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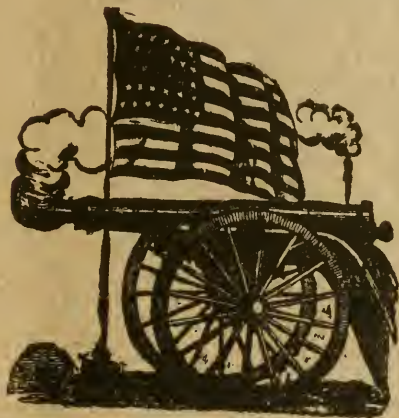
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With Emphatic Endorsement of
V. M. Fleming

*Battles of Fredericksburg
and Chancellorsville, Virginia*

By V. M. FLEMING

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

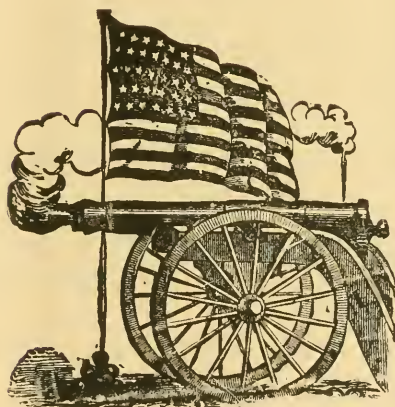


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W. C. HILL PRINTING COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA.

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FOREWORD.

These two battles, as all the balance I have written, are compendiums from the best historical accounts which are attainable, aided by my own personal experiences, as well as those from friends, who were authoritative sources of information. Careful revision of it all, as to actual occurrences, and that given largely in detail, illuminated with incidents, gives a reality to these scenes as well as an interest to the story.

V. M. FLEMING,

Author.

Battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

AFTER THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN the army had all settled back for temporary rest on Virginia soil again. Jackson's army settled north of Winchester, and Lee, with Longstreet, held their camp also south of the town. It was here that Colonel Garnet Wolseley, of the English army (afterwards General Wolseley, commander-in-chief of that army), with other British officers, visited Lee.

Lee had no personal animosity of any kind and was always anxious to do good unto his enemies. As an instance, was his desire to return General Kearney's sword to his wife, as an appreciation of gallantry on the part of that Federal officer, who was killed at Second Manassas.

Stuart kept watch on McClellan's movements. This great leader was happy-hearted and a devout Christian. The chaplains of the army were very zealous and faithful in their work. Stragglers from all parts of the country were coming in, so the army was daily on the increase in numbers, and a spirit of religious fervor seemed to pervade the whole of Lee's command.

The artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia was a splendid arm of the service. The First Regiment of Virginia Artillery was the only organization of the kind in the Virginia army, for other batteries were formed into battalions, or were separate companies attached to brigades of infantry or cavalry. The regiment referred to consisted of something like twelve batteries, with probably five guns each, making in all something like sixty field pieces.

The guns of this regiment were in most of the sharply-contested battles of Valley Campaign as well as Eastern Virginia. I recall a number of these battalions composing this regiment—viz., two companies of the Richmond Howitzers—Second and Third; the Powhatan artillery; Roanoke battery; Rock-bridge artillery. Others I don't remember.

It was composed of the best blood in the nation and, in a measure, of University of Virginia students and alumni of that institution, as well as students of Washington College and other Virginia colleges. Colonel J. Thompson Brown, himself an alumnus, was its colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Minor Coleman, its lieutenant-colonel. He, too, was not only an alumnus of the University of Virginia, but the professor of Latin in that institution when the war began. We will make reference later to the service of this regiment.

Jackson's army, as stated, was north of Winchester. General Lee, with Longstreet, was south of that town. This was early in October, 1862. Lee was anxious to draw the Federals into the Valley, but evidently this was not McClellan's design. He was anxious to get information of their movements, from which to deduce some idea as to his plans, and to this end he sent Stuart into Maryland again. Stuart crossed at Williamsport, Md., and moved on Chambersburg, Pa. This was October 11, 1862. This invasion of Stuart's enabled him to get fresh horses and equip his command comfortably in other respects. McClellan's objective point was Richmond, of course. Stuart's invasion started McClellan again, who moved his army east of the Blue Ridge. Lee, divining his purpose, moved Longstreet's corps east of the mountains.

The bloody year of 1862 was now drawing towards its close. This year of carnage was not to close till victory had again perched upon the Confederate banner, which it did in the closing days of that year at Fredericksburg, Va. October found Lee's army greatly recruited by large accessions to his ranks of men who had straggled from the army and, from various causes, sickness, etc., were returning again, but even then it scarcely numbered more than 70,000.

