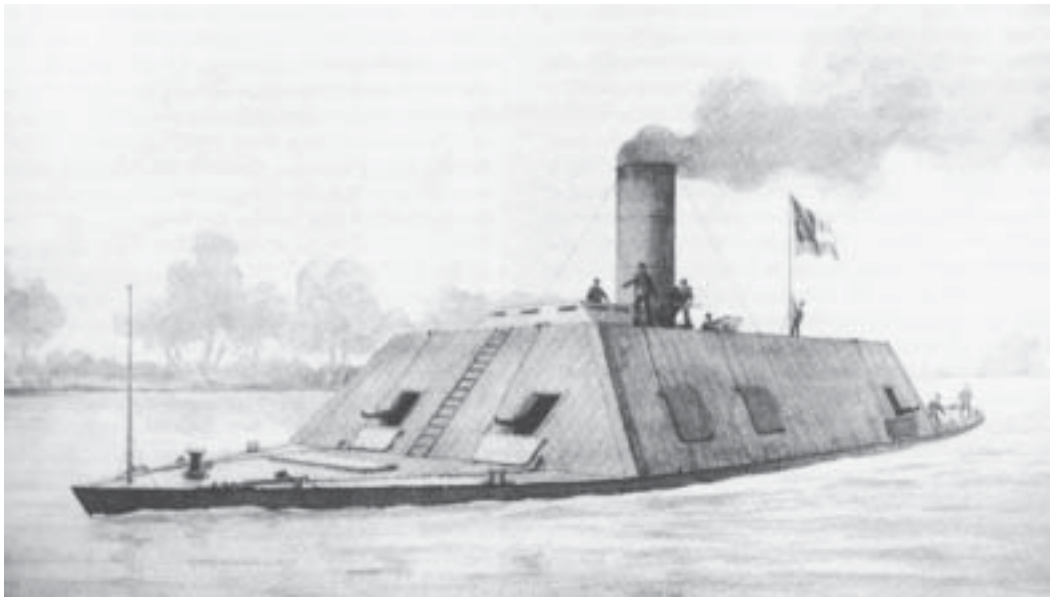


Above, Confederate naval Lt. Isaac Newton Brown, who directed the completion of the Rebel ironclad *Arkansas*, at right, one of the most powerful warships on the Mississippi.

Brown knew, however, that he had the element of surprise in his favor, and as the *Arkansas* began to pass the sleeping Union warships, Brown ordered every one of his guns to begin firing as rapidly as possible "to every point of the circumference without fear of hitting a friend or missing an enemy." The broadsides and salvos delivered by the *Arkansas* crashed into almost every one of the 30 Federal ships that wallowed at anchor and were stationary targets. Their terrified crews ran to guns that could not be properly trained on the Confederate ram; when they did give return fire, many of their shells crossed the river to strike their own ships.

Chaos reigned on the river. Adm. Farragut, sleeping late that morning, was rocked from his berth when a shell crashed onto his flagship, the *Hartford*. He sprang forth in his nightshirt to the deck to stare open-mouthed at the incredible sight of a single Confederate warship sailing boldly through his entire fleet, spitting shells from every one of its 10 guns, firing in such rapidity that there seemed to be a constant belching of flame from the mouths of its cannons, which jutted defiantly from their embrasures. The forest of masts jutting from the Federal ships were being smashed and set ablaze.

Then the combined gunfire from the Federal ships began to strike the *Arkansas*. Said Brown: "The shock of the missiles striking our sides was literally continuous." He had, however, built his ship well. Almost every Union shell ricocheted off the sloping iron-plated sides of the *Arkansas* without inflicting any damage. As the ram made its way through the fleet, additional Federal shells began to take their toll on the *Arkansas*. Its smokestack was riddled with shrapnel, the pilothouse was again struck, and some armor-piercing shells penetrated the ship, causing serious damage and casualties.

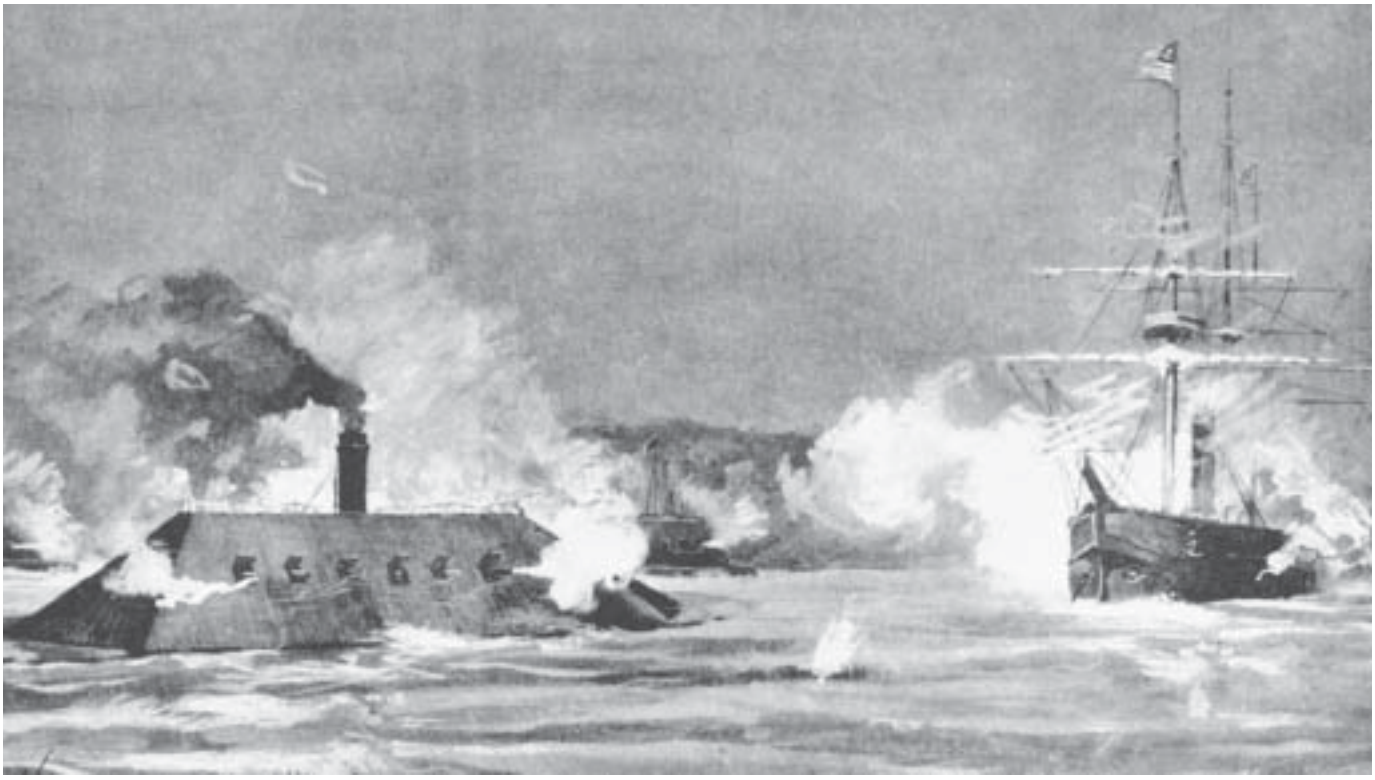
At one point, Brown thought he saw an opportunity to use his vessel as a ram, aiming the prow of his ship toward a single Union warship, the *Lancaster*, which was moving slowly under steam and firing upon her. The *Arkansas*' forward guns blasted the *Lancaster* as it approached, but just before Brown could ram the Federal vessel, the *Lancaster*'s boiler blew up as the result of a direct hit from Brown's gunners and, as Brown recalled, "his steam went into the air and his crew into the river."

Finally, the *Arkansas* cleared the Federal fleet and, damaged, sailed for the protection of Vicksburg and its long-range batteries. Brown's heroic David-and-Goliath battle had thrilled thousands of Vicksburg residents who had watched the *Arkansas* take on the Federal fleet from the high bluffs of the town. They cheered the extraordinary exploit of the *Arkansas* and ran to the dock where it berthed to further hurrah the crew.

When the *Arkansas* berthed at the Vicksburg docks, however, spectators shrank from the horrific sight of the battered ship. Its deckhouse was badly damaged and its decks ran red with the blood of its crew. One could not take a step along the vessel's planking without stepping on shattered human bones, brains and blood. Twelve of Brown's men had been killed and 18 more wounded. Aboard the Union ships there was greater carnage, with almost every ship having sustained damage. Farragut had had 17 men killed and another 42 wounded.

Farragut's startled captains reported that the *Arkansas* had struck every wooden ship one or more times in its rampage through their ranks. This speedy, deadly ram suddenly became a more important object to Farragut than Vicksburg itself. It had defiantly taken on his powerful fleet, damaged and humiliated it, and survived to boast of the deed. The volatile admiral was livid with anger as he surveyed the considerable damage to his own flagship and received the reports of the widespread carnage wreaked upon his other vessels. "Damnable neglect or worse!" he shouted to aides, pointing out that his fleet should never have been taken unawares.

Embarrassed, he reported the surprise attack in detail "with deep mortification" to Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy. It was obvious that his own self-esteem had been shattered by the attack, as well as the prestige of his previously much-vaunted fleet. Welles was deeply dissatisfied with Farragut



The bold *Arkansas* steaming straight through Adm. Farragut's fleet (the flagship *Hartford* is at right) above Vicksburg, Miss., July 15, 1862, firing its guns in all directions, "without fear of hitting a friend or missing an enemy," according to its courageous captain, Lt. Isaac N. Brown.

and his captains, believing that the successful assault by the *Arkansas* was "the most disruptable naval affair of the war."

Humiliation was further heaped upon Welles, Farragut and Federal seamanship in general by a gloating Confederate press that reveled in the fact that one lone Southern warship disrupted and damaged the most powerful fleet on the Mississippi. The uncommon valor of Brown and his men was heralded throughout the South, and overnight the *Arkansas* became a symbol of the invincible spirit of Southern fighting men and the noble cause they served. Even in the North, the *Arkansas* was lionized. One Union correspondent saluted the valiant ram: "Think of her—with twelve guns [she only had ten] running the blockade of fourteen or fifteen vessels of war and several armed rams, with more than two hundred guns! Was it not delightfully, refreshingly daring?" This recognition of enemy valor, more than anything, caused Farragut to seethe with vengeance.

The normally easygoing Welles was himself full of indignation and anger and wired specific instructions to Farragut: "It is an absolute necessity that the neglect or apparent neglect of the squadron should be wiped out by the destruction of the *Arkansas*."

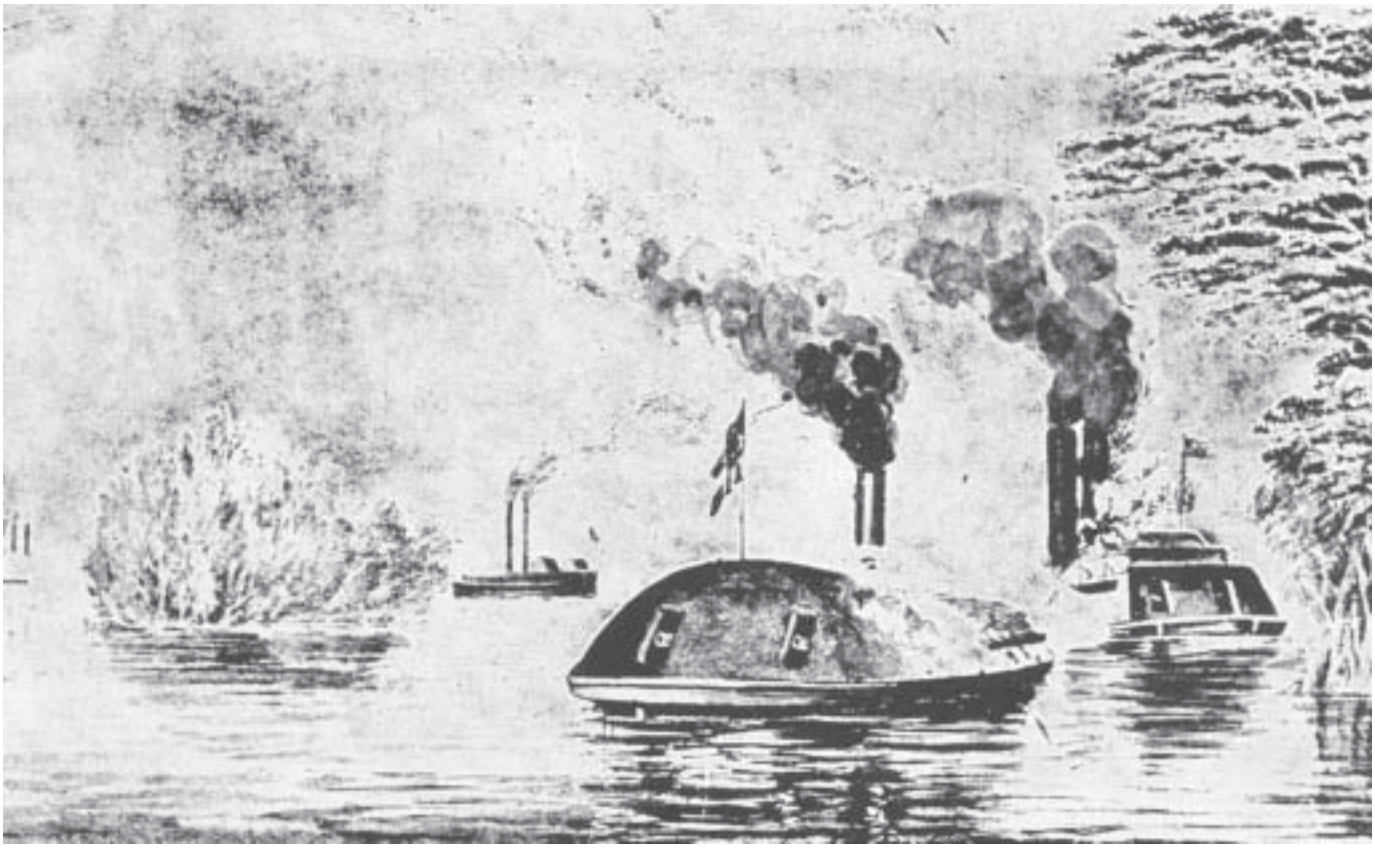
Farragut wasted no time in attempting to remove the stain from his fleet's honor. He ordered all 30 vessels to get underway and he sailed them in line down the Mississippi late that day, every ship ordered to concentrate its fire on the *Arkansas,* which was berthed close to the red clay cliffs of the city. This proved to be a difficult and hazardous task in that the Confederate ram's sides were as red (from the rust of the iron that covered its hide) as the red clay cliffs of Vicksburg, and the Union gunners could not distinguish the vessel from the earthen sides of the cliffs.

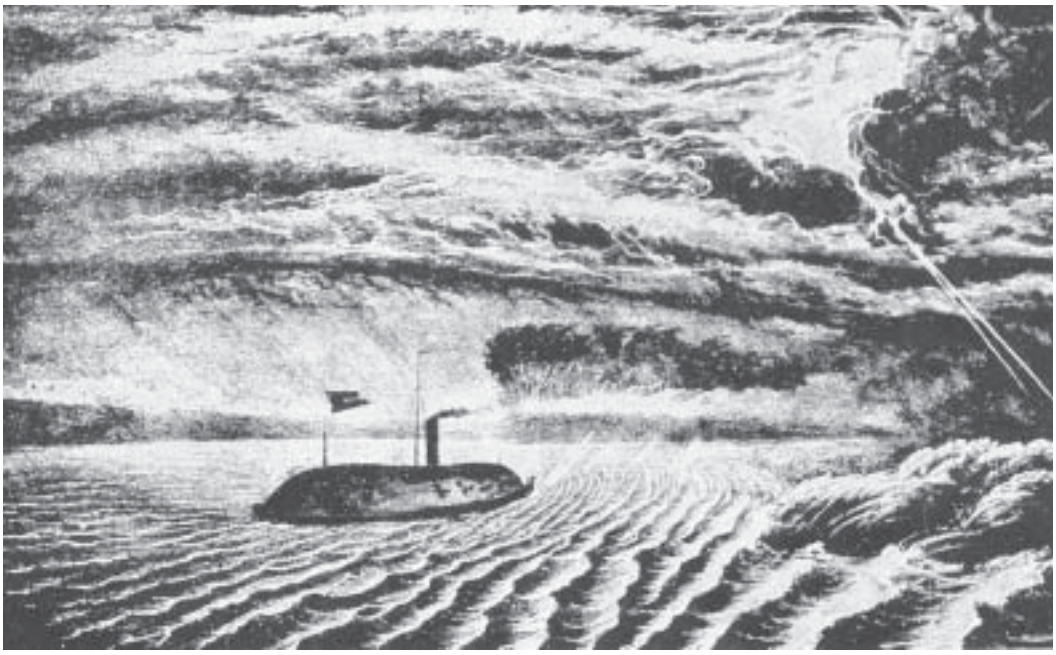
As the Federal fleet sailed past Vicksburg at sunset, most of the shells fired by the Union vessels struck the cliffs or did little damage to the *Arkansas,* which fired back at the Union war vessels. Worse for Farragut, the powerful Vicksburg batteries of long-range guns and mortars, as well as small Rebel mortar barges and gunboats anchored near the *Arkansas,* loosed a cannonade against the Federal ships that proved devastating. Several of Farragut's vessels were struck, and the Federal gunboat *Winona* was so severely damaged by Confederate gunfire that it had to be run aground on the shore opposite Vicksburg to prevent it from sinking.

Brown and his men fired their guns from the one side of the ship exposed to the river and marveled at Farragut's passing flotilla. George W. Gift, one of Brown's officers, stated that "the great ships with their towering spars came sweeping, pouring out broadside after broadside, whilst the batteries from the hills, the mortars from above and below and the ironclads kept the air alive with hurtling missiles and the darkness lighted up by burning fuses and bursting shells."

For his pains, Farragut received nothing but bad news. His fleet had failed to seriously damage the *Arkansas,* and in the attack he had lost five more men killed and nine wounded. Still, the Federal naval officers were not through with the Rebel warship that vexed them. Flag Officer Davis ordered Commdr. David Dixon Porter to sail the *Essex,* the most powerful Union ironclad on the Mississippi, back to Vicksburg on July 22, 1862, with instructions to "sink that damned ram." The now fully armed *Queen of the West* accompanied the *Essex* on its mission.

ABOVE, inside the *Arkansas*—its gunners shown here firing all of its guns as the ironclad sailed through Farragut's fleet— temperatures rose to 130 degrees and men collapsed from the heat; BELOW, the *Arkansas,* center, is attacked by Federal gunboats as it hugs the shores of Vicksburg. The Federal gunboat *Winona* is shown burning at left after receiving a broadside from the *Arkansas*.





Following its triumphs at Vicksburg, the *Arkansas* is shown sailing south to aid Gen. Breckinridge's attack on Baton Rouge, La.; it was to be the Rebel ironclad's last and fatal voyage.

Both ships arrived and went straight for the *Arkansas*, which was also under steam. At first Brown showed his starboard side to the Union ships, but as they closed in for the kill, Brown cleverly ordered the *Arkansas* to swing about so that he showed only the prow to his foes, minimizing their target. Neither Union ship could land a shell on the Rebel ram. Porter, in desperation, ordered the *Essex* to close on the *Arkansas,* and he brought his ship dangerously alongside the Confederate vessel, pouring shot after shot into her and receiving the same. "We could distinctly hear the groans of her wounded," Porter later claimed, and he thought to board the ship with marines at that time.

Confederate infantry, however, lined the banks close by, and field guns were being brought up to fire on the Union ships. Porter realized that his boarding parties would be shot to pieces by the Confederate marksmen on shore. Porter watched as one of his guns sent a shell through one of the *Arkansas*' gunports and exited on the other side of the ship, leaving a gaping hole.

Yet the *Essex* itself was hit no less than 42 times by gunfire from the *Arkansas* and the Vicksburg batteries, and after Porter was slightly wounded in the head by a shell fragment, the Union ironclad withdrew and with it *the Queen of the West*, which had also sustained a number of hits. Both Union vessels suffered 23 casualties, while aboard the *Arkansas* seven more men were dead and six wounded.

The savage, almost maniacal assault by the two Union ships left no doubt in Brown's mind or that of his superiors that the *Arkansas* was a marked ship. The Union fleet would never rest until it had destroyed the Confederate ram, but Brown also knew that his ship would be comparatively safe, as the waters of the Mississippi were receding. This fact was not lost on Farragut, who gave up on his vendetta against the *Arkansas,* not wishing to risk having his ships grounded in more futile attempts to destroy the Rebel ram.

Farragut's vessels were by then needed to evacuate hordes of sick Union troops commanded by Gen. Thomas Williams. These soldiers had been stricken en masse by malaria after they had abortively tried to cut a canal through the swamps, one that would allow Federal traffic to bypass Vicksburg. These Federal soldiers, thousands of them, had to be taken to Union-held Baton Rouge for treatment, and Farragut was glad to perform the service as a way of getting his ships into deeper water and away from the dreaded *Arkansas*. As his ships departed and those of Davis also sought deeper waters, the first attack against Vicksburg ended, mostly due to the presence of the valiant *Arkansas*.

The Confederate ram had little respite. Though its boilers were still under repair and several of its rusted iron plates had not been properly rebolted to its casement, an urgent order was received, one that directed the *Arkansas* to sail down the Mississippi to Baton Rouge. There it was to support a Confederate attack by Gen. John C. Breckinridge and about 6,000 Rebel troops, which was planned for Aug. 5, 1862. Brown, however, was ill at the time the order was received by his second-in-command, Lt. Henry Stevens. Though Stevens promised he would wait for Brown, who left his sickbed in Grenada and took a train for Jackson, Stevens could not dally. He sailed for Baton Rouge on Aug. 3, 1862. The *Arkansas* developed engine trouble en route and barely limped to Baton Rouge, arriving during the battle in which the Confederates overran the Union positions and camps and were on the verge of complete victory when the Union flotilla, led by the *Essex*, opened up a terrific cannonade that stopped the Rebels in their tracks.

Seeing this, Stevens ordered his ship to attack its nemesis, *Essex*, but just as the Confederate ram started for the *Essex*, its starboard engine failed completely and she went aground. Without support from the *Arkansas* to neutralize the Union fleet, the Confederate ground troops fell back and then withdrew. Baton Rouge remained in Union hands. Stevens, Lt. John Gimball and their men struggled to repair the ram

and move her off a sand bar, but the task proved impossible.

The next day, when Union vessels approached, Stevens and his crew set fire to the *Arkansas*, and by the time the enemy reached her she was a burning, useless hulk, her magazines and guns having blown up. The much-feared *Arkansas* had lived 23 violent and glorious days and was now no more. In the words of her original commander, Brown, "with colors flying, the gallant *Arkansas*, whose decks had never been pressed by the foot of an enemy, was blown into the air."

Also See: Baton Rouge, La., 1862; *Carondelet*; *Essex*; *Hartford*; Henry and Donelson Campaign, 1862; New Madrid and Island No. 10, Mo., 1862; *Queen of the West*; *Tyler*; Vicksburg, Miss. Campaign, 1862-1863.

Ref.: Barnes, *David G. Farragut*; Baxter, *The Introduction of the Ironclad Warship*; Carter, *The Final Fortress: The Campaign for Vicksburg, 1862-1863*; Crandall, *History of the Ram Fleet*; Davis, *Life of Charles Henry Davis*; Farragut, *The Life of David Glasgow Farragut*; Foote, *The Civil War* (3 vols; Vol. I); Gosnell, *Guns on the Western Waters*; Johnson and Buel (eds.), *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; Mahan, *Admiral Farragut*; Martin, *Damn the Torpedoes! The Story of America's First Admiral: David Glasgow Farragut*; Melton, *Confederate Ironclads*; Milligan, *Gunboats Down the Mississippi*; Nash, *A Naval History of the Civil War*; Parrish, *The Saga of the Confederate Ram Arkansas*; Porter, *The Naval History of the Civil War*; Scharf, *History of the Confederate States Navy from Its Organization to the Surrender of Its Last Vessel*; Smith, *The U.S. Gunboat Carondelet*; Soley, *Admiral Porter*; Stevens, *David Glasgow Farragut: Our First Admiral*; Still, *Iron Afloat: The Story of the Confederate Armorclads*; Walke, *Naval Scenes and Reminiscences of the Civil War in the United States, on the Southern and Western Waters*; Welles, *Diary of Gideon Welles*; West, *The Second Admiral: The Life of David Dixon Porter*.

Arkansas Campaign, 1864, including **Arkadelphia, Ark.**, March 29, 1864; **Mt. Elba, Ark.**, March 30, 1864; **Spoonville** (Terre Noir Creek) and **Antoine, Ark.**, April 2, 1864; **Okalona, Ark.**, April 3, 1864; **Elkin's Ford** (or Ferry), **Ark.** (Little Missouri River), April 4-6, 1864; **Prairie d'Ann, Ark.**, April 10-13, 1864; **Camden, Ark.**, April 15, 1864; **Poison Spring, Ark.**, April 18, 1864; **Marks' Mills, Ark.**, April 25, 1864; **Jenkins' Ferry, Ark.**, April 29-30, 1864.

Summary of Battles, Engagements and Skirmishes: While Grant was preparing his Spring 1864 offensive against Lee and Sherman was making ready for his march into Georgia toward Atlanta, Gen. Nathaniel Prentiss Banks was to lead his Federal forces in the Red River Campaign, to first take the Shreveport, La., headquarters of the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Dept., commanded by Lt. Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, and then conquer the entire Red River Valley cutting off Texas from the rest of the Confederacy and with it vital supplies. In support of Banks' campaign would be Adm. David Dixon Porter's Mississippi Squadron, which would accompany Banks' troops up the Red River toward Shreveport. A third Federal column under Gen. Frederick Steele, whose command was occupying Little Rock, Ark., would effectively destroy Confederate strong points in Arkansas before marching southwest to join with Banks in northwest Louisiana at Shreveport.

Steele would actually be conducting his own independent campaign, which came to be known as the Arkansas Campaign or the Expedition to Camden. Steele, with between 12,000 and 15,000 men (estimates vary)—the infantry divisions of Gen. Frederick Salomon and Gen. John Milton Thayer (the Dept. of the Frontier, which joined Steele at Elkin's Ford after leaving Fort Smith) and the Federal cavalry division of Gen. Eugene Asa Carr—left Little Rock on 03/23/64. This force was almost immediately assailed by attacks from Sterling Price's Rebel cavalry in force under Confederate Gens. James Fleming Fagan and John Sappington Marmaduke, and, later, by Samuel Bell Maxey, fighting bitter skirmishes on 03/26-30/64 at Longview, **Arkadelphia** and **Mt. Elba**, involving the 28th Wis., the 5th Kan. and 7th Mo. Cav. Union losses in these early skirmishes were four killed and 18 wounded; Confederate losses: 12 killed, 35 wounded, 300 captured.

When Steele continued his march toward Shreveport from Arkadelphia, his forces suffered continuous cavalry attacks with skirmishes occurring on 04/02-03/64 at **Spoonville** (Terre Noir Creek) and **Antoine, Ark.**, and **Okalona, Ark.**, where the 27th Wis., 77th Ohio, 40th Ia., 43rd Ill., 1st Mo. Cav. and the 13th Ill. Cav. suffered the losses of 16 killed and 74 wounded; Confederate losses were 75 killed and wounded.

Elkin's Ford, Ark., 04/04-06/64: Steele stopped to await the arrival of Thayer's command from Fort Smith and here he was again attacked by Rebel cavalry in increasing strength. Losses sustained by the 43rd Ind., 29th and 36th Ia., 1st Ia. Cav. and Batt. E, 2nd Mo. Light Art. were five killed and 33 wounded. Confederate losses were 18 killed and 30 wounded.

On April 9-10, Thayer's forces joined Steele, who then moved with his entire force toward Spring Hill, with the thought of taking Camden, the second largest city in Arkansas. (Banks by this time had encountered much resistance and Porter's vessels suffered in shallow waters so Banks abandoned his movement toward Shreveport.) Several sharp engagements were fought at **Prairie d'Ann, Ark.**, on 04/10-13/64, involving the 3rd Div. of the VII Corps, which suffered 100 killed and wounded. Confederate losses were 50 killed and wounded.

Camden, Ark., 04/15/64: Steele occupied Camden and then received confirmation that Banks had withdrawn in Louisiana. There was fierce skirmishing at **Poison Spring, Ark.**, on 04/18/64, where Confederate riders inflicted heavy losses on a Union foraging train, with Union casualties exceeding 300 (some reports estimated more than 500 killed among Union ranks, chiefly Negro troops and teamsters who were reportedly murdered out-of-hand when they tried to surrender). Rebel losses were estimated to be 115 killed and wounded. Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, having learned that Banks had retreated after the battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, La., decided to destroy Steele's now isolated command. Smith then marched toward Camden with the brigades of Mosby Munroe Parsons, Thomas James Churchill and John G. Walker, reaching Camden on 04/20/64.

Marks' Mills, Ark., 04/25/64: Smith, to turn Steele's position and cut his line of communications, sent a strong force to the south and then to the northeast. Steele, seeing this move, withdrew back toward the safety of Little Rock, but his forces were met head on at Marks' Mills, Ark., where Gen. James Fagan, commanding Smith's cavalry, dealt the Federals a crushing defeat. The 36th Ia., 77th Ohio, 43rd Ill., 1st Ind. Cav., 7th Mo. Cav., and Battery E., 2nd Mo. Light Art. were engaged and badly damaged, with losses of 100 killed and 250 wounded who were included in the 1,300 captured, along with 211 Union supply and ammunition wagons. Confederate losses were 41 killed, 108 wounded and 44 missing.

Jenkins' Ferry, Ark., 04/29-30/64: Steele took his forces northeast to Princeton and then proceeded to Jenkins' Ferry, Ark., where he attempted to cross the Saline River on 04/29-30/64. The entire force of Smith and Price fell on Steele's 3rd Div., VII Corps, soundly defeating the Federals, who lost 200 killed and 955 wounded, with Confederate losses of 86 killed and 356 wounded. Steele had to abandon his entire wagon train and his bedraggled troops returned to Little Rock on 05/03/64, his Arkansas Campaign as dismal a failure as had been that of Banks.

The Red River Campaign and its ancillary Arkansas Campaign of 1864 were ill-conceived by Gen. Henry Halleck and his Washington military mentors from the start. He had believed, without proper intelligence to support his convictions, that the South could be further split by taking Shreveport on the Red River in northwest Louisiana, a key position from which he would launch an invasion of the entire Red River Valley and cut Texas off from the Confederacy. Halleck convinced President Lincoln that this was a viable plan that would succeed in its purpose.

The Red River and Arkansas campaigns had been approved by Lincoln before Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant took command of the Federal armies, and Lincoln insisted that these campaigns be started before Grant developed his own front against Lee in Virginia and the massive invasion of Georgia he had planned for William T. Sherman. Grant looked at all available Union forces in the vicinity of Shreveport and decided to concentrate them into an army that, by sheer numbers, would overwhelm the enemy and then deliver a crushing and decisive blow. Had he thoroughly estimated Confederate forces available in Louisiana and Arkansas to combat Banks and Steele, Grant would have realized that he did not have the forces and supplies to accomplish his ends, which also included a large-scale campaign against Mobile. Moreover, Grant forgot the lethal lesson of Chickamauga in 1863, where Confederate forces were consolidated to overwhelm Union forces by rushing reinforcements from one sector to another, and then rushing them back to the sector left undermanned and vulnerable to win the battle.

In fact, this was a traditional tactic successfully employed by almost all Confederate commanders. Beauregard's forces were thus doubled at Bull Run in 1861 when Johnston abandoned his position and came to his aid. The tactic was employed by Lee in his invasion of Maryland in September 1862, when ordering A.P. Hill's Light Division from Harpers Ferry to save his crumbling right flank at Antietam. It would be used against Sherman in his march to Atlanta when most of Gen. Leonidas Polk's army in Selma, Ala., joined Johnston in Georgia to provide a substantial Confederate force that delayed Sherman by months. This would be the same tactic employed by Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith when fighting on two fronts, first sending most of his cavalry to harass and delay the lesser Union threat, Steele in Arkansas, and, after defeating Banks in Louisiana, rushing most of his infantry after Steele. (Smith's decision to take most of his troops after Steele enraged Gen. Richard Taylor, who was left with a token force to harass the retreating Banks. Taylor felt that had Smith's forces remained, he could have used them to destroy most of Banks' command and capture Porter's flotilla, which was stalled for some time in shallow waters.)

