornly breasted the fierce current of the Tennessee, and swept the fort with their screeching, bursting shells. "It is vain to fight longer," said General Tilghman, who had returned to the fort after having seen his troops safely started on the road to Donelson. "Our gunners are disabled—our guns dismounted; we can't hold out five minutes longer." Then the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy came fluttering down from the flag-staff, and in a moment the blue-jackets on the gunboats were cheering lustily over their victory. It is worthy of note, that when a cutter was sent off from the flag-ship to receive the formal surrender, the water had risen so high that the boat pulled directly to the sally-port over ground on which the day before the Confederate garrison had marched. Had the attack been deferred two days, the Tennessee River would have saved the Union forces their trouble by drowning out the garrison.

The capture of Fort Henry was no very extraordinary military exploit. General Grant did not himself anticipate any considerable difficulty in it, expecting that the fleet would reduce the works and only hoping to use his own forces to capture the garrison—a wish which General Tilghman frustrated by withdrawing nearly all his men before the attack began. But the victory stirred the riotous enthusiasm of the entire North, for it sounded greater than it really was. It was the first Confederate fort to fall into Federal hands. It had its effect on the enemy too, for General Johnston on hearing the news abandoned Bowling Green, sent twelve thousand of his troops to Fort Donelson and with the rest, about fourteen thousand, retreated into Tennessee. Within a week Grant was on the way to attack the second Confederate stronghold. Meantime the rains had passed over, a bright

sunny day or two had been enjoyed and the Northern soldiers, confusing Tennessee with the tropics, thought they were done with winter and threw away overcoats and blankets by thousands—a blunder they were destined to regret bitterly.

A lofty hill at the head of an abrupt bend in the Tennessee River had been chosen by the Confederates as the site of Fort Donelson. The two water batteries of the work commanded a long, straight reach of water, up which must come any naval expedition on hostile errand bent. The fort itself was an irregularly shaped earthwork, mounting heavy guns, and enclosing about one hundred acres of ground. Outside of the fort proper were redoubts of logs, and field-works for infantry and artillery. Still farther advanced were earthworks faced by a heavy abatis, reaching from Hickman's Creek, about a mile below the fort, to the little town of Dover, two miles above it. Within these formidable works were nearly twenty thousand men. Johnston had plainly foreseen the importance of this post to the Confederacy, and had hurried thither every man he could spare from his position at Bowling Green. "I determined," he said, "to fight for Nashville at Donelson, and to have the best part of my army to do it." But Johnston's fatal error was made when he sent, to command this fort, General Floyd, whose treasonable actions when secretary of war under Buchanan had shown him to be destitute of that first of all soldierly qualities, honor. A great commander has said: "Better an army of hares led by a lion, than an army of lions led by a hare." General Grant himself has placed on record the statement that, knowing Floyd's character, he attempted manœuvres that he would have never undertaken had Buckner (third in command at Fort Donelson) been in command.

The advance was made by two parallel roads, General McClernand commanding one division, General Smith the other, both West Pointers. They reached the picket lines of the enemy about sundown, and bivouacked without any clash. Indeed, the next day Grant ordered that nothing should be done that would bring on a general engagement, but General McClernand was so badgered by an apparently unsupported battery that in wrath he sent three regiments to take it. It turned out that the battery was surrounded by concealed rifle-pits and masked earthworks. The three charging regiments found themselves pitted against five—plus the battery itself. Badly cut up they rallied, charged a second and then a third time and gave up the fight. Many wounded were left on the field and the dried leaves and grass taking fire threatened them with an agonizing death. Nobody seemed to think of a flag of truce for their removal, but the Confederates clambered over their breastworks and carried many back to safety.

Grant did not expect to fight a pitched engagement. His plan was to hem in the enemy, and while the gunboats pounded them from the water side draw tight his circle of fire and steel until they should be starved into surrender or shatter themselves to pieces in dashing against his lines. But the Confederates changed all this, and had they acted wisely in their moment of temporary victory Grant might have been defeated, or at most have won only an empty fort.

That night a council of war met in Floyd's headquarters in Donelson. Pillow was there, and Buckner.

"We must cut our way out through Grant's line to-morrow morning," said Floyd. "This fort cannot be defended with less than fifty thousand men. We will attack McClernand's division, rout it, and

then either continue the attack upon the main army, or retreat by the Charlotte road."

All that night within the Confederate lines there were regiments of infantry, troops of cavalry, and batteries of artillery marching toward the Confederate left, until ten thousand men were massed near the point at which the Charlotte road pierces the line of earthworks. Outside, the Federal pickets were stamping about, swinging their arms, and more intent upon fighting back the numbing effects of the biting blast than alert to catch the sound of activity within the enemy's lines.

Morning came; reveille sounded; the blanketed forms that lay on the snow began to show signs of life. Suddenly from the picket line came a shot,—another,—a whole fusillade. Men spring to their feet, catch up their guns, and begin to fall in line. The harsh roll of the drums mingles with the firing, that comes faster and faster from the pickets. Company after company is formed and breaks into column of fours, starting out on the double-quick to learn whether this was simply a skirmish on the picket line or the forerunner of a general engagement.

It is Oglesby's regiment of Illinoisians, that has been set upon by Pillow. Right valiantly they hold their ground. To their aid comes McArthur, and soon the whole of McClernand's division is engaged.

Meantime General Grant has gone off to the gunboat "St. Louis" to confer with Commodore Foote, who had been wounded in the river battle of the day before. As he rode down toward the river's bank he heard the noise of the conflict on his extreme right, but thought it nothing more than a lively skirmish. "I had no idea that there would be an engagement on land unless I brought it on myself," he writes, in his "Memoirs."

For an hour or more the conflict rages without intermission. Could one from some elevated point look down through the dense gray clouds of smoke that conceal the battle from view, he would see that the day is going against the Federals. On all sides they are being beaten back. Their ammunition has given out, and whole companies have ceased firing and sought shelter. Meantime the fury of the enemy's assault has in no way waned. His well-drilled regiments and batteries keep up a constant fire as they advance through the woods. The clouds of sulphurous smoke, the sheets of lurid flame leaping from the muzzles of the guns, the thunders of the cannonade, the shouts of the combatants, and the cries of the wounded tell of the desperate conflict that is raging.

By noon McClernand's division has been thrown into almost hopeless confusion. Buckner has issued from the centre of the Confederate works, and completes on the left of the division the work begun by Pillow on the right. The road to Charlotte is open to the Confederates if they see fit to carry out the programme determined upon at the council of the night before. But the madness of conquest is upon Pillow. All the morning the success of his regiments has been uninterrupted. He fancies that he can now fall upon and annihilate Grant's entire army. Ignoring altogether his superior officer, General Floyd, he sends off to General Johnston a hasty despatch, declaring "on the honor of a soldier" that the day is theirs. Then, ordering Buckner to press down upon Lew Wallace's right, he resumes the conflict.

Now is, indeed, the critical moment for the Union cause. McClernand's division is demoralized. Cruft's brigade, which Lew Wallace sent to its support, has been beaten back. Grant, the master-mind, is absent from the scene of battle, and the exultant Confed-

erates, flushed with victory, press down upon Wallace's division, which now stands alone between the Union army and defeat.

At this moment General Grant rides up to the little group that stands at Lew Wallace's side. He had come ashore, not expecting to find a battle raging, but was met at the landing by Captain Hillyer, who told him of the morning's disaster. Together they galloped up the line to the scene of the conflict.

"I saw the men standing in knots, talking in the most excited manner," he writes in his "Memoirs"; "no officers seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their muskets, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think that this indicated a determination on his part to stay out and fight just as long as the provisions held out."

But Grant, the trained soldier, does not accept this theory. He knows that the knapsacks full of rations betoken that the enemy intends to make a march,—a retreat. Wallace briefly tells him of the disaster on the right; how McClernand has been cut to pieces and a road opened for the enemy's escape. With scarce a moment's consideration General Grant's resolution is formed.

"Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken," he said. Then to Colonel Webster: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoralized; but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me."

General Smith determines to lead the charge himself. Lanman's brigade of Iowa and Indiana men

is to bear the brunt of the assault. The great guns of the batteries thunder behind them as they fall in line in the meadow at the foot of the slope. On either flank of the long line are companies of Birge's sharpshooters, who are to keep up a fusillade as the storming party climbs the hill. Scarcely had the brigade appeared upon the meadow, when the enemy divines its purpose, and begins a furious cannonade. Musket-ball and rifle-bullet, shrapnel and grapeshot, pour upon the assailants. "Forward!" is the word; and without a cheer, with set faces and quick-beating hearts, the Federals move out into the field so swept by flying shot that one soldier said afterwards, "The bullets seemed too thick for a rabbit to go through alive."

Directly in front of the centre of the line rode General Smith. He was a noble sight. Erect and soldierly he bestrode his horse, his gray hair floating in the breeze, his right hand grasping a sabre, and his left gripping firmly the reins that hold his frightened steed in control. In advance of his line, the one mounted man upon the slope, he was of course a conspicuous target for sharpshooters, and the bullets whizzed thick about him. By no sign does he show any comprehension of his position. He sits his horse as rigidly as though on parade, and from time to time glances back at the waving line behind him, as though to critically examine its alignment. "I was nearly scared to death," said a soldier who followed Smith that day, "but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on."