McClellan's army now numbered something like 125,000 men, who occupied a line between Bull Run and the Rappahannock. Twenty-two thousand were near Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg and 80,000 in the defenses around Washington city, thus making this formidable Federal force something like 225,000.

While in his headquarters at Warrenton, Va., in November, 1862, McClellan was deposed by the Federal Government and Burnside put in command. About November 15th, this army, now under Burnside, commenced to move eastward down the Rappahannock river. Stuart informed Lee of the movement of the Federals. Thus informed, he marched Longstreet's corps from Culpeper to the south of the Rappahannock, and before the closing days of November, 1862, Lee occupied Marye's Heights.

Jackson, being left behind at Winchester, tore up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Indeed, made a perfect wreck of the road around Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg before marching eastward across the Blue Ridge to join Lee. It was a memorable day when Jackson's army marched through the streets of Winchester. They left behind them bright and inspiring history, as well as beautiful girls. Every hill and valley around the town brought associations of some kind of heroic deed to the minds of Jackson's men.

Whither we were going we knew not, but up the valley Jackson's host marched. At Mt. Jackson we turned to the left, the column heading for Brown's Gap in the Blue Ridge and around the head of Massanutton mountain. Right vividly do I recall this march. It was about the close of November, 1862. When we reached the foot of the pass the black ominous clouds lowered over the mountains. The head of the column moved up the mountain side about half way, when the snow began to fall heavily, penetrating the cloud reefs until we ascended above them, where all was sunshine and light, and from the top we could look back at the column emerging from out of the cloud, and, further yet, till it was lost in the darkness below. We continued our march across the mountain and by Orange Courthouse and down the Plank road, leaving Fredericksburg to the left—going around the town—continuing our march till we reached Port Royal, twenty miles below Fredericksburg. A large portion of Jackson's infantry went into camp higher up and nearer the town of Fredericksburg.

Fredericksburg is now between two hostile armies, the citi-

zens driven out by command of the Federal officer in charge, with the threat that unless they left he would open fire on the town. How well they got paid for this unparalleled cruelty! General Lee's tribute to the noble people of Fredericksburg, I cannot omit here: "History presents no instance of a purer and more unselfish patriotism or a higher spirit of fortitude and courage than was evinced by the citizens of Fredericksburg."

It was Lee's first intention, and heartily concurred in by Jackson, to make his stand upon the line of the North Anna river, forty miles south of Fredericksburg. The conception of such a plan was easily understood. The position was as good as along the Rappahannock, beside the fact that a victory on the North Anna would have amounted to something, as the enemy would be further from his base of supplies as well as from his base of defense, neither of which advantage obtained at Fredericksburg and along the Rappahannock, for when the Federal army was beaten at Fredericksburg we could not advance and reap the fruit of the victory by reason of their heavy guns on the Stafford Heights and the impossibility of crossing the Rappahannock, and even then a flank movement would have been impossible. The only inducement, therefore, which Lee had to receive the Federal attack at Fredericksburg instead of the North Anna was the section of country between the two rivers, which, in a sense, was productive and contributed largely to the support of the army.

Upon Stafford Heights Burnside had 150 heavy guns besides over 116,000 men, including infantry and artillery. Burnside thought all of Jackson's army was at Port Royal. The Federals began to build their pontoon bridges opposite Fredericksburg, but were delayed and prevented for days by Barksdale's men, who occupied old houses on the river banks and, acting as sharpshooters, picked the bridge men off as fast as they came down to the river. The bridge-builders made eight or nine different efforts to place their pontoon boats, but were driven back each time in confusion. At last Burnside's batteries were turned loose upon the town and the river

banks and places of concealment of Barksdale's men, and they were routed.

All this delay was giving Lee time for preparation in getting his field pieces upon the crest of Marye's Hill. Under cover of the Federal guns these pontoon bridges were built, and the Federal army proceeded across into the town of Fredericksburg. Lee at once, on the morning of December 12th, notified Jackson, and that day witnessed A. P. Hill and Taliaferro going into position on the right of Marye's Hill. The heavy fog on the morning of December 12th concealed the passage across the river, lower down, of Franklin's corps—55,000 men with 116 pieces of artillery. While this force was moving to attack Jackson on Bernard's Flats, Sumner was advancing upon Longstreet's front and having his men fearfully slaughtered. Charge after charge! Four successive charges against this double line of Confederates. It looked like madness. The Confederate artillery, under Colonel Alexander, was planted upon the top of Marye's Hill, while at the foot of the hill and in a road—called in history the "Sunken Road"—running around the base, the brigades of Cobb's Georgians and Kershaw's South Carolinians lay behind a stone wall. Hence, one could see at a glance that the brigades of Meagher, Sumner and others, as they advanced, were played on by both arms of the service at the same time—the infantry at the foot of the hill and the artillery from the crest, the latter firing over the heads of the former into the ranks of the enemy, while our infantry was augmenting the toll of death by their terrific fire from behind the stone wall. The whole plain in front of Marye's Hill was strewn with Federal dead and each successive charge upon our line was much impeded by the accumulation of the Federal dead in front of our guns. This was a fearful carnage.