None of this was on the mind of Gen. Frederick Steele, who commanded the VII Corps of the Department of Arkansas, when Gen. Henry Halleck proposed on March 2, 1864, that Steele move on Shreveport, coordinating his attack with Banks' move up the Red River toward the same goal. Steele could almost predict the consequences. He was reluctant to undertake the campaign. In fact, he did not want to leave Little Rock at all and told Halleck so on March 12, saying that the drive on Shreveport was "against my own judgment and that of the best-informed people here. The roads are most if not quite impracticable; the country is destitute of provision."

Moreover, Steele wired Halleck, once he removed his forces from Little Rock, northern Arkansas and southwest Missouri would be wide open to the many Confederate guerrilla forces operating in the area. "If they should form in my rear in considerable force," Steele warned, "I should be obliged to fall back to save my depots...."

Steele proposed that he simply conduct a feint toward Arkadelphia or perhaps Hot Springs, which, he hoped, would draw some of Smith's Trans-Mississippi forces toward him and relieve Banks of some pressure. This was in keeping with Steele's now rather opulent lifestyle, which he did not want disturbed. (He was a passionate breeder and racer of thoroughbred horses.) Although he was a courageous leader with a career that dated back to the Mexican War, where he won two brevets for heroism in leading his infantry, Steele nevertheless had come to enjoy his comforts. It was rumored that the 45-year-old aesthetically inclined Steele, whose voice was high-pitched and whose manner of dress tended toward the sartorial—he was once described as "a velvet-collared aesthete"—lived in sumptuous luxury, waited on by servants clad in silk, and that his pedigree dogs ate better rations than his own troops. Though he publicly stormed about his camps and defense lines, abrupt and blasphemous, when behind closed doors, Steele's character, it was claimed, changed from clenched fist to limp wrist and, worst of all, he preferred the company of handsome young men, whom he culled from the ranks of naive and unsuspecting recruits.

On March 15, 1864, Steele received his reply from none other than Gen. Grant, who had just been made commander of all Union armies by Lincoln. Grant did not mince words in sending his wire from Nashville: "Move your force in full cooperation with Gen. N.P. Banks' attack on Shreveport. A mere demonstration will not be sufficient."

No further word of objection to the plan was uttered by Steele. He knew the new general-in-chief well, having attended West Point with Grant and graduating with him in 1843. Steele had also served under Grant during the attritional Vicksburg campaign and knew that Grant had no tolerance for those who debated his instructions or delayed his orders. Steele spent the next eight days organizing his command and line of provisions, an extensive wagon train of supplies that would follow his forces over the more than 100 miles to Shreveport.

It was Steele's plan to move his troops down the Ouachita River and link up with Banks at Alexandria, but by the time he was ready to move, Steele learned that Banks had taken Alexandria, and he did not want to make Banks wait unnecessarily for him at that place. He would march southwest to Arkadelphia, then to Washington, Ark., where he would take transport on the Upper Red, going downstream to join Banks before Shreveport. When leaving Little Rock on March 23, Steele ordered a Union cavalry force of about 2,000 at Pine Bluff to make a demonstration to draw the attention of any Confederate forces. He then marched southwest toward

The town of Little Rock, Ark., when it was occupied by a large Federal force under the command of Gen. Frederick Steele in 1864.

Arkadelphia with 3,000 cavalry and 5,000 infantry and artillery. Gen. John Thayer and his Frontier Division of 4,000, which had been occupying Indian Territory at Fort Smith, began marching toward Arkadelphia, planning to link up with Steele by April 1.

Although Steele used his cavalry at Pine Bluff to screen his movements, he nevertheless made an ostentatious show of departing Little Rock. After marching 10 miles and establishing a camp on the banks of the Saline River, Steele awakened his army the next morning with muttering drums and blaring bugles. As one soldier later stated: "Bugles rang out as if we had never heard them before. If an enemy had been within hearing distance, he must have thought we were at least a hundred thousand men, to raise such a wide-spread din."

Steele told his men that they would be on half rations and resumed his march to the southwest. Rain fell and turned the roads into muddy rivers, slowing progress so that it took a week for Steele's force to cover the 70 miles to Arkadelphia. At Longview, Steele's cavalry from Pine Bluff clashed with Confederate horsemen, two mounted brigades commanded by Gen. James Fagan, and at Hollywood, a few miles from Arkadelphia, which the Federal forces reached on March 29, 1864. A sharp cavalry engagement was fought at Mt. Elba by Steele's detached cavalry under Col. Powell Clayton and Fagan's men, which resulted in minimal losses on both sides but netted the Federal riders about 300 prisoners when they surprised some encamped Rebel cavalry commanded by Gen. Thomas Dockery.

Meanwhile, Thayer's Frontier Division, which had left Fort Smith on March 21, had not yet arrived at Arkadelphia, and no word came from Thayer as Steele nervously waited. He decided to wait no more and, on April 1, continued his march toward the Little Missouri River, 25 miles distant, his immediate goal to reach Washington, another 30 miles beyond the Little Missouri. During this march, Price's slashing cavalry suddenly struck Steele's rear and flank.

Price sent no infantry against Steele, since he had sent his two infantry divisions to Kirby Smith, who was, with Richard Taylor, then attempting to defeat Banks. This is exactly what Steele had been assigned to prevent. The cavalry cutting and slashing and running at Steele was that of Gen. John Marmaduke, three brigades totalling 3,200 riders, veterans from Missouri who had been fighting from the saddle for three years. The Rebel cavalry brigade that had been snapping at Steele's rear from the time he left Arkadelphia was led by the legendary Jo Shelby.

On April 2, Marmaduke attacked Steele's strung-out column at Spoonville, then at Antoine at Terre Noir Creek, disrupting the march and inflicting minor damage and casualties. Steele knew that he could continue to beat off these light cavalry assaults, but he worried much about his dwindling supplies, having gone through one-quarter of all his rations with still more than halfway to go to Shreveport. He was struck again by Marmaduke at Okalona and once more at Elkin's Ford while he was crossing the Little Missouri River.

It was here that Steele finally received word from Thayer that he would be joining him soon, an apologetic message that explained that poor roads, rainy weather and Confederate harassment had slowed Thayer's division in its march. Steele exploded, riding along his column, swearing and fulminating against inept subordinates. Meanwhile, the rains turned the roadways into quagmires and Steele's men were further delayed by having to build corduroy roads (with felled trees for planking) to enable Steele's wagon trains to proceed.

Thayer's much-heralded Frontier Division finally arrived, to the letdown of Steele and his officers. It was a polyglot unit made up of wizened veterans, western recruits and even Indian detachments. Its wagon trains were even more irregular, an odd assortment of carts, wagons, buggies, buckboards, even ornate carriages apparently looted from Southern towns and plantations along Thayer's crazy-quilt line of march. Much to Steele's consternation, these trains were packed with the spoils of war, from brass beds to chairs and sofas; there was little food. Steele angrily realized that he would have to feed Thayer's men from his own fast-diminishing supplies.

Steele sent back an urgent message to Little Rock to provide him with another wagon train, "using, if necessary, every wagon and mule," with rations of hard bread, bacon,

salt and coffee to feed his men for 30 days. Moreover, Steele had little enthusiasm for proceeding toward the Upper Red River, by which he originally intended to transport his forces to Shreveport. Since Banks was by then stalled and retreating from this objective, Steele felt little obligation to fight his way through uncertain territory and against unknown Confederate forces. He decided he would veer south toward Camden and began a march in that direction.

Sterling "Pap" Price had thought as much. A large man in his fifties, weighing more than 300 pounds, Price was easy-going and much beloved by his soldiers. He had, however, achieved little since the early days of the war, when he won laurels for his victories at Lexington and Wilson's Creek in Missouri in 1861. Now, he gathered about him six small cavalry brigades—those of Marmaduke and Fagan, who had trailed Thayer's men to Elkin's Ford, and one of Maxey's two brigades.

At first Price believed he could trap Steele at Elkin's Ford as he was crossing the Little Missouri, but by the time he assembled his troopers near that point, he discovered that Steele's men had already established a strong bridgehead. Price then opted to position his forces a few miles southeast on the western side of the Little Missouri at Prairie d'Ann. Here earthworks had been thrown up, and behind these were open meadows that would allow his cavalry complete freedom of operation.

Prairie d'Ann was midway to Spring Hill, which Price believed was Steele's immediate objective. Upon discovering Price's defensive position, Steele sent his troops forward on April 10, 1864, marching his infantry in long, spaced-out skirmish lines in many areas over a five-mile spread of country where Price was dug in. The skirmishers advanced, exchanging volley fire with the Confederate defenders, but then were recalled. Rebel and Federal light artillery dueled back and forth without much damage, although one report claimed that a cub bear named Postlewait, the mascot of a Confederate battery, was so shocked by the exchange of gunfire that it refused to eat for several days.

Steele kept sending in his strong skirmish lines against Price's stretched-out positions for three days, and on a few occasions, had he pressed the issue, a full-scale battle might have erupted, but nowhere could he drive back Price's dismounted cavalry without committing his forces in division strength, and this Steele was apparently reluctant to do. Price's men were frustrated with Steele's constant probing and refusal to launch a full-scale attack, and many jumped to the top of their parapets and taunted the Yankees to "come forward and get your reward!"

One company of the 3rd Div. of the VII Corps, which had had its skirmish line withdrawn repeatedly, finally broke for the Confederate lines in an all-out attack, its officers exploding at the Confederate taunts that they were "yellowbacks" and "cowardly curs." As they neared the shallow earthworks, a troop of Rebel cavalry leaped up and cut down the Federals with a withering volley from their carbines, weapons taken from fallen Union troopers. Of the estimated 100 fatalities suffered by Steele's men at Prairie d'Ann, a fourth were slain in this encounter.

After three days of probing, Steele, who thought Price's command was twice the strength of its actual 6,000 men, decided to strike for Camden. At this time, Price was reinforced by Maxey's second brigade, which had come from the Indian Territory and was commanded by Col. Tandy Walker. This particular brigade was made up mostly of Choctaw Indian riders (the Choctaws having gone with the Confederacy), probably the fiercest troopers in the Rebel cavalry—men who lusted after Union scalps, and took them, in revenge for Thayer's plug-uglies having plundered their homes and lands in the Territory in the last two years.

Still, Steele had no intention of mounting a mass assault. He left Thayer's division to make a demonstration at Prairie d'Ann and act as rear guard while he commenced to march his main force toward Camden, which was 20 miles distant, with Prussian-born Gen. Frederick Salomon's brigade leading the way. When Price realized that Steele had pulled out, he sent Marmaduke to gallop ahead of Steele and block his way, while the troopers of Maxey and Fagan sniped and hounded Thayer's slowly retreating division.

For two days, Thayer's men fought off repeated attacks from their rear, as did Salomon in Steele's van, pushing back the under-strength forces of Marmaduke. At one point it took two hours of frontal assaults to dislodge Marmaduke's determined forces. On April 15, the first of Steele's forces entered Camden, all of his men occupying the town the following day and immediately going into well-entrenched earthwork positions the Confederates had earlier prepared, a semi-circle of fortifications that gave Steele great protection inside Camden.

Steele had, however, few supplies and he overestimated Price's forces, which now besieged him, thinking he was facing no less than 20,000 or more Rebels, when in truth he outnumbered his enemy two-to-one. Oddly, this was also Banks' position, as he beat a hasty retreat away from the forces of Edmund Kirby Smith and Richard Taylor in Louisiana; here Banks outnumbered his enemy four-to-one but did not know it, and the savage way in which Taylor attacked his rear guard caused Banks to believe that his own forces were vastly outnumbered.

Although he was in a formidable defensive position, Steele found little or no food at Camden and grew anxious, later stating to Halleck that "our supplies were nearly exhausted, and so was the country ... We were obliged to forage for five to fifteen miles on either side of the road to keep our stock alive." Steele sent a portion of Thayer's division, 1,100 infantry, cavalry and a battery of four guns, to the town of Poison Spring on April 18 to scoop up whatever provisions the inhabitants might have and load these into 198 wagons and return to Camden.

After stripping the small town bare and while returning to Camden, Thayer's column was attacked on all sides by more than 3,000 Rebel riders under Marmaduke and Maxey. The attack was devastating, as the gray horsemen dashed almost at will through the demoralized ranks of the Federals. Most of the Union forces panicked and a rout developed, with Federals abandoning all their wagons and artillery and fleeing for Camden as fast as their legs could carry them. The Federal cavalry was particularly negligent and cowardly by immediately abandoning the infantry to its fate.

Union Gen. Frederick Steele, who led his troops from Little Rock on March 23, 1864, on a doomed expedition.

Gen. John Milton Thayer, whose irregular Federal troops joined Steele's ill-fated Camden Expedition.

Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, who out-strategized Steele.

Gen. Sterling Price, who hounded Steele's troops with his cavalry at Arkadelphia, Mt. Elba and Okalona.

When Maxey's officers looked into the wagons, they recoiled in anger and disgust, finding that the Federals had taken not only every morsel of food from the town of Poison Spring, but had looted the small livestock down to the last goose, leaving the inhabitants to starve. Worse, they had taken all of the clothing and bedding these hapless citizens owned, including all of the clothes of their children. Col. Tandy Walker noted the "unscrupulous plunder" of the Federals and then turned loose his Choctaw Indians, who were delighted to know that within the fleeing column was the 1st Kan., a Negro unit that was notorious for its past vandalism, looting and rapes in the Indian Territory.

The Indians withdrew their scalping knives and tore into the terrified blacks, catching and killing 117 out of the unit's 182 men. Many of these black victims were wounded; they fell to the ground pleading for mercy, but the Choctaws pounced on them, murdered them with their knives, then sliced off their scalps, whooping coup and vengeance. (Some estimates have as many as 500 Negroes being slaughtered by the Choctaws.) Maxey's men then returned the loot to Poison Spring, and the grateful inhabitants promptly gave them half of the foodstuffs stolen by the Yankees.

When Steele's fleeing forces dashed to the safety of Camden, Marmaduke's men followed, firing their carbines, almost to the gates of the town. Steele was in shock to learn that his strong column had been shattered and that he had lost more than 300 men (against Confederate losses of 115). Worse, the calamity had not only produced no food but had caused the loss of almost 200 precious wagons and four pieces of artillery. All Steele could think about now was how to return to Little Rock without losing his army altogether, for he knew that with Banks in near-panic retreat in Louisiana, Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith was likely to throw his whole force against him. He said as much to Halleck: "Although I believe we can beat Price, I do not expect to meet successfully the whole force, which Kirby Smith could send against me, if Banks should let him go."

On April 23, Steele received a message from Banks, written a week earlier when Banks was still at Grand Ecore. It stated: "If you can join me on this line I am confident we can move to Shreveport without material delay, and that we shall have an opportunity of destroying the only organized Rebel army west of the Mississippi."

Steele replied that day: "Owing to contingencies, it is impossible for me to say definitely that I will join you on any point of Red River within a given time." Banks had discounted Price's forces to Steele, implying that these small cavalry units represented a token resistance. Steele, in the same letter to Banks, corrected Banks' impression and told him that Price's forces were, indeed, "highly organized" and added, as if throwing salt on an open wound, that Price had been "very much encouraged by an order of Gen. E.K. Smith, detailing his success against your command." Undoubtedly, with a sharp eye to any later critical review of his actions by Grant, the calculating Steele informed Banks that the serious military threat to his own command compelled him to remain in Arkansas and preserve what Union gains had been made there. To that end, Steele told Banks that "I desire to cooperate with you in the best manner possible, at the same time covering Arkansas until Shreveport shall be ours."

This was gloomy news to Banks, who, besides having to withdraw and suffering major defeats in the process, was vexed by having to return 10,000 men borrowed from Sherman for the Red River Campaign. The demand for the return of these vital forces was learned by Edmund Kirby Smith, who stated: "An intercepted dispatch from Gen. Sherman to Gen. A.J. Smith, directing the immediate return of his force to Vicksburg removed the last doubt in my mind that Banks would withdraw to Alexandria as rapidly as possible and it was hoped that the falls [at Atchafalaya, La.] would detain his fleet there until we could dispose of Steele, when the entire force of the [Trans-Mississippi] department would be free to operate against him."

Though not certain of Smith's precise plans, Steele, still at Camden, believed that Smith would hit him with almost all his forces now that Banks was in retreat in Louisiana. He nervously wrote to Banks: "We have been receiving yesterday and today rumors of reinforcements sent by Kirby Smith to Price at this point and of a contemplated attack. It is said that 8,000 infantry have arrived." Then, to add emphasis to

his imperiled position (as a way of providing positive proof of his inability to join Banks), Steele stated: "They have just opened upon my outposts with artillery. This may be to get as near our lines as possible tonight preparatory to a general attack tomorrow morning."

The artillery barrage, a short one, did not, as Steele anticipated, precede a full-scale attack by Price and Smith. It was merely a device by which Price hoped to prod the apprehensive Steele into evacuating Camden and retreating to Little Rock. At that point, Smith had not yet thinned Taylor's force of most of his infantry then working against Banks in order to send it against Steele, but, to be sure, that was Smith's intention.

Reported Smith at this time: "I confidently hoped, if I could reach Steele with my infantry, to beat him at a distance from his depot, in a poor country, and with my large cavalry force to destroy his army. The prize would have been the Arkansas Valley and the powerful fortifications of Little Rock." Once Steele was either beaten or forced to retreat, Smith, in his Peter-to-Paul method of troop reinforcements, could then quickly move most of his forces back to Louisiana and support Taylor's pursuit and destruction of Banks' command.

To that end, Smith left Gen. John Wharton's cavalry and the Louisiana division of infantry under Gen. Camille Armand Jules Marie de Polignac, who assumed command after Gen. Alfred Mouton was killed at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads on April 8, 1864, as Taylor's only battle force to pursue the frazzled Banks. (Taylor was incensed by Smith's act but, as his subordinate, did the best he could with this small force of about 6,000 to demonstrate at the heels of Banks.) Smith then took the three divisions of Texas, Arkansas and Missouri infantry under Churchill, Parsons and Walker, and headed for Camden to destroy Steele.

While these forces were marching toward Camden, Steele dug in deeper at Camden. Both Price and Smith knew that even with their combined forces, which gave them a slight superiority in numbers, they had little hope of dislodging the Federals either at Camden or, if Steele could escape to his original position, the fortifications at Little Rock. They had to draw Steele into the open and destroy his command in the clear Arkansas meadows and lowlands. To induce Steele to do that, Price ordered Fagan's cavalry division, reinforced by Shelby's brigade, a force of 3,000, to ride to El Dorado Landing and cut off Steele's main supply line, near the Ouachita River, while also eliminating Union strongholds along the Saline and Arkansas rivers.

Steele, meanwhile, was desperate for food. His commissary officers stripped Camden of everything edible, invading private smokehouses, stores and homes and taking all foodstuffs. Union soldiers even invaded the miserable cabins of slaves, telling them they were emancipated and then taking whatever meager foodstuffs these starving blacks had on hand. To everyone's relief, a Union supply train of 150 wagons loaded with rations arrived in Camden on April 20, having arduously worked its way from Pine Bluff across the boggy bayous between the Saline and Moro rivers. This train had been sent by Col. Powell Clayton, Union commander at Pine Bluff, but it gave only momentary comfort to Steele, who ordered this same wagon train to return to Pine Bluff for more provisions.

The wagon train (250 wagons and six ambulances) left Camden on April 23, accompanied by three infantry regiments of 1,200 men, a cavalry regiment of 200 troopers, and a four-gun battery, this really being a reinforced brigade (1st Brig., 2nd Div., VII Corps) of 1,440 men led by Lt. Col. Francis Marion Drake. Accompanying this extensive train were many Camden residents who feared that Steele could not hold out and sought the safety of the Union stronghold of Little Rock. These included a number of settlers, cotton speculators and Camden merchants who had all sworn allegiance to the Union, an oath they came to regret. Slogging along with the wagons were also 300 former slaves whom Steele had freed and who sought the protection of Little Rock.

Jo Shelby's hard-riding scouts quickly detected this ponderous wagon train and reported its movement to Fagan, who resolved to cut off the train before it could cross the Saline River at Mt. Elba. In a tortuous 45-mile night ride, Fagan's 3,000 troopers arrived at Marks' Mills on April 25. At this spot, five miles west of the Saline River, the road from El Dorado, down which Fagan and his troops had travelled, joined the road connecting Camden and Pine Bluff, the very path on which the heavily guarded Federal wagon train was moving.

Fagan was overjoyed to learn that he had beaten the train to Marks' Mills, and the Federals, after slogging through deeply rutted and muddy roads, had camped for the night near Moro Bottom, only two miles from where Fagan's command waited. Confederate scouts soon informed Fagan that the train had about 250 wagons and assorted vehicles and that he was facing a force of three Union regiments and a cavalry regiment, a total force of less than 1,500 men—about half the size of his own command.

Ordering Shelby's Missouri cavalry to block the road between Mt. Elba and Marks' Mills and block any escape attempt across the Saline River, Fagan placed his other brigades in hiding along the road to Marks' Mills with orders for them to attack the Federal train on its flank and rear when it appeared. There the Confederates patiently waited until Drake's wagon train arrived at Marks' Mills in late morning. With the Rebel yell ringing through the tall stands of pine, the Confederates unleashed a firestorm upon the unsuspecting Federal column.

The Union cavalry bolted in all directions, their riders cut down, while the panicking Indiana, Ohio and Iowa infantry fled. As the Rebel cavalry pursued, the Federal infantry rallied and regrouped, Drake and other officers leading them in fierce counterattacks. The rear and the flank of the train caved in when Fagan's men swarmed into the Union ranks, but several hundred men under Drake dashed to the front of the column and attempted a breakout. They were met by Jo Shelby's Missourians, who shot down the Federals by the scores. Drake himself fell wounded. The rush against Shelby's position was smashed when the colorful Shelby personally led his men forward in a mad dash. "I determined to charge them first, last and all the time," Shelby later said.

Spread out over several miles of roadway, the Union regi-

Rebel cavalry commanded by Gen. Thomas Dockery, above, was surprised at Mt. Elba by Union troopers under Powell Clayton; more than 300 Confederates were captured.

Confederate Gen. James Fleming Fagan led Sterling Price's cavalry at Marks' Mills, where Steele suffered the loss of 1,300 troops, including 350 killed and wounded.

Gen. John Sappington Marmaduke, whose Rebel snipers and marksmen picked off Union advance guards and delayed Steele's entry into Camden, Ark., until April 15, 1864.

The Union division of Gen. Thayer was almost annihilated at Poison Spring by Rebel cavalry under Marmaduke and Gen. Samuel Bell Maxey, above, on April 18, 1864.

ments, their colors in the dust, surrendered to various groups of Confederate cavalrymen. The wounded Drake, who threw away his sword before surrendering, later said: "Less than 150 of the brigade escaped from the conflict, the balance, including the wounded, being made prisoners." It was an enormous victory for Fagan. He had not only captured 211 wagons and their much-needed teams, plus another 100 vehicles taken from the civilian refugees, but had bagged more than 1,300 Union soldiers, their four brass cannon and four regimental standards. Fagan's men had killed 100 Federals and wounded another 250. By comparison, Fagan's losses were small—41 killed, 108 wounded and 44 missing.

The civilians who had accompanied the train were branded traitors and arrested. The 300 freed slaves were sent back to Confederate positions, where they once more became slave laborers. When Price was informed of Fagan's victory, he stepped up his artillery barrage of Camden. The 150 Federals who escaped on foot from the Marks' Mills trap straggled into Camden to greatly alarm Steele. Now he had no choice but to abandon the town as quickly as possible and try to fight his way back to Little Rock. At least, that was the consensus at a hastily held conference between Steele, Salomon, Thayer and the cavalry commander, Carr. None chose to stay at Camden and starve to death or, worse, in their collective opinion, surrender.

Throughout April 26, Steele's army prepared for the secret evacuation of Camden, packing wagons and destroying equipment that could not be taken along. That night, the Federals rolled quietly out of Camden and across the Ouachita River over a pontoon bridge laid down by Steele's engineers. A small contingent stayed behind, lighting campfires and playing taps as if the entire force was bedding down for the night. This force built up the campfires, then left before dawn, crossing the bridge, which the Union engineers then retrieved for further use when the army reached the Saline River.

Steele's ruse worked until Confederate scouts crept into deserted Camden in mid-morning. The discovery of Steele's evacuation caused Smith to send his troopers under Marmaduke after the Federals, but they were slowed at the Ouachita, having to swim their mounts across. The Rebel cavalry by then was reduced to Marmaduke's command only, with Fagan off at Marks' Mills and Maxey having to take his two brigades back to the Indian Territory to meet the reported threat of a Union invasion from Missouri. Smith gave a moving speech to Maxey's men, expressing his gratitude for their aggressive work in the field.

As Maxey's riders left Camden in one direction, Smith and Price organized their forces at the banks of the Ouachita. With the infantry of Churchill, Walker and Parsons, along with Marmaduke's cavalry, Smith and Price had at hand about 10,000 effectives, a force almost equal to that of Steele's, which had been considerably reduced by the two Rebel cavalry victories at Poison Spring and Marks' Mills. The problem facing Price, the tactical commander in the field, was how to get the infantry across the Ouachita, now that Steele had removed the pontoon bridge. He solved that dilemma by having "floating bridges" built—large rafts, really, or rope ferries, and crossing his infantry, cannon and wagons on these. It took all of April 27 to complete this task, but by the morning of the 28th, the entire Confederate force had crossed the river and had joined the cavalry, units of which were racing after Steele to scout his progress.

The Confederates eagerly marched after the retreating Federals. Steele's path was marked with vast amounts of abandoned equipment, bedrolls, tents, axes and picks, wagons mired in mud to the axle hub, dying mules who had been whipped to exhaustion by frenzied teamsters. Everywhere Price and Smith noted were the signs of a Union panic. It was a race to the Saline now. If Smith could overtake Steele before he crossed that river, he had a good chance of destroying the strung-out Federal column piecemeal. If Steele managed to cross before Smith could intercept him, it meant laying siege to Little Rock, a powerfully fortified bastion to which Steele could summon large numbers of Union reinforcements, a siege that Smith knew well was doomed to failure.

Meanwhile, Steele rode himself to exhaustion as he went up and down the line, prodding, threatening and urging his

men along. Though he had given them a good head start against the pursuing Smith, Steele knew he was dealing with a disillusioned army, one on short rations whose troops grumbled and carped and were genuinely weak from lack of proper food. (Ironically, the Confederates ate no better than Steele's men, but the Southern troops were by then long accustomed to half rations; Steele's problem and that of all Union commanders was that the Federal soldier's diet was much more substantial than his foe's, and when beef was replaced by hardtack and bacon by moldy biscuits, the Union soldier reacted poorly, emotionally refusing to accept privation and physically incapable of adjusting to the near-starvation diet upon which the Confederate soldier had been compelled to subsist.)

Through Steele's desperate coaxing, his army made fairly good time, especially since Steele had judiciously avoided the Moro swampland, which had bogged down and doomed Drake's hapless column (thanks to advice Steele got from some of the survivors of the Marks' Mills disaster). Steele had instead taken his army along the road to Princeton, where the ground was firmer, and he reached that town on the 28th, his entire command bivouacking in its streets and yards. Steele felt more easy, having gotten two-thirds of the way to the Saline and halfway to the state capital of Little Rock.

On the 29th, the entire Union force was up before dawn and on the road to Jenkins' Ferry at the Saline. It began to rain, however, first a drizzle, then a downpour that gushed all day, turning the road into a wheel-rutted nightmare for those following the wagons. Infantry slogged along at a snail's pace, men lifting heavily-mudcaked boots from the road with each step, the mud rising above their ankles. Whole companies became mired, one man falling over the one stuck in front. The Federals cursed and whipped their overburdened teams, inching wagons forward. Before night, Steele painfully heard the telltale crackle and pop of small arms fire to his rear. It was Marmaduke's attacking cavalry, which had caught up with the column's rear guard.

Just then Steele's van slogged to the shores of the Saline at Jenkins' Ferry. Steele had had the presence of mind to have placed his engineers and their pontoon equipment at the head of his column so that they were already fitting the pontoon sections together and laying down the planking by the time Marmaduke attacked. Their task was made all the more difficult by the torrential rains that had swollen the river to floodtide and reduced the lowering land approach to the river for two miles to landslides of mud. These two miles, and the same distance on the north side of the river, Steele quickly learned, had to be corduroyed so that the Union trains could get to the pontoon bridge.

While the rear guard was strengthened and fought off Marmaduke, half of Steele's army, weary and famished, attempted to cut down trees and lay down the two miles of corduroy road. The work was agony as the exhausted and hungry Federals frantically chopped down wet trees while other units of slipping, sliding men dragged the fallen timbers to the roadway by mule. The mules "floundered about without a resting place for their feet," according to one account. The rain was so intense that rivers and waterfalls cascaded down the corduroy roadway, washing away many timbers, so that engineers were compelled to lash the timbers together, consuming more valuable time.

At nightfall the desperate work continued, the Federals working by the light of torches and lanterns. "Every exertion was made to push the impediments across before daylight," stated the officer who commanded Steele's engineers, "it being evident that the enemy was in force in our rear. But we failed. The rain came down in torrents, putting out many of the fires, the men became exhausted, and both they and the animals sank down in the mud and mire, wherever they were, to seek a few hours' repose."

By then, Smith and Price had arrived with the leading elements of their infantry at Princeton. Smith ordered his men to get four hours sleep, and at midnight, he had them again on the march. At 7:30 a.m. on April 30, Churchill's division caught up with Marmaduke's dismounted cavalry and Price ordered it to immediately attack the Union rear guard. As the forces of Marmaduke and Churchill attacked, Parsons' division arrived and was also thrown into the assault.

The Confederates were as exhausted as the Federals, having worn themselves ragged in their pursuit of Steele's men. Worse, their attack was confined to a narrow, mud-rutted space. The Federals had erected strong log entrenchments across the width of the road two miles before Jenkins' Ferry and lay behind this barricade in strength. On either side of the Union fortifications were impassable swamps now flooded by the overflow from Toxie Creek.

Down this narrow passageway poured the charging regiments of Churchill, Parsons and Marmaduke, their objective shrouded in a dense fog bank that was further thickened by gunsmoke. Visibility was achieved by those who threw themselves to the ground, firing beneath the blanket of fog that hovered about a foot or so above the earth. This nightmare situation favored the Federals, who were already lying in their defensive positions. Moreover, the Rebels went forward in knee-deep mud that made them almost stationary targets, when they could be seen, and they were shot down in ranks by Federal volleys. When the Confederates attempted to bring forward a battery to blast the log-mounted entrenchments to pieces, Federals rushed the overextended Rebel cavalrymen and captured three guns, dragging these back to their redoubt.

By the time Smith's last division, that of John G. Walker, arrived with Edmund Kirby Smith at its head, Churchill, Parsons and Marmaduke had been thrown back several times. If any troops could penetrate the stout Union position, Walker's Texans could, Price told Smith, and he ordered the last reserves to make a frontal attack against the Union entrenchments. Walker himself, though still suffering a painful, unhealed wound he had received at Pleasant Hill in Louisiana two weeks earlier when fighting Banks' legions, insisted that he lead his men forward.

The Texans charged, furiously throwing themselves at the timbered entrenchments and, in some places, almost breaching the Union line. Some of their number climbed atop the timbers and fired downward at the defenders. These men were shot from their perches and sent crashing into the mud. The officers of Walker's division rallied their men several times and made sev-

eral more charges, only to be repulsed with heavy losses; all three of Walker's brigade commanders were shot down, two later dying of their wounds.

By noon the Rebels could make no further advance, and Smith soon learned that Steele's cavalry and what wagons could be saved had crossed the Saline. The Union infantry quickly followed and, without being molested, so, too, did the rear guard. Steele, in his haste, left his wounded and dead behind, along with most of his wagons. Before Smith could pursue, Steele's engineers torched the pontoon bridge, but when the rains extinguished these fires, they simply cut the bridge loose and it went to pieces as it rushed downriver.