So onward up the hill moves the slender line of blue. Gaps begin to appear in it, and to disappear at the gruff "Close up, men; close up!" of the officers. It is a command that has to be repeated very often. Behind the advancing line the ground is dotted with blue-clad forms,—officers and soldiers struck down by

the leaden hail from the rifle-pits at the summit. Now the abatis is reached. Great trunks of trees, the branches cut short and sharpened, and so twisted and intwined together as to make a kind of infernal hedge, bars the advance of the soldiers. The enemy's fire quickens as this point is reached. The lads in blue begin to despair. "We can never get through that barrier under this murderous fire," they think. Signs of wavering appear in the line. Over his shoulder glances the grim, gray general. He sees the signs of weakness. "No flinching now, my lads! Here, this is the way; come on!" And so crying, he puts his cap on the point of his sword, raises it high in air, and picks his way through the jagged timber. Men would be less than mortal were their blood not stirred by the sight of that bare, gray head leading them on so dauntlessly. After him they rush, break through the barricade, and form—though somewhat raggedly—on the other side. Now the day is nearly won. But fifteen or twenty yards more have to be travelled, and in a few seconds, with a cheer, the blue-coats swarm over the breastworks and drive the Confederates from rifle-pits and trenches to their inner line of defence. And this position, so valiantly won, is held, although Buckner himself comes determined to beat back the enemy who have thus pierced his outer works.

This assault has been made by the light of the setting sun. When darkness settles over the scene, the Confederates find themselves in hopeless plight. After a long day of gallant fighting they have in no wise improved their position. On their right the Federals have secured a lodgment within their lines; on the left the road which Pillow had wrested from McClernand in the morning had been closed again by Wallace's advance in the afternoon. Right bitterly did they condemn the folly which led Pillow to allow

the army to be cooped up again after he had opened an avenue of escape. More bitter still would have been their reproaches could they have known that his braggart despatch of the morning had been flashed all over the Confederacy, and in all parts of the fair Southland the people were rejoicing in the victory won by their soldiers at Fort Donelson.

That night a council of war was held at the Confederate headquarters. It was clear that the fort and its army of 20,000 men must be surrendered. But Floyd dared not surrender. He had been United States Secretary of War, was charged with treason, and feared the Federals would hang him if they caught him. Finally Buckner accepted the unwelcome task while his two superior officers, Floyd and Pillow, fled with a few cavalry by a path impassable for the infantry and still unblocked by the Federals. In response to Buckner's inquiry as to terms of surrender Grant sent the curt reply with which his name was long identified—"No terms except an immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Necessarily these "ungenerous and unchivalric terms," as Buckner termed them, were agreed to and the victor became known as "Unconditional Surrender Grant" until his greater deeds later in the war dimmed the remembrance of Fort Donelson.

About 11,500 men and 40 cannon were lost to the Confederacy by this action. Following quickly on the loss of Fort Henry it disheartened and depressed the people of the South cruelly, and correspondingly elated the North. It opened all Tennessee to the Union arms, put Johnston's army in full retreat after eliminating one-fourth of it, and for the moment led the exultant North to fancy that the end of the war was in sight.

CHAPTER XIV

The War in the East—Operations by Sea and the Capture of New Orleans—Battle of Ball's Bluff—General McClellan in Command of the Army of the Potomac—Opening of the Peninsular Campaign—Battle of Seven Pines.

THE course of the war in the East, for many long months after the disaster at Bull Run, had in it very little to fire the Northern heart. While Grant was fighting McClellan was drilling. While the news from Kentucky and Tennessee was of victories and stubborn advances, that from Virginia was "All quiet along the Potomac to-night." The nation growled restlessly, impatient for action. President Lincoln said quaintly, "If General McClellan doesn't want to use that army, I'd like to borrow it." But the general convinced that it was better to be prepared first than to be sorry afterwards, and determined that no Bull Run should interrupt his career, went patiently on moulding the Army of the Potomac into proper form. Too patiently thought many people then, but historians are not sure now. Certainly when the army was put under other command and marched forward, it did not advance to immediate victories.

There was fighting, of course, of a sort while the great army lay quiet. In West Virginia a half a dozen small battles effectually destroyed any lingering shadow of Confederate authority in the state. Far to the south in Mobile Bay the Confederates made an ineffectual attempt to take Fort Pickens. Up and down the Atlantic coast the Federal warships were going, reducing the Confederate forts at Hatteras Inlet, at the Island of Roanoke, and at Beaufort. In

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A REGIMENT AS IT IS

A real regiment of the U. S. Infantry. It averaged thirty-three men to a company and only one company in the regiment was commanded by a captain

these expeditions by sea the army had a share, though not a glorious one—its part being chiefly to garrison the forts which the navy had captured. The expedition against the forts at Hatteras Inlet was notable for its size and the curious character of the vessels that transported it. The war demands had swept Northern harbors pretty clear of real sea-going craft and Burnside's fifteen thousand men were towed along in canal boats, barges, ferry and tug boats, and coasting schooners. Eighty vessels in all made up the strange armada which sailed from Hampton Roads on the 11th of January, 1862. The voyage was short, and the weather happily propitious. One ship indeed, being wholly unseaworthy, foundered, carrying down with her one hundred horses, and another ran ashore and was a total loss, with a great quantity of arms and ammunition. It was well into February before the troops were all disembarked. The Confederates had a number of small forts on Roanoke Island which, on the 7th of February, the naval vessels engaged, while the soldiers waded ashore from transports that could not approach closer to the beach than fifty yards. The bottom was of soft ooze in which men sank up to their thighs. The season was February, the time night, and it was a sadly bedraggled and chilled army about the campfires when at midnight the entire force was landed. In the morning they found that besides his intrenched batteries the enemy had quagmires in his front in which the men of an advancing line sank up to their waists. Nevertheless the attack was made, and a wild charge down a narrow causeway under a heavy fire won the victory. The enemy were driven from Roanoke Island, leaving 2,000 prisoners and 40 guns to the victors. Three days later the victorious army put to sea again, this time to attack Newbern, North Carolina. As they were

embarking they heard the roar of a distant cannonade, but it was days before they learned that the brisk north breeze had brought to them the thunder of the guns in the battle between the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" in Hampton Roads, eighty miles away.

The fort at Newberne fell at the first assault. Then the advancing army entered the old cotton-planting town of Beaufort. Near this spot was Fort Macon, too strong to be reduced by fire from the ships, or to be carried by assault. The commander declared he would not surrender until he had cooked his last horse and eaten his last biscuit. Accordingly Burnside settled down to the heavy work of a siege—digging parallels, piling sand bags and advancing batteries until at the end of three weeks, hemmed in by land, and continually pounded by the guns of the ships in the harbor—the Confederates surrendered. It is recorded that most of the horses in the fort were still uneaten.

So the authority of the United States was gradually extended southward along the Atlantic coast. Mainly it was the work of the navy, but the troops went along to hold what was won and often to take a share in the winning of it. Wilmington, North Carolina, Charleston, and Savannah were the only important Atlantic ports remaining under Confederate control. While this end was being attained a joint naval and military expedition under Admiral Farragut and General Benjamin F. Butler had taken New Orleans. This great achievement by which the Confederates were deprived of the navigation of the Mississippi River, and lost their greatest city was wholly the work of the navy,* although General Butler took twelve thousand men down to the Gulf coast. The troops were useful only

* For an account of it, see "The Story of Our Navy for Young Americans," by Willis J. Abbot.

to occupy the city after the navy had compelled its submission. The only glory they won was to receive the surrender of the two forts after Farragut had made them untenable by capturing New Orleans upon which they depended for their supplies. Nor did the occupation of New Orleans by Butler redound greatly to that officer's credit. True, it was a difficult problem he had to confront. The city was overwhelmingly pro-secession. There was scarcely a household from which some member had not gone forth to fight with Lee, or with Beauregard, the idol of the Creoles. The temper of the people manifested itself in open hostility to the troops, and even in direct insult to the soldiers on the streets. Butler having absolute power—for the city was under martial law—a well-developed temper, and an acrid wit, employed all three in showing his resentment of the attitude of the citizens, with the result of making New Orleans the most irreconcilable community in the whole South, and Butler one of the worst hated of men. But so far as active work in the field was concerned, Butler's force did none. Two small expeditions up the river in the direction of Vicksburg were their only signs of activity during the summer of 1862.