General Thomas R. R. Cobb was killed on this line in front of his brigade and adjacent to the home of Mrs. Martha Stevens. He was struck by a fragment of shell. This brave woman was on the front of the line attending to the wounded, and when General Cobb fell she tore the bottom of her skirt

off and bandaged his wounds, stopping the flow of blood. He died in a few hours, however. Mrs. Stevens lived in the hearts of the Confederate soldiers, and her benediction will ever be a memorial to them. Many of those old men have been reunited with this woman of blessed memory in the world beyond, I am sure.

Now we will take a glance at Jackson's part of the line, which was the right wing of General Lee's army, lower down the river near Hamilton's Crossing and in front of which was Franklin's artillery of 116 pieces. Different army corps were all in line of battle the morning of December 13th, and when the fog lifted the beautiful panorama surpassed any pen picture which I have ever seen.

The First Virginia Artillery, commanded by Colonel Lewis M. Coleman, had marched all that night—twenty miles from Port Royal—to get up to the scene of battle. When we reached Hamilton's Crossing in the early morning the night was very dark and the darkness intensified by this heavy fog, which enwrapped everything in its sable folds. Snow was on the ground. While waiting for orders, Major Pelham, chief of artillery on Stuart's staff, rode up and informed Colonel Coleman that the enemy had crossed the river in a large force with heavy parks of artillery and large bodies of infantry. His front was confronted by some brigade artillery and some battalion batteries and Stuart's horse artillery, making a poorly equipped front as opposed to this splendid Federal armament as described by Pelham. He asked Colonel Coleman to let him have thirty pieces of artillery to help him out on this front. The Colonel quickly sent orders to the captain of each battery, there being about twelve batteries, I think. The First Regiment of Artillery furnished Pelham about thirty pieces, and splendid pieces they were, well manned and well officered, so everything was ready, all guns limbered up and ready to dash down into the valley of death as soon as the fog uplifted.

Soon the mist drifted away and the sun of that December day came out in all of its splendor. At once the evolution began. Pen can never describe that artillery as they dashed

behind the hill and down into the plateau, like some great whipcord uncoiling—Pelham at the head, one piece going into position, another fifty yards further, and yet further, until a line of 1,500 yards was subtended, each piece firing as it went into position, until every piece was in line, and then a constant sheet of flame bursting from the muzzles of these guns! General Lee rode down the line about that time and turning to Jackson said, "General, it is wonderful to see so young a man as Pelham so brave. Oh, that we had a Pelham on each flank!"

The fire in front of Pelham's guns was very destructive. The Federals stood well to their pieces till late in the day, when their artillery line began to waver perceptibly. They visited great destruction upon our ranks also. This was a fearful artillery duel, lasting nearly all day. As some writer has put it: "Like grass before the scythe Franklin's soldiers went down under the Confederate fire."

The destruction of guns and loss of life on both sides ~~was~~ ^{were} very great. When this Federal artillery began to waver and, piece by piece, fall back, the advance of the Confederate batteries closing up on them created an entire giving away of their whole line of artillery. A gallant act on the part of one of their officers in attempting to rally the men and get them into formation, rode to the front on a milk white horse, waving his sword as if to spur them on, but was shot from his horse by one of the rifle pieces of the First Regiment. The rider was killed instantly, this solid shot going through his body, while the horse turned and galloped back into the Federal lines.

Further back, and on a line beyond the scene described, they did get another formation of their artillery which put the Confederates at a disadvantage, as our guns were not on a parity with theirs, and while they had us in their range, they were beyond the range of our field pieces. Just then General Stuart rode up and took the situation in at a glance and ordered one piece of the First Regiment to stop firing and limber up, and with this one piece he galloped up to the front and far beyond the line held by the enemy in the morning. This cannon was pushed up on their front as far as it could

go; was prevented from getting closer by reason of an impassable ditch that ran between the two lines, but this was close enough to get the enemy in good range of our pieces, so that the gun unlimbered and went into action, and all the rest of the field pieces came up and dressed on that point, and all along on that ditch bank to the right our whole artillery had the enemy in full range.