Just about this time, Fagan arrived with his 3,000 cavalrymen, having ridden 75 miles in a circuitous route from the Ouachita to the Saline. His forces were of no use to Smith and Price, who realized that Steele had escaped destruction but just barely. Jenkins' Ferry cost the Confederates 86 killed and 356 wounded (according to Fox). Union losses were 64 killed, 378 wounded and 86 missing. In the overall Arkansas Campaign, the Confederates had inflicted 3,000 permanent losses on the Union—1,000 Federals killed or wounded and 2,000 more captured—and lost less than one-third of that number to Union forces. Equally impressive to Confederate leaders was the Union loss of 656 wagons in the entire campaign, along with more than 2,500 mules, more than 1,000 horses, 10 guns, and a treasure trove of weapons of all sorts and tons of ammunition, along with thousands of tents, blankets, shoes, uniforms and a considerable amount of medical supplies, enough to provision the Confederates in Arkansas for several months.

It was a decisive victory for the Confederates, as was the campaign itself. Smith and Price had prevented Steele from joining with Banks and eliminated his threat of seizing Smith's headquarters and supply base of Shreveport. Moreover, Steele had been sent back to Little Rock, where he would prove to be ineffective as long as he held command. Now Smith could take most of his command in Arkansas back to Louisiana to

The legendary Rebel Gen. Jo Shelby, who stated that he was "determined to charge them first, last and all the time" when attacking Steele's troops at Marks' Mills on April 25, 1864.

Col. Tandy Walker, who commanded a detachment of Choctaw Indians at Poison Spring, Ark.; the Indians mercilessly scalped Union troops in revenge for their raids into Indian Territory.

Rear guard troops under Gen. Frederick Steele fight off repeated Rebel attacks behind timber fortifications at Jenkins' Ferry, Ark., on the night of April 29-30, 1864, while Union forces fled to safety over a pontoon bridge spanning the Saline River.

join Taylor in the pursuit of Banks. After resting his men for two days, he did exactly that.

For Steele, the entire campaign had been a fiasco, although he wrote the whole dreadful experience off as his "Camden Expedition," one he had been compelled to make, almost as if Camden, not Shreveport, had been his assigned goal, one which he could claim to have partially achieved before he and his mud-spattered, starving, disgusted troops marched back into Little Rock on May 3, 1864. As if to demonstrate an army still intact and victorious, Steele had his men clean the mud from their uniforms and form into dress parade, placing the three captured Confederate guns at the column's head to show his own spoils of war (although he had lost 10 guns of his own) before marching into the state capital.

The Union failed to mount another important military campaign in Arkansas during the rest of the war. Steele holed up in Little Rock and refused to budge. His command became lethargic and wholly ineffective, like its commander, shirking combat. Steele's reluctance to confront the enemy was never more in evidence than when, in late August 1864, Sterling Price gathered 12,000 cavalrymen and led a legendary raid throughout Missouri. Steele made no effort to stop this movement, nor did he attempt to confront Price when he returned to Arkansas in the fall of that year. Lincoln became so enraged at Steele's purposeful inactivity that he removed him from the command of the Arkansas Department in December 1864, ordering Gen. Joseph Reynolds to take his place. Reynolds did little more than wait out the war in Little Rock.

Also See: Antietam Campaign, 1862; Atlanta, Ga. Campaign, 1864; Bull Run, 1861; Red River Campaign, 1864.

Ref.: Bearss, *Steele's Retreat from Camden and the Battle of Jenkins' Ferry*; Britton, *The Civil War on the Border: A Narrative of Military Operations in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory during the Years 1863-1865*; Castel, *General Sterling Price and the Civil War in the West*; Christ (ed.), *Rugged and Sublime: The Civil War in Arkansas*; Dougan, *Confederate Arkansas*; Edwards, *Shelby and His Men: The War in the West*; Ferguson, *Arkansas and the Civil War*; Foote, *The Civil War* (3 vols; Vol. III); Horton, *Samuel Bell Maxey: A Biography*; Johnson, *The Red River Campaign: Politics and Cotton in the Civil War*; Johnson and Buel (eds.), *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; Kerby, *Kirby Smith's Confederacy: The Trans-Mississippi South, 1863-1865*; King, *War Eagle: A Life of General Eugene A. Carr*; Lothrop, *A History of the First Regiment Iowa Cavalry Veteran Volunteers*; Michael, *Iowa Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Rebellion*; Moneyhon, *The Impact of the Civil War and Reconstruction on Arkansas, 1850-1874*; Noll, *General Kirby-Smith*; Parks, *General Edmund Kirby Smith, C.S.A.*; Parrish, *Richard Taylor: Soldier Prince of Dixie*; Stuart, *Iowa Colonels and Regiments*; Rampp, *The Civil War in the Indian Territory*; Shalhope, *Sterling Price: Portrait of a Southerner*; Smith, *The War with the South* (3 vols; Vol III); Snow, *Lee and His Generals*; Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction: Personal Experiences of the Late War*; Wright, *Arkansas in the War, 1861-1865*.

Arkansas Post (Fort Hindman), **Ark. Expedition**, Jan. 4-12, 1863.

Summary of Battles, Engagements and Skirmishes: President Lincoln gave special authority to Gen. John A. McClernand, a political general from his home state of Illinois, to undertake a campaign against Vicksburg using a Union army of 30,000, troops McClernand himself had raised. Lincoln had preempted his chief of staff, Henry Halleck, as well as Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant, who commanded the district in which the Vicksburg operations were taking place, consulting neither in his decision.

McClernand superseded Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, but had no clear plan on how to seize Vicksburg. Sherman persuaded McClernand to attack Arkansas Post, also known as Fort Hindman, which was located 50 miles up the Arkansas River and which the Confederates had used as a base from which to send gunboats into the Mississippi to destroy or seize Union vessels.

McClernand took over Sherman's command, retitling it the Army of the Mississippi. He packed his 30,000 men on board a Union flotilla commanded by Adm. David Dixon Porter and sailed to the objective, arriving on the night of 01/09/63. The troops disembarked that night and the following morning, positioned so that none of the 5,000 Rebel defenders under the command of Gen. Thomas James Churchill could escape.

On 01/10/63, McClernand ordered a coordinated river and land-based attack at about 3 p.m. Porter's gunboats succeeded in silencing Fort Hindman's guns, but McClernand did not send in his infantry to attack the fort from the rear as planned and the gunboats withdrew out of range. The same plan was put into effect the following day. Again, Porter's vessels pounded the enemy artillery into silence. Sherman then attacked the fort across open fields, but before he could mount his main assault, the fort was surrendered by Fort Hindman's commander, Col. John Dunnington, against the wishes of Gen. Churchill and most of his men.

Despite this quick victory, McClernand was relieved by Gen. Halleck on Jan. 13, 1863, and his Army of the Mississippi ceased to exist after a life span of nine days, his command of the Vicksburg Campaign turned over to Gen. Grant. Union losses at Arkansas Post were 140 killed and 923 wounded (31 navy and 1,032 army casualties). The Confederates lost 109 killed and wounded and 4,791 captured, a humiliating defeat.

The Union victory at Arkansas Post in early January 1863 was credited to Union Gen. John A. McClernand, but the triumph really belonged to Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, the man who conceived and carried out the attack. By the beginning of 1863, Sherman's star in the West was fading. He had suffered a serious defeat at Chickasaw Bluffs on Dec. 27-29, 1862, and, to his surprise, suddenly found himself relieved of his command by Gen. McClernand, who was to conduct the campaign against Vicksburg.

McClernand's authority came straight from President Lincoln, and neither Henry Halleck nor U.S. Grant even knew that McClernand had been put in charge of that operation. McClernand was a political general, a powerful politician from Lincoln's home state of Illinois who, on Oct. 21, 1862, met secretly with Sec. of War Edwin McMasters Stanton and received written orders to raise an army of 30,000 men in Iowa, Illinois and Indiana. Once this force was assembled, McClernand was promised, he would be given an independent command over these troops with the specific orders of capturing Vicksburg.

McClernand was to secretly show his instructions from Stanton to the governors of the states from which he would draw his recruits and, once these troops were in hand, he was to send them to Cairo, Ill., where he would later assume command. Grant was informed of this recruitment for the Vicksburg

Campaign and was told by Halleck that though Sherman might be in tactical command of this force, Lincoln reserved the right to name its overall commander.

Meanwhile, Sherman had siphoned off some 2,000 of McClernand's recruits for his abortive attack on Chickasaw Bluffs at Vicksburg, one that saw a bloody repulse. McClernand, who arrived to take overall command from Sherman on Jan. 2, 1863, was angry over the loss of these men, feeling that they had been used by Sherman without his authority. First, though, in a letter to Stanton sent on the following day, McClernand, knowing he would have to work with Sherman, softened Sherman's failure against Vicksburg by stating that he had "probably done all in the present case anyone could have done," adding that the real failure belonged at Grant's doorstep, that Grant had not adequately supported Sherman and left him with insufficient forces to accomplish his goals.

McClernand, ever the politician, was really angling to have Grant removed as district chief and have himself named as his replacement. An ambitious man, as Lincoln knew well, McClernand was after bigger game than that; he had his eye on the White House and thought of himself as not only a brilliant military chief, which lack of training and experience proved him not to be, but the person to guide the nation. To Stanton, McClernand was all authority, stating: "Soon I shall have verified the condition of the army. I will assume command of it."

On Jan. 3, McClernand summoned Sherman to his command boat, the *Tigress*, anchored at Milliken's Bend, 20 miles above Vicksburg. There they held a conference on how best to seize Vicksburg. First, McClernand informed Sherman that his forces would be called "The Army of the Mississippi" and be organized into two corps, one Sherman would command, the other to be commanded by Gen. George W. Morgan. This rankled Sherman further in that he blamed Morgan for failing to support his attack at Chickasaw Bluffs and contributing greatly to his defeat.

Morgan was to command his own division and that of Gen. Andrew Jackson Smith in the first corps and Sherman was to command a second corps made up of the two divisions commanded by Gen. Frederick Steele and Gen. David Stuart. McClernand's plans to attack Vicksburg, Sherman soon realized, were, at best, vague. "I don't think Gen. McClernand had any definite views or plans of action," Sherman later wrote. "If so, he did not impart them to me. He spoke in general terms of opening the navigation of the Mississippi, 'cutting his way to the sea,' etc., etc., but the *modus operandi* was not so clear."

Sherman then introduced a battle plan to McClernand, one concerning the Arkansas Post, or Fort Hindman, a Confederate bastion located about 40 miles above the mouth of the Yazoo River on the Arkansas River. He told McClernand that he had learned that the *Blue Wing*, a Union mail dispatch steamboat, towing barges laden with coal and ammunition, had left Union-held Memphis, heading for the Yazoo River. It had been captured by a Rebel gunboat and, along with its precious cargo, had been taken up the White River, then the Arkansas to Arkansas Post, where Fort Hindman was occupied by about 5,000 Confederates, a fort that was "supposed to be easy of capture from the rear." To support his statements, Sherman brought along a young sailor who had been on the *Blue Wing* when it was captured and was taken to the Rebel fort and then escaped. The sailor described in detail the formidable Rebel guns facing the Arkansas River, but the weak fortifications on the land side of the fort.

Sherman, of course, was looking to quickly remove the stain of Chickasaw Bluffs, which, in his words, "raised the usual cry, at the North, of 'repulse, failure and bungling.'" Taking Arkansas Post would be a relatively easy victory, one that would both vindicate Sherman's tactical abilities and put a large feather in the hat of Gen. McClernand, who sought a triumph in his first military outing.

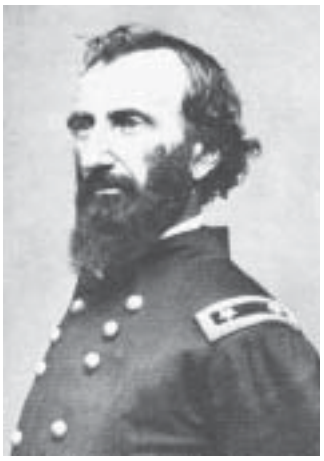
At first, McClernand "made various objections," but Sherman, eager to salvage his reputation, pursued the operation, asking McClernand to go with him to see Adm. David Porter and get his sanction for an attack on Arkansas Post. Always a shrewd observer of political generals (whom he detested), Sherman knew that by including Porter in the overall decision, McClernand could always claim, in the event of a reversal at Arkansas Post, that it was Sherman *and* Porter who urged him to this action.

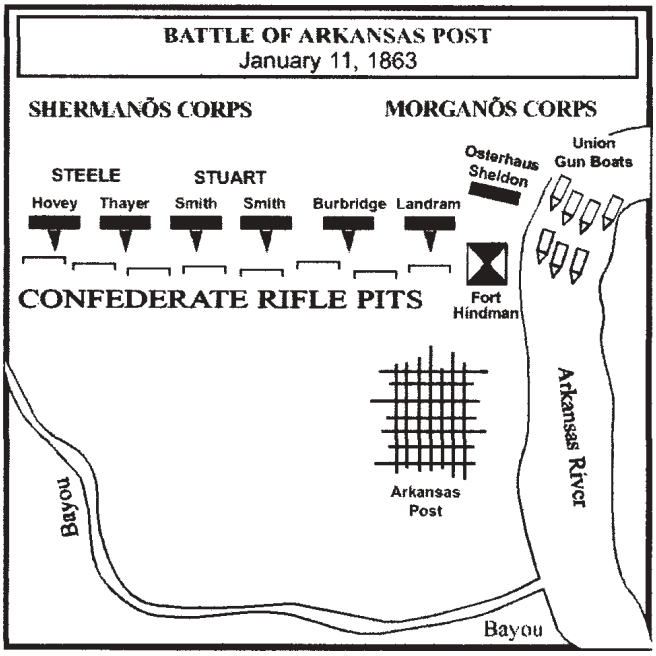
Both sailed downriver to Porter's flagship, the *Black Hawk*, which was lying in the mouth of the Yazoo, arriving about midnight. McClernand and Sherman were shown into Porter's stateroom, where they took seats, and Sherman "explained my views about Arkansas Post, and asked his cooperation." Porter, who had been awakened at their visit, was in his nightshirt and was visibly upset, explaining that one of his top naval commanders, William Gwin, who had been mortally wounded in a river fight near Haines' Bluff on Dec. 27, was dying in the next cabin. Indeed, much to the consternation of McClernand, they could hear Gwin moaning. He had been struck by a piece of shrapnel that tore off most of his right arm and breast, exposing his lung and ribs; there was little Porter's doctors could do for him.

During the conference, Porter listened attentively to what Sherman outlined, but whenever McClernand spoke, the feisty admiral cut him off or answered questions in such a curt manner as to appear hostile. Sherman asked Porter to step into a forward cabin on the pretext of looking at his river charts, leaving McClernand alone.

Sherman asked Porter why he was treating McClernand, who was now their overall commander, in such an insulting manner. "I don't like him," the always blunt Porter replied, then added that he, Porter, had been introduced to McClernand by President Lincoln before going west to assume his naval duties on the Mississippi and that he quickly developed "a strong prejudice" against McClernand, whom he thought to be a shifty opportunist and nothing more than a politically appointed general who knew nothing about military matters, let alone how to command forces in the field.

Needing Porter's support to put across his plan for Arkansas Post, Sherman pleaded with Porter, his friend, to cooperate: "I begged him, for the sake of harmony, to waive that, which he promised to do." Once again in conference with McClernand, Porter pointed out that his coal was in short supply and that the three ironclads that could be used for the





John A. McClernand, left, an inept political general, led the expedition against Arkansas Post; Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, right, planned the attack to brighten his tarnished reputation; and, at right, a map showing how Union troops attacked Arkansas Post by land while Adm. Porter's gunboats bombarded Fort Hindman from the Arkansas River.

operation, the *Cincinnati*, *De Kalb* and *Louisville*, might not have enough coal to steam to Arkansas Post and could not burn wood. Sherman had an answer for that. To conserve Porter's coal supply, several steamers would tow the ironclads up the Arkansas River to Arkansas Post. Sherman then asked for naval commanders from Porter's command whom he knew well to captain the ironclads.

At this, Porter, who had himself suffered several serious reversals and was looking to enhance his own sagging reputation, said: "Suppose I go along myself?"

"If you will do so," Sherman replied, "it will insure the success of the enterprise."

At this point, McClernand, who had thought to send only half his force with Sherman and remain near Vicksburg with the remaining troops, saw Porter and Sherman achieving a victory he wished to claim as his own. He announced that the entire army would sail up the Arkansas and he would be in overall command to make sure that Arkansas Post was disposed of in short order. On Jan. 8, the entire army of more than 30,000 packed aboard 50 transports, along with 13 rams and gunboats (three of these being Porter's ironclads, which were towed), and sailed up the Mississippi to the mouth of the White River, then up to the Arkansas and on to Notrib's Farm just below Arkansas Post.

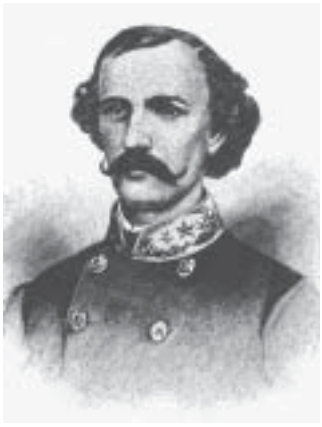
Before embarking, McClernand sent off one of his usual pompous, self-serving messages to Grant, one which raised Sherman's (and therefore Grant's) recent defeat, but promised vindication for all through the brilliant exploits of John A. McClernand. The chief of the newly born Army of the Mississippi announced to Grant that his intentions were to provide a "counteraction of the morale effect of the failure of the attack near Vicksburg and the reinspiration of the forces repulsed by making them the champions of new, important, and successful enterprises."

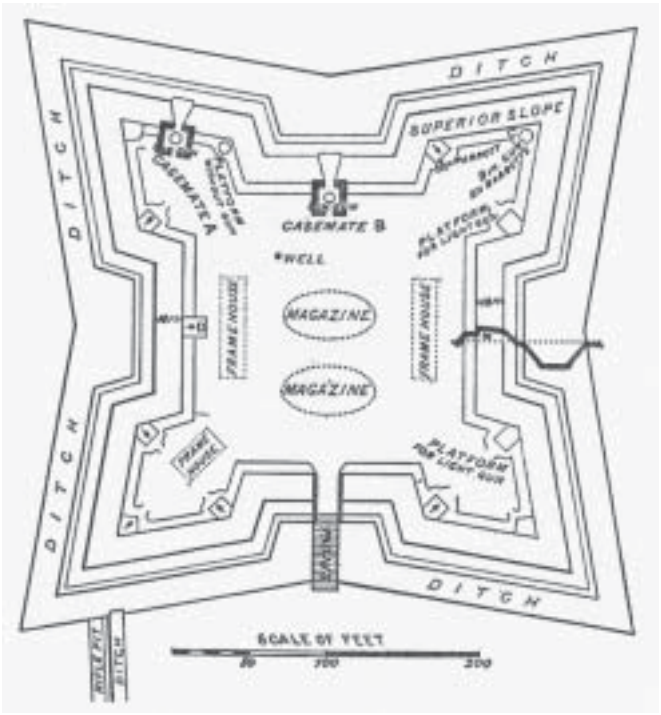
When Grant got this message, he exploded. He had already bristled upon hearing that Lincoln and Stanton had given McClernand a wholly independent command over what could be called McClernand's private army (in that he had personally recruited its troops—and to which McClernand had named his political friends as officers). Grant had told Halleck all along that McClernand was "unmanageable and incompetent." He insisted that McClernand did not have "either the experience or qualifications" for an important command. Now he had received a haughty message from McClernand about an attack in Arkansas of which he knew nothing. He fired off a message to Halleck, stating: "General McClernand has fallen back to White River and gone on a wild goose chase to the Post of Arkansas." Of course, Halleck already knew by then about the expedition to Arkansas Post.

The incensed Grant then wrote a sharp message to McClernand that read: "Unless you are acting under authority not derived from me keep your command where it can soonest be assembled for the renewal of the attack on Vicksburg." This message was not delivered, there being no steamer available to take it to Milliken's Bend, and had it been delivered there, the messenger would have found McClernand long gone with his command on his "wild goose chase" to Arkansas Post.

The Union force reached Arkansas Post late on Jan. 9, 1863. As McClernand's two corps disembarked and Porter readied his gunboats and ironclads, Sherman sent scouts inland to report back on the terrain of the land at the rear of square-shaped Fort Hindman, perched on high ground at the head of a horseshoe bend in the Arkansas River. From the fort's riverside casements and along a line of rifle pits dug in a mile below the fort and at its land-based back jutted 17 large guns, including three 9-inch Columbiads and an 8-inch Rifle.

Stuart's division was landed first, on the east bank of the river about a mile downriver from the fort, and these troops worked their way along the bank toward the fort. As they did





Gen. Thomas James Churchill, left, who commanded the 5,000 Confederate troops at Arkansas Post and whose orders to continue fighting were countermanded by subordinates; Col. James Deshler, right, who refused to surrender his men, even though most other Rebels had already thrown down their arms; at right, the two-walled Fort Hindman with recessed walls that allowed for enfilading fire from the defenders; Porter's gunboats destroyed the fort's many heavy gun emplacements and forced the Rebel surrender.

so, Porter's gunboats, led by his three ironclads, formed a line of advance up the river, going slowly under the fort's guns and opening up a terrific bombardment, which was reciprocated from the fort. To cover any possible escape by the Rebels, a brigade, supported by cavalry and artillery, was landed on the west bank of the river.

The Rebel fortifications below the fort facing the river soon came under fire from Porter's ships, which raked the earthworks with such fury that the Confederates soon abandoned this position, scrambling up the bluffs to the safety of the fort. The ironclads, and the thinner-skinned vessels following, all about 400 yards from the fort, then battled the fort's guns. Porter, on board the *Cincinnati*, recorded eight hits on his flagship from 9-inch shells but "they glanced off like peas against glass," he later stated. Darkness prevented further attack from the river and Porter withdrew his warships. The fort, which had been hit dozens of times, also fell silent, and it was felt that the bastion had been overwhelmed and most of its guns knocked out. This was far from the truth.

While Porter was attacking the fort from the riverside, McClernand's four divisions got into position behind the fort where earthworks stretched from the river to a nearby and impassable swamp. Taking Steele's division, Sherman found a small road through the swamp and worked his men around the swamp to the rear of the fort. By about 11 a.m. on Jan. 10, almost all the Federal forces were positioned behind the fort on the landside, but their attack was delayed when Steele's forces took the wrong turn and wound up back in the swamp, groping for Stuart's flank. Meanwhile, McClernand informed Porter to begin another riverside bombardment at 3 p.m., at which time, he said, the Union infantry would attack from the landside.

Again Porter's ships sailed slowly under the guns of the fort, pounding the structure. Surprisingly, almost all of its guns answered, and a fierce firefight ensued that lasted for several hours. The ironclads and the following gunboats devastated the fort's parapets and gun emplacements. Porter was particularly pleased with the gunfire of his gunboats, the *Rattler*, commanded by Lt. Commdr. Watson Smith; the *Guide*, commanded by Lt. Commdr. Woodward; and the ram *Monarch*, commanded by Col. Charles Ellet (of the ram-building Ellet family). These vessels sailed extremely close to the fort to deliver their salvos against terrific gunfire, which was fired down upon them at an angle of almost 45 degrees. Despite the valiant work of Porter's flotilla and because of Steele's missing division and Morgan's inability to get his two divisions in position, the landside attack did not take place and Porter withdrew once more.

That night, Sherman personally directed Steele's division back through the swamp to position it next to Stuart's division, which, in turn, was now on the flank of Morgan's two divisions. Sherman wanted to find out for himself exactly what his men might expect the following morning: "During the night, which was a bright moonlight one, we reconnoitred close up, and found a large number of huts, which had been abandoned, and the whole rebel force had fallen back into and around the fort. Personally I crept up to a stump so close that I could hear the enemy hard at work, pulling down houses, cutting with axes, and building entrenchments. I could almost hear their words, and I was thus listening when, about 4 a.m., the bugler in the rebel camp sounded as pretty a reveille as I ever listened to."

Inside the fort, Gen. Thomas James Churchill, commanding all Confederate troops, had resolved to fight to the end against the six-to-one odds. His troops were also in high spirits and felt that they could throw back the Federals, about to make their unified attack from river and landside. Churchill's superiors in Little Rock realized the importance of maintain-

ing a strong enemy force behind the Union lines of Vicksburg and had sent a chilling message to Churchill: "Hold out until help arrives or until all dead."

At 10 a.m. on Jan. 11, Sherman was with Steele's troops; he received a message from McClernand telling him where he and his staff were located—in a small woods before the open fields that fronted on the fort—and asking Sherman why he had not started the attack. Sherman sent a message back to his commander, telling him that his troops were about 600 yards from the enemy's position and that he would order a unified attack once he heard Porter's guns attacking the fort. Within a half hour, Sherman "heard the clear ring of the navy guns; the fire gradually increasing in rapidity and advancing toward the fort."

Sherman ordered his field batteries to open up on the entrenchments before the fort on the landside. Then the infantry went forward across open fields in the face of heavy artillery and sniper fire. "The intervening ground between us and the enemy was a dead level," reported Sherman, "with the exception of one or two small gullies, and our men had no cover but the few standing trees and some logs on the ground." The Federals advanced and dropped several times to the ground to briefly pause and rest.

The infantry did not flinch, however, first going forth in line, dozens dropping when shells burst within their ranks and, as they neared the first line of Confederate entrenchments, receiving scything volleys that cut down rank upon rank. The Federals grouped together behind logs and trees and inside the gullies, sharpshooters picking off the Rebel defenders who poked their heads above their parapets to fire. When ranks of Rebel troops rose to deliver a volley, Union brigades blasted them with their own volleys and cut them to pieces.

The fort's guns answered with devastating accuracy, mostly firing into the advancing ranks of Morgan's corps, while Sherman's corps received lighter infantry fire from newly built entrenchments across the peninsula. There were several Rebel batteries on this line, however, and several guns took deliberate aim at Sherman and his staff, who stood in the open. Realizing this, Sherman ordered his aides to scatter.

Morgan's men took the brunt of the Rebel fire. Spearheading Morgan's attack was a brigade led by Gen. Stephen Burbridge, whose 16th Ind. and 83rd Ohio, while losing 349 men in their assault, managed to scamper to the top of the Rebel parapet, where hand-to-hand fighting took place. At the same time, at about 5 p.m., Porter's gunboats and ironclads, after several hours of white-hot cannonading, had reduced the river side of Fort Hindman to rubble and had blown up most of the heavy guns battling the Federal flotilla. Porter later gave credit to the ironclad *Louisville* and its skipper, Lt. Commdr. E.R. Owen, for completely silencing the fort's last guns.

Sherman himself was elated when he saw from the landside Porter's "flags actually over the parapet of Fort Hindman, and the Rebel gunners scamper out of the embrasures and run down into the ditch behind." Suddenly, a number of white flags broke out along the parapet of the fort and along the landside Confederate entrenchments. "Cease fire! Cease fire!" Sherman shouted, as he rode furiously along the ranks of his troops.

The guns from the river and at landside fell silent while Sherman rode to the fort to accept its surrender. There was considerable confusion among the Confederate ranks when he rode along the road and into the fort with his staff. Many of the Rebel units and their officers insisted that they were not surrendering. Others said they had received orders to run up the white flag. As Sherman entered the fort he saw that "our muskets and guns had done good execution; for there was a horse battery and every horse lay dead in the traces. The fresh made parapet had been knocked down in many places and the dead men lay around very thick."

"Who commands these troops?" Sherman inquired.

A Confederate colonel named Garland stepped onto the parapet and said he was in command.

"Form your brigade," Sherman ordered, "stack arms, hang the belts on the muskets, and stand waiting for orders."

Col. Garland, a pistol in his hand, stood staring at Sherman for a moment, then gave the order for his troops to stack arms. Sherman then went down the line ordering other Confederate units to perform the same duty.

Sherman then entered Fort Hindman, which was now a battered wreck, Confederate dead scattered everywhere among the broken cannon and debris. He found Adm. Porter standing with a group of arguing Confederate officers. Col. John Dunnington, the fort's actual commander, had by then officially surrendered to Porter, but Gen. Churchill, who commanded most of the Confederate troops and was Dunnington's senior, insisted that Fort Hindman was not surrendered and that he gave no such order. Col. Garland then joined the group and Churchill angrily turned on his subordinate, saying, "Why did you display the white flag?"

"I received orders to do so from one of your staff," Garland replied.

"I never gave such an order!" thundered Churchill.

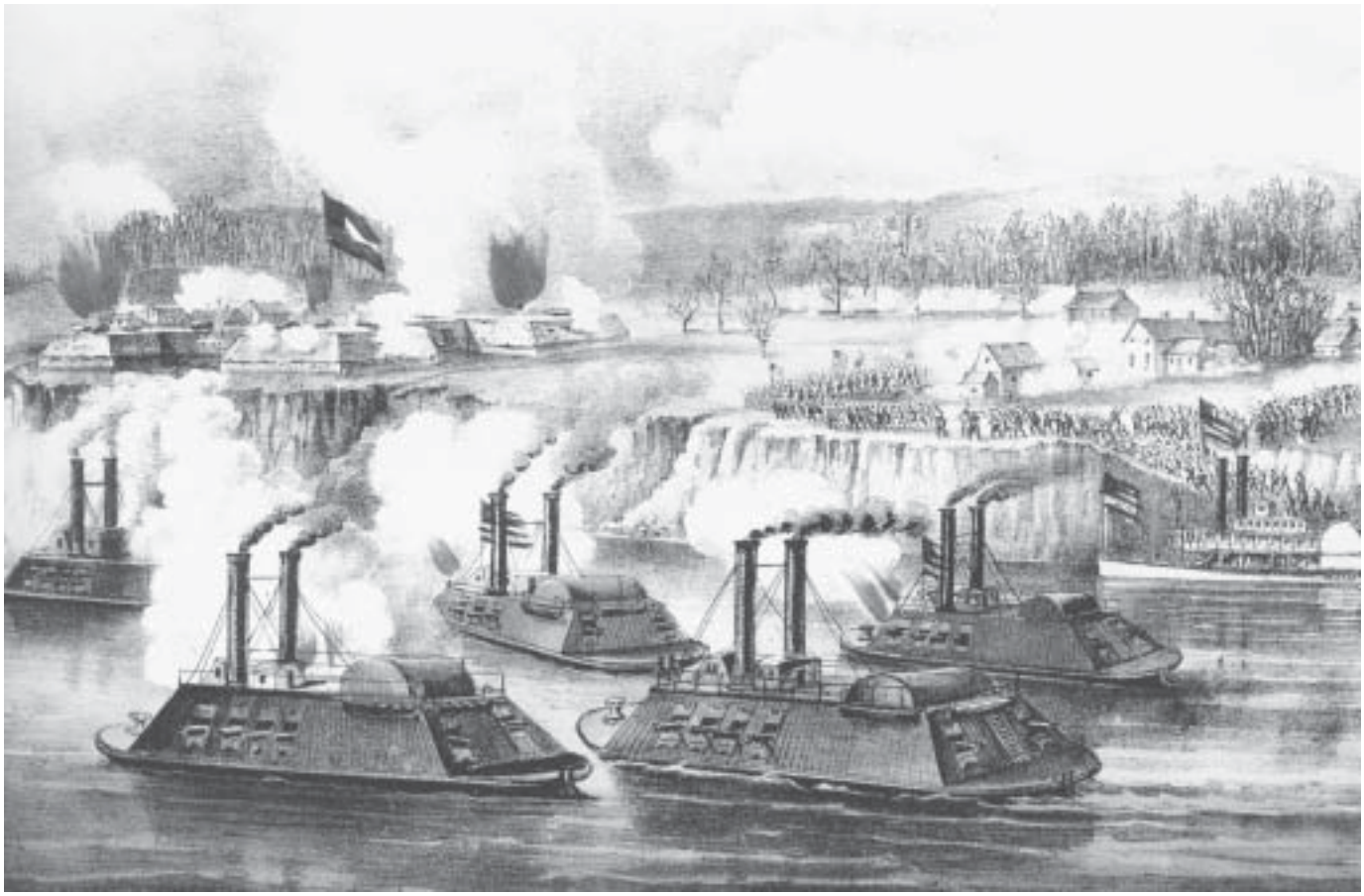
Sherman stopped the two Rebel officers, telling them that it mattered not, since Fort Hindman was now in Federal hands. At that moment, Sherman received word that a diehard Confederate officer, Col. James Deshler of Alabama, who was a West Point graduate, refused to surrender his Texas brigade, every man of which still leveled his musket at the troops of Gen. Steele, who stood leveling their muskets at the Confederates, on opposite sides of a parapet only a few feet from each other.