At the end of the first year of the war, if we date its beginning from the fall of Fort Sumter, the Federal army had sustained one great reverse—the defeat at Bull Run—and won one notable victory at Forts Henry and Donelson. The navy had reduced the Confederate forts at a dozen points along the Atlantic coast, was drawing ever closer the blockade which was destined to starve the Confederacy into subjection, and had captured New Orleans, the chief commercial city of the revolted states. Looking back on the situation after fifty years, one can see that it by no means justified the charges of lethargy and even cowardice with

which the authorities at Washington, and particularly General McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac were pursued by the press and the people. The Confederacy was bound in a ring of steel which was being drawn tighter. But the process was not swift enough for the people, and their outcry was directed chiefly against General McClellan. Appointed originally to command the Army of the Potomac this officer, on the retirement of General Scott in November, 1861, was made commander-in-chief. Some incidents occurred while he held the lesser command that disquieted the public and the President. The general was always obsessed by the conviction that the enemy's force was larger than his own, and allowed General Joseph E. Johnston to remain for months in intrenchments at Centreville when Johnston's force was in fact less than half the strength of the Union army. During this period occurred a disastrous and useless sacrifice of men at Ball's Bluff, on the Potomac. Here Colonel Baker, who had resigned his seat as United States Senator from California to enter the army, marched into a trap in the very first action of his military service and left there his life and his whole regiment, killed, wounded, or prisoners. With two rickety scows he had ferried more than a thousand men across the rushing Potomac, never thinking that while an army might be thus advanced a few at a time when confronted by no foe, it could not be withdrawn thus under fire. An officer of another command passing by warned him that there were three regiments of Confederates coming down from Leesburg. "All right," responded Baker, cheerfully. "Don't worry. There will be all the more for us to whip." As it turned out there were too many. His troops outnumbered, trapped on the edge of a precipitous bluff, sloping down to a river on which floated only two

insufficient flatboats, were murderously cut up before they surrendered. 22 commissioned officers and 710 soldiers were captured.

The insistence of President Lincoln finally spurred General McClellan to action and on the 17th of March the movement against Richmond began. The President wanted the army to go straight across country as the crow flies, past the old battle ground at Bull Run, and sweeping Johnston out of his works at Centreville. But McClellan urged that the army be sent down to Fortress Monroe and then march up the Peninsula between the York and James rivers. By taking this line it would avoid crossing rivers in the face of the enemy, and would have easy water communication with its base of supplies, for the rivers emptying into Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads were under control of the United States navy. Military authorities agree that McClellan's strategy was well-planned but badly executed.

Lincoln's objection to it was the justifiable criticism that if the Union army was taken from around Washington and set marching up the Virginia Peninsula, the Confederate army would be taken from around Richmond and comfortably installed in Washington. He did not think the exchange a profitable one. This criticism was quieted by detaching McDowell with 40,000 men from McClellan's army and keeping him between the Confederate army and the capital. Washington began to take on the appearance of a thriving seaport. Steamers, schooners, barges, pleasure-craft, and gunboats crowded the placid waters of the Potomac River. A huge army, with tremendous troops of horses, thousands of wagons, hundreds of heavy cannon, and of ammunition and stores a veritable mountain, had to be moved, and it took a fleet to do it. 120,000 men in all

were sent to Fortress Monroe. At the outset McClellan had asked for one hundred and forty thousand, but when fifty-eight thousand had arrived he began his march upon Richmond.

Moving up the Peninsula from Fortress Monroe, the village of Yorktown is first passed. Here the Confederates had thrown up earthworks, completely blocking the road. It was historic ground that the Confederates had chosen upon which to dispute the right of the Federals to invade Virginia. On that very spot the British general, Lord Cornwallis, had been hemmed in by Washington and the French allies of the American colonies and forced to surrender. In 1862, the earthworks behind which crouched the Confederate soldiers followed almost exactly the lines of the British fortifications of eighty years before.

In command of the Confederate forces was General J. B. Magruder. His line of intrenchments extended over twelve miles. He had eleven thousand men to defend it. Clearly he was in no condition to resist very long the advance of the fifty-eight thousand men with whom McClellan began operations. But Magruder's orders were to check as much as possible the advance of the Union troops. He did it, and did it well. By much marching and countermarching, and by mounting large batteries of "quaker" guns where he had no real cannon availing, he made a formidable showing of force.

McClellan, to the astonishment of the enemy, settled down to a regular siege of works he could have carried by assault. The siege lasted just a month, when Magruder stole away in the night, having done just what he had been ordered to do, namely to delay the Union advance. He did not go far. While amusing McClellan at Yorktown, he had been building new breastworks at Williamsburg, twelve miles in his

rear, and in these his men were comfortably sheltered when McClellan's pursuit overtook them. Here they apparently determined to stand and fight. General Johnston's force, though continually in receipt of reënforcements, was still outnumbered three to one by the Union army, but behind breastworks the odds were not so unequal. Delay was what the Richmond authorities wanted and Johnston was there to fight for it.

The Union forces rushed to the assault as soon as they came up to the Confederate works, though it was approaching evening and General McClellan was not on the ground to direct the battle. The latter was a serious handicap. As a result of the lack of any general directing head, Hooker's force was engaged fiercely with the enemy, while Smith's division on his right stood idly by watching the combat but taking no part in it.

"History will not be believed," said "Fighting Joe," somewhat bitterly in his report, "when it is told that my division were permitted to carry on this unequal struggle from morning until night unaided, in the presence of more than thirty thousand of their comrades with arms in their hands; nevertheless it is true."

But just as Hooker's troops, completely fatigued and wholly discouraged by the indifference of the rest of the army, were about to abandon the contest, aid came. Phil Kearny, with his division, stationed far down the road, heard the sound of battle. A born soldier and a veteran of the Mexican War, Kearny waited for no orders, but hurried his troops on, past Sumner's soldiers standing idle in the road, past Smith's division listlessly lounging in the fields, and so on to the scene of battle where Hooker was being forced back by the Confederates, who advanced across the open. Kearny's troops swung into line. A blaze

of fire and a crash of musketry, and the smoke cleared away to show the Confederates wavering.

"Give them the cold steel, boys!" commanded Kearny; and the line pushed stoutly forward, while the Confederates fell back before this new foe. But before the Federals could press their advantage to a victory, darkness settled upon the field and put an end to the struggle.

Meantime the Union forces on the right had accidentally stumbled upon an important discovery, and without a struggle had secured a commanding position on the left flank of the Confederate line.

A countryman had come to Captain Stewart, of Smith's division, with the news that the Confederates had failed to occupy all the works on their line, and that two redoubts, at least, on the left of Fort Magruder were untenanted. Negroes corroborated the story, and volunteered to lead a party to the spot. Captain Stewart, with four companies, was sent to reconnoitre, and soon returned with the news that a redoubt, seemingly deserted, was seen, but that a deep creek flowed before it, spanned only by a narrow bridge on the crest of a dam. Scarce four men could walk abreast on the dam; and who could tell that batteries and regiments were not masked in the woods about the empty redoubt, ready to open a murderous fire upon any troops that might try to cross the bridge?

General Hancock—then hardly known, the hero of Gettysburg later, and, still later, when the cruel Civil War was long past, a candidate for the presidency of the re-United States—was sent with his brigade to take possession of the redoubt. When the bridge was reached, skirmishers were sent to cross it and search the woods on the further shore. At their head marched a young lieutenant, George A. Custer. Many years later a band of painted Indians fell upon him

and the gallant soldiers under his command, and massacred them all. But throughout the annals of the Civil War we shall see him often.

Led by Custer, the skirmishers crossed the bridge, entered the woods, and scaled the redoubt. All was empty. The Confederates had apparently no idea that such an earthwork existed. When Hancock reached the scene, he discovered another redoubt, some half a mile away. This he seized. But when he attempted yet another advance, he stirred up so vigorous a resistance that he sent to Smith for reënforcements, and fell back.

No reënforcements came, but in their place an order to retire—to abandon all that he had won. Hancock saw the folly of the order, but had no choice but to obey. Still, in obeying, he determined to move as slowly as possible, hoping that McClellan might reach the field and infuse some life and some military skill into the Union ranks. But, first of all, he had to prepare to meet the assault for which he could see the Confederates preparing. With a cheer, the long line of gray-clad men broke from the woods and came sweeping down upon Hancock's one battery and four regiments. He fell back across a level plain and down a gentle incline, which, for a moment, hid his movements from the foe. Here he halted and turned about. The exultant pursuers came rushing over the crest of the hill only to encounter a deadly volley. As they wavered, the Union troops swept forward cheering; the Confederates broke and fled to the woods. It was a fair repulse. "Bull Run! Bull Run!" the Confederates had shouted in derision as they saw Hancock retreat; but Hancock avenged Bull Run.

But now the gathering darkness put an end to the fighting on this part of the line, as it had in Hooker's front. But Hancock did not abandon the position he

had won, for by this time McClellan had come galloping to the battle field, and gave orders that he should hold his ground at any cost. Then he set about preparing for an assault on the morrow; but when morning dawned there was no enemy to attack. Repeating the tactics of Yorktown, the Confederates had silently stolen away in the night. The Union loss in the battle, which is known as the battle of Williamsburg, was 2,228, while the Confederate loss was hardly half as great.

McClellan now stopped his advance for a time to rest his army—a practice to which he was much addicted, and for which he incurred general, but perhaps unjust condemnation. It was a practice by the way to which neither Grant nor Stonewall Jackson was much given. His advance thus far, however, had much disquieted the enemy. His position far up the Peninsula made it impossible for the Confederates to longer hold Norfolk, and that town was abandoned, and the famous iron-clad "Merrimac," which had held the James River against all comers, was blown up. Thereupon the Federal ships entered the James and proceeded up that river to a point within eight miles of Richmond, where their farther progress was blocked by batteries. McClellan himself was by that time not much farther distant from the Confederate capital.

