

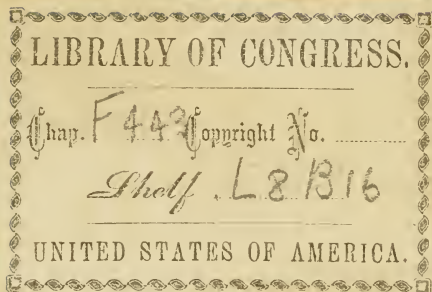
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NO TOURIST SHOULD FAIL TO HAVE THIS BOOK WHEN VISITING
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

PICTURES OF LIFE IN CAMP AND FIELD,


BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The description of Hooker's battle "above the clouds" is one of the grandest pieces of word-painting in the English language.—*Peoria Transcript*.
Here, all the preliminary plans and movements, as well as the actual attack and capture of

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN,

and the splendid and daring acts of valor and patriotism displayed during these ever memorable days are fully described. These chapters are really master sketches.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Each of these sketches is a gem in itself. One may search the annals of war from Tacitus to Kinglake, and not find anything finer than "Three November Days," "The Theater," "The Smiting of the Shield," "The Capture of Lookout Mountain," "The Storming of Mission Ridge," "Thanksgiving at Chattanooga," and "After the Battle." * We are much mistaken if Mr. Taylor's letters do not create a profound impression in the literary world, and take their place at once among the richest pieces of descriptive writing in the language.—*Inter Ocean*.

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TO
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



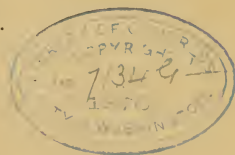
AND
BRIEF ACCOUNT OF BATTLES FOUGHT NEAR
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

BY CLARENCE W. BAKER.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

C. W. BAKER, PUBLISHER.

1876.



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A TRIP TO LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The village of Chattanooga, lying among the mountains of East Tennessee, has grown into a thriving and prosperous city—"The Pittsburgh of the South", as its enterprising citizens call it and fancy it will prove to be in the near future. It has passed through war, famine (during the siege of '63, when Gen. Thomas' men tightened up their belts a hole each day, and mules lived, or died rather, upon a sparse diet of fence rails and wagon tongues) flood and fire, and still lives and flourishes as perhaps no other city in the South does—enterprise and vim *will* win. By the way, the Indian name of the city does not mean "Eagle's Nest", or "**Hawk's Nest**," as certain veracious newspaper correspondents would have it. Those who have given the subject attention say it was originally the name of a small Indian village, situated on the bank of a creek of the same name, near the base of Lookout Mountain. The word means, in the Cherokee dialect, "to draw a fish out of water", and hence the name was given to the village of Indian fishermen. It was then very appropriate, but, when given to the town built by white men lost its meaning—although it is unique and musical, as most Indian names are.

Old residents of the city say, however, that the word, which was the original name of the mountain, has no mean-

ing—at least the most intelligent Cherokees could give none, when interrogated on the subject. There is in the city, on the south bank of the river, a high limestone bluff in which the eagles were wont to build their nests. This bluff was called by the Indians *Cla na wa*—"The Eagle Cliff." From this title may have sprung the poetic fiction as to the meaning of the city's name.

Chattanooga was famous in the history of the late civil war, and many travelers stop here a day or two to visit points of interest in the record of the war for the Union. Chiefest among these is

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN,

which lies two miles to the southwest, its brow overlooking the city and surrounding country. Upon its steep sides was fought the "battle above the clouds", which has been frequently described in eloquent prose and glowing poetry and put upon canvass by an eminent artist.

Traditions vary as to why it is called "Lookout." One is that the mountain is supposed to *look at* Sand Mountain, a few miles to the west. Another is that the Indians were wont to climb to this lofty peak and from it to *look out* for flatboats descending the river—the "noble red man" having in view the capture of such boats, and appropriation of their contents. Our illustration represents such a *look out*. Since the Indians were obliged to succumb to "manifest destiny" and "go west", how many white men have been photographed standing on this same spot. Generals, private soldiers, and civilians—their name is legion. And the

opportunity still exists. No more acceptable souvenir of a trip to the mountain could be imagined than a good photograph of the visitor, with this grandest of backgrounds. Mr. Linn, who has a gallery at the Point, is a fine artist, has worked there for many years, and thoroughly understands all the conditions necessary to securing a good picture in the open air.

The Mountain may be spoken of as a gigantic ridge, heavily wooded, sloping at a pretty stiff angle, with boulders of all shapes and sizes strewn about in great numbers, and crowned by a precipitous ledge averaging seventy-five feet in height, surmounting which is a comparatively level plateau, ranging from one to seven miles in width. The mountain runs to the southward some eighty-five miles, until it strikes the Coosa river. It is crossed in forty-two miles by only three practicable roads, through which Gen. Rosecrans marched the divisions of his army, when he thought the Confederates retreating to Rome, Ga.