Taking Gen. Churchill with him, Sherman rode to the still-contested position. Upon seeing Col. Deshler, who was described by Sherman as "small but very handsome," Sherman said sternly, "What does this mean? You are a regular officer and ought to know better!"

"I have received no orders to surrender!" snapped Deshler in response.

Gen. Churchill reluctantly settled the matter: "You see, sir, that we are in their power and you may surrender."

Deshler slowly, reluctantly turned to his commanders and told them to have their troops stack arms. Sherman, on horseback, looked down at Deshler, who was on foot, and thought to soften the sting of defeat by telling Deshler that he knew a family named Deshler in Columbus, Ohio, and asked if they might be related to him.



Union Adm. Porter's gunboats are shown blasting the strongly built Fort Hindman at Arkansas Post on January 10, 1863.

"I have no relationship with anyone living north of the Ohio," Deshler almost shouted at Sherman, who then "gave him a piece of my mind he did not relish." Deshler had been adjutant to Confederate Lt. Gen. Theophilus Hunter Holmes, who commanded the Trans-Mississippi Dept. (before he was replaced at his own request by Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith), and, after being later exchanged, would become a brigadier general and bravely lead his brigade at Chickamauga, where he would be killed on Sept. 20, 1863.

Churchill's undeserved reputation as the commanding officer who surrendered 5,000 Confederate troops at Arkansas Post would follow him after his exchange and assignment to the Army of Tennessee. His new command included many officers and men who had served with him at Arkansas Post and unfairly blamed him for their surrender, refusing to serve under him. He was reassigned to the Trans-Mississippi Dept., and served with distinction in the Arkansas and Red River campaigns of 1864.

Following the capture of Arkansas Post, Sherman received orders from Gen. McClernand to report to him on board the *Tigress*, anchored near the demolished fort. When going aboard, he found McClernand in an almost ecstatic state, waxing eloquently about the taking of Arkansas Post. "Glorious! Glorious!" exclaimed McClernand to Sherman. "My star is ever in the ascendant! I will make a splendid report [of the battle] ... I had a man up a tree!" He went on to praise the troops, but was critical of Porter and the navy, saying they could have done more. Sherman, who knew Porter and his ships and crews had fought their hearts out, said that they had done everything expected of them and more.

It had been an expensive victory for the Union, with 31 navy and 1,092 army casualties (Livermore reported 1,061) out of 28,944 troops engaged, while the Confederates lost 109 killed and wounded. McClernand, however, could boast of capturing 4,791 Confederate officers and men, who were promptly packed aboard steamers and taken to a prison camp near St. Louis. Moreover, McClernand could brag of taking 17 cannon, substantial shells and 46,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition, along with many standards. He had successfully eliminated a serious military threat in the rear of the Union lines at Vicksburg.

Yet to Gen. Holmes, the Confederate District commander who had sent Churchill the do-or-die message, the Union expedition to wipe out Arkansas Post was inexplicable. He later wrote: "It never occurred to me when the order was issued that such an overpowering command would be devoted to an end so trivial." Holmes did not realize, of course, that McClernand, Porter and Sherman had picked Arkansas Post to produce a quick victory that would enhance the military laurels of its commander and upgrade the previously low opinions held of Porter and Sherman and that the one-sided contest was more political than military.

Grant himself, to help his good friend Sherman recoup his reputation, later wrote that "I was first disposed to disap-

prove of this move [attack] as an unnecessary side movement having no especial bearing upon the work before us [Vicksburg]; but when the result was understood I regarded it as very important. Five thousand Confederate troops left in the rear might have caused us much trouble and loss of property while navigating the Mississippi."

Grant still had to deal with McClernand, who had, bungler or not, stumbled into a substantial victory. With Halleck taking his side, he was told that he could relieve McClernand of the command of the so-called Army of the Mississippi and name anyone he chose to replace him. Since McClernand had just won a victory and was, except for Grant, senior to all other generals, including Sherman, Grant had no choice but to assume the command of this army himself—a position he wanted to assume all along.

Relieving McClernand, who grumbled about "ingratitude," and sending him to Helena, Ark., to command that garrison (and thus remove him as a source of contention), Grant immediately disbanded the Army of the Mississippi, which came under his overall command. Then Grant went back to the siege of Vicksburg with a vengeance.

Also See: Arkansas Campaign, 1864; Chickasaw Bluffs, Miss. (under Vicksburg Campaign, 1862-1863); Red River Campaign, 1864; Vicksburg Campaign, 1862-1863.

Ref.: Ambrose, *Halleck: Lincoln's Chief of Staff*; Badeau, *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*; Bearss, *The Vicksburg Campaign* (3 vols; Vol. I); Britton, *The Civil War on the Border*; Catton, *Grant Moves South*; _____, *Grant Takes Command*; Foote, *The Civil War* (3 vols.; Vol. II); Grant, *Personal Memoirs*; Johnson and Buel (eds.), *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; Lewis, *Captain Sam Grant*; _____, *Sherman: Fighting Prophet*; Marshall, *History of the Eighty-Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry: The Greyhound Regiment*; Porter, *The Naval History of the Civil War*; Sherman, *Memoirs*; Smith, *The War with the South* (3 vols.; Vol. II); West, *The Second Admiral: The Life of David Dixon Porter*.

Armstrong's Mill, Va., Feb. 5-7, 1865, See: **Dabney's Mills, Va.**, same dates, under **Petersburg Campaign**, 1864-1865.

Ashland, Va., June 1, 1864, See: **Cold Harbor, Va.**, 1864.

Ashland Station, Va., May 11, 1864, See: **Sheridan's Richmond Raid**, 1864.

ATLANTA, CSS, 1861-1863, Confederate ram.

Background: Built in the shipyards of James and George Thomson on the Clyde River near Glasgow, Scotland, the sail-and-steam freighter *Fingal* was launched on 05/08/61. Propeller and sail-driven, the iron-hulled steamer displaced 462 tons, was 185 feet, 5 inches long; 25 feet, 4 inches wide; and had a 12-foot, 9-inch depth of hold. A direct-acting inverted steam engine powered the *Fingal*, which was intended for Scottish coastal trade.

Following one or two commercial voyages to the north of Scotland, Confederate agent James D. Bulloch purchased the vessel as a blockade runner. The *Fingal* was loaded with guns, small arms and ammunition before sailing to Terceira, then to Bermuda, and on to Savannah, where it docked on 11/12/61 to unload its vital cargo, this being the first Confederate ship to successfully run the blockade with a military cargo.

The *Fingal*'s cargo, purchased in England by Confederate Maj. Edward C. Anderson, consisted of two consignments, one for the Confederate army, the other for the navy. The army consignment was 10,000 Enfield rifles; 1 million ball cartridges; 2 million percussion caps; 3,000 cavalry sabres with belts and scabbards; a large amount of material for clothing and huge amounts of medical supplies. The navy consignment consisted of 1,000 short rifles, with cutlass bayonets; 1,000 rounds of ammunition per rifle; 500 revolvers with ammunition; two 4½-inch muzzle-loading rifled guns with traversing carriages, all necessary gear, and 200 made-up cartridges, shot and shell per gun; two breach-loading 2½-inch steel rifled guns for boats or field service, with 200 rounds of ammunition per gun; 400 barrels of course cannon powder; and a large quantity of makeup clothing for seamen.

This was the only blockade-running voyage made by the ship, which was bottled up in Savannah harbor by Union vessels. The *Fingal*, however, was taken into the Confederate Navy and overhauled into an ironclad ram at the Asa and Nelson Tift shipyard. The vessel was cut down to her deck, then widened by six feet on either side with a casement built atop, the sides and end inclining at a 30-degree angle and covered with two layers of iron plates, each layer two-inches thick. The plates were screwed to a backing of three-inch oak and 15-inch pine. The bolts were one and quarter inch, countersunk out the outside of the plates and drawn up by nuts and washers on the inside.

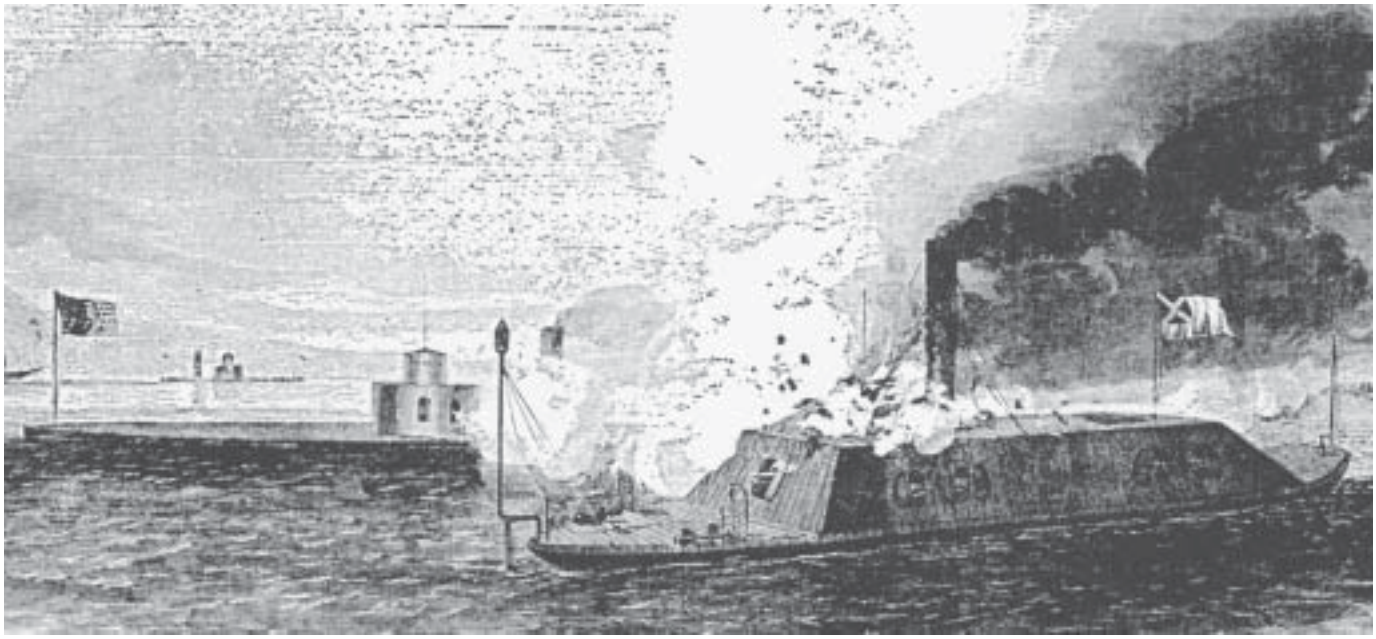
A ram or beak was attached to the bow and also attached at the bow was a pole and lever that could be lowered and projected beyond the ram. To this was attached a percussion torpedo. The ram was armed with four cast iron Brooke guns with iron bands, two 7-inch rifle guns on bow and stern pivots and two 6-inch rifle guns on broadside. Since the 7-inch guns were so arranged that they could be worked broadside as well as fore and aft, the ram could actually fight three guns, two 7-inch and one 6-inch on either side.

Rechristened *Atlanta*, the ironclad made several appearances at the mouth of the Savannah River, but it did not attempt to interfere with the blockading Union ironclads because its officers feared that the ram would run aground in the narrow shoal waters of the Romerly Marshes and Warsaw Sound, its draft now seriously increased due to its heavy iron casement. The ironclad waited for the first spring tide to deepen the waters of its course to the sea. Before dawn on 06/17/63, Commdr. William A. Webb, with a crew of 165 men, sailed the *Atlanta* down the Savannah and into Warsaw Sound where the Union monitors *Weehawken* and *Nahant* were at anchor.

The Federal ships spied the Confederate ram approaching and weighed anchor, the *Weehawken*, followed by the *Nahant*, sailing toward her to give battle. The Rebel ram proved difficult to navigate in the sound because of its burdensome iron casement, which went below the water line and went aground just after it fired the first shot from its forward 7-inch gun, a missile that missed the *Weehawken* and splashed harmlessly near the *Nahant*.

The *Weehawken* returned fire as it quickly moved toward the *Atlanta*, which by then had run aground. Moved off one bar, the Confederate ram went permanently aground on another and was a static target for the *Weehawken*, although it continued to fire its forward 7-inch gun. It fired seven shells in all with no hits while the *Weehawken* fired five times, four of its shells striking the *Atlanta*, two with 15-inch cored shot and two with 11-inch solid shot. One Federal hit smashed into the *Atlanta's* side, piercing its armor and causing a shower of splinters that blew down 40 men and injured 17 others, one dying later of his wounds.

In a helpless position, Webb struck his colors and surrendered



The Confederate ironclad *Atlanta*, right, is shown aground and almost helpless on a sandbar, as the Federal monitor *Weehawken* blasts away the Rebel ship's pilot house during the brief battle at Warsaw Sound on the Georgia coast, June 17, 1863.

the *Atlanta*. The Confederate ram was taken to Port Royal and was then condemned by the prize court and purchased by the U.S. government. Refitted as a Federal warship, the *Atlanta* saw service with the Federal Blockade Fleet until war's end. It was sold to the government of Haiti in 1869 and renamed *Triumph*. The ship was later lost in a storm off the Carolinas.

James D. Bulloch was the Confederacy's secret purchasing agent in England. His specific instructions were to buy any and all sound ships, chiefly those made in Glasgow, Scotland, that might serve either as blockade-running supply ships or, after refitting, as Confederate warships. One of the vessels Bulloch was later to buy was the *Alabama*, which became one of the feared Rebel raiders on the open seas, helmed by the Confederacy's most daring admiral, Raphael Semmes.

In the spring of 1861, Bulloch learned that the Glasgow shipbuilding firm of James and George Thomson had just launched a fast sail and propeller-driven ship called the *Fingal*. After the cargo ship had made some commercial runs to northern Scotland, Bulloch purchased the ship. "I had to take her as she stood," he wrote. The *Fingal* was anchored to a loading berth at Greenock and to this spot, by rail and by steamship from London came tons of war goods, guns, ammunition, small arms, all of which the Confederacy desperately needed.

The arms were purchased by another secret agent, Edward C. Anderson of the Confederate Army. The cargo was loaded onto the *Fingal* at night since Union agents from the U.S. consulate in Glasgow were lurking about all of the Scottish shipyards, attempting to document the secret purchase of ships from neutral England and make their official protests to the British government. In such instances, U.S. officials sent affidavits to British Customs authorities, who were often compelled to detain or even seize the suspected vessels.

Bulloch and Anderson, however, managed to evade detection in loading their cargo aboard the *Fingal*, which was ready for sea on Oct. 8, 1861. Along with the crew, on board were several Southerners, including Liverpool-born John Low, who was a resident of Savannah and who acted as second officer to the British captain. (It was necessary in all such instances to have a licensed British master in charge of any ship the Confederacy thought to use so that it could clear customs, then sail to a secret port and be refitted as a blockade runner or raider.)

Bulloch had decided to accompany the *Fingal* on its maiden voyage to Savannah to make sure that the all-important military cargo arrived safely. He was joined by Anderson, who left the purchasing of military stores in England to his aide, Maj. Caleb Huse. Neither of these men, known to Union spies, dared to board the *Fingal* at Greenock. They would wait until the vessel departed and then board it at Holyhead.

Bulloch waited at a seaside inn in Holyhead. He was awakened on the night of October 15, 1861, in his room while a wild storm raged outside. A messenger informed him that there had been an accident and that a ship had been sunk during the storm. Bulloch panicked, thinking the *Fingal* had gone to the bottom with its precious cargo, but he soon learned that the *Fingal*, while attempting a mooring near Holyhead, had crashed into the Australian brig *Siccardi*, which had sunk.

Bulloch and Anderson quickly boarded a small boat that took them through the storm to the *Fingal*, which was being thrown about by the storm and Bulloch ordered the captain to set sail. Bulloch knew that to wait would be to invite an official inquiry into the accident, which would certainly result in an inspection of the *Fingal*'s cargo. Instead, Bulloch wrote a letter to his London representatives, Fraser, Renholm and Co., asking that they pay whatever claims were demanded for the loss of the *Siccardi* and then departed. (An amicable settlement was later made and no inquiry was conducted.)

After riding out the storm, the *Fingal*'s Atlantic crossing

saw calm seas, but the ship, though it was capable of a top speed of 13 knots, made no more than nine knots due to its weighty cargo. Midway across the Atlantic a savage gale tossed the *Fingal* about, but her stout construction withstood the ravages of the storm. Then Bulloch learned that the supply of fresh water was almost exhausted, the large water tank was almost empty; the British captain had failed to check the tank before sailing. "He probably acted according to his lights," Bulloch wrote, "which were dull. He was very inefficient and of no use to us, except as a medium of communication with Customs and other officials."

Instead of going to Bermuda, as planned, the *Fingal* sailed to the small island of Terceira, anchoring in a tranquil bay at Praya, a small village on the northeast side of the island where water, fresh fruit and meat were in abundance. Bulloch scouted the island and soon learned that it seldom saw any sea traffic and its natural harbor at Praya would make, in Bulloch's opinion, an ideal secret anchorage for future Confederate blockade runners and raiders. In fact, the great sea raider, Adm. Semmes, when sailing the celebrated *Alabama*, would use this port many times to evade Union pursuers.

From Terceira, the *Fingal* sailed to Bermuda where it met the Confederate ship *Nashville*, captained by R.B. Pegram, which had been sent to Bermuda to deliver dispatches to Bulloch from Secretary of the Navy Mallory, as well as provide a pilot, John Makin, who would navigate the *Fingal* through the narrows of Warsaw Sound and into the Savannah River to Savannah. The *Nashville*, Pegram confided to Bulloch, was a doomed ship. An old sidewheeler, it was very slow, dependent wholly upon its ancient paddle-steam power, and lightly armed. Its presence in Bermuda was simply to show the Confederate flag and prove the inefficiency of the blockade. The *Nashville* had captured and burned the Union vessel *Harvey Birch* in the English Channel and up to that early time of the war was a celebrated, albeit, much-hunted ship.

The *Fingal* then sailed from Bermuda, but, instead of sailing for Nassau in the Bahamas, as Bulloch had earlier indicated to the British captain and crew, the *Fingal* was to break through the Federal blockade and go to Savannah. Bulloch addressed the crew, stating that if they would not do this, he would have the ship sailed to Nassau, where he would replace them with Confederate sailors. The British seamen not only agreed to break the blockade but, if necessary, to defend the ship with the considerable arms on board.

To that end, two 4½-inch rifled guns were mounted on the forward gangway ports and two steel boat guns on the quarterdeck. Rifles and revolvers were distributed to all crew members and Col. Anderson converted the saloon into an armory stacked with shells, ammunition and powder. As the *Fingal* sailed into blockade waters, its crew was ready to do battle with any Union ship.

Makin proved himself an expert pilot, taking the *Fingal* toward Warsaw Sound during the night and waiting until the morning fog enshrouded the area before carefully and slowly picking his way through the dangerous narrows. He barely managed to cross the shallow bar before the mouth of the Savannah River. Bulloch saw Fort Pulaski and knew the ship was safe. He hoisted the Confederate flag and fired a one-gun salute, which the fort answered. Up the coast, at Port Royal, S.C., where a Federal flotilla was anchored, the shot was heard, but no Union vessel responded. Only through the Southern press celebrating the arrival of the *Fingal* at Savannah on Nov. 12, 1861, did chagrined Federal commanders learn that a huge military cargo had been delivered in spite of the blockade.

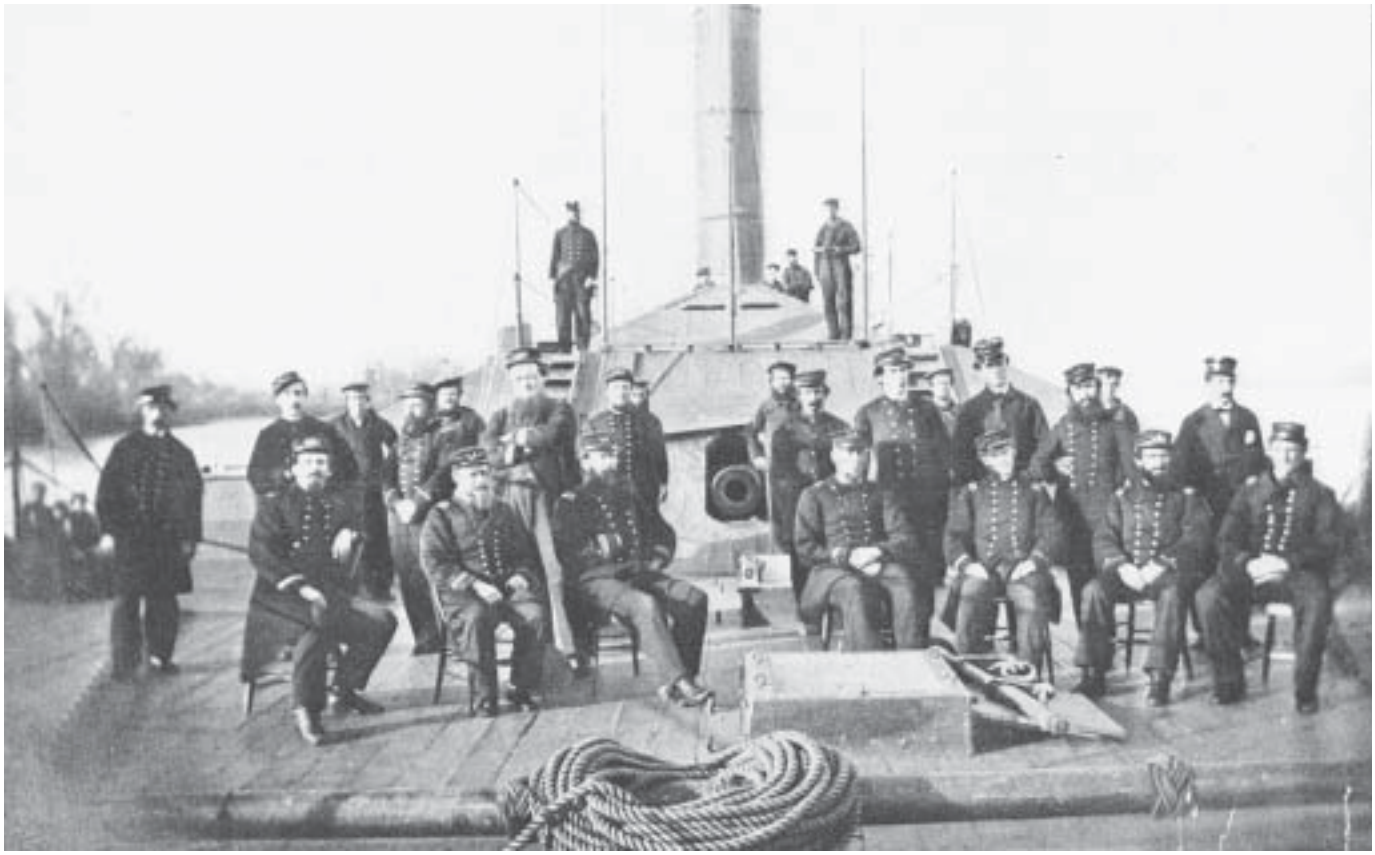
Flag Officer Josiah Tattnall, Confederate naval commander in Savannah, arrived with three armed river steamers at the mouth of the Savannah River to escort the *Fingal* to its berth in Savannah, where it anchored at 4 p.m. Thousands of residents gathered at dockside, cheering, while a band played "Dixie." The elation was short-lived. Union gunboats appeared within days to patrol every inlet to the Savannah River to make sure that the *Fingal* never made a return voyage to England, and. if it attempted to do so, vowed Union naval commanders, it would be blown to pieces

In truth, the Union fleet would never again see the *Fingal*, but it would see its ghost in the form of a lethal ironclad known as *Atlanta*. Realizing that the *Fingal* was useless as a blockade runner, the Confederate navy converted the ship to a ram, with iron-plated sides and ends that inclined at a 30-degree angle and was armed with four powerful rifled guns. When completed, the *Atlanta* remained for some time at Savannah in that it could not maneuver through the shallow channels to the sea until spring flood tide.

Most Confederate naval officers thought the ship, though well-armed, was difficult to steer; its casement actually went below the water line, which made the vessel somewhat top heavy. She would not be a match for any U.S. Monitor class inronclads, it was felt, but, if she got into the open sea where she could maneuver, she could do considerable damage to any Union war vessels.

Public pressure, however, demanding that the ironclad "do something," compelled a reluctant Flag Officer Tattnall to order Commdr. William A. Webb and a crew of 165 to sail the *Atlanta* out of Warsaw Sound and do battle with Union war vessels. Before dawn, on June 17, 1863, the *Atlanta* was spotted by two Federal monitors off Warsaw Island. Capt. John Rodgers of the Union ironclad *Weehawken* ordered his ship and its companion, the ironclad *Nahant*, commanded by Commdr. J. Downes, to slip their cables and meet the on-coming Confederate war ship. (The two Union monitors were not in their waiting positions by accident. Adm. Samuel Francis Du Pont had learned from Union spies that the *Atlanta* would attempt to break out into the open sea that day and had ordered two of his warships to the precise spot where his informants correctly said the Confederate ram would appear.)

The *Atlanta* fired the first shot from its 7-inch rifled gun, the missile passing the on-coming *Weehawken* and splashing into the sea near the *Nahant*. When the *Weehawken* was about 600 yards from the *Atlanta*, the Confederate ram suddenly ran aground and its crew worked frantically to free her from a bar. It backed off slowly as the *Weehawken* began firing. Meanwhile, some distance behind the *Atlanta* were two armed Confederate steamers packed with spectators from Savannah,



The *Atlanta* is shown above in 1864, after its capture by Union warships. It was then manned by a Federal crew and used in the blockade.

mostly officials and their wives and town dignitaries who had come to view the destruction of the Union vessels.

Capt. Rodgers of the *Weehawken* was about 300 yards from the *Atlanta* when he ordered his gun to begin firing. He noted the time as 5:15 a.m. He also noted that the Confederate ram was again stationary in the water. The vessel had momentarily freed itself from a bar only to ground itself once more so firmly that its harried engineers could not budge it. Commdr. Webb nevertheless ordered his gunners to continue firing at the fast-approaching *Weehawken*, which was now firing with deadly accuracy.

The *Atlanta's* pilot house was struck and knocked off and then one of its port-stoppers or shutters was blown in. A third shot drove in, but did not break the iron plating on its side and a 40-shot, a 15-inch "cored shot' did break the iron plate and splintering the wooden backing with such force that a shower of wood and the concussion blew 40 of Webb's men from their feet, seriously injuring 17 of them, one later dying of his wounds.

Webb, realizing that his ship was helpless, struck his colors and ran up a white flag. The *Atlanta* had fired seven shots, none of its missiles striking their targets. The *Weehawken* had fired five times with four hits striking the *Atlanta*. The *Nahant* never fired its gun. The entire battle was over at 5:30 a.m., a 15-minute engagement that ended with the *Atlanta* ingloriously being towed off the sand bar and taken into captivity. Those on board the Rebel steamers watching from Warsaw Sound stood in angry silence as they saw their last significant warship surrender.

The *Atlanta* was taken to Port Royal, S.C., and was later condemned by the prize court. It was purchased by the U.S. government and used to support the blockade fleet. Its officers and crews went to Fortress Monroe and then on to a Federal prison camp to await exchange. In 1869, the *Atlanta* was purchased by the government of Haiti and renamed *Triumph*. It was lost in a storm off the Carolinas a short time later.

Also See: *Alabama*.

Ref.: Adams, *Great Britain and the American Civil War*; Anderson (Bern), *By Sea and By River: The Naval History of the Civil War*; Anderson, *Confederate Foreign Agent: The European Diary of Maj. Edward C. Anderson*; Baxter, *The Introduction of the Ironclad Warship*; Bulloch, *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe* (2 vols., Vol. I); Cochran, *Blockade Runners of the Confederacy*; Donovan, *Ironclads of the Civil War*; Du Pont, *Rear Admiral Samuel Francis Du Pont*; Horner, *The Blockade Runners*; Luraghi, *A History of the Confederate Navy*; MacBride, *Civil War Ironclads*; Nash, *A Naval History of the Civil War*; Scharf, *History of the Confederate States Navy from Its Organization to the Surrender of Its Last Vessel*; Silverstone, *Warships of the Civil War Navies*; Smith, *The War with the South* (3 vols., Vol. III); Still, *Savannah Squadron*; Vandiver, *Confederate Blockade Running through Bermuda, 1861-1865*; Wells, *The Confederate Navy*; Wise, *Lifeline of the Confederacy: Blockade Running during the Civil War*.

Atlanta, Ga. Campaign, May-Sept., 1864, includes **Rocky Face Ridge** (Rocky Face Mountain; Dug Gap), **Ga.**, May 5-9, 1864; **Resaca, Ga.**, May 13-16, 1864; **Cassville, Ga.**, May 19-22, 1864; **Dallas** (Allatoona Hills, Burned Hickory, Burnt Hickory, New Hope Church, Pumpkin Vine Creek; Pickett's Mill) **Ga.**, May 25-June 4, 1864; **Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.**, June 27, 1864 (McAfee's Cross Road, Ga., June 12, 1864; Pine Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864; Gilgal Church, Ga., June 15-17, 1864; Golgotha, Ga., June 16, 1864; Mud Creek and Noyes' [Nose] Creek, Ga., June 17, 1864; Pine Knob, Ga., June 19, 1864; Lattermore's Mills and Powder Springs, Ga., June 20, 1864; Culp's [Kulp's or Kolb's] Farm, Ga., June 22, 1864); **Chattahoochee River, Ga.**, July 4-10, 1864; **Peach Tree Creek, Ga.**, July 20, 1864; **Atlanta, Ga.**, July 21-22, 1864; **Stoneman's and McCook's Raids**, July 26-31, 1864; **Ezra Church** (Chapel), **Ga.**, July 28, 1864; **Utoy Creek, Ga.**, Aug. 5-6, 1864; **Siege of Atlanta**, Aug. 1864; **Wheeler's Raid Through Northern Georgia to Tenn.**, Aug. 10-Sept. 10, 1864; **Kilpatrick's Raid to Jonesboro, Ga.**, Aug. 18-22, 1864; **Jonesboro, Ga.**, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, 1864.

Summary of battles, engagements and skirmishes: **Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.**, 05/05-09/64: Confederate troops under Johnston (the Army of Tennessee) occupied an almost impregnable defensive position that ran north and south along Rocky Face Ridge shielding Dalton, Ga. Sherman realized that he could not make a direct assault and decided to turn Johnston's flank from the west. (Sherman's forces consisted of three armies, the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by Gen. James Birdseye McPherson; the Army of the Ohio, commanded by Gen. John McAllister Schofield; and the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by George Henry Thomas.) Sherman sent McPherson's 24,000 men of the Army of the Tennessee through Ship's Gap and Villanow to Snake Creek Gap, while Thomas' 61,000 men in the Army of the Cumberland made a feinting frontal attack on the Confederate position. Schofield's 13,500 men in the Army of the Ohio advanced south along the railroad, heading toward Varnell's Station to threaten Johnston's right (north) flank.

On 05/07/64, Palmer's XIV Corps pushed Confederate outposts from Tunnel Hill back to Buzzard Roost (Mill Creek Gap). The following day, Harker advanced his brigade along Rocky Face Ridge while the divisions of Davis, Butterfield and Wood advanced until they met the heavily fortified defensive positions of the main Confederate army at Buzzard Roost (Gap). Geary led his 2nd Div., XX Corps, in a strong feinting movement toward Dug Gap at the Lafayette-Dalton road, which crossed Rocky Face Ridge. At this time, Hardee's position was assaulted by the 119th N.Y., supported on the right and left by the brigades of Bushbeck and Candy. After a few men reached the crest, the attack was repulsed. A second attack was also driven back, as well as a third, which was led by the 33rd N.J., and supported by McGill's rifled battery. Union losses were 357 dead, wounded and missing.

On 05/09/64, the Confederate divisions of Stewart, Stevenson, and Bate, along with the cavalry of Robert Houstoun Anderson, repulsed five Union assaults. Col. Oscar Hugh LaGrange, heading the 2nd Brig., 1st Cav. Corps (McCook's), skirmished with Wheeler's cavalry at Varnell's Station, advancing to Poplar Place where LaGrange's assault was broken up and he was captured with his staff while losing 136 men. McPherson routed a Confederate cavalry brigade at Snake Creek Gap on 05/09/64, and pushed on to Resaca but, finding this place heavily defended, he withdrew to the Gap and entrenched, an act that later brought him severe criticism. Sherman, stymied, had not cut Johnston's line of retreat as intended but did force the Confederates to abandon Dalton, Ga., and fall back to Resaca.