Then something very like a panic set in among the people of the beleaguered city. They were guarded by miles of formidable breastworks, with thousands of gallant gray-clad soldiers to defend them. They had the very flower of the Confederate army commanding the troops. Lee was there, and Johnston, the lion-hearted, whose only failing, as his chief said, was "a bad habit of getting wounded," and "Jeb" Stuart, the dashing leader of cavalry. But notwithstanding all, the thought of a hostile army within eight miles

spread terror in the streets of the city. The records of the Confederate government were hastily sent to Columbia, South Carolina. The Secretary of War sent his family away. The Secretary of the Treasury had a train kept in readiness for instant flight. Even Jefferson Davis himself feared the worst. "Uncle Jeff. thinks we had better go to a safer place than Richmond," wrote his niece in a letter which fell into the hands of the Federals.

The Union army under General McClellan outnumbered the Confederates opposing it by two to one. But the general saw a way still further to strengthen it. At Fredericksburg, only sixty miles away, was McDowell with forty thousand men. This was the force that had been left to protect Washington from Johnston when the Army of the Potomac sailed away for Fortress Monroe. Both McClellan and President Lincoln thought that McDowell's force might be added to the troops before Richmond. Could that be done the Confederates would be outnumbered three to one.

The defenders of Richmond were not blind to the peril confronting them. General Robert E. Lee was by this time in command of all the Confederate armies, subject only to the authority of President Davis. It is the judgment of history, by the way, that it would have been better far for the South had that Presidential authority been less often exerted. It was evident that the junction of McDowell and McClellan must be averted. But how? Opposed to McDowell's forty thousand men were but nine thousand Confederates whom he could of course easily sweep out of his path. The one practicable device was to make McDowell so urgently needed elsewhere as to end all thought of his joining McClellan. This was accomplished by the agency

of Stonewall Jackson, a general upon whom Lee called continually for the most vital services and who not once until the day of his death on the battle field failed to respond with success. The story of how Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, with a numerically inferior body of men, kept Washington in terror, tied McDowell to his position on the Rappahannock, and paralyzed McClellan hundreds of miles away will be told in another chapter. It is enough at this moment to note that President Lincoln after first promising McDowell's aid to McClellan was so worked upon by Jackson's menacing attitude that he recalled twenty thousand men from the projected Richmond campaign to go to the Shenandoah.

In depriving McClellan of McDowell's aid, the President did not mean to give any excuse for delaying the attack upon Richmond. "I think the time is near," he telegraphed during the last week in May, "when you must either attack the enemy or give up the job." At the moment McClellan's army was in a ticklish situation, astride the Chickahominy River, and in a region which constant rains had turned into a morass. The position had been taken with the expectation that one weak point would be filled by McDowell. But the news that that commander was not coming was known to the Confederates as soon as to McClellan, and they met the President's eagerness for a battle by attacking, themselves.

By the treacherous Chickahominy, subject to sudden freshets, the Union army was divided into two parts. Three corps—Sumner's, Fitz-John Porter's, and Franklin's—were on the north side of the river. Keyes's and Heintzelman's corps were on the south bank of the stream near Richmond. General Johnston being well informed by his scouts of the disposition of the Federal forces, determined to sally from his intrench-

ments, fall upon Keyes and Heintzelman, and put them to rout.

It is the 31st of May. General Casey's division of Keyes's corps is busily engaged in throwing up a redoubt on both sides of the Williamsburg road, a little over five miles from Richmond. This is the very advance guard of the Union army. Behind Casey, on the same road, at a point known as Seven Pines, is Couch. His position is at the junction of two roads, the Williamsburg road and the "Nine-mile road." Here stood twin farm-houses, and hard by, a grove of seven straight and towering pine-trees, whence the spot derived its picturesque name. Couch had a line of earthworks at Seven Pines, and the left flank of his division extended a mile and a half up the "Nine-mile road" to a railway station called Fair Oaks.

All night the rain had descended in torrents. The weary soldiers in Casey's camp lay in the mud, and were pelted with the drenching floods of a Southern thunder-storm. When dawn came they willingly left so uncomfortable a couch, and again set to work on their intrenchments. As the morning wore on, Casey began to suspect that an attack upon his post was impending. From the Richmond and York railway, that ran from the Confederate city to the front, came a constant rumbling of trains as though troops were being sent forward. After a time, Casey's scouts came in with a prisoner, who proved to be one of General Johnston's aides. Though the prisoner bore himself with reserve, there was that in his manner which confirmed Casey's suspicion, and led him to urge on his men in their work.

Casey's fears were well grounded. The Confederate army was in full advance upon him. Had General Johnston's plan been adhered to properly by the division commanders, the battle would have already

been begun. The three division commanders, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Huger, were to have advanced by three roads converging at Seven Pines. But Longstreet, in some way, misunderstood his orders, and fell into the same road with Huger, thereby greatly delaying the advance of that officer's division. There was bad generalship at more than one point along the Confederate line. Writes an officer who wore the gray that day: "A little brook near Richmond was greatly swollen, and a long time was wasted crossing it on an improvised bridge made of planks, a wagon midstream serving as a trestle. Over this the division passed in single file, you may imagine with what delay. If the division commander had given orders for the men to sling their cartridge-boxes, haversacks, etc., on their muskets, and wade without breaking formation, they could have crossed by fours at least, with water up to their waists, and hours would have been saved."

Blunders like this, combined with the fathomless, sticky mud of Old Virginia, so delayed the Confederate advance that the attack on Casey's outposts was not made until noon.

When the storm burst, it was with fury. First a few scattering shots along the picket line, then volleys, then the pickets came in on the run. For a few yards before Casey's rifle-pits and half-finished redoubt the ground was cleared, but beyond that was a dense thicket in which the Confederates were moving, completely concealed from view. But speedily they burst into sight,—a long line with gleaming bayonets and waving colors rushing down upon the Federals. Casey's guns speak out spitefully. They are loaded with grape-shot, and at that short range do fearful damage. The musketry fire, too, is deadly, though Casey's men are green hands unused to the smell of powder. For a time the Confederates are held in

check. Then Longstreet comes to the rescue, and Casey is taken in the flank. Seeing his peril, he orders a charge. Three regiments led by General Naglee spring from the earthworks, and with mighty cheers rush upon Longstreet's lines, which await not their coming but flee to the protection of the woods. Then followed an hour of charges and counter-charges. The Confederates, when too hotly pressed, took to the woods; the Nationals had their breastworks for a place of final refuge. But through it all the Confederates, being in overwhelming numbers, were working around on Casey's flank, until at last that officer found himself in danger of being wholly surrounded. He had sent to the rear for aid, but none had come. At three o'clock in the afternoon he began to fall back. Most of the Union guns were taken away by the retreating soldiers, but seven were so situated that to remove them was impossible. Colonel Bailey undertook to spike these, but was shot down by the triumphant Confederates, who swarmed over the breastworks as the Federals withdrew.

The battle had now been in progress for four hours. Strange to say, neither of the commanding generals knew that it was under way. McClellan was sick in his tent at Gaines's Mill, and not until late in the afternoon did he hear the cannonading that told of a battle being fought. Johnston had accompanied Smith's division along "Nine-mile road," intending to attack the Federal position at Fair Oaks as soon as he should hear the thunder of Longstreet's guns at Seven Pines. A fierce storm of wind followed the thunder-shower of the night, and bore the sound of battle away from Johnston, so that not until four o'clock did he learn that the fighting was fierce on his right. When the news reached him, however, he was prompt to act upon it. Hurling his troops against the Union line

at Fair Oaks he pierced it. Then wheeling to the right, he sent his troops down the "Nine-mile road," to aid Longstreet by taking the Federals at Seven Pines in the flank.

By this time the condition of the Federals begins to appear desperate. Nearly all of the troops south of the Chickahominy have been brought to the scene of battle, but even then they were but eighteen thousand against thirty thousand of the enemy. Bit by bit they have been forced back. First Casey has been driven from his advanced position back to Seven Pines. Then as Smith's troops came pouring down the "Nine-mile road," this position in turn is abandoned for one some two miles farther back, where Phil Kearny has fortunately thrown up some breastworks. Here they make a stubborn stand. Again and again the Confederates dash against that dark-blue line, only to fall back shattered like waves against a rocky crag. Up and down the Union lines go the officers, exhorting their men to be firm and cool, to stand their ground doggedly, and see that each shot tells. If that position is lost, the fate of the eighteen thousand men south of the Chickahominy is sealed, and the Peninsular campaign will end in disaster and disgrace to the Federal arms. Let that position be held, and there is still hope for success. It is a desperate chance, but the boys in blue are making the best of it.