A good road, winding as it best may to ease the grade, leads up the side of the mountain—two miles from the “Half-Way House” to the summit. Arriving at the plateau the visitor turns to the north, and sees at his left a number of white cottages grouped near a hotel. This charming spot was known before the war as “Summertown,” and was a favorite summer resort for the wealthy people of the valleys and the level country lying farther south. The bluff only a few rods in front is here one hundred and twenty-five feet high, and the view from it is very

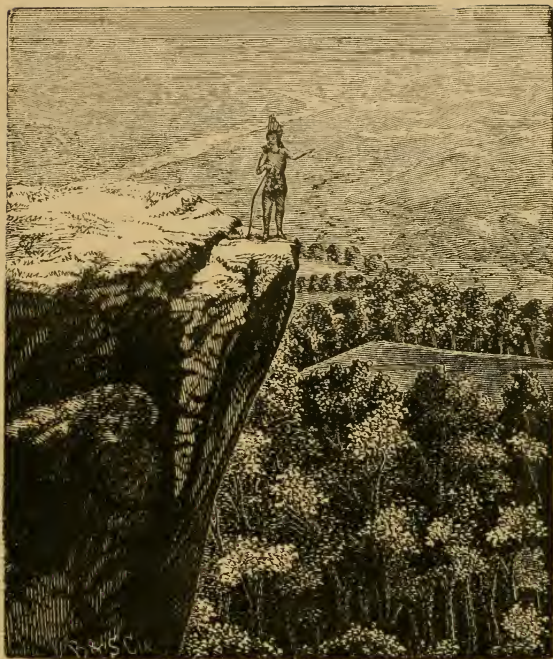
beautiful. Pushing on in search of a still grander prospect a ride of about a mile brings one to

POINT LOOKOUT.

Here a panorama is spread out before one at which he may gaze until he is wearied—he cannot be satiated. The view is said by many who have made the “grand tour” to be unexcelled in Europe. It certainly lacks nothing to make it picturesque, and perhaps no mountain peak looks down upon more or more desperate battle fields.

The “Point” juts out abruptly, and overhangs its base; so that the spectator standing on it is poised in mid air. From it, on a clear day, he looks into seven States—North and South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia. Ridge above ridge, mountain beyond mountain, rolls a billowy sea as far as the eye can reach. But a short distance away lies Chattanooga, spread out in full view, dwarfed by the distance until one could fancy it the home of pigmies. Commanding as it does the valleys in every direction its military title “The Gateway of the South,” seems particularly appropriate.

Almost at the feet of the gazer, apparently—but really fifteen hundred feet below him—lies the noble Tennessee river. The name is supposed to mean “Big-Spoon”, and was given by the Indians to the river on account of its windings and general shape. Immediately in front the river makes large bends and forms “Moccasin Point” a very easily traced representation of an Indian moccasin, as perfect in shape as need be. He would indeed be a “big



POINT LOOKOUT.

Indian " that could wear such an one—no " seven league boot" could be larger.

Immediately at the foot of the " Point Lookout"—the northern termination of the precipitous ledge already spoken of—the underlying ridge slopes for a short distance at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees and then descends more gradually towards the river, perhaps a mile away. Before reaching it the slope ends in an abrupt precipice, at the foot of which, between the rocky escarpment and the Tennessee, runs the track of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad. A short distance above the top of the ledge the wagon road runs around the "nose" of the mountain westwardly. About where the slope grows more easy lies a farm house, owned and occupied by a Mr. Cravens. A similar house once stood here but was destroyed during the war. Its owner occupied it until it had been struck by eight shells, when he removed, doubtless thinking "discretion the better part of valor." Around the house and over the grounds and orchard surrounding it swept the tide of battle as Hooker's men pushed forward and upward with fierce earnestness.

On the west is Sand Mountain; between the two mountains lies Lookout Valley, up which Hooker and his command marched to assist in raising the siege of Chattanooga after Chickamauga, striving to shorten the line of communication and thus help in getting supplies to the nearly starved army holding Bragg at bay.

To the east, beyond Chattanooga Valley, lies Mission

Ridge—so called from the missionaries who made their homes near it, and labored for the religious and temporal welfare of the Cherokees. Through this valley flows Chattanooga Creek, which was for a part of its length the dividing line between the pickets of the opposing armies.

To the east of Mission Ridge, and running parallel with it, is Chickamauga Valley, in which was fought one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested battles of the war. Through the valley runs Chickamauga Creek, called frequently by imaginative correspondents "The River of Death." This is evidently a misnomer. The Cherokee names were beautiful, and generally had a meaning, and we are not left in doubt as to the signification of this one. The word *uma* signifies water—*Chick-uma-ga* means dull, sluggish water, or dead water.

After gazing out upon this "Switzerland of America" until the eye is wearied and the brain swims, the spectator turns unwillingly away from his survey of the landscape, crowded with points of historic interest, and seeks minor details, which are interesting in themselves, aside from their surroundings. A little to the left and rear is

ROPER'S ROCK,

a point of the cliff, facing west. It is so called in memory of a man named Roper, a member of the 78th Penn., who fell from this rock and was killed. Near it is a practicable ascent, where by hard climbing at some little risk a man can clamber up. By this way came, on the morning after Hooker's battle, Capt. Wilson and seven men of the 8th

Ky., who displayed the stars and stripes from the peak—that the army in Chattanooga might be sure who held the mountain. From this rock, a short time previous, Gen. Bragg's signal officer wrote in fiery characters orders to Gen. Longstreet's command which was making a midnight attack on Hooker's men in the valley below. Unfortunately for Bragg and Longstreet the signals were known to the union officers—dispositions were made accordingly, and the attack failed of its object.

A path leads along the cliff and near its face to a narrow cleft in the ledge in which is placed a rude pair of stairs at the foot of which the path runs along under the base of the rocks until it strikes a dark, cool spring, hidden away from the sun and heat. Many people climb these stairs in preference to the more dangerous path up which the flag bearers went with their banner of good omen to signal the army waiting and watching below for news from the battle-field.