The closing hours of that day witnessed terrible slaughter on both sides. The enemy's lines were entirely broken and before darkness came on their guns had been almost entirely silenced and Franklin's whole line was getting back across the river on their pontoons.

In the early morning, higher up the line and beyond a body of scrub oak trees, to the right of the railroad fronting Fredericksburg, a body of Federal troops under Gibbon and French formed, and emerging from behind this obstruction, charged and broke through A. P. Hill's skirmish line and attacked Gregg's South Carolinians, who were entirely out of formation at that time, as Gregg least expected an attack from that point. At first General Gregg thought the troops Confederates. This threw Gregg's men into confusion and he, in attempting to form the line of battle, fell, near Hamilton's Crossing.

Just at this time Generals Early and Taliaferro's Virginians, of Jackson's Stonewall corps, came up and, taking in the situation, charged with great spirit and drove the Federals back with terrible destruction, and as they fell back our line was re-established here, and as the enemy was driven back by Early and Taliaferro, that part of the First Virginia Artillery directly under command of Colonel Coleman opened on their fleeing columns and largely augmented their death roll. Colonel Coleman, himself, at this point was mortally wounded, from which he succumbed two months later. No braver soldier had offered up his life on the altar of his country than Colonel Lewis Minor Coleman. The same shell, the fragment of which gave Colonel Coleman his death wound, blew off the head of Randolph Fairfax, who was a student at the University of

Virginia under Colonel Coleman. Both professor and student killed by the same shell!

Summing up that day's fight: The Federal loss was something near 13,000; that of the Confederates 5,000, and these mostly fell on Bernard's Flats and to the right and left of Hamilton's Crossing. The Confederate losses were most heavy on Jackson's part of the line. The left wing of our army, under Longstreet, did not suffer so much, as they fought the enemy from elevated positions.



Battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, December 12th and 13th, 1862, the Army of the Potomac still stayed in their old camp on the left side of the Rappahannock until the latter part of January, 1863. It was then that Burnside was deposed and Hooker put in command of the Army of the Potomac.

The appointment, accompanied by a letter to Hooker from President Lincoln, was anything but complimentary; rather reflected upon Hooker's deficiencies and unfitness for the appointment, but as a last resort he was selected. It would not be out of place to give here the letter in full. (Under those conditions, almost any officer would have declined the appointment):

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 26, 1863.

"Major-General Hooker: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me sufficient reasons, and yet I think that it is best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like; I also believe that you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You have ambition, which, in reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm, but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did great wrong, both to

the country and to a meritorious and honorable brother officer.

"I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of you recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you this command. Only those generals who have gained success can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all its commanders. I much fear the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

"Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

So you see that Hooker took charge of the army under very great misgivings on the part of President Lincoln.

In April, 1863, Hooker begins his move on the military chess board with an army of 134,000 men. He was attempting a movement across the Rappahannock river against Lee with an army of 53,000. "During that time Jackson kept watch with his army of 33,000, from Hamilton's Crossing down to Port Royal."

"Left of Jackson was McLaws' Division of 8,000 men. This extended to Bank's ford." Above this, all the fords of the river were guarded by Stuart with something like 2,700 cavalry and Anderson's 8,000 infantry. The elevations along this entire line were crowned with Confederate artillery.

Longstreet's army at this time was at Suffolk, Va. Hooker's plan seems to have been—making this crossing of the river below Fredericksburg—a ruse to take General Lee's attention from the main purpose of his movement. This crossing below the town of Fredericksburg was made by Sedgwick with three army corps, while the rest of his army folded their tents like the Arabs and quietly stole away up the river to Kelly's ford.

Two weeks previous to this movement of Hooker's Stoneman had purposed to interpose a body of 10,000 cavalry between Lee and Richmond, and when Hooker should drive Lee's army into the net, it would be an easy prey. Knowing Lee and Jackson as the Federals did, this was rather visionary, and it is hard to understand how any such a conception should have made its lodgment in the brain of either Hooker or Stoneman. This project, however, was never carried into execution, as the down pour of rain swelled the Rappahannock to such an extent that Stoneman was delayed.

There was that military instinct of Lee's—if we could so employ that term—which enabled him to divine almost with a certainty the designs of the enemy. His letter to Jackson, dated April 23d, shows how well Lee interpreted Hooker's movement in this case. Lee writes:

“I think from the account given me by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of the Engineers (who was at Port Royal yesterday), of the enemy's operations there the day and night previous, that his purpose is to draw our troops in that direction while he attempts a passage elsewhere. I would not, then, send down more troops than are actually necessary. I will notify Generals McLaws and Anderson to be on the alert, for I think that if any real attempt is made, it will be above Fredericksburg.”