Heintzelman's messenger had reached McClellan and told him how sore beset were the troops about Seven Pines. McClellan speedily sent word to Sumner to hasten to their assistance, and at two o'clock his troops began to cross the bridge. For a time it seemed as though the frail structure would not bear the strain of marching troops. The turbid tide of the Chickahominy surged about its piers until they shook in their foundations. The corduroy of logs that formed the

approach to the bridge was under water, the flooring of the bridge was afloat, and only kept from drifting down the stream by ropes tied to trees upon the shore. The " Grape-vine Bridge " was what the soldiers called the tottering structure. But frail though it was, it served its purpose.

The bridge once crossed, Sumner's men have a hard task before them. Their way lies through a swamp, thick grown with trees and bushes, their roots bedded in a sticky clay, which clung to the feet of the soldiers and wheels of the cannon, making marching well-nigh impossible. Imbedded to their axles in this mud, many of the guns became immovable. One battery alone made the difficult march successfully. Through mud and stagnant water the soldiers plodded bravely on, and by six o'clock had reached the scene of battle.

Though surprised and sorely disappointed by the appearance of this strong body of fresh troops to aid their enemies, the Confederate troops turned their attention speedily to this new foe. Whiting's brigade charged valiantly upon the new-comers, but was driven back by a tempest of grape-shot from the guns of Kirby's battery, which alone had been freed from the clutches of the swamp. Then General Johnston himself rallied about him the strongest brigade of Smith's division and led it across the open field, up to the very muzzles of the guns that poured out a murderous fire all the time. At Bull Run, Johnston had taken some of Kirby's guns, and the gunners now set their teeth hard, and swore they would die at their posts before their cannon should again fall into the hands of the Confederate soldier. With fierce energy they loaded and fired their pieces. Before the storm of flying lead and iron horse and man went down. Johnston was hit by a flying bit of shell and fell from his steed. His men saw him fall, and wavered. One more volley,

and they broke and fell back from the hard-fought field. The Union infantry dashed out from its sheltered line in the woods. It swept down the field upon the retreating Confederates; they gave way, and for the first time that day the tide of victory seemed to turn toward the side of the Federals.

It was an anxious night at the headquarters of each army. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Confederates had been jubilant. They had carried every position assaulted, they had forced the Federals back nearly two miles, they had pierced their enemy's line, and complete success seemed certain. Richmond was ablaze with enthusiasm over the reported victory. But the appearance of Sumner changed all this. How he had crossed the Chickahominy none could tell, but that the rest of McClellan's army might come to the battle field by the same path was more than possible. Moreover, Johnston's wound had deprived the Southern army of its head. Smith, who succeeded to the command, could by no means replace him. After consultation with the chief officers of the Confederate government in Richmond, it was determined to withdraw the army in the morning.

Nor were the hearts of the officers about the Union campfires much lighter. True, they felt the great danger was past, but they had a smarting sense of defeat and disgrace left after the day's fighting. After chasing the enemy to his stronghold at Richmond, it was hardly creditable to the Federal generalship that he should have sallied out and put his pursuers to flight. As for the outcome of the morrow's battle, none could tell what it might be.

The story of the second day's battle is quickly told. The Confederates made scarcely any resistance to the Federal advance, and before noon the Stars and Stripes again waved over the positions from which the

blue-coats had been driven the day before. Sullenly, and with heavy hearts, the Confederates made their way back to the beleaguered city, from which they had so gaily issued on the day before. The Federals pressed closely on behind them until within four miles of the city. "I have no doubt but we might have gone right into Richmond," said General Heintzelman afterwards, and the other commanders of Union divisions concurred in this opinion.

Thus ended the battle known variously as the battle of Seven Pines or the battle of Fair Oaks. That it had not terminated disastrously to the Union arms was due chiefly to General Sumner's promptitude, and perhaps somewhat to General Johnston's wound; for had that officer been on the field upon the second day of battle, the Confederates would have not so tamely retreated. Though in some degree indecisive, the battle was one of the most hotly contested of the whole war. The Union loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to 5,739 men. The Confederate loss nearly approached 7,000 men. As not more than 15,000 men on either side were actually engaged, the loss was somewhat unusual.

CHAPTER XV

Jackson's Shenandoah Campaign—The Seven Days Before Richmond—Battle of Mechanicsville—Battle of Malvern Hill—Withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac.

FOR thirty days General McClellan and the Army of the Potomac rested so close to Richmond that the sound of steam whistles in that city could easily be heard in the Union camp. The delay was partly due to the need for building roads and bridges across the swamps which must be crossed before Richmond could be reached, partly to McClellan's constitutional habit of delay, and partly to the restless activity of Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of the Shenandoah, by which the reënforcements promised by Secretary of War Stanton to McClellan were diverted from him not merely once, but three times. That valley campaign can be sketched here only in the broadest and most general way. Described in detail, it would be of interest only to the professional student of military strategy. To such students, it has indeed long been regarded as a study fertile in suggestion and instruction. Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, wrote of Jackson's operations, "These brilliant successes appear to me to be models of the kind both in conception and execution. They should be closely studied by all officers who wish to learn the art and science of war."

Jackson's task was at first to keep Banks, who commanded the Union forces in the valley, from reënforcing McClellan when the Army of the Potomac was at Centreville. Later, when that army by its march

up the Peninsula was menacing Richmond from the east, he was relied upon to keep McDowell at Fredericksburg with forty thousand men from going to McClellan's aid. He had for this purpose never more than eighteen thousand men, but the greater part of the time his effectives averaged about seventy-five hundred. What men he had he used so as to lead his enemy to think he had thrice his actual numbers. His forced marches were the marvel of military annals, and by hard trudging over the Virginia roads his men earned the name of "Jackson's foot cavalry."

Four of his favorite maxims give the real gist of his military tactics.

1. "Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy if possible.

2. "To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure all the fruits of victory is the secret of successful war.

3. "Never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible chance you can hurl your whole force on merely a part, and that the weakest part of your enemy, and crush it.

4. "When you strike him and overcome him, never give up the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an enemy routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken and can be destroyed by half their number."

Putting in practice these maxims, General Jackson, between the last of February when Banks with twenty-three thousand men entered the valley to undo him, until the 17th of June when the Confederate commander slipped away from the valley and joined Johnston in the Chickahominy swamps before Richmond, menaced, fought, tricked, evaded, and outgeneraled the Union commanders so that they were kept out of the campaign against Richmond altogether.

On the 21st of March, Jackson received word from

his ever alert cavalry leader, Ashby, that the Federals were withdrawing down the valley. Just what that meant, Jackson could not know. What it really did mean was that Washington had ordered Banks to detach most of his troops from the valley, to join McDowell and help the advance against Richmond. Not knowing this but scenting danger, Jackson marched his men forty miles in thirty-six hours, fell upon Shields, whom Banks had left to guard the valley, and held him in fierce struggle all day. The Confederates were beaten, but the purpose of their attack was attained. Shields could not believe that they would have attacked at all unless expecting large reënforcements and in panic he sent off to Banks for aid. That general, who had already passed the Blue Ridge on his way to join McDowell turned about and marched back. The panic extended to Washington and the President took one division away from McClellan and sent it to West Virginia, and commanded McDowell to abandon his purpose of joining McClellan. At this battle of Kernstown the Confederates lost 718 of the 3,000 men who went into the fight, but its worth to the Confederate cause was incalculable. There was no disorder in the retreat. "Such was their gallantry and high state of discipline," wrote General Shields, "that at no time during the battle or pursuit did they give way to panic." The plain truth appears to be that the men reached the battle field so fatigued as to be physically unfit for the conflict. "The men were so utterly broken down," wrote an eye-witness, "and so foot-sore and weary, that if they trod on a rock or any irregularity they would stagger."

For a month the two armies in the valley sparred continually for time, Jackson moving backward continually like a pugilist who keeps his antagonist busy

with feints and light blows but steadily refuses a serious rally. Banks pursued steadily, not rushing nor seeking to bring on a decisive struggle, but keeping his skirmishers ever in touch with Jackson's rear-guard. Then suddenly Jackson slipped out of the valley, through the mountain passes, marching his men often thirty miles a day—twelve to fifteen miles is considered more than an average day's march.

"Why is old Jack a greater general than Moses?" was one of the stock questions with which his veterans quizzed greenhorns.

"Because it took Moses forty years to march the children of Israel through the desert, while old Jack would have double-quicked them through in three days."

The Federals thought he was retreating but they had scarcely sent off boastful telegrams to Washington when he reappeared, reënforced, and attacked all along the line—at Staunton, Front Royal, Middletown, and finally at Winchester. Jackson himself rode at the head of his troops, and coming to the crest of a lofty hill near Middletown, saw spread out before him a broad and fertile valley. Down the middle of the valley ran a road, and along that road a long column of white-topped wagons, rumbling artillery trains, ambulances, and bodies of cavalry and infantry was slowly moving. It was the army of Banks, and Jackson had arrived just in time to take it in flank. Hastily the artillery was brought into position, and opened a deadly fire on the hostile army. The cavalry dashed forward to cut off the enemy's retreat. The shells from the cannon planted on the hills created the direst consternation in the Union ranks. "The turnpike," says Jackson, in his report, "which had just before teemed with life, presented a most appalling spectacle of carnage and destruction. The road was literally

obstructed with the mangled and confused mass of struggling and dying horses and riders."