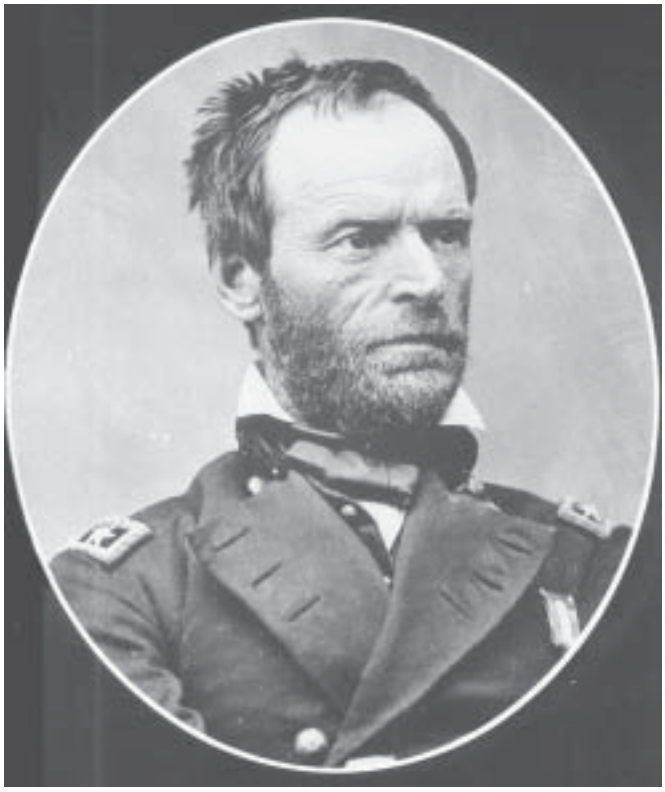
Resaca, Ga., 05/13-16/64: After Johnston's position had been turned at Rocky Face Ridge, Polk's Corps was positioned due west of Resaca, with Hardee occupying the center of the line and Hood on the right, a Confederate force of almost 66,000 men, facing Sherman's 110,000 men north and west of Resaca. At dawn on 05/13/64, Howard, commanding IV Corps, upon discovering Johnston's withdrawal from Rocky Face Ridge, pursued along the railroad while McPherson slowly advanced on Resaca from the west, supported by Kilpatrick's cavalry and Hooker's XX Corps. Loring's force clashed with McPherson's advanced units. Two miles west of Resaca, at Smith's Cross Roads, Kilpatrick's troopers engaged Wheeler's cavalry and Kilpatrick was wounded. Palmer's XIV Corps marched from Snake Creek Gap two miles northeast of Resaca, confronting a stiff line of Confederate resistance near Camp Creek on a ridge just west of Resaca.

Palmer was supported by two of Schofield's divisions on his left and Butterfield's 3rd Division, XX Corps, on his right. Intense fighting occurred on 05/14/64 all along the strong Confederate defense line with Sherman hammering for a weak point. Cox's 3rd Div., XXIII Corps, overran some Confederate positions on the Union left, but was eventually driven back, while Judah's 2nd Div., XXIII Corps, met stiff resistance to Cox's right and was driven back with heavy losses. Palmer, about this time, was also driven back with losses after his disorganized men became entangled in heavy underbrush. At about 6 p.m., Hood counterattacked, hurling the divisions of Stevenson and Stewart against Cox. Much ground was gained by Hood, convincing Johnston to continue the attack the following day. By then McPherson had made headway, attacking at Camp Creek and gaining a strong position near the railroad.

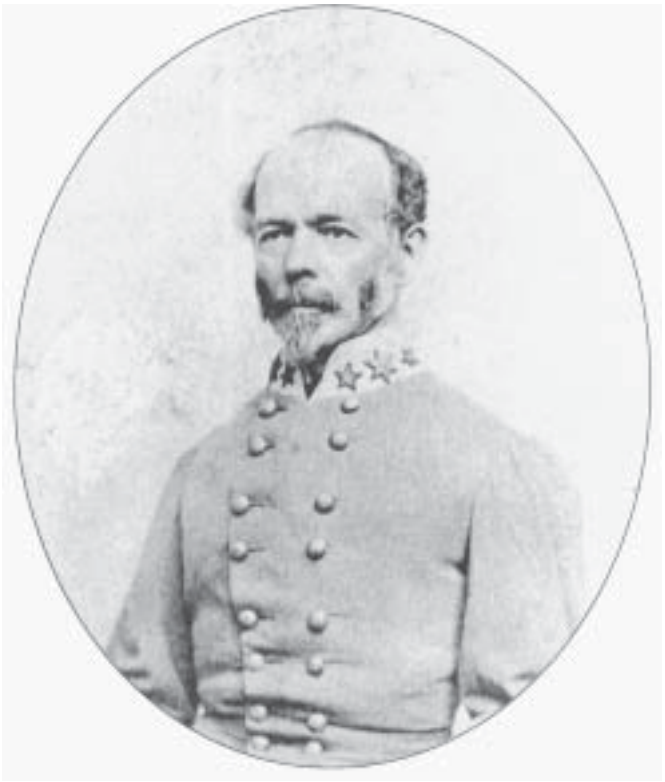
Sherman, on 05/14/64, thinking to again turn Johnston from the west and south, sent engineers to construct a pontoon bridge at Lay's Ferry while ordering Sweeny's 2nd Div., XVI Corps, of McPherson's army, to march on Calhoun where he could threaten Johnston's line of communications. On an even wider envelopment, Sherman directed Garrard's 2nd Div. of Thomas' cavalry corps, to move against Rome, Ga., then east toward the railroad. Johnston received reports on late 05/14/64, that Sherman was fording the river at Lay's Ferry. On 05/15/64, he received a report that information on Sherman's river crossing was incorrect but later that day he received confirmation that large scale Union forces were, indeed, threatening his rear and he abandoned Resaca, falling back toward Dallas, Ga. Federal losses at Resaca were 3,500 killed, wounded and missing; Confederate losses were 2,600.

Cassville, Ga., 05/19-22/64: Moving from Kingston, Hardee and Wheeler's cavalry checked McPherson's and Thomas' advance from the west and north. Hood was to attack Schofield while Schofield planned to attack Polk in the Rebel center, but the sudden appearance of McCook's cavalry on his right caused Hood to believe that he was being assailed by a powerful Union force on his flank (which was not the case). Instead of attacking west against Schofield, Hood faced east to guard against the imagined threat to his right flank. This error caused a delay in Johnston's plan of attack and the Confederates instead withdrew into defensive positions at Cassville where, on 05/19/64, there was heavy skirmishing. Hood and Polk convinced Johnston that their positions were vulnerable to enfilading fire and Confederate forces withdrew once more, taking up positions at Allatoona Pass, which Sherman thought impregnable against attack.

Dallas, Ga., 05/25-06/04/64: Sherman refused to assault Johnston's position at Allatoona Pass. Following his by now traditional maneuver, he attempted to envelop the Confederate army to the west by taking Dallas, Ga. When Johnston learned of Sherman's westward movement, he withdrew his forces to Dallas. McCook's cavalry, screening the movement of Hooker's XX Corps, reached Burned Hickory at 2 p.m., 05/24/64, learning of Johnston's move to



Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, who, with Grant, planned a war of devastation before he launched his massive march through Northern Georgia with almost 100,000 men; his war of attrition would not be witnessed by Union newsmen.



Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was Sherman's crafty opponent, a master of defensive action who planned to make Sherman pay for every foot of Georgia's red earth as he slowly retreated toward Atlanta through a maze of earthworks and entrenchments.

Dallas. Garrard, skirmishing near Dallas, identified Bate's Div., Hardee's Corps. Sherman thus learned that Johnston had again blocked his line of march. On 05/25/64, Geary's 2nd Div. of Hooker's XX Corps, engaged the Confederates with the three brigades of Candy, Bushbeck and Ireland. At New Hope Church, Confederate forces in strength met these brigades, causing Hooker to attack in force with the three divisions of Geary, Williams and Butterfield, which were halted by Rebel artillery.

Geary attacked again and Hood's men stopped him. After Sherman spent a day massing his forces, on 05/27/64, Hazen's 2nd Brig. of Wood's 3rd Div., IV Corps, attacked the right flank of Johnston's line, driving against two regiments of Cleburne's Div., Hardee's Corps, at Pickett's Mill. Richard W. Johnson's 1st Div., XIV Corps, Cumberland, and McLean's brigade were to move in support of Hazen on the left and right, but were not in full evidence. Scribner's brigade, attempting to support Hazen, was decimated and had to change direction to cover his exposed flank.

Cleburne then counterattacked and drove back the Federals with such effectiveness that Howard ordered them to retreat. Wood's division lost more than 1,400 men and Johnson's slightly less, a total of almost 3,000 men. (Johnson was wounded). Federal brigades under Kimball and Wagner beat back a heavy Rebel attack, inflicting considerable losses, and McCook's cavalry captured a pass it held against repeated attacks by Polk's Corps. On the night of 05/27/64, Hood prepared to attack the following morning, but this move was cancelled when it was learned that Richard W. Johnson's division was preparing to meet it. Skirmishing went on for another two weeks. Sherman, again outmaneuvered by Johnston, returned to the railway line, Johnston shifting positions with him, until they again clashed at Kennesaw Mountain on June 27, 1864.

Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., 06/27/64: Johnston took up defensive positions at Brush, Lost, and Pine Mountains on 06/04/64, with Jackson's cavalry at the left and, to the right, the corps of Hardee, Polk and Hood. Sherman moved troops against Johnston's positions, but these were weak forces as he was compelled to employ great numbers of men to protect his supply lines. After he was reinforced by Blair's XVII Corps (10,500 men), 4,000 replacements from the XXIII Corps, the 3rd Brig. of Garrard's cavalry (2,500 men), and J.E. Smith's Div., XV Corps, which was assigned to guard the railroad at Cartersville, Sherman ordered a general advance on 06/10/64.

Johnston, reinforced by Cantey's Brigade, coming from Mobile, strengthened his positions while Sherman cautiously probed the Confederate front. Heavy rains impeded Sherman's advance for almost two weeks. During this time, when Sherman ordered a brief bombardment of Pine Mountain on 06/14/64, Polk was killed. Johnston, with Sherman threatening to flank him, retreated to the more defensible Kennesaw Mountain with many skirmishes and engagements being fought from 06/12-22/64 at Gilgal Church, Golgatha, Mud Creek, Noyes' (Nose) Creek, Pine Knob, McAfee's Cross Road, Lattermore's Mills, Powder Springs and, most importantly at Culp's (Kulp's or Kolb's) Farm.

On 06/22/64, Hood attacked at Culp's Farm along the Powder Springs Road with Hindman's and Stevenson's divisions, assaulting the entrenched positions of Hooker, Geary and Williams and being thrown back with losses of more than 1,000. Union losses were about 300.

On 06/27/64, following a bombardment of Rebel entrenchments on and about Kennesaw Mountain by more than 200 Union guns, Sherman launched two frontal attacks at 9 a.m., 5,500 men under M.L. Smith, 2nd Div., XV Corps against Johnston's positions at Kennesaw and an equal number—Newton's 2nd Div., IV Corps,

and Davis' 2nd Div., XIV Corps—along the Dallas Road against what was termed the "Dead Angle," held by Cheatham.

Both massive attacks were repulsed by the entrenched Confederates, although Smith captured Confederate outpost positions. Newton's division was particularly devastated, including the brigades of Harker (killed), Wagner and Kimball. Davis' assault was led by the brigades of Daniel McCook (killed) and Mitchell and was thrown back with terrible casualties. Confederate forces chiefly engaged were those of Cleburne, Cheatham, Featherston and part of the divisions commanded by Walthall and French. Union losses amounted to more than 3,000 while Confederate losses were estimated at between 750 and 900.

Chattahoochee River, Ga., 07/04-10/64: Falling back first to strong defensive positions at Smyrna, then to even stronger fortifications on the north bank of the Chattahoochee River, Johnston awaited Sherman's next attack. Sherman advanced to face Johnston's extensive works, his skirmishers probing Johnston's lines while he ordered Thomas to pretend to throw up entrenchments as McPherson attempted to cross at Turner's Ferry six miles downstream while, near the headwaters of Soap Creek about six miles upstream, Schofield attempted to cross on pontoon boats, this being accomplished on 07/08/64 by the 12th Ky., supported by brigades under Cameron and Bryd. These brigades encountered light resistance from Confederate cavalry and one gun, which was driven off. Then Schofield's engineers constructed a pontoon bridge across that two divisions moved to establish a mile-wide bridgehead.

Sherman also sent two cavalry divisions in separate probes up and downstream, seeking a suitable place to cross. Garrard's cavalry reached Roswell, 20 miles upstream, and burned the town, then rebuilt the bridge Rebels had earlier destroyed. On 07/10/64, XVI Corps of McPherson's army, followed by Newton's 2nd Div., IV Corps crossed the Chattahoochee at this point. Outflanked once more, Johnston withdrew his forces to Peach Tree Creek and occupied strong fortifications.

Peach Tree Creek, Ga., 07/20/64: Following the replacement of Joseph E. Johnston by John Bell Hood as commander of the Army of Tennessee on 07/17/64, Hood immediately prepared a plan of attack while Sherman ordered McPherson to destroy the rail lines leading from Deactur to Atlanta. Hood's army, entrenched on high ground at Peach Tree Creek, attacked Thomas' Army of the Cumberland at 3 p.m. on 07/20/64, attempting to destroy its forward elements (Newton's 2nd Div., IV Corps), which were crossing the creek. Bate hit Newton's somewhat exposed east flank and was driven back by brigades of Bradley and Blake. Walker then struck Newton's division frontally and on its left flank, but was thrown back by the brigades of Kimball and Blake. Confederate forces under Maney broke through a gap at Newton's right (Kimball) and Geary's left (Candy), but were stopped by Ward's 3rd Div, spearheaded by Bloodgood's 136th N.Y.

Stewart attacked Geary's right flank, which was exposed due to Williams' division being too far rearward, but Geary, leaving five regiments on his front, moved his troops to the right so that he linked up with Williams' flank, his forces stopping Stewart in the process. Walthall's division then attacked Williams, striking Robinson and Knipe, while Stewart continued his attack against Geary, part of Williams' line, and that held by a brigade under Anson McCook.

The Confederates were exposed due to their oblique order of attack and the jutting flanks of both Geary and Williams, which allowed Union enfilading fire to cut down the attacking Rebels. Thomas displayed uncommon valor in personally directing artillery to the front and then going to the front lines to supervise his troops. The Rebels furiously attacked until 6 p.m.

Livermore estimated Confederate losses, out of 18,832 engaged, to be about 2,500 (Loring lost 1,062 men in only a few minutes), although Sherman claimed that Hood had lost 4,796, a figure largely discredited by reliable sources. Union losses were estimated at 1,600 out of 20,139 Federals engaged.

When the main Confederate attacks ceased at 6 p.m., Cleburne prepared to attack Thomas' right flank. Hood then called him to the support of Wheeler's cavalry east of Atlanta where McPherson's Army of the Tennessee was threatening to break through. Cleburne's division, along with Wheeler's cavalry, drove back Union artillery (which had just begun to shell the city) and Federal infantry from Bald Hill, overlooking Atlanta.

Atlanta, Ga., 07/21-22/64: A desperate fight for Bald Hill took place on 07/21/64 when Cleburne and Wheeler, following an intense Union bombardment, were attacked by McPherson's 3rd Div., XVII Corps, under Leggett, spearheaded by the brigades of Force and Giles Smith, 3,000 Federal troops assaulting Cleburne's front and flanks and driving the Confederates from the hill. Union losses were more than 800, Confederate losses less than half that number.

Having drawn his three corps into the intricate and formidable Atlanta defenses, Hood received from Wheeler information that McPherson's Army of the Tennessee was exposed on its left (southern) flank and he quickly devised an attack to be led by Hardee's corps at dawn on 07/22/64, three miles southwest of Decatur. Hardee was to attack McPherson's flank from the east while Cheatham attacked him from the west. Delayed by several hours, Hardee sent the divisions of Bate and Walker against McPherson's flank but found several brigades of Dodge's XVI Corp covering McPherson's flank.

After fierce attacks, both Bate and Walker were driven back, Walker being killed. So, too, was McPherson, fatally shot as he rode into advancing Rebel lines. Logan assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee and, by shifting units rapidly up and down the line, managed to plug the gaps of his left flank. At 2 p.m., Cleburne and Maney drove their divisions into gaps between Blair's XVII Corps and Dodge's troops. Giles A. Smith's 4th Div. gave way. Then Fuller's troops, their right flank exposed, were driven back so that Cleburne and Govan retook much of their lost ground at Bald Hill, capturing ten guns and more than 1,000 Federals (245 men from the 16th Iowa alone), until being stopped by Wangelin's newly arrived brigade.

Cheatham's attack began at 3:30 p.m., then advanced against Logan's XV Corps and McPherson's front and right flank. At the north, Brown's division, headed by Manigault's brigade, broke through a gap left by Morgan Lewis Smith's routed 2nd Div., XV Corps, enveloping two Union regiments and capturing many guns and prisoners (of Col. W.S. Jones' 53rd Ohio) and began rolling up the Federal right flank while Bushrod Jones' brigade rolled up the Union left flank of Woods' division.

Logan plugged the gap to the north (the Federal right flank) with two of Dodge's brigades, chiefly Mersy's brigade, XVI Corps, which counterattacked with part of Woods' division and turned back the Confederates, regaining much of the lost ground. On the Union left, Giles Smith's division was reinforced and drove back Cleburne and Maney who had made several renewed but futile attacks. By evening, the Confederates held very little new ground and had lost, according to Livermore, almost 8,000 men in all attacks out of 36,934 engaged, against Union losses of 3,722 out of 30,477 engaged.

Stoneman's and McCook's Raids, 07/26-31/64: While Hood drew his battered troops back into Atlanta's defenses, Sherman ordered Howard, who had replaced McPherson, to move his three corps to Thomas' right toward Ezra Church in another wide flanking movement, beginning on 07/28/64. Two days earlier, Sherman had sent McCook and Stoneman on cavalry raids, McCook to Lovejoy's Station with 3,500 men and Stoneman, with 6,500 troopers to Macon. (Stoneman's real goal, unachieved, was to ride 100 miles south

Gen. George Henry Thomas, the reliable and stoic "Rock of Chickamauga," who commanded the 61,000-man Army of the Cumberland, Sherman's largest and most ponderous force.

Gen. John Schofield, commander of the 13,500-man Army of the Ohio, cautious to attack, cool under fire; he and Thomas, both West Pointers, followed Sherman's orders.

Gen. James Birdseye McPherson, Sherman's protegé, commander of the 24,000-man Army of the Tennessee; Sherman and Grant considered him to be their successor.

to Andersonville and free Union prisoners there.) After inflicting minor damage at Lovejoy's Station, McCook attempted to return to Union lines but was blocked and destroyed by Rebel cavalry under Wheeler who captured almost 1,000 Federals.

Stoneman, meanwhile, got to Macon and besieged the town, but withdrew after heavy resistance and was run down by Wheeler's cavalry near Hillsboro. One of Stoneman's brigades slipped back to Federal lines, but another was captured and a third, 700 men under Stoneman, surrendered on 07/31/64.

Ezra Church (Chapel), Ga., 07/28/64: Hood, learning of Howard's flanking movement toward Ezra Church, moved four divisions under Stephen D. Lee (who had replaced Cheatham as a corps commander) and Stewart to Ezra Church to meet him. Lee attacked immediately on 07/28/64, sending John C. Brown's division against the front and right flank of Logan's XV Corps and then Clayton's division against Logan's left flank. Both attacks were repulsed. Stewart arrived and sent Walthall's division against Logan's right but was also driven back. Confederate losses were 2,500 and Union losses were about 700, although Logan reported losses of 562, an estimate thought to be conservative.

Utoy Creek, Ga., 08/05-06/64: Sherman sent Schofield to cut the rail line at Utoy Creek, southwest of Ezra Church. Hood had by then extended his defense lines to this point. On 08/02/64, Schofield crossed Utoy Creek with Hascall's 2nd Div., XXIII Corps, and Baird's 3rd Div., XIV Corps. Because of logistical problems (which Sherman later characterized as "unpardonable"), Schofield did not assault the fortified positions of Bate until 08/05/64, attacking several times with Baird's 3rd Div., XIV Corps, and capturing 140 Rebels from the Confederate skirmish line, but was repulsed by the main defenses without gaining ground and losing about 100 men.

Regrouping his forces, Schofield, on 08/06/64, again attacked the Rebel lines, which Hood had strengthened and extended during the night. Cox sent Reilly's 1st Brig., 3rd Div., XXIII Corps, against the Rebel fortifications, but the Federals were trapped in abatis and suffered heavy losses before being hurled back. Two brigades (Cooper and Swayne) of Hascall's 2nd Div., XXIII Corps, crossed the creek to engage Confederate cavalry, capturing a skirmish position that had enfiladed Reilly's troops and driving these advanced Rebel units back to their main line of defense. Union losses in the two day's battles were estimated to be between 300 and 500 with less than 100 for the Confederates.

Siege of Atlanta, 08/64: While Sherman held and extended his lines at Utoy Creek without any appreciable gains, he ordered his more than 200 guns, many of these long-range siege guns, to bombard Atlanta. Throughout the month of August, Sherman's batteries hammered at the city and its myriad fortifications, refusing Hood's plea to spare the city proper. Dozens of citizens were killed and hundreds injured while the city was systematically reduced to rubble and 10,000 residents took refuge in deep bombproofs.

Wheeler's Raid Through Northern Georgia to Tennessee, 08/10-09/10/64: To break the stalemate before Atlanta and compel Sherman to either retreat or attack his strong positions, Hood ordered Wheeler's cavalry to conduct a massive raid behind Sherman's lines. Wheeler took 4,500 men (leaving Jackson with an equal number to screen and scout for Hood in Atlanta) and raided Marietta, Cassville, Calhoun and Resaca, destroying 30 miles of railroad track, capturing herds of cattle and prisoners he sent back to Atlanta. Wheeler pushed into Tennessee where he raided outposts near Chattanooga and Loudon, Tenn., but his raids little effected Sherman's constantly repaired railroad lines and supply channels, although the 1,700 cattle and 1,000 horses and mules Wheeler sent to Hood replenished food and provided much-needed mounts in Atlanta.

Kilpatrick's Raid to Jonesboro, Ga., 08/18-22/64: Sherman, seeing Wheeler gone and Hood's cavalry depleted, sent, on 08/18/64, Kilpatrick's cavalry division to destroy the Macon and Western rail line between Griffin and Jonesboro, 20 miles south of Atlanta. No sooner had Kilpatrick arrived and torn up about a mile of track than his pickets were attacked by three cavalry brigades under Jackson. Kilpatrick fled to Lovejoy's Station where massed infantry threatened him. He dashed east, then north, and, after losing many men, he broke through Jackson's lines to reach Union-held Decatur. Though he made extravagant claims, Kilpatrick's raid was ineffective; the minor damage he inflicted on Hood's rail lines was quickly repaired.

Jonesboro, Ga., 08/31-09/01/64: Sherman moved his three armies from their entrenchments outside Atlanta on 08/25/64, leaving as rearguard dismounted cavalry under Garrard and Hooker's old XX Corps, these forces following the departing armies down the Sandtown Road toward Rough and Ready Station, four miles below East Point, and Jonesboro, ten miles father south. Hood found Sherman's lines abandoned on 08/26/64, thinking the Federals had retired northward. Not until 08/30/64 did Hood realize that Sherman was conducting a wide enveloping movement on his left flank to-

ward Macon and the Macon and Western Railway, the last Confederate lifeline to Atlanta.

Hood moved Hardee's Corps to Rough and Ready Station and Stephen D. Lee's Corps to East Point, while holding Stewart's Corps and the Georgia militia in the Atlanta fortifications in case Sherman's move was a feint (Hood believed that Sherman intended to double back to take the city). When Hardee reported two Union armies approaching Rough and Ready Station and Jonesboro, Hood ordered him to attack Logan's corps, which had crossed the Flint River, while ordering Lee to join Hardee at Jonesboro.

Howard, meanwhile, ordered Logan to attack Jonesboro on 08/31/64 but, as he was assembling his divisions, Hardee struck. Logan's men took refuge in their entrenchments and repulsed three divisions led by Cleburne (who was in actual command of Hardee's corps at the time), which attacked Logan's southern flank, going against Hazen's 2nd Div., XV Corps. Lee, who was to support Cleburne, jumped off ahead of schedule, attacking with James Patton Anderson's division, which assaulted Logan's front. Anderson was shot from his horse and his attack repulsed.

Hardee then sent Bate's division, commanded by John C. Brown, between the flanks of the XV and XVI Corps, supported by the divisions of Maney and Cleburne (which was then commanded by Lowrey). Brown was stopped and Maney stalled but Lowrey dislodged Kilpatrick's dismounted troopers from Anthony's Bridge and began to pour through a gap in the Union lines. Howard sent reinforcements into the gap and Lowrey was driven back, as were all the other Confederate commands.

Hood, believing Sherman was still feinting, ordered Lee's Corps back to Atlanta, leaving Hardee, on 09/01/64, to fend off 60,000 Federals with about 13,000 exhausted men. Sherman ordered Schofield and Thomas to join Howard and overwhelm Hardee. Davis attacked Hardee's left flank with two corps, his brigades crossing open ground; these Union forces were decimated by Cleburne's well-entrenched men with Baird's division taking the brunt of the punishment until Maj. John Edie's 2nd Brig., 1st Div., XIV Corps, captured a hill overlooking the salient in Hardee's lines held by Govan's Arkansas brigade.

Placed atop this hill, Prescott's Battery C, 1st Ill. Art., XIV Corps, poured enfilading fire into Hardee's lines while Edie gained ground against Govan. At 5 p.m., Edie's forces were reinforced by Estes' 3rd Brig., 3rd Div., XIV Corps and overwhelmed the Confederate salient while divisions of William P. Carlin and James D. Morgan doubly enveloped Govan who was captured with most of his men. (For his actions at Flint River, Lewellyn Garrish Estes would receive the Congressional Medal of Honor on Aug. 28, 1894). The Confederate line on the left and center held and, at sundown, Hardee reformed his battered lines, then fell back to Lovejoy's Station to join with Lee and, as Hood evacuated Atlanta, Stewart and the Georgia militia. Sherman had finally won the decisive victory in his four-month Atlanta campaign.

The first day's fighting at Jonesboro, on Aug. 31, saw Confederate losses at 1,725 out of 23,811 engaged and Union losses of 179 out of 14,170 engaged. On Sept. 1, Union losses, out of 20,460 engaged, were 1,274, most of these Federal casualties occurring during Davis' assaults. Confederate losses were estimated to be between 1,000 and 1,500 in the second day of battle at Jonesboro (Cleburne alone losing 911 men, 659 missing, presumed captured). No exact figures were available from several Confederate divisions engaged.

Sherman had achieved his military objective by cutting the Macon and Western rail line and forcing Hood to abandon Atlanta. Slocum, commanding Hooker's XX Corps, marched into Atlanta on 09/02/64 to occupy the city, which Sherman would destroy by fire within a few weeks before undertaking his March to the Sea.

On March 17, 1864, the Union's two top generals, Ulysses Simpson Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman, met at Nashville, Tenn. to discuss two huge Union campaigns on separate fronts designed to destroy the two main Confederate armies opposing them. Grant, now a Lieutenant General (the first to hold such rank since George Washington) had been chosen by Lincoln to command all Federal armies. He planned to overwhelm Robert E. Lee's great Army of Northern Virginia with more than 200,000 Union troops. The other Confederate force, the Army of Tennessee commanded by the agile and alert Joseph E. Johnston, would be Sherman's opponent. Grant and Sherman, both Ohio-born, were old friends and had fought in the West together. Sherman marveled at Grant's willingness to assume the top military post in the Union and "go East" as a stranger to command strange troops, "a more daring thing was never done by man on earth."

Grant and Sherman took a train to Cincinnati, conferring in a private car, poring over maps and puffing on cigars until the car was thick with blue smoke. Following their extensive planning conference, Grant returned to Washington to prepare his Army of the Potomac to cross the Rapidan River into Virginia and attack Lee. Sherman went back to his Nashville, Tenn. headquarters and made his own preparations to attack Northern Georgia.

On April 10, 1864, Sherman received a letter from Grant, which bluntly described their upcoming joint operations: "I will stay with the Army of the Potomac and operate directly against Lee's army wherever it may be found. You I propose to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources."

Sherman, who, on March 18, 1864 was given command of all Union forces in the West, outnumbered Johnston two to one, having between 98,000 and 110,000 men with 254 heavy guns, including more than 6,000 cavalry and 4,500 artillerymen. Johnston's force was between 45,000 and 54,000, with 138 guns, including about 6,000 cavalry under the command of Joseph "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. Though Johnston might be able to count on another 19,000 men under the command of Gen. Leonidas Polk in Alabama, his force would still be woefully outnumbered. While Grant was attacking Lee in Virginia in early May, Sherman, in a simultaneous drive, was to move his forces from Chattanooga almost straight south through Northern Georgia, aiming at Atlanta, Ga., the pulsating heart of the Deep South, the largest railway and manufacturing center of the Confederacy. (Grant had never specified that Atlanta was Sherman's true target, although both tacitly understood that this, indeed, was the strategic goal of Sherman's campaign, the capture of the South's "Gateway" city, which was 100 miles to the south with three rivers and several mountain ranges acting as natural barriers to Sherman's thrust.)

Once Atlanta had been taken, Sherman was to march to the sea, splitting the Confederacy once more, as Grant had first split the South along the Mississippi with his capture of Vicksburg, Miss. in 1863. This was no easy task, however. Even though Sherman knew that his adversary was much weaker in men and guns, he also knew that Joseph Johnston

Gen. John Bell Hood, a fighting division commander with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, who rose to a corps commander under Johnston and who wanted to attack instead of retreat; he would later replace Johnston and lead the Army of Tennessee to disaster.

Gen. William Hardee, Johnston's close friend and corps commander, who doggedly fought Sherman's legions; after Hood took command he accused Hardee of spoiling his attack in the battle of Atlanta.

Gen. Leonidas Polk, an Episcopal bishop who brought his 19,000-man army to Johnston, led a corps in the Army of Tennessee, until he was killed by a shell at Pine Mountain on June 14, 1864.

was a cagy, dangerous warrior, a master at defense whose strategy was invariably to draw superior odds against him, repulse the enemy with heavy losses and then counterattack at the enemy's weakest points, inflicting severe damage before withdrawing into a series of even stronger defensive positions.

In facing such strategy, Sherman's attitude was identical to Grant's—he would allow Johnston his strategy, drive into it, absorb its punishments and then envelop it with sheer dint of numbers, simple brute force that would overwhelm the enemy, drive him back, with equal pressure on the center and flanks. He would not allow Johnston time to breathe nor find a space to rest. His drive south, Sherman resolved, would be relentless and harsh.

Sherman had a great advantage in his Atlanta Campaign, the Western and Atlantic Railroad that ran from his supply base in Chattanooga, Tenn., all the way to Atlanta. The line extended 300 miles rearward through Tennessee to the strong Federal supply base at Louisville, Ky. To protect his Louisville-to-Chattanooga supply line from Confederate cavalry raids at his rear, Sherman reinforced garrisons along the route. The railway south to Atlanta would supply Sherman's advancing army, even though Sherman knew that as Johnston retreated he would destroy the track and rolling stock. To meet that challenge, Sherman trained a small army of railway workers to rebuild track and roadbeds as his army moved forward. Further, Sherman made elaborate preparations for the constant supplying of his on-the-move army. Nashville was turned into one vast storehouse of foodstuffs, ammunition, arms and guns. Warehouses covering entire city blocks brimmed with supplies. Hundreds of acres were used to graze thousands of cavalry horses Repair shops mushroomed in fields and meadows all around Nashville.

Food rations issued to Sherman's troops were scanty, considering the mammoth campaign he was about to launch. Troops were to be issued "five days' bacon, 20 days' bread, and 30 days' salt, sugar and coffee; nothing else but arms and ammunition." Sherman gave strict orders to his quartermaster, telling him that his men would be moving too fast to carry anything other than the weapons of war and the bare necessities. Barked Sherman: "I'm going to move on Joe Johnston the day Grant telegraphs me that he is going to hit Bobby Lee, and if you don't have my army supplied, and keep it supplied, we'll eat your mules up, sir, eat your mules up!"