Within a few steps of the "Point" are "Umbrella Rock" and "Table Rock", whose shapes suggest their names. Next comes

PULPIT ROCK,

a singularly shaped column, with a small cave at its base. From its summit Jeff. Davis is said to have made a speech to the confederates on the mountain, at the time when the union army were besieged in Chattanooga. He is reported to have said that he "had the Yankees just where he wanted them"—thinking, doubtless, that they would be

starved into submission and surrender. But

“The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley—
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.”

The events of a few weeks later dispelled his dreams.

But a few rods to the east of the spot where carriages generally stop may still be seen the slight earthwork and embrasures which served to shield the confederate battery which from this elevated post threw shells at and into the camps in Chattanooga—never doing any great damage, however. It used frequently to have artillery duels with the union battery on Moccasin Point, to the greater edification of the spectators than the participants—as is probably the case in all other duels.

Near the battery was the signal station. A tree of suitable size and location had been selected, the top cut off and a platform built on what was left of the lower limbs. From this rude observatory keen eyed officers kept watch and communicated intelligence of any movements of the union troops—waving flags by day and lanterns or torches at night.

Perhaps half a mile back from the “Point”, near a neat and once handsome cottage which is going rapidly to decay, having been unoccupied for years, is “Saddle Rock”, shown in our illustration. It is somewhat uncouth in general shape and outline, but may have been adapted to some pre-historic quadruped.



SADDLE ROCK.

From the cliff a short distance to the north the observer gets the

“GRAND VIEW”,

which perhaps is inferior only to the one from the “Point.” For that matter, all views from the mountain, on either side, are “grand.” Each varies from the others, as each is from a different stand-point, but all are worthy careful study and life long remembrance. Near by is

TURTLE ROCK,

looking not unlike a huge mud-turtle, or terrapin, hunting for water. It isn't edible, and would not make good soup—would require too much boiling.

To the right of the road, returning from the “Point”, is

BRAGG'S FORT,

constructed and garrisoned by the Confederate troops—a square earthwork, the magazine of which has fallen in. Following the road to the right, overgrown as it is, one comes to an old field, on the farther side of which are woods. Through them runs a path down a steep descent to

SUNSET ROCK,

from which a glorious prospect bursts upon the view. The cliff is here about 250 feet high, and never did a worshipper of the sun gaze upon a more gorgeous going down of his idol than he could see from this rock.

Retracing his steps to the main road and going south the tourist soon reaches the

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

situated at the point where the road from the city reaches

the summit of the mountain. Right in front of and overhanging the toll-gate, was

BRAGG'S ROCK,

a cliff with an estimated weight of 6.000 tons, which began to cleave at its summit in March, '76. The cleft grew wider; the road was obstructed by falling fragments of rock: people built fires and sat up nights to see it fall—but it fell not. Finally, jackscrews, levers and blasting powder were used as arguments, and the cliff toppled and fell—and great was the fall thereof. Immense fragments of rock crashed down the mountain side below, lopping off underbrush, and decapitating trees as if they had been weeds.

Just adjoining the fallen cliff is

LOVERS' ROCK,

at its edge is "Lovers' Chair", in which one can sit—especially a "lover" of Nature, and study at his ease her glorious handiwork.

Between this rock and the one next north is

ALUM SPRING PASS,

a fissure several feet wide, through which footmen and horsemen can ascend. Through it, while the road was obstructed, came visitors, leaving their carriages behind them. A few rods to the north of its foot is

ALUM SPRING,

hidden away in a rocky bowl under the overhanging cliff. The water is beautifully clear, cool and pure, with no taste of alum. Why the name should be given it is a matter of conjecture.

Passing to the hotel so near at hand, one is ready to explore

HIGHLAND GLEN.

And right here we may say that we have the word of a photographer of fifteen years' experience in taking stereoscopic views—who during that time has traveled much and far—for the assertion that the scenery here is superior in point of picturesqueness and natural beauty to the famous "Watkins Glen" in New York. This artist is capable by education, experience and natural taste, of expressing a critical opinion, and one that should carry weight.

Under the guidance of mine-host Arnold, or Mr. Frank Lyman, the visitor prepares to explore the Glen. Perhaps the better way is to clamber down the side of the gorge passing on the way and pausing to get his "second wind" at

SLATE CLIFFS,

twin pillars of brown slate stone, which stand as they have stood for ages, facing the Glen and the valley at its mouth. Pursuing his downward course—and, by the way, the explorer needs to be quick of foot, sure of eye, and not afraid of his clothes—one calls a halt at

CORKSCREW FALLS

Here the stream makes a plunge of about thirty feet. In its descent it strikes a projecting shelf and crosses upon itself, suggesting a corkscrew—hence its name. At its foot is a beautiful pool, and one cannot imagine a better place to take a shower bath and a swim.

From this point to the valley, about half a mile away,

the descent is still steep, with cascades of all sizes at short distances apart. Perhaps the most notable, which is unnamed, should be called

FOUNTAIN CASCADE.

The water here pours upon a round rock and flows from it on all sides—the general effect being not unlike a fountain.