It was but the rear of Banks's army that Jackson had thus intercepted. The main body of the army had long before passed Middletown on the way to Winchester. As far as the eye could see, along the road extended the wagon trains which brought up the rear of the army. To capture these was the task of Ashby, and with his cavalry and two batteries of artillery he set out in hot pursuit. The teamsters strained every nerve to take their wagons out of danger. Freight was thrown out to lighten the load. The road was strewn with guns, knapsacks, oil-cloths, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, small-arms, broken-down wagons, and dead horses. It was like the scene at the retreat from Bull Run. Ashby's batteries would gallop up within a short range of the retreating trains, unlimber, pound away at them until they were out of range, limber up again, and gallop like mad until once more within range. A shell striking a wagon would overturn it, and the road would be at once hopelessly blocked for everything in the rear. Before the wreck could be cleared away the Confederate troopers would be on the ground, and the teamsters would be made prisoners. Before that day's work was done the Federals had lost a vast quantity of wagons, teams, camp equipage, and ammunition, nine thousand stand of arms, and three thousand and fifty prisoners.

The main body of Jackson's troops pressed rapidly along the road in pursuit of the enemy. Hundreds of abandoned wagons, filled with provisions, sometimes overturned or burning, were passed; but the troops had no time to stop and feast upon their contents. On through Middletown and through Newton the long gray column took its way. The people of the vicinity were loud in their expressions of friendship for the

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A REGIMENT AS IT SHOULD BE

This is a fictitious U. S. Infantry regiment, a regiment as it should be in conformity with field service regulations. It required two of our emaciated regular army regiments and two from the National Guard to supply the men for this ideal picture

Confederates. "They seemed ready to embrace every soldier," said one of the command; "and so it was all along the road, bringing to them and forcing on the half-starved fellows, as they swept by in pursuit of the enemy, pies, bread, pickles, meat, and everything they could raise."

At Winchester the contest was sharp and short. At daylight of the 25th of May, the Confederates left their camp and began the assault. The Federals held a strong position on a lofty hill that completely commanded the city; to drive them from this position was the first task of the Confederates, and it was quickly accomplished. Then the Federals, seeing the importance of the position they had lost, set about retaking it. Two Union batteries secured good positions and began to pound away at Jackson's line, while a regiment of sharpshooters found shelter behind a stone wall, and with unerring aim began picking off Jackson's cannoneers. One of the Confederate batteries was driven back by the persistent fire of the sharpshooters, who shot down the horses and the gunners almost as fast as they were exposed. The artillerymen turned their guns on the stone wall, and with solid shot made the stones fly; but the sharpshooters still held their ground, and made the vicinity one of extreme peril for the men in gray.

Finding that the Confederates were not to be driven away by artillery fire alone, the Federals massed their troops for an assault. Jackson prepared to meet them half-way. When the shock came, the superiority of the Confederates was only too apparent, and the Federals did not renew the attack. General Banks, who had already concluded that he was hopelessly outnumbered, gave the order to retreat. The line of retreat lay through the streets of the town of Winchester, and the people were not chary of showing their hatred for

the blue-coats. "My retreating columns," said Banks, in his report, "suffered serious loss in the streets of Winchester. Males and females vied with each other in increasing the number of their victims by firing from the houses, throwing hand-grenades, hot water, and missiles of every description." Once out of the streets of Winchester the weary soldiers pressed on to the northward, scarcely halting until they reached the bank of the Potomac River.

As far as the Potomac the fleeing Union troops were pursued. Then the Confederates turned and marched back as fast as they could go. Washington was in a panic. Fremont and Shields with twenty thousand men between them were ordered to make all speed to the valley, fall on the rear of the conquering Confederate, supposed still to be advancing, and destroy him before he could reach the capital. Thus for the second time troops making ready to go to McClellan's aid were called away to cope with "Old Jack." But they reached the valley just too late to take him at a disadvantage. Heavy fighting went on for some days during which Jackson suffered a heavy loss in the death of his chief cavalry leader, Ashby, the man whose skill interposed between Jackson's army and the enemy a screen of cavalry which effectually hid his swift operations.

Ashby was the beau ideal of a dashing cavalier. He seemed to have no dread of death; he positively courted danger. At Bolivar Heights, when his cannoneers were shot down, and the enemy with triumphant shouts were rushing forward to capture his guns, he sprang from his horse, and with his own hands wielded the sponge-staff, and loaded and fired the guns until the foe were driven back. At Boteler's Mill, when the singing of the bullets made his men uneasy, he rode his white horse to the most exposed point, and

stood there immovable, a model for them to copy. On the banks of the Potomac, with eleven men he charged a company of one hundred, in a vain attempt to rescue his brother, who was killed before his very eyes.

Fremont and Shields were now in Jackson's front, but separated. He determined to fall upon Shields first and prevent a junction which would have made the Union army superior to that of the Confederates. But Fremont moved first, fell upon Ewell, Jackson's division commander and was beaten. The next morning Jackson and Ewell together moved upon Shields.

It was a little after sunrise that the battle of Port Republic began. Shields had taken a strong position, his right flank resting upon the river, which at that point is so deep and edged with such impassable thickets as to completely prevent the passage of troops. His left flank rested on a wooded ridge, and here, and at other places along the line where slight elevations offered advantageous points for artillery, heavy batteries were posted. In front of the Union line of battle extended a broad field of waving grain. Thus strongly posted, Shields awaited the attack.

The "Stonewall Brigade" led in the assault. Proudly, with gleaming bayonets, marching under the flag of Virginia, with its brigade commander, General Winder and General Jackson riding side by side, it advanced. The enemy's pickets were met and driven in; but a few yards' further advance brought the Virginians in range of the Union batteries. The plateau across which the Confederates had to advance was swept with grapeshot and bursting shells. The men recoiled from the task. The Confederate artillery was brought up and turned against the Union batteries; but the latter were equipped with rifled cannon, and were beyond the range of the

Confederate smooth-bores. Winder saw that the artillery duel was going against him and ordered a charge. Gallantly the Virginians pressed forward across an unsheltered field, and into the teeth of a murderous field of shell, canister, and small-arms. Great gaps appeared in the lines. Men dropped on every side. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the advancing line first slackened its pace, then stood still, and then drifted back, a disorganized, broken rabble, to seek shelter in the woods. Then, in their turn, the Federals advanced. Infantry and artillery came forward on the run. The Confederates, disheartened by their reverses, were retreating, when Jackson came galloping to the scene.

"The Stonewall Brigade never retreats!" he shouted. "Follow me!"

The sight of their leader and the sound of his voice checked the growing panic in the Confederate ranks. Gallantly they held their ground. In a moment reënforcements came. General Dick Taylor's brigade of Louisianians came bursting through the woods. Jackson rode up to Taylor and pointed out the Union battery, which was again belching forth shot and shell:

"Can you take that battery?" said he; "it must be taken!"

Taylor wheeled his horse and galloped to the centre of his line.

"Louisianians!" he shouted, "can you take that battery?"

A cheer was the response, and putting himself at the head of his column Taylor led the way. The ground was rugged and much obstructed by logs and stumps. All semblance of alignment was lost. Every man knew the point to be reached, and each strove to get there, giving little thought to his neigh-

bor. The Federals loaded and fired with wonderful speed and with frightful accuracy. Men were mowed down like grass. "They advanced," said an eyewitness, "in the midst of one incessant storm of grape, canister, and shell, literally covering the valley." At last the crest of the hill is reached. One more deadly discharge bursts from the smoking muzzles of the Federal guns, then the gunners, seeing the enemy's advance still unchecked, turned despairingly to flee. With loud cheers the Confederates rushed upon them. Their bayonets made havoc among the escaping Federals. The captured guns were turned on their former owners. The Federal retreat fast became a rout.

"Jackson came up with intense light in his eyes," writes General Taylor, "grasped my hand, and said the brigade should have the captured battery. I thought the men would go mad with cheering especially the Irishmen. A huge fellow, with one eye closed and half his whiskers burned with powder, was riding cock-horse on a gun, and catching my attention yelled out, 'We told you to bet on your boys.'"

So fierce and bitter was the fighting about this battery that gradually both commanders withdrew all their men from the other parts of the field and concentrated them there. But, though the utmost gallantry was shown on both sides, the superior numbers of the Confederates soon decided the contest. They outnumbered the Federals three to one, and so soon as all were brought into effective use the Federal resistance was crushed, and Shields had naught left him but retreat. This he did in fairly good order. Just as the fate of the battle was decided, Fremont came up from Cross Keys in hot haste, with reënforcements that might have turned the scale had he been able to take his troops into action. But Jackson's rear-guard had burned the bridges across the Shenandoah, and

Fremont suffered the experience of seeing Shields's army cut to pieces before his very eyes, while he was unable to lend his brother officer the slightest aid.

The battle of Port Republic was one of the most hotly contested of the war. In it the Federals lost 1,002 men, and the Confederates 657. Great gallantry was shown by the soldiers of both armies, and the victory of the Confederates was due largely, if not wholly, to the comparative weakness of the force opposed to them.