The subsequent development of Hooker's movement showed how accurately Lee divined his purpose.

April 27th, after the flood subsided, three Federal corps,

commanded by Slocum, commenced their march up the river, as Lee predicted, and on April 29th this force had crossed the Rappahannock at two fords, Ely and Germanna. Later in the day (April 29th) "Stuart reported two Federal forces approaching the Rapidan." This movement clearly indicated that Hooker was trying to make an attack upon General Lee's rear, but Lee was too alert to be caught in any such trap. That night Lee ordered Anderson westward to attack Hooker, and Stuart to meet that force which crossed at Germanna (the home of Alexander Spottswood, Colonial Governor of Virginia in 1716, trained in Marlboro's army and wounded at the battle of Blenheim; known in Virginia as Chief of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe).

"Late at night Anderson met Mahone and Posy at Chancellorsville, falling back before Hooker's advance columns." Stoneman, whose movement then was in the direction of Gordonsville, was interrupted by two regiments of cavalry under W. H. F. Lee, while Stuart, with Fitz. Lee's brigade, crossed at Raccoon ford, to be near the Confederate infantry. Next morning Stuart was between Hooker and Fredericksburg. "Mead's fifth army corps was now near Chancellorsville." (White's Life of Lee.) Official.

April 30th Hooker reached Chancellorsville with 50,000 men; 18,000 more were near, under Sickles. Sedgwick, with 30,000, was on the right wing of General Lee's army. So the summing up of the situation seemed truly hazardous for General Lee. But conditions just like these gave activity to Lee's great genius as a strategist. Rising to the emergency of the occasion, he soon manœuvred Hooker out of his first excellent position and forced him to a line nearer the river, which was equivalent to the weakening of his army by 20,000 men, more or less. His first line around Chancellorsville was good and afforded excellent positions for the use of artillery, but Stuart's skirmish line impressed Hooker with the belief that Lee might interpose a force between him and the ford and thus cut him off in the event that a retreat was necessary. So Hooker gave up his vantage ground first selected, in order that

he might get closer to the river. "Thirteen thousand Federal cavalry were advancing against the railroad communications in Lee's rear."

The general aspect of conditions as Hooker saw them was that Lee's army was encompassed within the folds of his great host, which inspired him with the thought that he had the finest army on the planet. To use his own language, in an address to his troops, he said:

"Our enemy must ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

Hooker reckoned without his host. Lee did come out, but not to ingloriously fly, but to put Jackson in his rear, with the results which follow:

Midnight, April 30th, Jackson was on his march from Hamilton's Crossing. May 1st, a large part of his corps was up to the support of Anderson, and in front of Hooker, Early and Barksdale, with Pendleton's artillery, remained near Fredericksburg to oppose Sedgwick. "Lee's army as it now stands is between Hooker's wings facing both ways and prepared to give a double battle." (White's Life of Lee, page 26.)

Jackson, Anderson and McLaws now numbered 41,000. Early, with 8,000, was left to oppose Sedgwick. Lee at that time was near Fredericksburg and directing Early and Pendleton. He urged them not to be deceived by the pretended movements of the enemy. "After Lee left Fredericksburg he was joined by Jackson and they both rode together amid the shouts of the whole army."

Hooker's position was thus (official report):

Fifth corps, Mead, fronted eastward, two miles long.

Second corps, Couch, lay behind fortifications that rose south.

Twelfth corps, Slocum, was in a fortress, facing southward.

The divisions of Berry and Whipple lay north of Chancellorsville. Birney's division of the Third corps supported by

Williams. Eleventh corps (Howard) forming Hooker's right wing. Hooker's rear was guarded by Syke's division. (White's *Life of Lee*, page 263.) Eighty thousand troops, with large parks of artillery.

After sunset Lee and Jackson met near the Plank road. After ascertaining the location of Hooker's army, Lee called Jackson for a conference and pointed out on a map the direction of the road to be taken by Jackson. In this proposed great flank movement, for the audacity and the risk it entailed, we doubt if history ever recorded a parallel. Lee outlined the general plan of the attack and left the details with Jackson, who suggested the possibility of not only this flank movement on Hooker's right, but encompassing his entire right wing, getting in his rear, and cutting that part of his army entirely off. But Jackson's ignorance of the roads on this flank and rear attack necessitated his calling to his assistance an old man who had lived all his life in that section of the country. He was familiarly and affectionately known as "Uncle Jack Hayden." So under the guidance of "Uncle Jack" as pilot the movement was begun by Jackson's corps in the rear of Hooker.