Turning his face to the head of the Glen, the visitor begins the ascent. All kinds of flowers flourish in the greatest abundance. and among them we may name: Wild Pansies; Azaleas; Shrub and Climbing Honeysuckles, of all colors; Alicanthus; Kalmia, or Mountain Laurel; Dog wood; Trailing Arbutus; Lilies, white and blue; Holly; Moss Pink; Partridge Berry; Golden Seal:—their name is legion. And as for ferns: there are probably fifty sorts. A botanist or lover of flowers would go wild with delight at the prospect before him, and perhaps neglect the other features of the Glen

Following the brook up its rocky channel, one comes to

BASTION FALLS.

The stream here plunges over and around a rocky bastion.

But a short distance above is

GARDEN ROCK,

the foot of which projects over the brook. Passing under it and through a fissure between it and an adjoining boulder, one clammers to its top. It is covered with beautiful flowering mosses, thickly spattered with superb flowers, and ferns of all kinds. It slopes like a roof, and hides the brook at its base.

Descending from this fairy garden and climbing up the pass one comes to a beautiful little fall, which deserves to be christened

LACE CASCADE.

No "Honiton", "Mechlin" or old "Point" can show more delicate tracery than is here woven in this gossamer sheet of sparkling water. This is a favorite spot for pic-nickers to visit. One can hardly see the sun here when the trees are in full leaf. The air is delightfully cool, and the cascade makes the sweetest of music. Nothing can be more pleasant, and nowhere can you better "Loafe and invite thy soul"—as Walt Whitman has it. Through the glen at various places is found the

DEVIL'S WALKING STICK.

Don't touch it, or you may use with emphasis the name of his satanic majesty. It is thickly covered with thorns, and a camel wouldn't attempt to eat it—which is saying a great deal.

This part of the way is called

JORDAN ROAD.

and well named, as it is emphatically a "hard road to travel"—rocky and rough to the last degree. One can better appreciate it after traversing it. We come presently to what should be named

SURPRISE CASCADE,

but for that matter, each succeeding cascade is a fresh surprise. They are so graceful, and so unlike. The water nymphs are lavish in the display of their beauties. Climb-

ing still over rocks as he best may, the explorer comes finally to

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS,

the crowning glory of the Glen. It does not compare in height to its namesake in the Yosemite, but is as beautiful in its way. A narrow stream filters through between the bowlders in its path, and spreads out on a terraced ledge, coming down in a glittering sheet with an airy broidery and beauty of form and outline that well suggests its name, Never maiden wore a bridal veil more beautiful, and if the customary orange flowers are lacking, their place is more than filled—there is no lack of others and perhaps as beautiful ones; the Glen is full of them.

Above the "Veil" are the

FIVE FALLS,

cascades one above the other, all in view at once—each a gem worthy of its setting.

Clambering out and upward the visitor reaches the summit of the mountain plateau, and wends his way to his starting point bearing with him memories of the picturesque and beautiful in nature which will never fade.

It is but fair to say that the little stream which flows through the Glen follows the example of all other mountain brooks, and becomes "small by degrees and beautifully loss" as the summer heats grow apace. The Alum Spring as it grows lower deposits crystals of alum on its rocky brim, and thus proves itself well named.

The next "lion" to be viewed is "Rock City." Passing

west from "Highland Cottage", after traversing a few hundred yards the road turns to the left. A pedestrian should follow the path going west, which ascends the hill, through the underbrush, and comes out at a square white house. Beyond it but a few rods is the

NATURAL BRIDGE,

a rocky arch, with a span of about fifty feet. Between it and the parent ledge a little brook falls into a pool and steals away as a "branch." Behind the pool lies a fine spring. Just to the right of the Bridge is the

' OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN,

a rocky bust with the ledge as a pedestal. From the right point of view the resemblance is complete. The "Old Man" wears a wig and cue, as did the old Continentals, and the present "Centennial" marks but a brief period in his existence.

Returning to the main road and following it but a short distance one crosses a brook which is on its way to the Glen below. It forms just below the bridge a most beautiful cascade, and goes on its way singing

"I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river—
For men may come and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

But a little way beyond another is crossed. Both were at one time forced into the military service, and made to turn saw mills, ruins of which are still to be seen. One could as well fancy Pegasus yoked to a plow. The trav-

eler has now reached a number of brown two-story buildings with porches above and below—the

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL,

built in 1864, by "Uncle Sam", for the use and benefit of his officers in this vicinity who might be wounded, sick or disabled in his service. It was thought that in this bracing atmosphere, with all these beautiful surroundings, convalescence would be rapid,—and experience justified the belief. After the war these buildings were bought by a private party, and a school—"Lookout Mountain Educational Institutions"—kept there for some years. One can well believe that the boys and girls of the school explored thoroughly and persistently every nook and glen of their surroundings, and knew by name every rock anywhere near them.

If one is on foot he should follow the garden fence, and turning at its corner bear off diagonally to the left, following a plainly marked path. This would leave

SENTINEL ROCKS

to his left, in the glen. By making a shorter turn a path is found which leads between these monster sentinels, who are always on duty and never grumble—as mortal sentinels are apt to. Pursuing his way the pedestrian soon reaches

THE GATEWAY,

and never was gateway more unique. The avenue runs between rocks of all sizes and shapes, which make it indeed a royal road. Passing through a ravine and across a little "branch", one comes to

ROCK VILLAGE,

an outlying suburb of the weird "City". The road comes in here from the right, through the ruins of a camp wherein a "regular" brigade was quartered for a time during the war.

A breastwork was built near here by the confederates during their occupancy. It ran across the mountain, and had near its right a fort mounting six guns. The battle near the Point flanked it as a matter of course, and the work on it proved to be "love's labor lost."