In reality, the quartermaster corps had to supply three armies now under Sherman's stern command: The Army of the Tennessee under Gen. James B. McPherson; the Army of the Ohio commanded by Gen. John M. Schofield; and the Army of the Cumberland under Gen. George H. Thomas. Sherman, however, did not intend to wholly rely upon his quartermaster; he would feed his men from the tables of Southern citizens. Union troops would, under his orders, take what they needed from the enemy. He tersely outlined his intentions to Grant in a letter: "Georgia has a million of inhabitants. If they can live, we should not starve."

Sherman knew Georgia well, especially the town of Atlanta, although its name was Marthasville when he had vis-

Thomas' Army of the Cumberland launched Sherman's Atlanta campaign by probing toward Dalton, Ga.; Union troops are shown advancing on Mill Creek Gap (Buzzard's Roost), where they were met and thrown back with heavy losses by an Alabama brigade under the command of Gen. Henry DeLamarr Clayton.

ited the place 20 years earlier as a young artillery lieutenant. Then, in 1844, it had had a population of less than 2,000; now Atlanta had mushroomed to a booming industrial center of more than 20,000 persons. Atlanta now called itself the "Gate City of the South," and, indeed, it was the gateway to the Deep South and the link to the only other important city in the Confederacy, Richmond. Sherman also knew that Northern Georgia, through which he must lead his men, offered a difficult terrain—hilly, rocky, mountainous countryside with sharp, steep gullies and ravines, covered with thick, almost impenetrable underbrush and woods.

This terrain favored Johnston with strong natural defensive positions. He waited for the Union blow to fall with his troops at Dalton, Georgia, 30 miles south of Chattanooga, a small town to which Braxton Bragg had retreated following his defeats in Tennessee the previous year and where the Confederate Army rested, rebuilt its strength and welcomed Bragg's successor, shrewd, old Joe Johnston, who, next to Robert E. Lee, was the South's most able commander. Replacing Bragg as chief of the Army of Tennessee on Dec. 18, 1863 (Bragg asked to be relieved), Johnston was a cautious and clever defender, but he was also capable of employing the daring, lightning attack. Though formal with his officers, he was kind to his troops who generally admired and loved him.

Sherman knew Johnston well. When Grant was besieging Vicksburg in 1863, his forces came under attack by Johnston who attempted to relieve the fortress city. Grant had sent Sherman to push Johnston back and this he did, all the way to Jackson, Miss., where Johnston's ingenuity made him suffer. Johnston had ordered all the ponds and streams polluted—his men had driven cattle into these fresh waterways and shot them. The result was that half of Sherman's troops, after drinking the polluted water, were taken ill. The remainder were wearied and wounded, Johnston having fought a series of brilliant delaying engagements. Sherman remembered well how Johnston retreated, fought, retreated and fought again, making him pay for every mile of earth occupied by his Union troops.

As early as Dec. 20, 1863, Jefferson Davis notified Johnston that he expected him to take the field against Union forces at Ringgold, Georgia and further north into Tennessee, but the Confederate forces were depleted in strength and supplies. Johnston, like Sherman, spent months rebuilding his army, freshly supplying his men with new uniforms, shoes, weapons and ammunition, as well appropriating every available horse and mule in Northern Georgia. Then there was the problem of having to send part of his forces to stave off Federal attacks elsewhere. Johnston dispatched Gen. William Hardee's Corps to join Polk in turning back Sherman when he raided Meridian, Miss., in early February, but not before Sherman's troops destroyed 16 miles of vital railroad track.

Thomas then moved up some of his troops to Ringgold,

Georgia, pushing back Confederate pickets. Thomas probed toward Dalton, only to find Johnston well fortified and in considerable strength. His troops arrived at Mill Creek Gap and Crows Valley, east of Rocky Face Ridge where they met the 39th Alabama Brigade under the command of hard-fighting Brig. Gen. Henry Delamar Clayton and were repulsed with heavy losses. Another force sent by Thomas occupied Rocky Face Ridge briefly until the 7th Texas Brigade, led by Brig. Gen. Hiram Bronson Granbury, which had just returned from duty with Polk in Mississippi, rushed forward on Johnston's order, and, in a spirited fight, drove off the Union force.

In preparing to meet the Union threat, which Johnston knew would be massive, he organized his seven divisions into two corps, one led by 48-year-old Gen. William Hardee, who had just married an Alabama belle, Mary Frances Lewis, less than half his age, and Gen. John Bell Hood of Texas, one of the South's greatest fighters. The 32-year-old Hood arrived after a long convalescence, having lost the use of his right arm, paralyzed by a shell fragment as he led a charge at the Devil's Den at Gettysburg, and the complete loss of his left leg at Chickamauga, amputated almost at the hip. This last wound compelled him to be strapped precariously into the saddle.

Johnston prepared a detailed plan of attack (to which Bragg added acceptable amendments) but he was stymied in assembling what he thought would be the necessary forces to combat Sherman. His supplies were inadequate and his procurement officer, Lt. Col. A.H. Cole, had difficulty in obtaining enough horses for his artillery and mules for this transports. Typical of Johnston's impoverished support situation was his unfulfilled April 14, requisition, of which he later complained: "I applied to the chief of the conscript service for one thousand Negro teamsters. None were received." Worse, Johnston knew that Sherman outnumbered his forces more than two to one and he begged for reinforcements from Jefferson Davis "because our present force was not sufficient even for defense, and to enable us to take the offensive if the enemy did not."

Sufficient or not, Johnston knew that the enemy would soon move forward in strength. The Federal armies assembled at Ringgold and Confederate forces dug in at Dalton, then eyed each other, looking for an opportunity to attack. Sherman acted first.

Rocky Face Ridge (Rocky Face Mountain, Dug Gap), **GA.**, May 5-9, 1864.

Rocky Face Ridge, a few miles west of Dalton, Ga., offered Johnston an almost impregnable position, running for 20 miles north and south, its sheer rock cliffs towering 800 feet above the valley floor. Johnston positioned his divisions atop the ridge—Hood and Hardee with about 20,000 men each at the north end of the ridge, guarding in particular Dug Creek Gap, four miles northwest of Dalton, and, of almost equal importance, Dug Gap, four miles to the south. Further south along the ridge rode Wheeler's 5,000 cavalryman, scouting for any sign of Union troops that might strike southward through the Oostenaula Valley.

Thus, Johnston waited for Sherman, and wired President Davis for more troops. Davis ordered Gen. Leonidas Polk to send a division and whatever else he might scrape up from his Alabama command and hurry them along to Johnston. Davis was nevertheless cautious about sending more men; he did not believe that Grant intended to attack with massive forces on two fronts and in this he was completely mistaken.

Sherman, meanwhile, sent his seven infantry corps straight for Rocky Face Ridge. None of his men carried more than three day's rations, at his orders, so that his troops would form a "mobile machine, willing and able to start at a minute's notice, and to subsist on the scantiest food." When Sherman reached Mill Creek Gap and observed the cannons and entrenched Confederates positioned high above him, he murmured that it was "a terrible door of death."

Sherman had no illusions about Joseph Johnston and his troops. He knew they would fight for every inch of ground in Georgia. In one letter to his wife, he marveled at the Confederate resolve: "No amount of poverty or adversity seems to shake their faith ... niggers gone, wealth and luxury gone, money worthless, starvation in view ... yet I see no sign of let up—some few deserters, plenty tired of war, but the masses determined to fight it out."

Looking for an opening, Sherman soon knew that Mill Creek Gap offered no real opportunity. Confederate engineers had dammed the Creek and had turned the far side of the gap where the railroad ran down into the valley toward Dalton into a small lake almost 16 feet deep.

Sherman thought to use most of his forces in two feinting movements. The Army of the Cumberland under Thomas would feint against the ridge from the west; the Army of the Ohio under Schofield would feint at the northern end of the ridge. McPherson and his 24,000 men in the Army of the Tennessee would make the real attack, marching in a southeasterly direction toward the tiny village of Villanow, slipping through Snake Creek Gap and then east to Resaca, 15 miles south of Dalton, where he could sever Johnston's line of supplies.

McPherson was Sherman's favorite commander (as he was Grant's), and he thought Thomas' Army of the Cumberland too large, unwieldy and slow to accomplish a lightning strike. The Army of the Tennessee, was, in Sherman's words, "my whiplash." McPherson was not only Sherman's most favored subordinate, but he was much loved by his troops. Unlike many other Union generals, he showed compassion for the infantryman's plight. He never forced soldiers off the roadway when passing—some generals actually rode over their own men—but rode into pastures or dense woods to skirt their tired ranks. When his troops crossed a stream or river, he would get in line at the rear of the ranks and patiently wait his turn. He always returned a salute, signifying, as one of his aides characterized "that graceful courtesy which so well fitted this prince of soldiers and gentlemen."

Union troops are shown advancing against the impenetrable Rocky Face Ridge (Dug Gap), which Johnston had occupied with more than 20,000 Confederates.

While McPherson marched on his wide flanking movement, Thomas, on May 8, sent one of his divisions up the most assailable slope of Rocky Face Ridge. Schofield sent one of his divisions in support. These men climbed to one of the lower crests, which proved to be so narrow that only a few abreast could move along it. Union troops pushed through Tunnel Hill, sending Confederate skirmishers back to the main defense line atop the ridge. They brushed against Hardee's right flank at Buzzard Roost and then, four miles south of Mill Creek Gap, two brigades of Gen. Geary's division attacked at Dug Gap. where Col. J. Warren Grigsby and about 1,000 men—two Arkansas regiments and a small brigade of Kentucky cavalry—blocked the way.

Union troops rushing toward the top of the ridge suddenly saw a rocky palisade "almost perpendicular," according to Lt. Stephen Pierson of the 33rd N.J. The fleeing Rebel skirmishers passed through small crevices to the top and then the Confederates on the main line, according to Pierson, "opened furiously upon us, and added to our confusion by sending from the top great boulders rolling down the mountainside."

Confederate troops running out of ammunition hurled rocks and shoved boulders down upon the terrified Union troops attempting to scale the impossible heights. Outnumbered by the Federals four to one, the Confederate line was reinforced at sunset when Gen. Patrick Cleburne arrived with two brigades from Dalton. With Cleburne rode Gen. Hardee, both of these officers personally directing the Confederate defenses.

Two New York regiments, the 119th and the 154th were repulsed with heavy losses—357 men killed, wounded or missing; Confederate casualties were less than one fifth of that. The commander of the 154th, Col. Patrick Henry Jones, fell from the cliff as he led his men and was seriously injured. The Confederates at the top of the crest roared triumph as the Union men tumbled and ran down the slopes of the ridge. At that moment, a young Texan, who had leaped into the saddle of a horse left behind by the Kentucky cavalry, rode wildly up to the crest of the ridge and dismounted, standing red-faced before Hardee and Cleburne, saluting and saying through a wide grin: "Where am I most needed, sirs?" The two Confederate generals stared incredulously at the youth before breaking into loud laughter.

As Geary's bruised men were tumbling away from Dug Gap, McPherson's advance columns, six miles to the southwest, were approaching Snake Creek Gap. To his amazement, McPherson found this place wholly undefended and he moved some of his troops into strong defensive positions, then moved with other forces toward Resaca

On May 9, the Confederate divisions of Generals Alexander Stewart, Carter Stevenson, and William Bate, along with the cavalry of Robert Houstoun Anderson, threw back five heavy Union assaults at Rocky Face Ridge. On that same day a Union cavalry brigade led by Col. Oscar Hugh LaGrange, part of Daniel M. McCook's Cavalry division, scouting in front of Schofield's slowly advancing army, ran into Confederate horsemen who were part of Wheeler's cavalry screen at Varnell's Station. LaGrange threw back the Confederate cavalry, chasing them to Poplar Place, where the Union cavalry was suddenly thrown back with a heavy toll, LaGrange being captured with his staff of 14 officers.

Also on May 9, Col. Grigsby led his Kentucky cavalry to Snake Creek Gap, only to find it occupied by Union troops under McPherson who drove Grigsby's troopers back toward Resaca. About noon that day, McPherson sent Sherman a message by courier, stating that he was proceeding toward Resaca. Sherman received the message that night as he sat down to dinner in his tent and excitedly read the communi-

cation, believing that McPherson had entered Resaca and destroyed the railway, thus cutting Johnston's lifeline. He smashed his fist on the table so that the dinner plates rattled and shouted: "I've got Joe Johnston dead!"

McPherson, however had not taken Resaca. Upon arriving before the town, he was surprised to see it bristling with Confederate guns and swarming with Rebels. He retreated to Snake Creek Gap and dug in. What McPherson had found was the advance elements of Polk's reinforcements. Polk had decided not to merely send Johnston a single division, but almost his entire command, about 19,000 men, holding back only 2,000 troops for the defense of Selma, Alabama. The troops in Resaca were the newly arrived brigades of Gen. James Cantey, about 4,000 entrenched men who drove back with murderous volleys McPherson's forward troops.

At Snake Creek Gap, McPherson dug in. He believed Johnston had read Sherman's mind, stolen a march on him, and was now inviting him to attack with inferior numbers. All of this puzzled Johnston, who thought that McPherson's movements constituted a feint. He was unsure, however, if Sherman was aiming at Dalton or Resaca and so he kept two divisions newly arrived from Polk at the railhead at Tilton between the two places so he could react to threats in either place. He also shifted Hood's corps and part of Hardee's in the direction of Resaca, but when Hood reported that McPherson was firmly entrenched in a defensive position, Johnston recalled his troops to his line at Rocky Face Ridge.

When Sherman learned the truth of McPherson's real position on May 10, he exploded, then quieted. He later told McPherson: "Well, Mac, you have missed the opportunity of your life." Sherman, undaunted as usual, worked up a new plan, one of which embraced Thomas' original thought to flank Dalton and place most of his troops between Johnston and Resaca, forcing the Confederates to fight. Resaca's defenses were strengthened as another division of Polk's reinforcements under the command of Gen. William W. Loring arrived there. On May 11, Polk himself arrived with his main force. He gave orders to dig in, then took the train with Hood to Dalton to confer with his old friend Johnston.

En route, Hood surprised Polk, who was an Episcopal bishop, by telling him that he wished to be baptized. Following their conference with Johnston, Polk went with Hood to his headquarters where, by candlelight and using a tin washpan that held consecrated water for a font, Polk baptized Hood. Since he could not kneel because of his missing leg, Hood stood on crutches while the "warrior bishop" trickled water onto his bowed head, saying: "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace that he may continue thine forever, and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom." Polk, without further delay, mounted his horse and rode to Resaca to prepare his defenses.

Johnston had decided not to hold onto Dalton. He evacuated what was left of his forces there, as well as those on the northern heights of Rocky Face Ridge on the night of May 12-13, moving these troops to Resaca. Sherman was ignorant of the "clean retreat," and ordered Thomas and Schofield to have elements of their commands continue feints against

ABOVE, the impossible assault on Dug Gap by the 119th and 154th N.Y. regiments; the Federals had to climb almost perpendicular cliffs and were met with withering volleys, as well as rocks and boulders; AT RIGHT, Col. Patrick Henry Jones, commander of the 154th, who fell from the cliff and was seriously injured.

Rocky Face Ridge while moving the bulk of their troops down the valley toward Snake Creek Gap and Resaca. Sherman intended to group his three armies and then make one great lunge at Resaca.

Resaca (Sugar Valley, Oostenaula) **Ga.**, May 13-16, 1864.

Johnston's army was in position at Resaca by May 13, a Friday. No sooner had his men taken up defensive positions than they spotted advanced skirmishers from McPherson's army moving through the Sugar Valley toward them, and, just behind, Hooker's XX Corps. Johnston's army was stretched for four miles along a ridge just west of Resaca, his left anchored on the Oostanaula River and, on the right, the Conasauga River, an Oostanaula tributary that ran east of the railroad. The odds had improved for Johnston. He now

commanded almost 66,000 men and held the high ground at Resaca.

Johnston was particularly grateful for Polk's arrival, saying to him when they met at Dalton: "How can I thank you? I asked for a division, but you have come with yourself and have brought me your army." There was deep feeling and understanding between Johnston and Polk; they had been classmates at West Point 35 years earlier.

While Johnston strengthened his defenses, Sherman's men were on the march, converging on Resaca. Sherman had been up all night on May 13, mapping out his strategy. He had sent off a wire to Gen. Henry Halleck, briefing him on his plan to attack Resaca, saying: "I will press him [Johnston] all that is possible ... Weather fine and troops in fine order. All is working well." When he learned from Halleck that Grant was attacking Lee at Spotsylvania, Sherman wired again to Halleck: "Let us keep the ball rolling." He was nevertheless exhausted. At dawn he was in the saddle, but was so tired that he stopped to catnap against a tree. A passing soldier saw Sherman in this position and asked an orderly: "Is that a general?" The orderly nodded and the soldier snorted angrily: "A pretty way we are commanded when our generals are lying drunk beside the road!"

Sherman, hearing the remark, jumped to his feet and barked: "Stop, my man! I am not drunk! While you were sleeping last night, I was planning for you, sir. Now I was taking a nap." His plan was already at work. McPherson was headed toward the Oostanaula River and, once across, would cut the railroad. Schofield's army was marching straight for the Confederate defenses at Camp Creek where he would attempt to break through the lines by sheer dint of numbers.

Short and overweight, Schofield, who had been McPherson's roommate at West Point, rode awkwardly in the saddle but he was much admired by his men. One of them remarked to his marching comrades as Schofield rode by: "He ain't much to look at, but I like the way he chews his tobacco." Schofield's men were Southerners for the most part, staunch Unionists from Tennessee and Kentucky, and though they were short on experience and discipline, they were eager to meet the enemy, men like themselves from the same towns and counties of their native states.

Schofield was himself untried and of the three division commanders of his small army of 13,500 men, he had confidence in only Gen. Jacob Dolson Cox. Gen. Henry Judah's conduct caused Schofield to doubt his reliability and he publicly criticized the actions of his third brigadier, Gen. Alvin P. Hovey, having asked Sherman for permission to replace him, saying that Hovey was unresponsive to his orders.

A little after noon on May 14, Schofield ordered Cox, on the left, and Judah, on the right, to launch their two divisions against the single Confederate division at their front, which was commanded by Gen. Thomas C. Hindman. With Hindman's forces was Lt. L.D. Young who stood in a Confederate rifle pit and watched Cox's troops march confidently toward him and his men, moving "against us in perfect step, with banners flying and bands playing, as though expecting to charm us."

Union Lt. John A. Joyce of the 24th Ky. was full of foreboding as he went forward in the Union attack, later writing: "We charged across an open field interspersed with dead trees that flung out their ghostly arms to welcome us to the shadows of death. A roaring fire of artillery burst from the enemy's works on the margin of the woods on our front; shot and shell fell among the dead tree-tops and crashed down upon the moving columns like a shower of meteoric stones."

Cox's command kept moving and, with a sudden dash, overran Hindman's first line of defense at 1:30 p.m. When the command continued forward, it smacked into a stronger defensive position where Hindman's main forces rose in volley fire to drive Cox back several times leaving Cox with 562 casualties. Lt. Young and his men rejoiced at their victory: "It was a veritable picnic for the Confederates, protected as we were by earthworks with clear and open ground in front. Had Sherman continued this business during the entire day (as we hoped he would) the campaign would have ended right there."

It was much worse for Judah. Going through thick underbrush, his men bumped into other Union troops from a supporting division of the Army of the Cumberland. Officers got cut off from their men and orders became confusing. Without reorganizing, Judah then ordered his men to charge across 400 yards of open ground at Camp Creek. Well concealed beyond the far bank of the creek, Hindman's men raked this area with volley and cannon fire, chopping Judah's troops to pieces. More than 600 Federals fell in this muddled attack. Judah did not last it out. He would be relieved of his command because of "incompetency displayed in handling his division." Some of Judah's officers claimed that their commander had been drunk when he ordered the charge. If not, he certainly acted as if he were in a daze when committing his confused command to a futile charge.

At about this time, Johnston's scouts reported that there appeared to be a small opening on the extreme Union left, a position occupied by Gen. David S. Stanley's 1st Div., IV Corps, Army of the Cumberland. Johnston ordered Hood to attack Stanley's exposed flank. At 4 p.m., Hood sent two divisions, supported by four brigades from Hardee's center, against Stanley's right flank, bending it back in a wild attack.

According to Thomas Deavenport, one of Hood's regimental chaplains, it was "a grand charge and the enemy was driven hastily back from their entrenched position, leaving knapsacks, haversacks, guns." Most of Stanley's men broke and ran, including the 35th Ind., deserting a Union battery, and the 5th Ind., which came under furious Confederate attack. The 5th answered with double-shotted canister, creating huge holes in the advancing Rebel lines. Just as the battery was about to be overrun, Union troops from Gen. Alpheus S. Williams 1st Div., XX Corps, raced forward and halted the Confederates. Hood's attack slowed, then stopped, but he had made considerable gains by nightfall.

Johnston was so edified with the results that he ordered Hood to resume the attack at dawn. He took pride in the day's battle. The soldiers under Polk, Hardee and Hood had fought well against numerically superior forces and had not only driven the Federals back but had, in Hood's sector, captured ground and taken prisoners. More than 1,000 Federals had been killed, wounded or captured with Confederate losses being far less.

ABOVE, Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864: Confederate troops under Gen. Thomas C. Hindman halt Union forces commanded by Gen. Jacob Cox. BELOW, Lay's Ferry, May 15, 1864: Rebel forces led by Gen. John K. Jackson (shown mounted, sword drawn, center), charge Federals commanded by Union Gen. Thomas Sweeny; Sweeny had crossed to the southern side of the Oostenaula River.

Among the fallen Federals was Lt. Edgar J. Higby of the 33rd Ohio. The 21-year-old Higby had been one of 108 Union officers who had, in February 1864, escaped the dreaded Libby Prison in Richmond, Va., and had rejoined his regiment only to be shot down as he and his men attacked Hindman's troops. His captain wrote Higby's parents that night of their son's death, describing him as "a brave and gallant youth." Another escaped prisoner fighting that day was Private W.J. Coker, of Hood's Corps. Coker had been captured at Fort Donelson in February 1862 and had escaped from Camp Douglas in Illinois, joining the forces defending Vicksburg, then escaping once more as Grant took that place, only to fight again at Resaca.

Johnston was active that day all along the four-mile Confederate front, riding back and forth, wearing a mole-colored hat with a black feather stuck in its brim. Genial, soft-spoken, Johnston was much beloved by his men. He was a small man who rode his horse well and wore an elegant gray uniform with golden insignias. His gray mustache was trimmed and his grizzled, short white beard formed a wedge. He would sit his horse and cock his head, first to one side, then another, as he listened to the crackling fire of musketry on his left and right flanks. "Old Joe smiles as blandly as a modest maid," said one of his men that day, "raises his hat in acknowledgement [of his cheering troops], makes a polite bow, and rides toward the firing."

Johnston thought that Hood might be able to break through to Snake Creek Gap, cut off Sherman's men from their supply wagons and block their only line of retreat. By 8 p.m. that evening, however, Johnston received alarming reports that drastically altered his ambitious plans for the dawn attack. He was informed that Union troops had thrown a pontoon bridge over the river at Lay's Ferry and that McPherson had strengthened his position with many long-range batteries on commanding heights in front of Hood, guns that could shell the railway and turnpike bridges at his rear. Johnston countermanded Hood's orders and told him to pull back to his original defensive positions before Resaca and be ready to disengage. He then ordered his own pontoon bridge built a mile upstream from Resaca and roads made to and from it, so that he could, in necessary, move his entire army along this escape route.

When Johnston learned that Union forces in great numbers had crossed the Oostanaula River several miles downstream, bringing them close to the Western and Atlantic Railway line, he detached the division commanded by Gen. William H.T. Walker from Hardee's Corps and sent it by night march to the area. Walker was to drive off the Federals, Johnston promising him that the Confederate army would not be far behind him.

By then, the one-armed, profane Gen. Thomas Sweeny, had already established a bridgehead on the south bank of the river at Lay's Ferry, having sent troops of the 66th Ill. and 81st Ohio in five pontoon boats (with 20 men to a boat), across the Oostanaula. Sweeny became alarmed when he received a report that a massive Confederate cavalry force was bearing down upon him. Believing he was about to have his forces cut off and surrounded, he recalled his men from the south bank of the river.

At daybreak, May 15, Sherman ordered Sweeny to take his men back to the Oostanaula and cross Lay's Ferry. At the same time, Hooker's XX Corps would lead a major attack against the left center of the Confederate line, near the mouth of Camp Creek, northwest of Resaca. Howard's IV Corps would support Hooker.

Johnston, meanwhile, received a report from Walker that no Union troops had occupied the south bank of Oostanaula. He decided to have Hood renew his attack in the morning and ordered Hood to reoccupy the ground he had gained. To support Hood's attack the next day, a Georgia battery commanded by Capt. Max Van Den Corput, was placed at a sharp angle where Gen. Stevenson's line bent to the east three miles north of Resaca.

Four 12-pounder Napoleons were positioned in a small unfinished earthen fort, a knob surrounded by heavy woods. This Confederate battery extended about 80 yards from Hood's main position and it was thought that these guns could easily enfilade the positions of any advancing Union troops, as well as support Hood's attack.

Hooker, however, arrived at this point before Hood could mount his attack and, after viewing the Confederate earthworks where the Rebels were still busily spading sand onto wooden piles, he ordered Gen. Butterfield to storm the position. The 1st Brigade of Gen. William T. Ward went forward immediately, sent in columns of regiments and spearheaded by 400 men of the 70th Ind., a unit that had been in service for two years but had, oddly enough, never seen action.

The 70th Ind. was commanded by Col. Benjamin Harrison, whose great grandfather, Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, had signed the Declaration of Independence and whose grandfather, William Henry Harrison, had been the ninth President of the United States. Benjamin Harrison would himself later become President. He was a stickler for discipline and was respected if not liked by his troops. He was also fearless in battle, as he promptly showed when he led his men forward, removing his cap and waving it, shouting: "Cheer men, for Indiana! Forward! Double-quick, march!"

The Georgia battery blasted Harrison's men, and volley fire from supporting Confederate infantry in the fort also tore through the Indiana ranks but the Hoosiers maintained their lines. Capt. Van Den Corput marveled at the courage displayed by the unwavering Hoosiers. "They did not mind shot any more than a duck would water," he later stated.

Crossing the road at a run, the Indiana troops lunged toward the wooded knob and Van Den Corput's battery as sheets of fire mowed down their ranks. The Georgians were firing canister, and, in the words of Indiana Private William Sharpe, the belching battery was "so close to us as to blow the hats off our heads." The Hoosiers dove for cover behind an earthwork barely ten yards from the Confederate guns. Hugging the earth, Harrison looked up to see that the Rebel infantry had gone back to the main Confederate defense line, recalled, along with the guns. The redoubt was far too exposed to the Union attack but Van Den Corput had no time to move his cannon; he remained behind, fighting to the last.

Harrison stood up, sword in one hand, pistol in the other,

ABOVE, the 5th Ind. Batt., commanded by Capt. Peter Simonson, is shown shelling the advancing Confederates of Hood's Corps, while to the right, Federal troops under Col. James Robinson unleash volley fire.

and charged into the little fort with his men, overwhelming the defenders. The Georgia artillerymen, though surrounded, would not surrender. They used their ramrods as clubs, along with empty muskets, or their fists. Several were bayoneted. Captain William M. Meredith confronted one stubborn defender who swung a ramrod repeatedly at him. Meredith fired the last two bullets in his revolver at the man, missing him. The man kept swinging the ramrod. "Save your life and surrender," Meredith told his quarry. The defiant Confederate jabbed at him with the ramrod.

"Let me at him," shouted Col. Merrill, who reached his hand over Meredith's shoulder, pointing a revolver and emptying its bullets into the artilleryman. The Rebel fell dead at Meredith's feet. Only five of the Georgians managed to flee to the safety of their own lines; the remaining 21 gunners were either killed or captured.

When these sorry captives were being taken to the rear, one of them, it was noticed by troops of the 105th Ill., wore on his sleeve the stitched words "Fort Pillow." This had been the post in Tennessee that had been overwhelmed on April 12, 1864, by Confederate forces under the command of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. At the time, Forrest's men reportedly massacred most of the black soldiers who had manned the fort. The crude emblem the Georgian wore on his sleeve so enraged the Illinois men that several stepped forth and, before their officers could restrain them, bayoneted the prisoner to death.

The Union triumph was short-lived. Most of Ward's brigade had been killed or wounded in the fierce attack and Ward himself had been carried to the rear with a serious wound. Harrison took command and pulled the brigade's survivors back to the fort's western parapet, which afforded better shelter against the rifle fire from the main Confederate line. The Hoosiers remained there all day, crouching, avoiding sniper fire. Inside the fort, the four Rebel guns remained silent and still pointing toward the Union positions. Surrounding them were piles of Union and Confederate dead.

Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, who had a checkered career in the Confederate military, proved to be a stalwart field commander at Resaca.

When night fell, Union troops dug a hole in the side of the parapet and tied ropes to the guns, pulling the cannon from the fort and into the main Union lines. Hood shook his head, remarking that these "four old iron pieces were not worth the sacrifice of the life of even one man."

Where Hooker's advance crawled to a halt before Hood, Sweeny returned to the Oostenaula and ordered the construction of a pontoon bridge. Walker's forces arrived and attacked, but Sweeny's men drove off the Confederates. Johnston knew that, when Sweeny was reinforced, the Federals would be able to march eastward and capture the railway south of Resaca,

cutting him off. Johnston had been outflanked once again. By midnight, his three corps were on the march. After firing off heavy volleys to distract the Federals, front line troops of Hardee and Polk trudged down the turnpike and railway spans, unseen by McPherson's long-range guns, which could have cut them to pieces. Hood's Corps used a hastily constructed pontoon bridge to escape south.

While Wheeler's cavalry fought fierce rearguard actions, Johnston's army retreated across rolling open country, its commander looking for another strong defensive position. Not until the night of May 17, did he find it. At Adairsville, 15 miles south of Resaca, Johnston noticed a fork in the road. One road led ten miles south to Kingston, then went eastward toward Cassville. The other road led directly to Cassville, twelve miles distant. Johnston formulated a quick plan to ambush Sherman. He ordered two thirds of his army—Polk and Hood—to Cassville. Hardee would take the road to Kingston. Johnston divined that Sherman, when he reached Adairsville, would split his ponderous armies into two forces, one to follow Hardee toward Kingston, the other being sent to Cassville.

Hardee would hurry to Kingston, then move quickly to Cassville where he would rejoin Polk and Hood. The whole of the Confederate three corps would then attack the one Union command coming down the road toward Cassville and destroy it. Meanwhile, Sherman held a staff conference. Some of his corps commanders were nervous, telling him that Johnston was toying with them, that he was purposely drawing the Union forces southward to spring a trap and destroy the Federals. Sherman laughed at the notion, saying: "Had he [Johnston] remained in Dalton another hour, it would have been his total defeat and he only evacuated Resaca because his safety demanded it."

Sherman ordered Thomas to follow the enemy down the railroad line, applying pressure all the way. He sent McPherson across Lay's Ferry to march south on the right so he would be in the position of making a rapid flanking movement. Schofield was given the same instructions, but sent in the opposite direction, crossing at Field's Ferry, marching well to the east in the event that the Confederate right could be turned. Thomas was at the center of the pursuing Union forces while McPherson and Schofield formed its flanks. To bolster the small Army of the Ohio, Sherman detached Hooker's three divisions and sent them with Schofield.

Sherman was a bit surprised that his foe had not taken a stand at Calhoun, six miles from Resaca. Ten miles farther, on the night of May 17, Sherman expected to find Johnston at Adairsville where skirmishes took place, but by the following morning, the Confederates had again vanished. At Adairsville, Sherman, riding with Thomas, pursued Johnston toward Kingston, as did McPherson on the flank. Schofield, going toward Cassville, veered off and also headed toward Kingston where Sherman believed Johnston would dig in. Sherman had moved just as Johnston had anticipated.

On May 18, Davis and Garrard took Rome, Ga. They were unopposed and reveled in capturing the railhead with its many factories, iron works and stores, all vital to Confederate war production. Johnston had abandoned Rome, knowing he could not defend it. He organized his forces at Cassville and then received word from Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who had taken over Polk's department, that Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest and his picked cavalry of 3,500 men, along with several batteries, would be attacking Sherman's supply line in Tennessee within three days.