On the old Furnace road in Spotsylvania, Rhodes led the old division of D. H. Hill, going westward through dense forest and jungle. The whole route seemed grown up with almost impassable undergrowth, which retarded the march, following Rhodes', Colston's and, lastly, A. P. Hill's division of light infantry—so known for their agile step and panther-like tread. These three divisions, in the order named, numbered 26,000, which really constituted all of General Lee's army in front of Hooker, except a force of 14,000 which lay in front of Hooker's force of 80,000 men, and under the direct command of Lee himself.

Jackson's column of invincibles on this march was flanked by four regiments of cavalry directly under the command of J. E. B. Stuart and Fitz. Lee. We can begin now to see how Lee was beginning to unravel the situation and get from out the toils of Hooker's immense force. "While Jackson was in full march across Hooker's front the enemy's signal station

revealed this movement and after a council of war the Federals decided that Lee was falling back on Richmond and ran up some long range guns and began to shell Jackson's force." So, under the guidance of our faithful old pilot, "Uncle Jack Hayden," Jackson moved further south and marched westward on a parallel line.

The enemy, thinking that Lee was falling back on Richmond, ordered Sickles's army corps in pursuit, but they made but little progress when Lee attacked Sickles from the rear, and he was glad to get back and abandon the pursuit of Jackson, who steadily pressed on until this old Furance road fell into the Dowdal Tavern road at right angles. Reaching this road, Jackson's column headed directly north, where the Dowdal Tavern road fell into the Plank road, running from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse, and right by Chancellorsville House. It was here that the services of "Uncle Jack Hayden" were no longer needed, for he had guided Jackson faithfully, now that he was on the flank of the enemy. In bidding farewell to Jackson, I will let Uncle Jack tell in his own words what he said. (Bear in mind that "Uncle Jack" had a great deal of effrontery.) Here is what he said:

"Now, General Jackson, I hear you give many orders, tell Rhodes, Colston and Hill what to do. Now, before leaving you, I want to give you my orders."

"What are they, Mr. Hayden," said Jackson.

"That you should take care of yourself, for you are worth 40,000 men, and if you should fall on this field, it would little matter what kind of victory you might win, it would be dearly bought."

"Uncle Jack" little thought of the significance of his instructions, for eight hours from that time chronicled the fall of the great Jackson.

At this point upon the Plank road Jackson was two miles southwest of Howard's corps, which constituted the right wing of Hooker's army. "Leaving the Old Stonewall Brigade at this point of the road with Fitz. Lee Jackson pushed forward

north with his main column to the Orange turnpike." At 3 P. M. Jackson had carried his force through an almost impenetrable thicket of vines and undergrowth and was now well in the rear of Hooker's right wing, while Hooker, totally ignorant of this movement, thought Jackson was well on his march falling on Richmond. So "the finest army on the planet," as Hooker called it, lay in blissful ignorance of these conditions just before its demise.

Jackson's last message to General Lee, carried by Captain Smith, of his staff, was: "I hope as soon as possible to attack. I trust that ever a kind Providence will bless us with success."

Rhodes' division was put in line of battle across the turnpike two miles west of Dowdal's Tavern; Jackson's left was directly in Howard's rear; Colston formed the second line, and A. P. Hill immediately behind. (Official. White's Life of Lee.)

Two or more hours were consumed in getting the above-named force into formation. Everything was ready at about 5:15 P. M., when upon the stillness of the air—a silence always preceded a battle as a calm does a storm—"the bugles sounded, accompanied by the Confederate yell," which always sent terror into the enemy's soul, and the rapid dash of this infantry started the deer and hare from their lair, which ran into Howard's corps. These denizens of the forest-wild were the advance of Jackson's attack, and while they startled these Germans of Howard's, they as little dreamed that the Confederates were near as to suppose that they were entering New York, but when six cannons of Stuart's horse artillery opened fire and advanced rapidly, keeping up this fire, the Germans were persuaded that something out of the ordinary was on hand. This centralized fire of Stuart's guns was brought to bear upon every group of men as they gathered together for formation; hence, it was impossible for Howard to form his men. Whither to flee, they knew not. Right behind Stuart's guns pressed the invincible infantry of Jackson, who charged through Stuart's guns and all obstructions of the enemy, carrying the whole of Howard's corps before them as chaff before the wind. Those of this corps who were not killed or wounded, were captured—

only a few escaping. Still the Old Stonewall corps pushed forward to larger conquests. Striking the advance of Carl Schurz's division, this division was entirely torn to pieces and scattered by Jackson's invincible host. "At this point, Colquitt, commanding Rhodes' right, thought that he saw a flanking force of the enemy, so he halted and faced about, and this delayed the onward sweep of Jackson one hour." This was almost fatal to our routing the entire right of Hooker's army from the field; for it gave the enemy in rear of Schurz time to get away.