In this "Village" of rocks are boulders in a very great variety of queer shapes. An imaginative man with a good vocabulary at his command can devise for himself names for the more noticeable formations,

About a third of a mile farther on one comes to

ROCK CITY,

proper. It is a "city" of wonders. Great rocks, grim and hoary, carved into fantastic forms by the storms of centuries, are scattered about in all directions. One can fancy that the Indians, with their traditions and beliefs, had appropriate names for these picturesque rocks, strewn about in such profusion, and legends concerning the more prominent ones. Two men see the same object differently:—To one, a rock might seem "very like a whale"; to the other it might be "backed like a camel." It is perhaps as well for each visitor to trace resemblances for himself, and give titles accordingly.

Perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond the "City" is

CHICKAMAUGA CLIFF,

some 400 feet high, overlooking the valley and ridge—beyond which was fought the dreadful battle of Chickamauga. Had the spectator stood here on those fateful September days, he would have heard

“The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,”

and perhaps have followed, by the noise of the conflict, the varying fortunes of the contestants.

LULAH LAKE AND FALLS

are “next in suit.” To see them necessitates a rather hard ride or walk, which will repay in its results the fatigue or discomfort attending it.

A pedestrian by bearing off to the south-west, keeping at the right of the gorges, will reach, in a couple of miles, a point on the creek some distance below the falls, seeing first them and then the lake—thus reversing the usual order.

Visitors in carriages, returning to the abandoned encampment, get from that “deserted village” a beautiful view of

HIGH POINT,

some miles south. It is a handsome peak, with a notch near its summit, bears a family resemblance to pictures of volcanoes, and is in itself a perfect mountain view, worth riding far to see.

A short distance west of the camp the road runs to the south, and in a little ways bends to the right, and goes near the western edge of the mountain, until it reaches the

“Widow Stedman’s” and there turns to the left, and runs directly to the lake and falls. This, though a little longer, is the better way and most quickly and easily traversed, proving once more the truth of the old proverb: “The longest way ’round is the shortest way”—to any point.

ROCK CREEK,

rising some five or six miles to the south, flows on until, running down in a little “rapids” it spreads out into

LULAH LAKE,

—or lakelet, as it might better be called—a fairy sheet of water, perhaps a hundred yards long by seventy-five wide: a sapphire gem in a rocky setting. Crossing the creek on stepping stones, and following it about one hundred and fifty yards,

LULAH FALLS

are reached. The stream here gathers itself for a leap, and plunges more than a hundred feet down

“Filling the gorge with sound,
Sound of waters rushing.”

It is more handsome, graceful and picturesque than “Minnehaha” and its surroundings are all in keeping with it. From the cliff by its side a path, rough but practicable, leads down to its foot, and once there the spectator can study at his ease this beautiful fall. The stream pursues its way down the gorge. If one is a mountaineer he can follow the creek on its course—but very few do, although the scramble would be an interesting one.

Returning to the hotel one feels sure that “something

attempted, something done has earned"—a hearty dinner. Nowhere can one acquire a better appetite—mountain air and exercise are provocative of hunger.

LOOKOUT CAVE

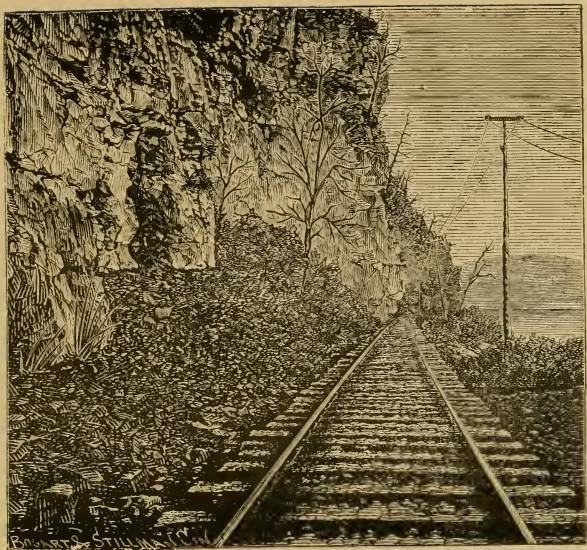
opens out on the railroad, under the precipice by the river. An adventurous explorer can press his way into its cavernous recesses perhaps no one knows how far. Traditions are rife that skeletons have been found in it. The most notable feature of it, to many, is the view out of it. The river, the field beyond, and the mountains in the distance, focused as they are by the rocky mouth of the cave, make a most beautiful picture.

THE PROPER WAY

to see Lookout Mountain is to spend some time on it. Each day will develop new beauties and places of interest to be visited, until one is reluctantly obliged to leave behind him all but the memories of an exceedingly pleasant stay.

AS A SUMMER RESORT

few places are its equal. The accommodations are good, the temperature is several degrees cooler than in the valleys; a fresh and delightful breeze blows daily; the nights are cool and pleasant; mosquitos are a "minus quantity"; and Chattanooga lies close at hand and easy of access. In no place can one spend to better advantage all or part of his summer vacation.



CLIFF AT BASE OF MOUNTAIN.

BATTLES AROUND CHATTANOOGA.

Chattanooga, the "Citadel of East Tennessee", was early in the war recognized by the Union commanders as an important point to be secured, being as it proved the key of this section, and the terminus of four important railway lines.