Johnston's command had now swelled to 74,000 as the last of Polk's troops, more than 8,000 men, arrived in Rome and joined Johnston just before Union forces occupied that town. For the first time since the campaign had begun two weeks earlier, Johnston possessed numerical superiority, facing only Schofield's army of 30,000, which was heading toward Cassville. The rest of Sherman's troops were converging on Kingston.

Johnston was so confident of success that he announced to his troops that they would soon confront the enemy. "I lead you to battle," he stated. One soldier remembered how jubilant the Confederate forces became. "We were going to whip and rout the Yankees."

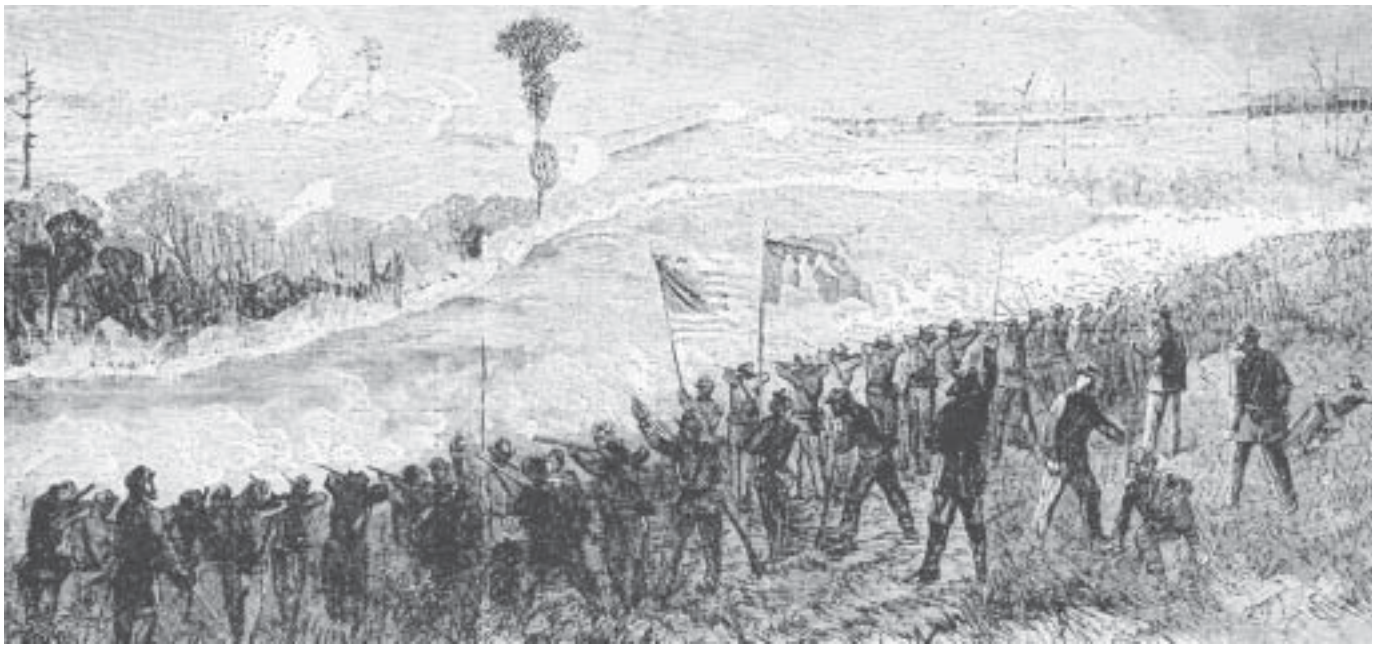
Cassville, Ga., May 19-20, 1864.

Johnston deployed Polk's corps across the Adairsville Road to meet Schofield's army head on. Hood, a mile to Polk's right, was preparing to march north on a parallel road, turn west and then attack Schofield's flank, which was occupied by Hooker's divisions. Just as Hood began to march north to spring the trap, an aide reported that Union cavalry (McCook) was to the east on his right flank. McCook's cavalry had gotten lost and was far east of Hooker's line of march. Hood believed that by facing west, he would be allowing the Federals to attack his rear. He turned his troops east. Johnston, receiving Hood's report, called off the Confederate attack; years later Johnston complained that Hood had squandered a great opportunity.

Polk and Hood were withdrawn to a heavily wooded ridge southeast of Cassville. Late in the afternoon, Hardee arrived from Kingston with the Union army hot on his heels. The ridge along which Johnston positioned his men was 140 feet high and ran for two miles, commanding the open valley. Sherman massed his forces west and north of Cassville and then positioned his artillery less than a mile west of the Confederate position. Union batteries soon began to bombard the Rebels, an enfilading fire that ripped up the right center of Johnston's defenses. That night Hood and Polk met with Johnston, telling him that the enfilading artillery fire would soon make their positions untenable.

What happened next was debated by Johnston and Hood to their dying days. Hood later insisted that he and Polk asked Johnston for permission to attack from the Ridge before Sherman had consolidated his forces. Johnston later claimed that Hood and Polk wanted to retreat and that he gave his permission. It was, he said later, "a step which I have regretted ever since."

Hood and Polk, joined by Hardee, then marched nine miles south to Cartersville, following the railroad, crossing the Etowah River, then, a few miles further south, took up positions at Allatoona Pass. Here the railroad crossed over the Allatoona Mountains, which towered more than 1,000 feet.



ABOVE, Indiana troops under Col. Benjamin Harrison (who would later become a U.S. President), are shown attacking Georgia batteries at Resaca; AT RIGHT, Union troops are shown pulling a Rebel cannon from a captured redoubt on the night of May 15; BELOW, Confederate rifle pits abandoned by Johnston as he pulled his army away from Resaca in good order to take up new defensive positions at the near impregnable Allatoona Pass, near Dallas, Ga.

Schofield followed at a distance, surveying the impregnable Confederate position. Sherman declined to attack Allatoona Pass and gave his men three days to rest. The railroad was repaired from Resaca and soon his men were eating fresh beef, hard bread and other luxuries the Confederates had not seen in months. Sherman wrote his wife in high spirits. In two weeks, his army had moved half the distance to Atlanta and was not only intact but eager to destroy the retreating enemy. He had no intention of attacking Allatoona Pass. As a young engineer 20 years earlier, he had explored the very territory over which he was now fighting and he knew that the Pass was unassailable. "I knew more of Georgia than the Rebels did," he said. He would turn the Confederate position, he resolved.

Dallas (Allatoona Hills, Burned Hickory, Burnt Hickory, New Hope Church, Pumpkin Vine Creek; Pickett's Mill) **Ga.**, May 25-June 4, 1864.

Sherman ordered 20 days rations packed into his wagons, and, after his men had been fully rested, on May 23, struck out cross country with all his forces, away from the railroad, sweeping to the west toward Dallas, a small town 20 miles due west of Marietta, Ga. Again Thomas' Army of the Cumberland occupied the center of the march with Schofield on the left and McPherson on the right. As he crossed the Etowah River, riding with Thomas, Sherman called the waterway "the Rubicon of Georgia." In a dispatch to his chief quartermaster, he added: "We are now all in motion like a vast hive of bees and expect to swarm along the Chattahoochee in five days." The Chattahoochee was only six miles from Atlanta and it would take Sherman considerable more time than five days before he crossed that river.

Sherman delighted in breaking with his own strategy. He knew he outnumbered his enemy and his supply lines were intact and protected. He could march all over Georgia if he pleased, until he found the right route to his objective, Atlanta, and Joe Johnston could do little to stop him. In his wide western sweep, he relied upon his knowledge of the terrain, which he remembered well from his earlier explorations, a landscape he did not fear. To Sherman this was a country that was "very obscure, mostly in a state of nature, densely wooded and with few roads." To Sherman this was but a new adventure, a greater challenge.

Some of Schofield's advance guards captured a Confederate dispatch rider and from the messages he carried it was soon clear to Sherman that Johnston had, indeed, sideslipped from Allatoona Pass in a southwesterly march, taking up defensive positions on low ridges crowned with woods, stretching from a mile south of Dallas to a crossroads four miles east of a little town with a Methodist temple called New Hope Church. He was dug in and ready.

Thomas was the first to reach Johnston's new position. Hooker's divisions crossed Pumpkin Vine Creek where his skirmishers drove off a light contingent of Confederate cavalry but not before these troopers set fire to a bridge over which Thomas intended to cross his first three divisions. The first to reach New Hope Church were troops of the 44-year-old John Geary, who towered six foot six inches. One-time San Francisco mayor and territorial governor of Kansas, he had fought in many major battles, including Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Nothing, however, had prepared him and his men for the fight at New Hope Church, a place they would ruefully call the "Hell Hole."

Hood was at New Hope Church and to his left Polk, then Hardee before Dallas and facing Thomas. Geary moved ahead cautiously, then ordered his men to quickly build breastworks on a ridge facing another where Hood was entrenched. Sherman ordered Hooker to attack, but Hooker took time to move his divisions into position. Sherman impatiently waited, fuming: "I don't see what they are waiting for in front now," he said. "There haven't been twenty Rebels there today." Much of his agitation had to do with Hooker whom he disliked.

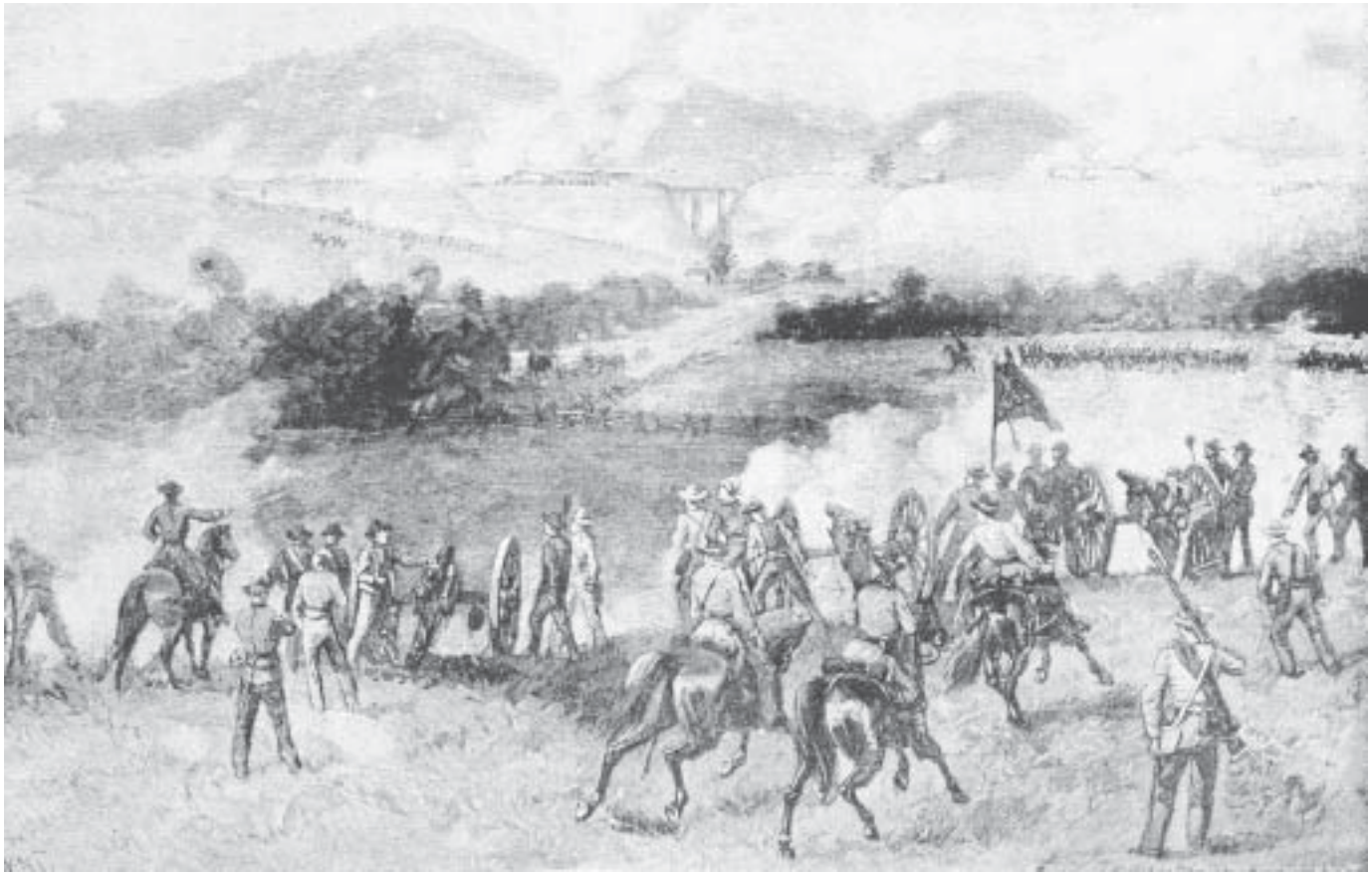
It was 4 p.m., with angry storm clouds billowing from the southwest, when Geary led the first attack, supported on the left by Gen. Alpheus Williams' division and on the right by a division led by Daniel Butterfield. Williams crossed the valley, his men at the foot of the ridge where Hood's men were waiting. A wall of lead greeted his men, mowing them down, "the most effective and murderous fire," he had ever encountered, Williams later said. The Confederate fire came "from all directions except the rear." In 20 minutes he had lost 745 men out of 7,500, almost ten percent of his command.

Geary and Butterfield met the same fate, mostly because Hooker had sent forth these two divisions in columns of brigades. Because the ground in front of them was flanked by dense forests, Hooker had the brigades of each division go forward one behind the other, stacked like a pack of cards.

A single Confederate division of three brigades commanded by West Pointer Alexander P. Stewart, a 42-year-old by-the-book officer whose men called him "Old Straight," took the full brunt of Hooker's attack, beating back 20,000 Federals, yet he had an equal advantage in that the Union attack was only three brigades wide, the same length of his own division and his men simply shot down rank after advancing rank of Federals. On Stewart's flanks were the divisions of Hindman and Stevenson, but they were not engaged. When Johnston received a report of the massive attack, he sent word to Stewart, asking him if he required help. The Tennessean tersely replied: "My own troops will hold the position."

Aiding greatly in Stewart's defense were three batteries of 16 guns Stewart had strategically placed on his narrow front. These guns remained red hot as they raked with murderous fire the advancing Federal brigades piling up in front of them. Confederate artillerymen grew exhausted in the three-hour battle, using up 1,560 rounds of canister and shell. The batteries suffered greatly since they were in an exposed position. Forty-four horses and 43 gunners were killed. In Capt. Charles E. Fenner's Louisiana battery three brothers became casualties, all rammers who took each other's place when shot.

Towering black clouds rolled over the slaughterhouse site at 7 p.m., the crackling lightning and thunder drowning out the fearful sound of the guns. A blinding downpour erupted, making the ground over which the advancing Federals moved into a lake. The storm literally ended the Union at-



ABOVE, Union batteries and troops demonstrate before Johnston's Confederate forces occupying the heights about Allatoona Pass; BELOW, the railroad cut through Allatoona Pass, abandoned by the Rebels when Johnston pulled his forces back to Dallas.

tack. When the clouds rolled by a burning red sun went down west of Dallas, slanting its rays upon the 1,665 dead and wounded men of Hooker's XX Corps.

Sherman knew he had been whipped and he sank down wearily next to a tree and fell asleep on soggy ground. In the night, Gen. Schofield searched for Sherman's bivouac, but got lost in some woods and was struck by a low-hanging branch that knocked him off his horse. He would be out of action for several days while recovering from this injury. Gen. Jacob Cox took his place.

The following day saw Sherman probing all along the five-mile Confederate line, but he found no weak spots. Cox reported to him that the loblolly pines grew "almost as closely as canebreak and the whole area was "nearly impenetrable for man or horse." The next day Union scouts could still find no vulnerable section in Johnston's line of defense. Sherman again decided to attempt a flanking movement on Johnston's right. On May 27, he sent Gen. Oliver Howard with his 14,000 men of IV Corps toward Pickett's Mill, which was two miles northeast of New Hope Church.

Again, Johnston had read Sherman's mind. He had anticipated just such a move and had shifted his best division, that commanded by Patrick Cleburne, to Hood's extreme right, exactly at Pickett's Mill. Cleburne, who had served in the British army, had under his command some of the finest troops in the Army of Tennessee—men from Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi and Tennessee, and they had a great and singular reputation to uphold. They had not once in the war ever given up any ground assigned to their defense. That tradition would be upheld at Pickett's Mill.

Gen. Howard selected Gen. Thomas Wood to spearhead his attack. Wood had much to set right; a year earlier he had pulled his men out of a defensive line at Chickamauga, albeit under orders, and had created an opening in the Federal line through which Longstreet drove with his divisions to defeat Rosecrans. Now, before Pickett's Mill, Wood organized his division six ranks deep as he groped for the Confederate flank in a southeasterly direction. Spearheading Wood's division was Hazen's 1,500-man brigade.

Hazen, 33, was a firebrand who eagerly sought battle, but he also bristled at his superiors' orders when he thought them wrong. A fellow brigadier called Gen. Hazen "a synonym for insubordination." The writer Ambrose Bierce, who served under Hazen as a topographic officer, thought he was "a skilful soldier, a faithful friend and one of the most exasperating of men. He was the best hated man that I knew."

As Hazen went forward, the one-armed Howard (he had lost his right arm two years earlier at Fair Oaks, Va. in the Peninsular Campaign) sent word back to his superior, Thomas: "I am now turning the enemy's right flank, I think." He was not sure, although his advance elements had discovered what was thought to be the very end of the Confederate defenses. In this they were sadly mistaken; they had encountered a bend in the line. Beyond Howard's left were the dismounted troopers of Gen. John H. Kelly's Rebel cavalry. Directly in front of Howard's advancing men were 4,700 crack troops under Cleburne.

Cleburne had trained his soldiers in endless rapid-fire drills to the point where their lines, three-ranks deep, employed the same firing drill used by British soldiers forming their celebrated squares. The first rank fired and reloaded as the second rank fired, then reloaded as the third rank fired and reloaded while the first rank began the process all over again, a technique that aided the ancient single-shot muskets employed in the Confederate army.

That morning, Rebel scouts from the brigade of Daniel C. Govan had conducted reconnaissance at Cleburne's front and witnessed Hazen's awkward advance, his Union troops stumbling and hacking their way through the thick underbrush. Cleburne not only knew the attack was coming, but how many Federals he should expect and in what type of formations. His three brigades, those of Govan's Arkansas troops, Granbury's Texans and Mark P. Lowrey's Alabamans, waited silently behind a wall of rocks on high ground.

A little after 5 p.m., Hazen's men encountered the first Confederate skirmishers to their left. The Federals came on, seeing some Confederate troops in prone positions without much cover. They shouted and raced forward, one in their front ranks yelling: "Ah, damn you, we have caught you without your logs!" This was not true. Most of Cleburne's men were secure behind rocky formations, log revetments and rifle pits.

The first ranks of Hazen's men were suddenly met with blinding flashes of musketry, one after another, as the Confederates opened up at point blank range. A hidden Arkansas battery commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Key, whose cannons were perfectly trained on the oncoming Federals, opened up at this time, firing streams of canister and case shot that scythed the Union troops like new mown hay.

The blast greeting the Federals was only 20 feet from their front ranks, a murderous fire that heaped their lines to earth. Still, they came on, row after row of determined men, only to be cut down. This slaughter went on for almost 45 minutes as the helpless Hazen sent runners to Johnson and McLean for support that never came. More than 500 men were killed or wounded in the brutal attack before Hazen's men broke and ran for the protection of a deep ravine some 80 yards behind them.

"Sold out!" they cried. Many complained that they had run out of ammunition that was not replenished. Hazen demanded to know why the division of Richard W. Johnson had not supported him on the left as planned; he was told Johnson's men had been stopped by Confederate cavalry. It was a similar story for McLean's brigade, which was supposed to support him on the right.

Despite this bloody repulse, Howard continued the attack, sending two more of Wood's brigades against the same position. The next to march into the death cauldron was the Ohio brigade led by Col. William H. Gibson. These men, too, fell in piles before Cleburne's deadly rapid-fire volleys. Shot several times, Sgt. Ambrose D. Norton of the 15th Ohio, staggered with his regimental flag to within 15 feet of the Confederate breastworks before falling dead. He drove the pole of the flag deep into the earthworks as he fell and there it drooped as one Federal after another attempted to retrieve it. Five were shot dead trying before Sgt. David D. Hart crawled forth and dragged back the flag of the 15th.

ABOVE, Confederate entrenchments at New Hope Church where Sherman lost 1,600 men in a futile headlong charge by Hooker's troops; ABOVE, RIGHT, Gen. Hiram Granbury, whose troops bore the brunt of a Federal onslaught under Gen. William B. Hazen, hurling them back with heavy losses at Pickett's Mill; AT RIGHT, Lt. Ambrose Bierce, who later became an acerbic essayist, described his commander, Hazen, as "a synonym for insubordination"; BELOW, Gen. John "Black Jack" Logan, waves his hat and rallies his troops against a Rebel attack at Dallas, Ga.

The 15th Ohio had been cut to pieces and so too had the 49th Ohio following in the 15th's cadaverous wake, losing 203 men out of 400. When Hazen later sought out Johnson to confront him for not coming to his support he learned that Johnson lay unconscious in a field hospital where a shell fragment had been removed from his side. Howard sent still a third brigade to hold the ground the Union forces had gained the day before and this brigade was also badly shot up. Howard himself came forward to watch Wood's third brigade go into action and was blown off his horse by a shell burst. He hesitated to look down at his leg, thinking it ripped away as his arm had been blown off at Fair Oaks in 1862. When he glanced down, however, he learned that only a piece of his boot had been torn off by the blast.

Musketry continued to crackle and bang long after sundown on May 27, then, as night fell, silence. Along the Confederate front held by Granbury's Texans, however, the Rebels detected movement in the ravine only 80 yards distant, the very spot to which many Federals from Hazen's command had fled hours earlier. Capt. Samuel T. Foster of the dismounted 24th Tex. Cav. later reported how he heard the Federals "moving among the dead leaves on the ground like hogs rooting for acorns."

Cleburne heard the movement, too, and thought it might be Union troops attempting to reposition themselves for a night attack. This was not the case; these Federals were merely seeking shelter, although Howard had brought up reinforcements from Gen. John M. Palmer's Corps, but these men were far back of the ravine. Howard later reported that Palmer's men were "to bring off the wounded and to prevent a successful sally of the enemy from his works."

Nothing prevented Cleburne from ordering Granbury's Texans to make a rare night attack. At 10 p.m. with fixed bayonets, the Texans burst over their parapets and charged at the ravine, "yelling like all the devils from the lower regions had been turned loose," remembered Capt. Foster. There was little or no resistance. When the Texans leaped into the ravine they found 232 terrified Federal troops, many of them wounded and all without arms. They had thrown away their muskets, ammunition pouches, even torn the insignias from their uniforms.

The Texans marched these hapless prisoners back to the Confederate lines and headed them, along with hundreds of others, toward Atlanta and the awful Confederate prison camp at Andersonville. As they passed through the Confederate positions, they were given cold coffee and some tobacco by their captors. An elderly Union officer wearing only an undershirt trudged past a young Confederate lieutenant. The Rebel officer offered him a torn jacket. The Union officer shook his head and said: "You'd better keep it, son. You look worse off than I do."

Pickett's Mill had been a Union disaster with more than 1,600 Union troops killed, wounded or captured, compared with less than 500 of Cleburne's troops. Wood's division alone had lost 1,457 men. Howard wrote his report that night, blaming a lack of protective terrain and uncoordinated movements for his defeat. "Under the circumstances, it became evident that the assault had failed."

Under any other circumstances, however, Howard, Wood and even Sherman might have been sacked for their utter bumbling and disregard for human life. But Sherman, in the wilds of Georgia, was remote from public scrutiny, as he knew well. He and his commanders could do as they pleased. They had all the men, equipment, supplies and time they needed where none of this was afforded the Confederates. Further, this kind of butchery as practiced by Grant and Sherman from 1864 onward was the type of war they knew best how to wage. In truth, they were not brilliant generals of grand strategy like Robert E. Lee, but artful tacticians of attritional warfare who would and did sacrifice any number of men to achieve their military objectives.

Only when their actions could be scrutinized by reporters or non-belligerent observers did Grant and Sherman admit responsibility for their slaughterhouse tactics, such as Grant did after the battle of the Crater in the siege of Petersburg, but there was no escaping the bloody evidence of that highly publicized disaster. This was not the case with the carnage and waste created by the plodding Sherman and his commanders at Pickett's Mill. Sherman pretended this incredible blunder never occurred. He never mentioned this action in his detailed reports nor in his extensive memoirs. When the Southern press reported the Confederate victory, the accounts were dismissed in the North—usual Rebel lies. The truth of Pickett's Mill was carried into captivity by those Federals who fought a battle "foredoomed to oblivion," as Ambrose Bierce later put it.

Sherman had long earlier battled with the press and had barred Northern reporters from his precincts when planning operations with Grant against Vicksburg in 1863. In May 1864, he banished Benjamin Franklin Taylor from accompanying his armies into Georgia. The dogged and candid reporter for the *Chicago Journal* was considered to be the best Northern newsman in the West—and the last representative from the fourth estate in the area. Sherman's excuse for getting rid of Taylor was that he had written a line that pinpointed the position of some of Sherman's troops. This was a ruse by Sherman; he simply did not want any newsmen covering his movements and, especially, uncovering his blunders, excusing his action under the guise of military security, a tactic that would long be employed by American commanders in many wars to come.

On May 28, Johnston thought to attack Sherman, believing that the Union lines had been so extended to the left that the Federal right had been weakened and it was here that he would make his thrust. He ordered Hardee to probe the Federal lines at Dallas and Hardee assigned the task to Gen. William B. Bate who commanded the extreme left of the Rebel lines. Bate chose the cavalry brigade of Gen. Frank C. Armstrong to make the initial attack. If, as Johnston suspected, the Union trenches in front of Bate had been abandoned, Armstrong's troopers were to fire four cannon shots in quick succession as a signal to Bate who would then send forth his infantry division.

Whooping and spurring their horses to a gallop, Armstrong's cavalry burst from the Confederate lines at 3:45 p.m., smashing into McPherson's entrenched XV Corps, which was just south of Dallas. Armstrong's men hit the first Union

line of defenses with such lightning speed that they dashed beyond them, overrunning three guns of the 1st Ia Batt. With the sudden appearance of the Confederates inside his defenses, Gen. John "Black Jack" Logan exploded. He rushed to his front, waving his hat and giving orders faster than anyone could carry them out.

Logan was considered the best of the politically appointed generals. He had been a powerhouse politician in Illinois, a lawyer and a U.S. Congressman. He had fought in the Mexican war, and, since the beginning of his service in 1861, his military experience was gleaned first hand in one battle after another. He was an excellent combat officer, though he hated logistics and organization, a deficiency, which would be his downfall in attaining higher command. West Pointers resented him, not the least of these being Gen. David Sloan Stanley, who commanded the 1st Div., IV Corps in the Army of the Cumberland. Stanley had once acidly remarked that "Logan always played to the gallery." True, Logan had a love of the dramatic and he seized any opportunity that might make him appear to be marvelous. This day before Dallas, one of those glorious opportunities presented itself.

Mounting his horse, Logan furiously galloped toward his shattered front lines. Seeing disorganized groups of Federals fleeing to the rear and asking for the whereabouts of their regiments and their missing officers, Logan shouted at the top of his lungs: "Damn your regiments! Damn your officers! Forward, men, and yell like hell!" In that moment he galvanized hundreds of men who turned back to the front line and ran after Logan as he was racing on horseback far in front of them.

Logan then led a charge to the position of the captured Iowa guns, his horse leaping a high earthworks. At that moment a Confederate sharpshooter slammed a bullet into his left forearm. He somehow remained in the saddle while he drew a long handkerchief from his neck and made a sling for his arm, all the while directing his men forward to recapture the Iowa guns.

Bate's men, waiting in the Confederate lines, heard the racket and mistook the gunfire for the signal to advance. A little after 4 p.m., the division's Florida Brig. and the 1st Ky. Brigade (called the Orphan Brigade since its state had remained in the Union and caused them to become Confederate "orphans"), left their trenches and attacked. After emerging from thick underbrush the two Rebel brigades were shocked as their lines were hit by a "sheet of flames." The uniform volleys came from the well-entrenched XV Corps and the XVI Corps dug in a little farther north.

The Florida brigade attacked vigorously, but was thrown back with heavy casualties. It was the same with Gen. Joseph H. Lewis' 1st Ky., except the Kentuckians refused to be driven from the Union lines. They had battled their way past the first line of defenses, but were stopped by withering fire when reaching the second Federal line. The Kentuckians used logs, abandoned haversacks, even the bodies of their own dead, as cover while the clung to the position and fired back as best they could.

The 5th Ky. actually advanced against the terrible fire coming from the Union line. One in their number, Private James Cleveland, was wounded five times before he crawled back toward the Confederate lines; he would die of his wounds a week later. Ordered to withdraw, the 5th Ky. refused to a man to leave their position. Not until Lt. Col. Hiram Hawkins grabbed the 5th Ky.'s colors, wildly waved them and began to take the flag to the rear, did his men finally follow in retreat to the Confederate lines.

Bate lost almost 400 men killed and wounded, and half of these were from the Kentucky Orphan Brigade. The losses were so appalling to Gen. Lewis that he wept. He had replaced former commander Ben Hardin Helm, who had fallen at Chickamauga and who had been Mary Lincoln's brother-in-law. Now his Kentuckians lay in heaps before the Union entrenchments. If nothing else, Bate's attack had riveted McPherson's army to a defensive line that was now extended to include the positions of Schofield and Thomas.

Johnston approved of Hood's plan to attack the Union left on May 29, supported by Polk and Hardee. The next morning, Hood reported a new Union division arriving at that point in the Federal line he had planned to assault and the attack was cancelled by Johnston. Both sides then settled into strong defensive positions that were built up for several days. Deep trenches were dug, logs were felled and revetments with loopholes for firing were built. Towering pines immediately behind both lines were half cut in such a way so that they could be easily toppled toward any advancing enemy who would then be entangled in their thorny branches.

Sharpened stakes were set into holes bored into logs and placed at angles before trenches so that attacking troops would impale themselves upon them. These vicious-looking spikes were called *chevaux-de-frise* by engineers, but both sides called them "sheep racks." Anyone falling upon them received cruel and lingering, if not mortal, wounds easily infected.

The two armies settled into trench warfare with hundreds of snipers on either side firing around the clock. Pickets nervously shot at anything that moved. Ammunition was used up in great stores, the Army of the Cumberland alone using 200,000 rounds of small arms ammunition each day. The running skirmishes and battles since the campaign began had proved costly to both sides. Sherman had lost 9,299 men, almost 2,000 of these being killed, the rest wounded or missing (those listed missing had invariably become prisoners of war). Johnston had not fared much better in his month-long retreat from Dalton to Dallas, losing 8,500 men, 3,000 of these being captured.

Though the losses in Georgia did not compare to those in Virginia where Gen. George Meade, under Grant's direction, was losing 2,000 men a day, the rate of Sherman's losses began to mount up and, though it did not alarm Sherman, the attrition rate began to make him somewhat jittery. Sherman by then, had abandoned his strategy of a westward sweep and he began to extend his left flank toward the Western and Atlantic Railroad to the east, expecting that Johnston would shift with him. Sherman began to move his troops in a northeastern direction away from Dallas, heading back for the rail town of Ackworth (or Acworth). Johnston moved almost at the same time, sideslipping his three corps on June 4, 1864, in the same direction and positioning them along a strong defense line six miles south of Ackworth.

On the left, at Lost Mountain and at Gilgal Church was Hardee. Polk's corps occupied the center from Pine Mountain to the Western and Atlantic rail line, and Hood positioned his troops on the right, from the rail line to the base of Brush Mountain. Covering the Confederate east flank (Hood) was Wheeler's cavalry, and the west flank (Hardee), the cavalry of Gen. William H. Jackson, who had come with Polk's army from Alabama.

Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 27, 1864 (McAfee's Cross Road, Ga., June 12, 1864; Pine Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864; Gilgal Church, Ga., June 15-17, 1864; Golgotha, Ga., June 16, 1864; Mud Creek and Noyes' [Nose] Creek, Ga., June 17, 1864; Pine Knob, Ga., June 19, 1864; Lattermore's Mills and Powder Springs, Ga., June 20, 1864; Culp's [Kulp's or Kolb's] Farm, Ga., June 22, 1864.)