Still Jackson pushed on through brushwood and felled trees, until the enemy in his front had been entirely driven from the field in confusion, leaving their dead, wounded, and many stragglers in the hands of the Confederates. Darkness had now come down upon the field and Jackson called a halt to reform his line, which, under the physical conditions named, was greatly scattered. He gathered up A. P. Hill's division and put them in front. He was now within one mile of Hooker's headquarters and held the road in rear of the Federal army, which was one and one-quarter mile distant. "Just at this junction the entire Federal army was just within his grasp." (White's Life of Lee, page 268.) Official.

At 9 P. M. Jackson rode to the front of Hill's line, which, as we have said, had gone into formation again, prospecting in front of this column preparatory to another attack. He was fired into by some of the pickets on duty belonging to one of Hill's regiments in Lane's North Carolina brigade of Pender's division. These pickets, thinking that they were the enemy, fired into the party. Two fell from this discharge. Jackson was here wounded and taken from the field. As the litter-bearers were carrying him off, the continued firing from this outpost wounded one of the litter-bearers. The consequent dropping of the litter increased the sufferings of Jackson greatly and rendered the wound more serious. General A. P. Hill rode by, and seeing Jackson carried from the field, was ordered by Jackson to advance his division. Hill, in going to the front to order the outpost in, was also fired upon and was seriously

wounded and had to be carried from the field. Thus we see in a few minutes two of the most efficient leaders in the Confederate army were entirely eliminated from this important battle. Jackson then sent for Stuart to take command and press the enemy. This was around the hour of midnight. Getting his artillery in line and opening on the enemy, and while doing this effective work with the artillery, orders from Lee reached him to press Hooker's rear with infantry and drive him from his line at Chancellorsville House by main assault. This order, sent to Stuart, was followed by another to Jackson, which read as follows:

"I have just received intelligence that you are wounded. I can not express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

When this message was read to General Jackson, he quietly replied:

"That was very kind of General Lee, but he should give the praise to God, who gave us the victory."

The fall of Jackson seemed to have aroused all the combativeness and genius of Lee's nature. He said after sending off these dispatches: "These people must be pressed immediately." The early dawn of May 3d found him in the saddle making ready for the battle afresh. The two wings of Lee's army were put in motion against Hooker's center, while Stuart, now coming into action with the Stonewall infantry, under the orders of Lee, was rolling the enemy's flank up like a scroll. Lee was now moving northward against Hooker's center. Stuart was pressing eastward against the same objective. So these two forces, advancing against the same point, "created a

formation like the letter V." Lee and Stuart's forces now numbering not over 36,000 men, less the casualties of the attack. Hooker's army totalled 85,000, less his losses. Over the ramparts and obstructions of all kinds Stuart's men rushed, and he at the head of the charge singing merrily "Old Joe Hooker come out of the wilderness." Old Joe Hooker, however, did not need any injunction of that kind, for he was getting out of the wilderness as speedily as the obstructions of the wilderness would permit.

At Hazel Grove, as the fog of the morning drifted away, Stuart saw the advantage of a hill nearby for artillery. Upon this elevation he ordered Walker to put thirty pieces of his cannon in position. This was quickly done, when an enflading fire was opened on a remaining column of the enemy's infantry. Hardaway, from a salient north of Walker, ran his guns up and opened on the flank of this column. They soon vanished, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field.

A singular fact about Chancellorsville: Every attack of the Confederates' was successful and every position carried, and the enemy routed from every stand he attempted to make, and this, too, in the face of the fact that Hooker's army numbered 85,000 men, while Lee's was hardly 36,000 and Lee's the attacking army, and many points and salients carried by the Confederates against the enemy in entrenched positions and behind felled trees and tangled brushwood and other obstructions.

The summing up of the situation at 8 o'clock A. M.:

McLaws was attacking Hooker's left from the east; Anderson was assaulting his center from the Furnace road (south-west); Stuart was pushing him with vigor from the right of his line, while Lee, coming up from the south, was advancing on Hooker's front. These forces, coming together at a point near the old Chancellorsville House, had driven from the field in ignominious flight what Hooker had termed "the finest army on the planet," converted by 8 A. M., May 3d, into a scattered mob. Every corps in Hooker's army lost their morale and was ready to flee at a moment's warning.