Late in May, 1862, Gen. O. M. Mitchell, then in command of all the troops between Nashville and Huntsville, put in motion an expedition under command of Gen. Negley, which advanced to the north bank of the Tennessee, opposite Chattanooga, arriving there June 7th. During that evening and the next morning the command shelled the city, making a feint of crossing the river and assaulting the place, and then withdrew. The main advantage of this movement was the derangement of the enemy's plans at the time.

About the middle of August, 1863, some weeks after the Tullahoma campaign had ended, Gen. Rosecrans, then in command of the "Army of the Cumberland", moved it against the Confederate force south of the Tennessee. The obstacles intervening were many and serious, but they were overcome, and early in September the army lay along the western slope of Lookout Mountain, from Wauhatchie, six miles from Chattanooga, to Valley Head, forty miles away. To get the enemy out of Chattanooga it was necessary to carry the "nose" of the mountain, or to move through the

gaps in it farther south, and thus endanger Gen. Bragg's line of communications. The latter plan was chosen, and a part of the army was ordered to cross the mountain at Trenton and Valley Head, the left meanwhile threatening the city until the movements of the enemy should reveal his course of action. These operations induced the evacuation by the Confederates of Chattanooga, which was occupied by the Union troops Sept. 8th. It was thus won by strategy, without a battle or heavy skirmish.

Gen. Rosecrans was led to believe by concurring testimony that the enemy was falling back on Rome, Ga., and made his dispositions for pursuit accordingly. In truth the Confederate army had retreated only to Lafayette, with its right resting at Gordon's Mills, 12 miles from Chattanooga. Rosecrans did not learn this fact until Sept. 12th, and then it became with him a matter of the most vital necessity to effect a concentration of his army, the three corps of which were respectively at Chickamauga Creek, Stevens' Gap and Alpine—a distance of 57 miles from flank to flank. By the 18th—Bragg doing nothing serious to prevent—this concentration was effected, and the Union army lay in Mc-Lemore's Cove, on the west side of Chickamauga Creek, covering Chattanooga. On the 19th and 20th the battle of

CHICKAMAUGA

was fought. It is impossible, in the limits of this little work, to give a detailed description of it. The first day's fight was practically a drawn battle; the engagement on the second day was a serious defeat to the Union army,

which defeat might have proved a grave disaster but for Gen. Thomas, who with a force representing all the corps of the army, repeatedly repulsed the Confederate assaults, and covered the withdrawal of the remainder of the army to Chattanooga, his command falling back to Rossville that night, and from thence to the city, without molestation.

Chaplain Van Horne, in his "History of the Army of the Cumberland" gives a complete account of this battle. According to this book, to which we are indebted for many interesting facts, the Confederate army, as admitted by Gen. Bragg in his official report, lost two-fifths of its number. It may be assumed, from the best data, that this force was about 70,000 men—the Union army numbered some 56,000. Its reported aggregate loss was 16,336. A Confederate general, who commanded ten brigades during the battle declared that he "had never seen Federal troops fight as well, and had never seen Confederate troops fight better."

A few facts will attest the bloody nature of the combat. Gen. Longstreet's loss in one day, and principally in the afternoon, was 36 per cent. A Kentucky brigade went into action with 1763 men, and came out numbering 432. Bate's brigade lost 608 men out of 1085. A brigade from Mississippi lost 781 men, and had but two regimental officers unhurt. Other brigades lost at least half their number. In the Union army Sheridan's and Davis' divisions lost more than 40 per cent. of their strength. Steedman's

two brigades lost 44 per cent.; Johnson's brigade lost 1629; Palmer's, 1329; Brannan's, 2144; Baird's, 2213.

(The traveler who wishes to visit this battle ground can go by the "Dry Valley" road to Crawfish Spring, at which parts of both armies slaked their thirst during the conflict, and to which many of the wounded crawled to satisfy their craving for water. Returning, one should follow the road through the gap to Rossville—which "ville" consists of a log house, said to be a hundred years old, the former home of John Ross, chief of the Cherokees. Along the road the scarred and shattered trees still show where war's dread lightning has riven them. Traces of breastworks may still be seen, and if one is a veteran who fought there he can strive to find where his command were.)

After the Union army had fallen back into Chattanooga it had the river in its rear and on either flank. The Confederates followed and invested the town, thinking to compel the surrender of the place and its defenders, and thus began the

SIEGE OF CHATTANOOGA.

The Confederate line stretched from the river above the town along the summit and base of Mission Ridge, across Chattanooga Valley to the western slope of Lookout, with pickets for miles up and down the river. Gen. Rosecrans' objects were to hold the pontoon bridges at the town and present a strong line to the enemy. He did not attempt to hold the river below Chattanooga, the railroad, or Lookout.

The besieged army was in a perilous position. The Confederates, from their position on Lookout, commanded the roads on the north and south bank of the river, the stream itself, and the line of railroad along which reinforcements would come. How to feed and supply the Union army was a question of grave importance. Supply trains were forced to move over Wallen's Ridge, into and down Sequatchie Valley to Bridgeport, distant 60 miles by this route. The Union cavalry, deployed in an attenuated line along the north bank of the river, could not well guard all the fords, and Gen. Wheeler, the Confederate cavalry leader, destroyed at one time 300 wagons loaded with supplies for the besieged. The constant and hard work rapidly killed mules, and as their number diminished fewer and smaller loads could be drawn; rations were reduced, numbers of artillery horses died for lack of forage, and it seemed as if the Army of the Cumberland would be forced to surrender or retreat with a loss of its material. It would not surrender, so accepted the shortest rations.