With this battle ends the narrative of Jackson's valley campaign. Upon it rests largely his fame as a soldier and a general. His rapid marches, his quick decisions, his prompt acceptance of dangerous chances, his quick comprehension of what his enemy's tactics were likely to be, are apparent throughout. And, if not methods but results are to be considered in judging the value of his work, let it be remembered that he was sent to the valley solely in order to keep McDowell from moving on Richmond. Had he accomplished this task, and lost his own army, his success would have been applauded. As it was, he accomplished the task, saved his own army by the two victories at Cross Keys and Port Republic, and took that army to Richmond to aid in beating off the foe that was already at the gates of the Confederate capital.

During the last weeks of Jackson's manœuvring in the Shenandoah Valley McClellan was resting quietly in his camps along the Chickahominy waiting for McDowell, who never came. General Robert E. Lee had succeeded to the command of the Confederate armies, General Johnston having been severely wounded on the second day at Seven Pines. Lee was one of America's truly great citizens. A Virginian by birth, his family was closely connected with George

Washington, in whose army his father had served during the Revolution. He was himself a graduate of West Point, a veteran of the Mexican war and a protégé of General Winfield Scott. No secessionist himself, he reluctantly elected to follow his state when she went out of the Union, becoming not merely her ablest general, but one of the great military geniuses of history. His was, moreover, one of the noblest and most elevated characters the world had ever known.

Lee at once determined to attack the Federals, and first to send for Jackson. But he wanted this movement to remain a secret until the attack was actually delivered. Accordingly he began elaborate plans by which to deceive the enemy. Two brigades were taken from the trenches before Richmond and loaded on trains bound ostensibly for the Shenandoah Valley. But the trains were mysteriously blocked all day hard by Belle Isle where some thousands of Federal prisoners were held. The Richmond papers roared fiercely about the "blunder." They declared that the news of the reënforcement of Jackson would certainly reach Washington. They were quite right. That was part of Lee's plan. When there was ample time for the news to get out the troops were disembarked a few miles out in the country and kept in readiness to return to the trenches.

Jackson for his part was engaging in a like game with the Federals.

After the battle of Port Republic the Federals left a large number of wounded at Harrisonburg. Several Federal surgeons, with a train of twenty-five or thirty ambulances, were sent back after the wounded; but Colonel Munford, the officer in command of the Confederates, who had taken possession of the place, refused to deliver them up until he could hear from

Jackson. He promised, however, to send a courier to Jackson at once, and in the meantime gave the surgeons accommodations in a room adjoining his headquarters, and separated therefrom by only a thin partition. After a delay of some hours the surgeons heard the courier coming upstairs with clanking sabre and heavy tread. They eagerly put their ears to the partition.

"Well," said Colonel Munford, "what did General Jackson say?"

"He told me to tell you," answered the courier, in stentorian tones, "that the wounded Yankees are not to be taken away. He is coming right on himself with heavy reënforcements. Whiting's division is up. Hood's is coming. The whole road from here to Staunton is perfectly lined with troops, and so crowded that I could hardly ride along."

With this important news the Federal surgeons returned to their camp, chuckling over the thought of how they had discovered the enemy's intentions. And that night Fremont fell back and began to intrench in preparation for the attack; while Jackson, for his part, was leading his famous foot cavalry eastward, and had turned his back on Fremont and the Shenandoah Valley.

Galloping far ahead of his army Jackson reached General Lee's headquarters on the 23d of June. A hurried council of war was called and it was determined to attack McClellan's right wing on the 26th at Mechanicsville, close to Richmond. Jackson was to open the battle, the divisions of A. P. Hill, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill to go into action as soon as they found he was engaged. But when the day and hour came Jackson was missing, one of the few occasions when he had failed to move and act in complete accordance with orders. A road heavily blocked by

felled trees delayed him, and he reached the battlefield too late to join in the action. A. P. Hill, after waiting until three o'clock for the expected signal, could restrain his men no longer and determined to attack. It would have been better had he waited longer and reconnoitred more precisely. His antagonists occupied an almost impregnable position. In their front flowed Beaver Dam Creek, a sluggish stream about waist-deep, and bordered by swamps and bits of high ground alternately. On the east side of this creek the Federals had a long line of earthworks and rifle-pits. Not one bridge had been left spanning the creek, and along its eastern bank trees had been felled, making the difficult approach to it still more difficult. More than eight thousand men and five strong batteries defended the Union line. A wise commander would have recognized the folly of allowing men to throw their lives away in charging such a position. But A. P. Hill hurled his regiments into the teeth of the Union fire, only to see them decimated by that hail of shot and shell.

The story of the battle of Mechanicsville is soon told. "The enemy had intrenchments of great strength and development on the other side of the creek," writes General D. H. Hill, "and had lined the banks with his magnificent artillery. The approach was over an open plain, exposed to a murderous fire of all arms, and across an almost impassable stream. The result was, as might have been foreseen, a bloody and disastrous repulse. Nearly every field-officer in the brigade was killed or wounded. It was unfortunate for the Confederates that the crossing was begun before Jackson got in the rear of Mechanicsville. The loss of that position would have necessitated the abandonment of the line of Beaver Dam Creek, as in fact it did the next day. We were lavish

of blood in those days, and it was thought to be a great thing to charge a battery of artillery or an earthwork lined with infantry."

Jackson failing to attack the Federals on the flank the day was lost to the Confederates, who lost in the action nearly 1,600 men and won no substantial advantage. The battle of Mechanicsville will long be remembered by the wearers of the gray as one of their most desperate and most discouraging battles. With it began that series of sharp and strenuous conflicts, with victory now perching on one side and then upon the other, that determined the fate of McClellan's Peninsular campaign, and that is known as the Seven Days' Battles. Mechanicsville was fought on the 26th of June, the battle of Malvern Hill on July 1. In so short a time as this were all the gigantic preparations of the Federals for the capture of Richmond wrecked.

When darkness put an end to the fighting at Beaver Dam Creek the Confederates withdrew beyond the range of the Union guns, and made preparations to renew the attack in the morning. About the Federal headquarters all was life and bustle. Scouts were coming in, bringing news of Jackson's arrival. Deserters arrived, telling of the great preparations the Confederates were making for an attack in force the next day. By one o'clock that night McClellan was so convinced of the seriousness of his position that he ordered the line at Beaver Dam Creek abandoned, and a new line formed six miles to the rear. Before sunrise the change was effected, while a battery or two and a handful of skirmishers left in the earthworks kept up a scattering fire to make the Confederates believe that the whole Federal army still confronted them.

The new line chosen by the Federals was hardly so

strong as the position on Beaver Dam Creek, but was, nevertheless, a strong position. A shallow, muddy rivulet, Powhite Creek, flowed at the base of a semicircular range of hills, upon the crest of which the Federals had thrown up earthworks and built barriers of logs. The artillery in the breastworks could do good service, for the ground in front was clear of trees, and no underbrush was there to protect an advancing foe from the deadly aim of the cannoneers.

Not far from the Union lines stood a large grist-mill, one of the largest and finest in Virginia, and known far and wide as "Gaines's Mill." Still nearer the Union lines was a little settlement called Cool Arbor, known somewhat to Virginians as a summer resort. From each of these places the battle had derived a name, being called in the Union reports the battle of Gaines's Mill, while the Confederates called it the battle of Cool Arbor.

In command of the Federal forces at Gaines's Mill was General Fitz-John Porter. He had before him the task of checking the Confederate advance along the north bank of the Chickahominy until General McClellan should have accomplished the difficult and dangerous feat of transferring his base of supplies from White House, on the Pamunkey River, to a point on the James River. How difficult an undertaking this was, may be judged from the fact that over five thousand wagons, loaded with stores of all kinds, and live cattle to the number of 2,500, had to be taken across the muddy, swampy peninsula. It was, of course, of the first importance that a strong and determined force should stand between this long train of munitions of war and the enemy, and it was at Gaines's Mill that this check was interposed.

Porter's line at Gaines's Mill was in the form of a semicircle, Morrill's division being on the right, and

Sykes's division upon the left. In front of the line was a narrow gully, or ravine, well filled with sharpshooters lurking behind trees and rocks. Of the troops that made up Porter's command a great number were regulars, and in the battle which ensued the superiority of these well-drilled soldiers over the ordinary volunteer was made apparent.

General A. P. Hill opened the battle, leading his soldiers with great gallantry against the left of the Federal line. The battle was fought in the woods, the troops manœuvring with difficulty among the countless tree trunks, and the artillery doing as much damage by the splinters struck from the trees by the flying missiles as by the cannon-balls themselves. Once, three Confederate regiments reached the crest of the hill, and for a moment the victory hung wavering in the balance; but the dogged obstinacy and pluck of the Federal regulars, and the rapidity and accuracy with which they served their guns, checked the advance of the assailants, and with a quick charge the Federals regained the ground which they had so nearly lost.