A shell from the Confederate artillery, knocking a porch column over on Hooker while standing in the porch of the Chancellorsville House, unfitted him for further duty. Ten o'clock, Fair View, Hooker's stronghold, was in the hands of the Confederates, and the Federal army was now in full retreat. Lee now came up and rode with his troops. The occasion was enough for a tremendous demonstration on the part of his veterans which is beyond the powers of description.

The Confederate infantry, headed by Lee, was pressing forward after the fleeing columns of Hooker. The surrounding forests and jungles were in flames. I will let Colonel Charles Marshall, one of Lee's aides, describe this scene in his own language:

"Lee spurred Traveller up to the burning house from which Hooker had fled. His presence was the signal for one of those unaccountable outbursts of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them. These fierce soldiers, with their faces and ragged clothing blackened by the smoke of battle—the wounded even crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames—all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long, unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth, blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle and hailed the presence of a victorious chief. He sat in the realization of all that soldiers dream of triumph, and as I looked on him in the complete fruition of the success, which his genius, courage and confidence in his army had won. I thought that it must have been in some such scene that men in ancient days ascended to the dignity of Gods."

Lee's first thoughts were concerning the wounded and the great danger that many were in on account of the fire raging about them.

While Lee was making preparations for a renewed attack a courier came from Fredericksburg, notifying him of the situation there. The day before a member of General Lee's staff, by mistake, ordered General Early to move from Hamilton's Crossing to Chancellorsville. Early's withdrawal, therefore,

permitted Sedgwick—then on the south side of the Rappahannock—to make an attack on Barksdale, commanding about 1,000 men on Marye's Hill. This small force of 1,000 men could not stand an attack from Sedgwick, commanding over 20,000 troops. Barksdale, however, resisted Sedgwick's attack before giving up the position and entailed a heavy loss upon his army. Early returned in time to stay the advance of Sedgwick and held him in check until Wilcox's brigade, by a rapid march from Bank's ford, reached Salem Church and was thrown across Sedgwick's front, which gave General Lee time to order and by forced march have McLaws join Wilcox with four brigades. That enabled the Confederates, thus reinforced, to give battle to Sedgwick at Salem Church, whose army now numbered (with accessions since leaving Marye's Hill) 40,000 men. Carl Shurz speaks of this as one of the most brilliant moves in military history. This battle was of but short duration, when Sedgwick's line gave way and he fell back, retreating across the Rappahannock river at Bank's ford.

If the student of military history will pause long enough to consider the directing genius of these two great military minds, Lee and Jackson, against overwhelming odds, besides the advantage of position which the preponderating forces held at the beginning of this Chancellorsville fight, he could come to but one conclusion, viz.: That Lee and Jackson would stand in favorable comparison with the leading military men of the world, and we believe that nowhere, in any campaign, was a victory won against such overwhelming odds as those which obtained at Chancellorsville.

On May 6th, when Lee got ready to assail Hooker's army again, they had all vanished, their whole line deserted, leaving behind their wounded upon the field. Before night Hooker, himself, had fallen back to Falmouth, where the remnant of his army joined him. Hooker there tendered his congratulations to his army. I cannot well see in what sense they could be construed. Certainly they needed congratulations in their escape from the toils which Jackson had thrown about them, and but for Jackson's untimely fall they could have had no

grounds for congratulation. Hooker's loss in this battle was 17,000 men killed, wounded and captured, besides three army corps driven from the field wounded and shattered, while the morale of the army was broken. Reckoning Sedgwick's loss at Salem Church 4,400 men, which was really a part of the Chancellorsville battle, the total Federal loss was 21,000 men killed and wounded in that fight. Besides the above loss fourteen cannon were captured by the Confederates; 20,000 stands of small arms, ammunition, ordinance, commissary and quarter master's stores, 35,000 knapsacks and other army equipment.

The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was 13,000. The surprising part of this is that Lee did not sustain a heavier loss, as all the charges over ramparts, ditches and other obstructions were made by the Confederates in driving the Federals out of their strongholds.

The South bemoaned many brigadier-generals in this fight, but the chief loss of all was the fall of Stonewall Jackson. Any victory, however great, would have been dear at such a price.

Jackson was removed from the field and carried to Guiney's depot, twelve miles south of Fredericksburg. He died there, in Mrs. Chandler's kitchen, in the yard, May 10th. His passing, emphasized by his thoughts wandering upon fields of battle and the lurid flashes of the flickering flame of life, would burst forth in the command "Order Hill up." Then wandering amid scenes of Holier Realms, when his mind went back to his beloved Shenandoah, the river of sparkling waters, whose banks his genius had ever made historic, he turned as if gazing upon some far off but happy vista, with his last words, which will ever hallow the memory of this great and good man:

"LET US CROSS OVER THE RIVER AND REST UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES."



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