In October the 11th and 12th corps, Army of the Potomac, under command of Gen. Hooker, were sent to this department, and posted along the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, as far south as Bridgeport, Ala. The new comers were not yet needed at Chattanooga, as it was a sufficiently hard matter to feed the troops already there, and the enemy was making no offensive demonstrations save cannonading from Lookout—which was “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

An order issued by the President Oct. 18th created the "Military Division of the Mississippi", with Gen. Grant in command. The same order relieved Gen. Rosecrans, and placed Gen. Thomas at the head of the Army of the Cumberland. Gen. Grant's first anxiety was as to supplying the army with provisions. He telegraphed to Gen. Thomas "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards", and asked as to the number of rations on hand. Gen. Thomas in reply gave the required information, and added "We will hold the town till we starve."

Gen. Grant reached Chattanooga Oct. 23d. A plan had been matured for securing a foothold for troops on the south bank of the river, by that means obtaining a shorter line to Bridgeport and opening the river. The plan was submitted to him, approved, and ordered put into execution. On the morning of the 27th a fleet of pontoon boats manned by 1500 infantry soldiers, floated nine miles, to Brown's Ferry, at the mouth of Lookout Valley, landed, and after a slight skirmish, threw up works, sufficiently strong to protect them. Other troops were brought over, and the lodgment was made.

Gen. Hooker, on the same morning, advanced from Bridgeport along the line of railroad. He moved as far as Wauhatchie—in fact, a part of his command went into camp within a mile of the ferry which had been taken that morning. During the night Gen. Longstreet attacked an isolated division of Hooker's force at Wauhatchie, but failed to drive them or do them material harm.

This new state of affairs greatly simplified the supply problem. A steamboat ran the Lookout Mountain blockade on the 28th, and one from Bridgeport soon came up loaded with rations. Good roads were made to Brown's and Kelly's ferries, and work was begun on the railroad bridge at Bridgeport, and the road east of that point. The raising of the siege became only a question of time.

The Confederate force still maintained its line of investment, but made no movement of offense while the Union army was preparing to assault it. Gen. Grant was busily engaged in moving up reinforcements and supplies. All the troops that could be spared from the rear were ordered forward, and Gen. Sherman's command was ordered to move up as rapidly as possible. At this juncture Gen. Bragg detached Longstreet's corps to operate in East Tennessee, against Gen. Burnside. Upon Gen. Sherman's arrival he crossed at Brown's Ferry, and passed to a point on the north bank opposite the end of Missionary Ridge, in pursuance of Grant's plan, which was to mass his forces as much as possible at one given point, converging to the northern extremity of the Ridge.

On the 20th Gen. Bragg sent a formal note stating that prudence would suggest an early removal of all non-combatants from the city. On the 23d several divisions of the Union army formed in line of battle in plain view of their opponents who thought that the demonstration might be meant as a parade, or a movement to obtain wood. The line soon swept forward and halted not until it had cap-

tured and occupied "Orchard Knob" and other hills to its left and right. This "Knob" and the hills are about halfway between the Ridge and Chattanooga. They comprise nearly all of the high ground between Fort Wood and the Ridge, and afforded a good base for operations against the enemy's main lines beyond. The new position was at once fortified. One result of this movement was that Gen. Bragg moved a division from Lookout to his right, on the Ridge—in the rear of which lay his supplies—and thus weakened his left.

On the next day, Nov. 24th, the

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

famous as the "battle above the clouds", was fought by the troops under command of Gen. Hooker, whose command—Gen. Osterhaus' division of the 15th corps, Gen. Geary's division of the 12th, and two brigades of Gen. Cruft's division of the 4th corps—were strangers to each other, but fought as if they had been comrades for years.

The visitor should remember that the fighting was on the side of the mountain, *below* the plateau-crowned ledge, and not on the summit. On the open space east of the farm under the "Point", the enemy had made entrenchments, rifle-pits, redoubts and barricades of stone to prevent movements from Chattanooga or Lookout Valley. An assaulting party, aside from the almost insurmountable obstacles in its way, must force and carry these works—a well nigh impossible task, it would seem.

Gen. Hooker sent a cavalry force up the valley to give

notice of any movement from that direction. Two light batteries, supported by infantry, were posted on the north side of the creek. Gen. Geary's division and one of Gen. Cruft's brigades were sent to Wauhatchie to cross the creek and sweep down its right bank, driving the enemy away, and serving to cover the crossing of the remaining forces. The main body of the enemy was posted on the western side of the mountain, his picket reserves in the valley below, and his picket line on the right bank of the creek.

At 8 o'clock in the morning Gen. Geary's command crossed the creek, captured a number of the enemy's pickets, and pushed up the mountain until the right of the column came to the foot of the vertical cliff, to scale which was impossible. A heavy fog prevented the enemy from seeing this movement. The line faced north, its right at the palisade, and moved towards the enemy near the front of the mountain. Gen. Grose attacked at the same time the Confederates at the bridge, and began to repair it, having first driven away its defenders. A part of the enemy's troops nearest this point came down to the railroad embankment, from which, as from a breastwork, they could fire upon the Union troops coming forward from the bridge—the remainder of the Confederates formed in front of their rifle pits and entrenchments. The loss of life in a direct advance from the bridge would have been large. Gen. Hooker ordered a crossing to be made farther up the creek with the woods as a cover. In the meantime additional artillery was so posted as to enfilade the enemy's positions.