General Longstreet now took up the attack, and when Hill, after an hour or more of inaction, returned to the assault, the battle raged fiercely all along the line. At all points the tide of battle seemed setting against the Confederates. Despite their repeated charges they had wholly failed to pierce the Union line. Their regiments were getting decimated. The afternoon passed rapidly away. Evening was drawing near, and it looked as though the sun would set on a day which should rival the day of the battle at Mechanicsville as a complete and disastrous defeat for the Confederate cause.

General Lee had come in person to the field. As he rode through the woods he saw how grave was the

situation and how great the danger of defeat. One thing alone can save the day for the Confederates, and that is the arrival of Jackson, with his troops, upon the field before sundown. Suddenly, over on the far left of the Confederate line, arises the noise of artillery; then comes the rattle of small arms. The noise increases until it becomes evident that a fierce battle is raging in that quarter. The men of Hill's and Longstreet's divisions cheer lustily, and turn with renewed vigor to their work, for they know that Jackson has arrived. General Lee puts spurs to his horse and gallops off in the direction of the cannonading. He meets Jackson at the edge of a wood.

"Ah, General," said Lee, "I am very glad to see you. I hoped to have been with you before."

Jackson acknowledged the salutation with his usual impassive bow. He was mounted on his lean old sorrel steed. His uniform was dingy and stained with dust. His old fatigue-cap was pulled down over his eyes. In his hand he held a lemon, at which he was sucking, with his whole mind evidently concentrated upon the military problem with which he had to deal.

Lee was trimly, even elegantly, dressed, and acutely alert to all the sounds and signs of battle. The sound of the firing along Jackson's lines seemed to disquiet him, and he said to Jackson:

"That fire is very heavy. Do you think your men can stand it?"

"They can stand almost anything," was Jackson's response; then, after listening a moment to the noise of battle, he added, "Yes, they can stand that."

Up to the hour of Jackson's arrival the battle had been going against the Confederates. Many of A. P. Hill's soldiers were raw recruits brought up from Georgia and the Gulf States. Before the fire of the

Union regulars these men fell into a panic. After Hill had been engaged for two hours with the centre of the Union line he found his troops melting away. "Men were leaving the field in every direction and in great disorder," said the Confederate General Whiting, in his report. "Two regiments, one from South Carolina and one from Louisiana, were actually marching back from the fire. Men were skulking from the front in a shameful manner." It was at this juncture that Jackson arrived, and by his arrival changed the tide of battle.

The veterans from the Shenandoah Valley swung into the Confederate line of battle, between the divisions of A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill. It was the most hazardous spot upon the whole line. Before them stretched a level, open plain, full quarter of a mile wide, and swept by the fire of the enemy's artillery and sharpshooters. At the edge of this plain rose the sharp declivity called Turkey Hill, sixty feet high and steep of ascent. On the crest of the hill were the Federal batteries. On the slope of the hill, beneath the muzzles of the cannon were lines of infantry sheltered behind temporary breastworks of logs, fence rails, and knapsacks.

Against this wall of determined men Jackson hurled his regiments. More than once they advanced across the plain, almost to the foot of Turkey Hill, only to be swept away by the merciless storm of lead and iron from the serrated lines on the hill. Once under the shelter of the woods they would form again, march out once more with cheers and high hopes, only to be again swept back in confusion.

It was dusk when the last desperate charge that pierced the Union line was made. General Whiting's division, which held the right of Jackson's line, and was made up largely of Texans, won the honors of

the day. Let one of the Texans who joined in that mad rush across the shot-swept plain and up the front of Turkey Hill tell the story:

After remaining in the rear, lying down for perhaps half an hour, General Hood came for us, and, moving by the right flank about half a mile, halted us in an open space to the right of some timber, and in rear of an apple orchard. The sight which we here beheld beggars description. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying, while our ranks were broken every instant by flying and panic-stricken soldiers. In front of us was the "Old 3d Brigade," who, but a few moments before, had started with cheers to storm the fatal palisade. But the storm of lead and iron was too severe; they wavered for a moment and fell upon the ground. At this instant General Hood, who had in person taken command of our regiment, commanded in his clear, ringing voice: "Forward, quick, march!" and onward moved the little band of five hundred with the coolness of veterans. Here Colonel Marshall fell dead from his horse, pierced by a minie-ball. Volleys of musketry and showers of grape, canister, and shell ploughed through us, but were only answered by the stern "Close up—close up to the colors!" and onward we rushed over the dead and dying, without a pause, until within about one hundred yards of the breastworks. We had reached the apex of the hill, and some of the men, seeing the enemy just before them, commenced discharging their pieces. It was at this point that the preceding brigades had halted, and beyond which none had gone in consequence of the terrible concentrated fire of the concealed enemy. At this critical juncture the voice of General Hood was heard above the din of battle: "Forward, forward! charge right down upon them, and drive them out with the bayonet!" Fixing bayonets as they moved, they made one grand rush for the fort; down the hill; across the creek and fallen timber, and the next minute saw our battle-flag planted upon the captured breastwork. The enemy, frightened at the rapid approach of pointed steel, rose from behind their defences and started up the hill at full speed. One volley was poured into their backs, and it seemed as if every ball found a victim, so great was the slaughter. Their works were ours, and as our flag moved from the first to the second tier of defences a shout arose from the shattered remnant of that regiment, which will long be remembered by those that heard it,—a shout which announced that the wall of death was broken, and victory which for hours had hovered doubtfully over that bloody field, had at length perched upon the battle-flag of the Fourth Texas. Right and left it was taken up and ran along the lines for miles; long after many of those who had started it were in eternity.

Few battles of the war were more hotly contested than this fight at Gaines's Mill. The Federals lost in killed, 894; wounded, 3,107; missing, 2,836,—total, 6,837. The loss of the Confederates has never been exactly determined, but was about equal to that of the Federals.

McClellan's army as a whole was now in full retreat toward his new base at Harrison's Landing. His troops were constantly harassed by General Magruder, although, as the retiring Federals burned all the bridges across the Chickahominy and tore up the roads through the swamps, the main body of Lee's army could not come up to them. Magruder had but twenty-five thousand men but with these he forced the Federals to fight at Allen's farm, Savage's Station, and other points, always being beaten back but still adding to the difficulties of McClellan's retreat. Though there was no rout, nor anything approaching one, the withdrawal of the Union forces was accompanied by a tremendous sacrifice of stores and munitions of war. One who followed the retreating army wrote:

> The whole country was full of deserted plunder. Army wagons and pontoon trains partially burned or crippled; mounds of grain and rice and hillocks of dressed beef smouldering; tens of thousands of axes, picks, and shovels; camp-kettles gashed with hatchets; medicine-chests with their drugs stirred into a foul medley, and all the apparatus of a vast and lavish host; while the mire under foot was mixed with blankets lately new, and with overcoats torn from the waist up. For weeks afterward agents of our army were busy in gathering in the spoils. Great stores of fixed ammunition were saved, while more were destroyed.

The final stand of the Federal army was at Malvern Hill on the northern bank of the James River. The position selected was exceedingly strong. Both flanks were protected by rivers and the front was on a commanding plateau swept by artillery, while be-

yond this open plain the ground was swampy, densely overgrown, and almost impassable. Lee expected to shatter the enemy's line with artillery and follow with charges of heavy masses of troops. But the artillery proved ineffective—so much so that at three o'clock Lee thought of abandoning the assault, but later, misled by some movements of the Union line, sent in one division after another to defeat and death. The troops were willing enough to undertake the most perilous feats, and their leaders, from Lee down, were merciless in sending them into the deadly field of carnage. The colonel of a regiment in Jackson's division who had been ordered to storm a Federal battery ventured to protest.

"Did you order me to advance on that field, sir?" he asked of his commander.

"Yes," answered Jackson curtly, his steel-blue eyes flashing with a suggestion of impending wrath.

"Impossible, sir!" exclaimed the officer. "My men will be annihilated! Nothing in the world can live there. They will be annihilated!"

"Sir," answered Jackson steadily, looking the officer full in the face, "I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. You have heard my order,—obey it."

The charge was made, but it was as fruitless as those that had gone before. Despite repeated charges the day was lost to the Confederates. They had lost over five thousand men, the Federals not one-third as many.

At nightfall McClellan issued orders for his troops to fall back to Harrison's Landing. There was bitter criticism of the order then and later. Many thought the Confederates so demoralized that McClellan might have re-formed his ranks the next day and fought his way right into Richmond. His foremost officers were astonished. Fitz-John Porter protested

warmly. The impetuous Kearny burst out with the indignant assertion: "I, Philip Kearny, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for a retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the army and take Richmond; and in full view of all the responsibilities of such a declaration I can say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason."

Nevertheless the army retired as ordered and remained quiescent at Harrison's Landing until Halleck, succeeding to supreme command, ordered it back to Washington and the Peninsular campaign ended with a record of nothing accomplished. During the "Seven Days' Battles" McClellan had at the outset 105,000 men, and Lee's force varied between 80,000 and 90,000 effectives. The Federals lost in all 1,734 killed, 8,062 wounded, and 6,053 missing or captured; a total of 15,849. The Confederate losses were 3,286 killed, 15,909 wounded, and 940 missing or captured, a total of 20,135. But despite their great preponderance of killed and wounded the Confederates had saved their capital.

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