Part of a brigade remained at the bridge to attract the attention of their adversaries.

The bridge was finished at about 11 o'clock. Shortly after the Union troops, sweeping the mountain from its foot to the base of its rocky crest, came nobly on. The artillery opened a destructive fire. The Confederates were quickly routed, and the Union line moved on. The besieged in the city were of course anxious to know how the battle was progressing, and crowded all points from which a good view could be had. As the fog would partially lift the enemy could be seen retreating and the Union line advancing, its left lost to view on the side of the mountain, its right close under the palisade, climbing, in the face of a heavy fire, over rocks, logs and breastworks, but coming right on. It swung around to the middle of the open space, where the enemy met reinforcements and made a determined but vain effort to hold the position. They were forced back, and soon retreated down the eastern slope of the mountain. The heavy fighting ceased about two o'clock in the afternoon. The Union troops were out of ammunition, and no wagons could reach them. Gen. Hooker waited for more men and cartridges. A brigade of the 15th corps crossed Chattanooga creek at five o'clock and ascended to the Union right. The men carried with them ammunition for Hooker's skirmishers, in addition to their own supply. Severe skirmishing was kept up until about midnight. During the night the Confederates on the summit of the mountain came down, and, with the troops

in Hooker's front, fell back and took position on Mission Ridge.

The Confederate divisions of Gens. Stevenson and Cheatham, under the command of the former, were engaged in this battle. Gen. Cheatham came on the field late in the afternoon, having just rejoined the army.

MISSION RIDGE.

Gen. Sherman's troops had crossed the river on a pontoon bridge on the 23d, and gained a position on the north end of the ridge, in front of the right of the Confederate line, which was strongly posted behind breastworks.

Gen. Bragg's army was now on the ridge, and his line was but about half as long as it had at first been. Gens. Breckinridge and Hardee faced Thomas and Sherman. The battle was opened soon after sunrise on the 25th by an advance of a part of Gen. Sherman's command. The enemy's right was the chief point of attack. Both sides massed heavily in the vicinity of the tunnel—the Union troops desiring to force or turn the position, the Confederates striving to hold it. Although many and fierce assaults were made by Sherman's men it was found impossible to drive the enemy from this part of the line.

Gen. Hooker had pushed on as far as Rossville, and had formed his line across the ridge, facing north, and extending down on either slope.

Finding that the enemy's right could not be turned or forced, Gen. Grant ordered an advance from the center of his line. Between 3 and 4 o'clock six cannon shots, from

the battery on Orchard Knob, were fired as a signal. The order looked only to the dislodgment of the Confederates from their first line of rifle pits and intrenchments at the foot of the ridge. The attack was made by four divisions, under command of Gens. Johnson, Sheridan, Wood and Baird. The troops assaulting moved gallantly forward in the face of a heavy artillery and infantry fire, swept away the enemy's pickets and reserves and captured the lower line of entrenchments. Thus they had executed their orders, but were not yet satisfied, and pressed on

“Unheeding the storm of the shot and the shell,

Unheeding the fate of their comrades who fell.”

So eager were they that the summit of the ridge was carried at six different points at almost the same time. The enemy's cannon was captured, and in some instances turned against him. Gen. Hooker's line soon swept northward, and then the ridge was clear of Confederates, save those—who fell back that night—in Gen. Sherman's front. Chattanooga, the “citadel of East Tennessee”, was won, and was afterwards held securely by the Union forces.

NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY.

This beautiful "City of the Dead" lies on a conical hill between Chattanooga and Mission Ridge, about the centre of a line drawn from Gen. Sherman's point of attack on the north end of the ridge, and Gen. Hooker's on the mountain. It was the first permanent cemetery established by military order, and was founded by Gen. Thomas, "In commemoration of the battles at Chattanooga * and to provide a resting place for the brave men who fell upon the fields fought over." The bodies of those who fell at Chickamauga, and of those who died in hospitals were removed to this ground.

The cemetery is on a commanding spot. From it can be seen the points where many of the men buried in it were killed. It is beautifully laid out, in sections of different sizes and shapes, and neatly kept. The summit of the hill is crowned by a flag staff. Around it at equal distances are placed four siege guns, set on end in stone bases. On one of them is a bronze tablet, bearing the following inscription :

UNITED STATES

NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY.

Established, 1863.

Interments,	12,876
Known,	7,947
Unknown,	4,929

The graves of the "known" are marked by neat stones of white marble, bearing in a sunken shield the number of the grave, the name of the soldier, his rank, and state from which he came. The "Unknown" graves are marked by square white stones, bearing on their tops their numbers.

There are many monuments in the grounds, erected by private parties, to mark the resting place of friends or relatives. The more noticeable one is that placed by the 4th army corps. It is a handsome shaft of white marble, bearing on one side of its pedestal an equilateral triangle—the "badge" of the corps—upon which are the words "Fourth Army Corps." Beneath is the inscription, "In memory of our Fallen Comrades." On the remaining three sides are inscribed the names of the regiments and batteries comprising the several brigades of the three divisions of the corps.

The men who lie here sleep well. The cause for which they gave their lives was won in war's dread arbitrament. Their surviving comrades and friends while rejoicing in this fact should put behind them the strife of the past, and look to the future as all the states of this great republic, under the "Star Spangled Banner", move forward to their grand destiny.

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