Sherman grumbled about Johnston's new defensive position, although he reveled about being "in the heart of Dixie." He was only twelve miles from Marietta and 30 miles from his main objective, Atlanta. Four mountains stood in Sherman's way. The first three, Brush Mountain on the Confederate right, Pine Mountain in the center and Lost Mountain on the left constituted the 10-mile Rebel defense line. Two miles beyond this position was the two-mile hump-backed Kennesaw Mountain rising 700 feet above the valley floor, offering an even more formidable position to Johnston should he fall back to this spot.

Johnston's present position was the most extended line in the campaign thus far and, in many places, was thinly guarded. The close to 8,500 men Johnston had lost at Dallas and earlier could not be replaced and his army now numbered less than 70,000. Sherman, however, was fat with men. His losses of almost 9,300 had been replaced by the arrival of Gen. Francis Preston Blair's XVII Corps, more than 10,000 fresh men who had returned from furlough and were spoiling for action. Brother of Lincoln's Postmaster General and a former Congressman, Blair liked his pleasures. He brought with him baskets of champagne packed in hogsheads of ice for the fete he held in Sherman's honor the night he arrived.

Behind Sherman the rail line was in full operation. Garrard's cavalry had swept through Allatoona Pass, clearing it of the token guards Johnston had left behind, and trainloads of food, supplies and ammunition were pouring down the tracks to Sherman. The three Federal armies took their time approaching Johnston's new position. McPherson's army marched along the railroad toward Brush Mountain. Schofield, who had recovered from his earlier fall, moved his army toward Lost Mountain on the right and Thomas' huge army lumbered toward Pine Mountain, which was the jutting salient of Johnston's line.

Sherman thought once more to make a wide enveloping move around Johnston to the west but discarded that notion. That tactic has not worked to his advantage at Dallas. Just the opposite. It had cost him more men than all of the previous engagements in Georgia. He would stick to the rail line and battle it out, but he grew impatient, then angry at the slowness of his armies. He sent biting messages to McPherson, Thomas and Schofield, ordering, them to hurry their men along.

Sherman telegraphed to Grant: "My chief source of trouble is with the Army of the Cumberland. A fresh furrow in a ploughed field will stop the whole column and all begin to intrench. I have again and again tried to impress on Thomas that we must assail and not defend; we are on the offensive, and yet it seems that the whole Army of the Cumberland is so habituated to be[ing] on the defensive that from its commander down to its lowest private I cannot get it out of their heads." To his brother, Sherman wrote that Johnston could "fight or fall back as he pleases. The future is uncertain but I will do all that is possible."

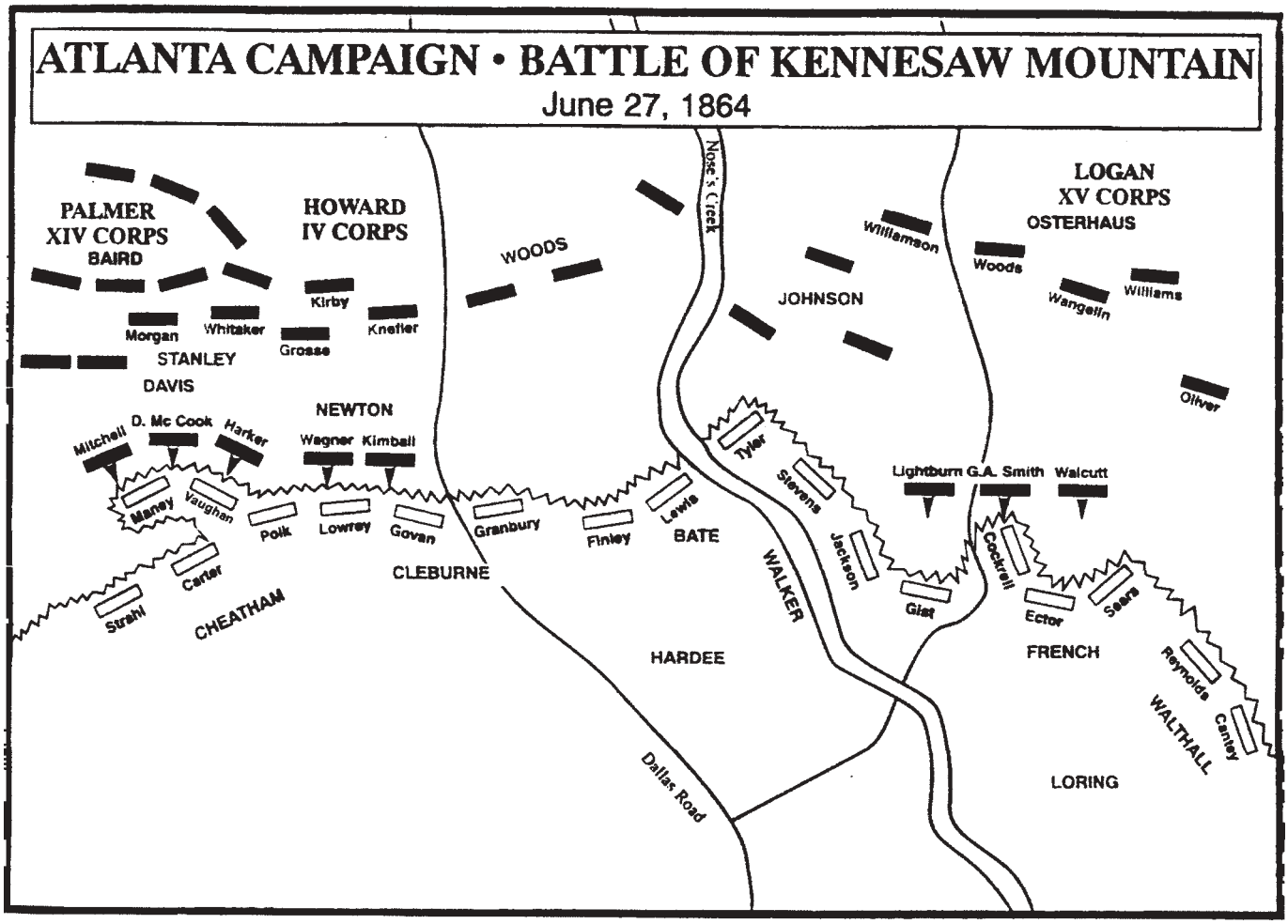
As Union advance units skirmished with Confederate pickets at McAfee's Cross Road on June 12, Johnston consolidated his defenses. Wheeler's and Jackson's cavalry were left to protect Brush and Lost Mountains while Hardee concentrated his forces at Gilgal Church. Polk reinforced his center at Pine Mountain and Hood dug in at Noonday Creek behind the railroad. Bate's division occupied Pine Mountain clear to its crest, Pine Top (or Pine Knob). On its crest were two batteries, one from South Carolina was commanded by Lt. René Beauregard, son of General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard.

The position of these batteries troubled Hardee. He informed Johnston that they were too far extended and might be easily overrun in a Union assault. He asked Johnston to personally inspect the position and, on June 14, Hardee, Johnston and Polk rode to the crest of Pine Mountain. All three generals then climbed to the top of Beauregard's redoubt where they surveyed through field glasses the Union troops moving toward them in the valley 300 feet below.

Johnston nodded toward Hardee. The position was far too exposed, he agreed, and told Hardee to withdraw a brigade of Bate's men and the two batteries that night. As the three generals stood talking, Sherman, in the valley below, looked through field glasses to see them standing high above, although he could not determine the identities of the Confederate officers. "How saucy they are!" he snorted. "Make them take cover!" He ordered an aide to have a battery shell the crest of the mountain.

The job fell to Battery I, 1st Ohio Light Art., which was in a forward position. This battery was commanded by Capt. Hubert Dilger, who had been an officer in the German army and was considered one of the most expert artillerists in the Union army. He always wore an immaculate white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and was called "Leatherbreeches" by his men because of the doeskin trousers he habitually wore. He had trained his men in a peculiar drill, clapping his hands in such a way as to indicate their procedures. This was to make himself clear to men who found his words almost unintelligible because of his thick German accent. So efficient was this battery that Dilger's superiors allowed him to position his own guns as he thought best in every battle.

After Dilger sighted the target on the crest of Pine Mountain he clapped his hand and the batteries roared. Several shells exploded near the cluster of generals. Johnston and Hardee ran for cover but the heavyset, tall Polk, merely clasped his hands behind his back and began walking slowly for shel-



The above detailed map shows at left the Federal frontal (and near suicidal) attack of five brigades that were slaughtered by Cheatham's and Cleburne's deeply entrenched troops at Kennesaw Mountain; the same fate befell the three Union brigades attacking the front of Confederate Gen. Samuel G. French; Sherman threw away 3,000 men in these assaults and wrote off his disastrous tactics at Kennesaw Mountain as "a small affair."

ter. (Some later said that this was merely a show of bravado, but those who knew Polk were well aware of the painful arthritis he suffered in his joints that slowed his actions.)

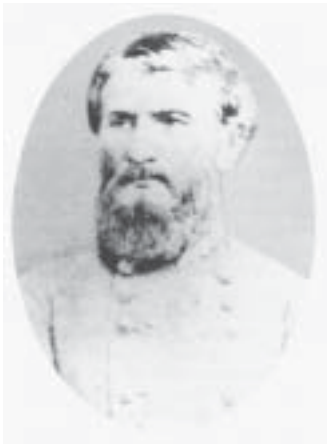
Dilger's second salvo exploded at the crest and one round struck Polk's left arm and ripped through his body, left his right side and smashed into a tree where it exploded. Polk died instantly. While shells continued to fall, Johnston and Hardee ran to the fallen Bishop General and cradled him in their arms. Tears streamed down the faces of Johnston and Hardee. "My dear, dear friend," groaned Hardee. Johnston placed his hand on Polk's forehead, then closed the dead man's eyes and said: "We have lost much ... I would rather anything but this." There was nothing he could do but weep.

The 58-year-old Polk had also recently baptized Johnston in the field, just as he had Hood earlier. Found in his pocket, drenched with blood, were three copies of a small book entitled *Balm for the Weary and Wounded*, which contained inspirational religious stories. The books were intended gifts, each copy containing an inscription Polk had written for Johnston, Hardee and Hood. One of Polk's division commanders, Samuel Gibbs French, recorded his commander's passing: "Thus died a gentleman and a high Church dignitary. As a soldier he was more theoretical than practical." President Jefferson Davis received the news with shock and sorrow. Polk was his close friend and Davis likened his "irreparable loss" to that of Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh and Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson at Chancellorsville.

When news of Polk's death spread, the troops in the Army of Tennessee were in anguish. Many openly wept. Polk, a kind and considerate man, who had fought with the army from almost the beginning, was the most beloved of their leaders. As Confederates abandoned the crest of Pine Mountain, a Rebel private scratched the following on the door of a deserted cabin: "You damned Yankees have killed our old General Polk."

Before Union pickets discovered this dire message, Sherman already knew of Polk's death. His signalmen decoded a wigwag communication from atop Pine Mountain: "Send an ambulance for General Polk's body." This message was delivered to Sherman at his headquarters at Big Shanty (the site where, two years earlier, Union spy James J. Andrews and 20 others stole a Confederate train and began the Great Locomotive Chase.)

The news of Polk's death elated Sherman who shook off his incipient depression. He had no use for religion and the



LEFT, Confederate Gen. and Episcopal bishop Leonidas Polk, killed by a cannon shot at Pine Mountain, June 14, 1864; BOTTOM, Confederate gun-ners are shown pulling their cannon up the slopes of Kennesaw Mountain from which they later directed a murderous field of fire.

clergy in particular. To Sherman, Polk was a traitor many times over. He betrayed the U.S. Army, having been a West Point graduate, and he betrayed the ethics of religion, fighting for the Confederacy, sword and gun in hand, despite the fact that he was an ordained Episcopal Bishop. On June 15, Sherman sent a jubilant wire to Gen. Henry Halleck: "We killed Bishop Polk yesterday and made good progress today."

But Sherman's progress ground to inches as the rainy season set in. Torrential downpours turned the roads to quagmires and the open ground to seas of mud. Horses, wagons and caissons were swallowed and men labored to move one sodden, mud-caked foot after another. On both sides the soldiers endured miserable conditions. Capt. Cyrus Clay Carpenter, chief of commissary for Gen. Grenville Dodge, watched as men of the XVI Corps would "lie for hours in mud and water, just as filthy as hogs wallow in." They were covered with ticks and lice but consoled themselves with the certain knowledge that "the Rebels have it just as bad."

The making of trenches and breastworks was slow and exhaustive. Sherman authorized all division commanders to hire as many as 200 freedmen and pay them $10-a-month to dig trenches, but freed slaves were scarce in this part of Georgia. As the Union lines rolled forward, slaveowners shipped their slaves to safer regions and these thousands of workers prepared Confederate fortifications in advance of their use. As Johnston fell back, he relied upon a huge network of defensive positions that had been prepared months earlier.

"The whole country is one vast fort," Sherman complained in a wire to Halleck, "and Johnston must have at least 50 miles of trenches with abatis and finished batteries." As his men crawled forward, skirmishes erupted every day. There were skirmishes at Pine Mountain on June 14; a holding action by Confederates covering the main army's withdrawal at Gilgal Church on June 15-17; at Golgotha on June 16; at Mud Creek and Noyes' (Nose) Creek on June 17; at Pine Knob on June 19; at Lattermore's Mills and Powder Springs on June 20; and at Culp's (Kulp's of Kolb's) House, on June 22.

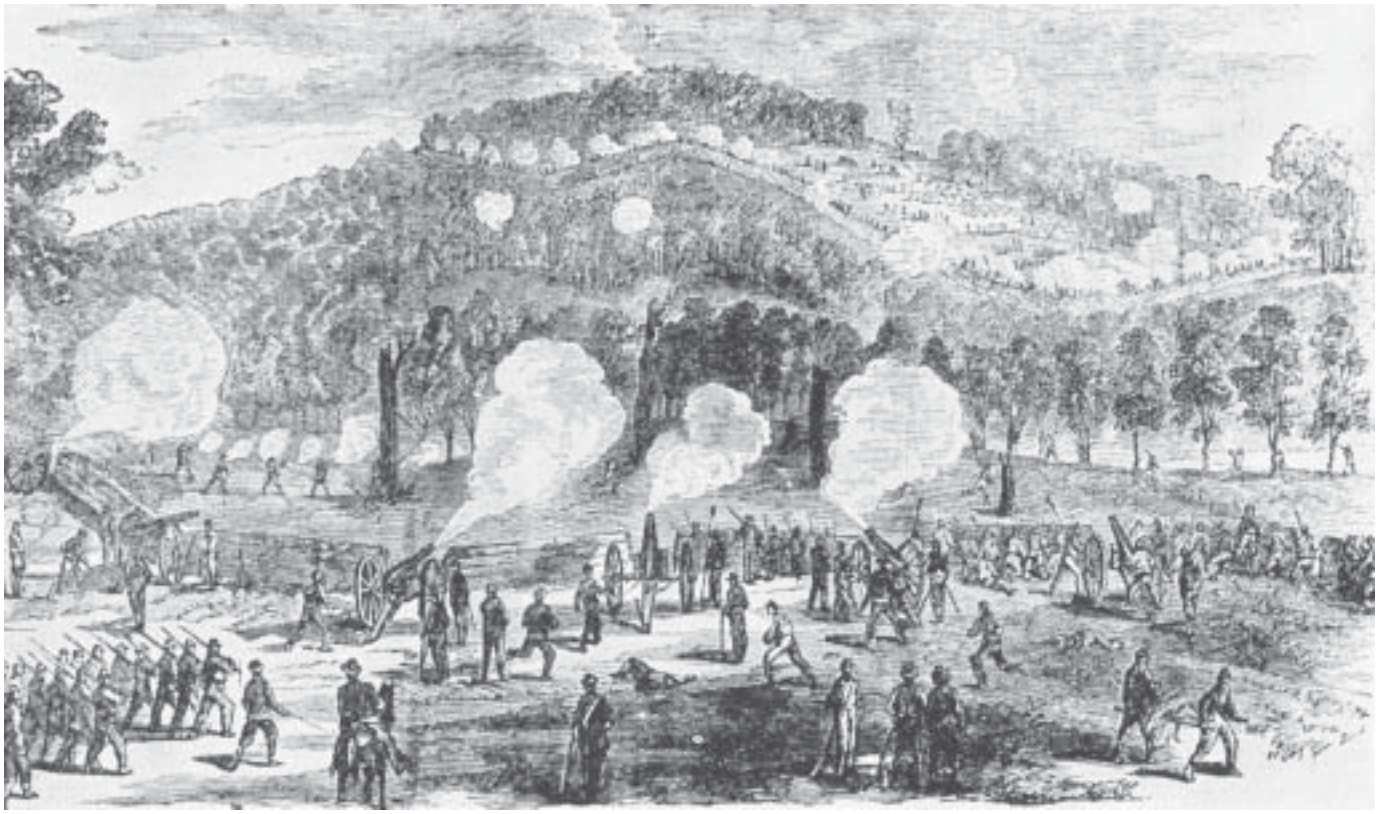
Union artillery spotters signalling to Federal batteries operating against Rebel positions on the slopes of Kennesaw Mountain.

Still there had been no main battle. Johnston withdrew his army to the bulwark defenses of Kennesaw Mountain, placing Polk's Corps, now commanded by William W. Loring on its northern slopes. Hood was to the right, along the railway, and Hardee to the left, across the road from Dallas that led to Marietta. Atop Kennesaw Mountain, on twin peaks, or rather bulbs that shot skyward, Johnston placed many batteries that commanded the plain below.

As the stalemated armies faced each other, fraternization abounded in the evening. Union and Confederate troops slipped out of their fortifications and exchanged "Lincoln coffee" for "flat tobacco." Rebel Private R.M. Collins of the 15th Tex. would later remember how "we would meet, crack jokes, swap tobacco and coffee and have a jolly good time until some officer would come along, when all hands would scamper back to their holes in the ground." Collins took note that his Union opponents were much healthier than his Confederate comrades whose poor diet caused "the scurvy [to break] out among us, and some of the boys' legs were as black and brown as navy tobacco. General Johnston had several carloads of tomatoes shipped up as an antiscorbutic; but as I took in the careworn looks of the officers and men, I wondered what was coming next."

So did Sherman. He could develop no strategy before Kennesaw Mountain except to frontally attack this almost impregnable position. He ordered Thomas to train his more than 130 guns on the twin peaks and blast the Confederate batteries from their positions. McPherson did the same thing

Sherman is shown directing his attacking troops against Kennesaw Mountain on June 27, 1864.



Union batteries unleash a fierce and earthquaking bombardment against Confederate positions on the slopes of Kennesaw Mountain, prior to the massive frontal infantry attacks ordered by Sherman on June 27.

Gen. Samuel G. French, who commanded a division on the hard-hit Confederate right flank at Kennesaw Mountain. He described the enemy as "one long line of waving blue."

Gen. Francis Cockrell, of French's division, whose brigade was attacked by three Union brigades on the Rebel right flank; his men exhausted their ammunition.

Gen. Alfred J. Vaughan, of Cheatham's division; his brigade, along with that of Gen. George Maney's, bore the brunt of savage attacks by three Federal brigades."

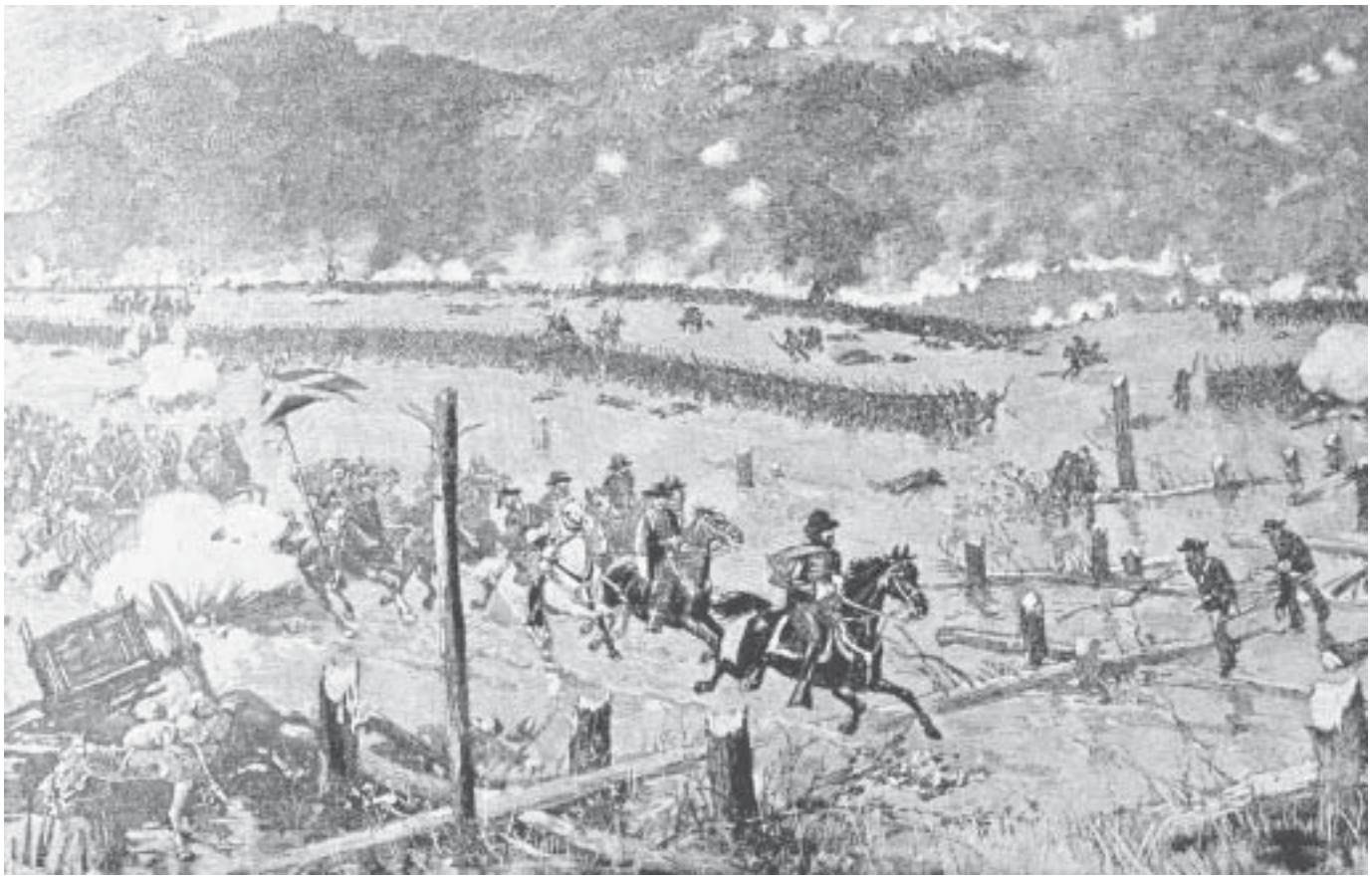
Gen. Daniel C. Govan, of Cleburne's division, whose entrenched troops, along with those of Gen. Mark P. Lowrey, threw back two Union brigades of Newton's division.

but their cannonades had little effect. On June 22, as Sherman kept sideslipping troops to Hardee's flank, Johnston had Wheeler's cavalry replace Hood's entire corps and sent Hood behind Kennesaw Mountain to the far left of Hardee to Culp's (Kulp's or Kolb's) Farm, about three miles southwest of Marietta. Hood threw his three divisions across the Powder Springs Road.

In parallel march on either side of this road moved Hooker's XX Corps to the left and Schofield's Army of the Ohio on the right. At about noon, Union skirmishers brought in Rebel prisoners and learned that Hood was at their front and was about to attack. Scouts creeping close to Confederate lines came back with the same news. The Federals dug in, finishing their revetments and trenches just as Hindman's and Stevenson's divisions burst through the woods in front of them. They were met by the Union commands of Alpheus Williams, Milo Hascall and John Geary.

Hood attacked with about 11,000 men, pitted against 14,000 Federals. Stevenson's division hurled itself in three lines against the well-entrenched position held by Williams. More than 40 guns were trained on the advancing Confederates and Williams leaped to the top of one parapet to direct their fire. At 500 yards the Union batteries, firing 90 rounds a minute, opened up, tearing great holes in the advancing Rebel

Confederate rifle pits on the slopes of Kennesaw Mountain; Rebel marksmen were positioned at angles overlapping their own lines so that they could pour enfilading fire down on the enemy.



Federal cavalry is seen in the foreground while the divisions of Gen. John Newton, left, and Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, right, attack simultaneously against the Rebel positions of Cleburne and Cheatham.

lines. Stevenson's intrepid men still lunged forward until they were 200 yards in front of Williams' barricades. They were met by withering musketry and their flank was ripped by Hascall's 19th Ohio Batt., which was strategically positioned just beyond Powder Springs Road.

The maelstrom of shot and canister withered Stevenson's brigades who staggered to within 50 yards of the Union line before falling back to the relative safety of a ravine. On Stevenson's right Hindman's men met the same devastating fire power and were driven back by Geary's batteries. Stevenson's men hung on in the ravine, listening to taunts from Union troops defying them to charge again. As night fell, the Confederates left the ravine, dragging back their wounded. At dawn, a northern reporter crawled into the ravine and grew sick to his stomach. The place was clogged with bodies in butternut gray and a pool of blackish blood filled the bottom of the ravine.

Hood's repulse had been costly. Stevenson had lost almost 800 men and Hindman another 200, 1,000 men Johnston could not afford to lose and he told Hood so. The Union defenders had suffered far less, about 300 casualties, but this did not cheer Sherman. He was especially upset at a message he had received from Hooker during the battle. "Three entire corps are in front of us," Hooker had said, and he demanded more men. When Sherman read this he passed the message to Thomas, saying: "Hooker must be mistaken. Johnston's army has only three corps," and he pointed out that Hardee and Loring's corps were still in position and had not been part of Hood's attack. Thomas shrugged and said: "I look upon this as something of a stampede."

Still fuming, Sherman rode to Culp's Farm and stormed into Hooker's headquarters, blistering him with reproachment and telling him that he would no longer tolerate his alarmist attitude. He wanted no more of Hooker's boasts or misrepresentations. Hooker nodded and then sulked for a month over the rebuke. Meanwhile, after realizing that incessantly pounding the peaks of Kennesaw Mountain produced little, Sherman decided to frontally attack Johnston's line. To that end, he ordered trenches built as close to the base of the mountain as possible and these were constructed with bloody diligence, Union troops being shot down by Rebel sharpshooters as they moved their earthworks ever closer to the Confederates.

On June 24, Sherman informed his army commanders that they would attack in three days. While the entire Union front demonstrated, one attack would be aimed at the south end of the mountain at Johnston's right center, another spearhead would assault the very center of the line. Johnston prepared for the attack, bolstering his defenses on Kennesaw, placing more batteries on Big Kennesaw, the highest peak at 700 feet, then the 400-foot Little Kennesaw and, finally, the 200-foot knob known as Pigeon Hill.

In Sherman's higher command there were serious doubts about their chief's unimaginative plan. McPherson suggested that it might be more prudent to wait until the terrain dried up

so that the roads could again be used in a flanking movement. Sherman shook a determined head. No, it was necessary, he said to show that his men "could fight as well as Grant's." Or die as well as Grant's, some later whispered, knowing full well how Grant was sacrificing thousands of Federal troops a day, practicing bloodbath warfare in Virginia. When the orders filtered down to regimental commands, Federal troops glumly prepared for their deaths making macabre wagers on who would be the first to fall before Johnston's guns. Most wrote letters of farewell.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky on the morning of June 27, 1864, and began to dry out the red clay roads and fields in and about Kennesaw Mountain. At exactly 8 a.m., more than 200 Union guns opened up to blast the Confederate positions on the mountain and along the flats surrounding it. "Hell has broke loose in Georgia," cried one Confederate defender as he crouched with his comrades in a rifle pit. Col. Joseph S. Fullerton, a Union staff officer, watched the terrific cannonade and commented: "Kennesaw smoked and blazed with fire, a volcano as grand as Etna." Throughout the trenches and revetments, the Rebels clung to the red earth or sat waiting in bombproofs. The earth shook everywhere as shells exploded and metal flew whizzing in the air. At 9 a.m., the bombardment lessened, then stopped.

Waiting to go over a parapet and on to the attack was Lt. C.W. Wills, who had written in his diary earlier that day: "Our brigade and one from each of the other two divisions of the corps are selected to charge the mountain." Wills had no delusions about what awaited him and his men. "If we are successful with a loss of only half our number, we will think our loss more than repaid."

Two enormous masses of blue-coated men, about a mile from one another, climbed over their trenches and began to advance against Kennesaw. Gen. Samuel French, whose men were positioned along the slopes of the mountain, marveled at the sight of the Union forces: "... as if by magic there sprang from the earth a host of men, and in one long, waving line of blue the infantry advanced."

All along the eight-mile front, skirmishers were advancing but this fooled no Confederate commander. They knew that much of this activity was feint. Rebel batteries concentrated their fire on those bluecoat formations, which showed themselves in force, one division aiming for the southwest slope of Little Kennesaw. Three brigades led by Gen. Morgan L. Smith came forward, spreading out so that their ranks could assault not only Little Kennesaw but also Pigeon Hill. More than 5,500 men deployed along the Burned Hickory Road on a front that stretched for a half mile. They came on resolutely in two columns of regiments and they were greeted by searing firepower from 5,000 entrenched Confederates and dozens of Rebel batteries, a sound French described as "a roar as constant as Niagra and as sharp as the crash of thunder with lightning in the eye."

As they went forward, Smith's men were reinforced by another brigade from Logan's division. They soon came upon two lines of defenses and swarmed into the first rifle pits in hand-to-hand combat with Gen. William Walker's 1st and 63rd Ga. The Georgians proved stubborn. When they ran out of ammunition, they used their rifle butts, knives and bayonets. Eleven Georgians were trapped in a small rifle pit but refused to give up. Struggling with their bare hands against their opponents, nine were bayoneted to death.

Lt. George A. Bailie of the 1st Ga. was grazed in the ear by a bullet. He turned to see his assailant grinning at him while he reloaded. Bailie had lost his pistol and had only his sword in hand. In desperation he picked up a rock and hurled it with such velocity that when it struck the Federal between the eyes it killed him. Another Georgian struggled with a Federal for possession of his own musket. He finally threw the Union soldier to the ground, yelling: "Keep the damned gun and go to hell!" He then jumped from the pit and raced for the second Confederate line of defense.

Capturing the first rifle pits, the Union troops realized that they had bagged only about 100 men. They sprang forward toward the second line of defense on the steep slope of Little Kennesaw. Between the two lines, however, they encountered spiked logs, fallen timber and other obstacles that slowed their progress. Then the Confederate fire belched forth and cut down the attackers in great numbers. Union adjutant F.Y. Hedley went forward to witness "from the light red line of earth ... a storm of lead that, united with the volleys of artillery on either flank, bore down countless scores. At every pace of their magnificent advance men dropped, mangled or dead.

"None stopped to see who had fallen—looking neither to the right nor to the left, they instinctively sought one another's side, closing up the gaps and continually shortening the line but resolutely pressing on. The only instinct left alive was that of destruction ... From front and flanks came a fire of musketry, tenfold fiercer than before, and every missile that artillery could throw. Our lines were irretrievably crushed, and the men sought such shelter as the ground afforded."

The Federals fell back, seeking cover behind rocks and logs. Within an hour, the Union troops staggered back to the first rifle pits they had captured earlier and clung to the earthworks as vicious enfilading fire from French's batteries raked their position. Smith, by then, had lost seven regimental commanders and more than 500 men.

A mile away, along the Dallas Road, Thomas sent two divisions commanded by Generals John Newton and Jefferson C. Davis, against a position held by the hard-drinking, 43-year-old Gen. Benjamin Franklin Cheatham, striking at a salient where Hardee's line bent sharply southward. This jutting salient would later be called the Dead Angle. Two of Cheatham's four brigades were entrenched here and they fought desperately against being overwhelmed, firing point blank at the advancing Federals, but as soon as they knocked down one rank, another blue line appeared only a few paces away. Said one defending Confederate officer: "They seemed to walk up and take death as coolly as if they were automatic or wooden men."

A Tennessee rifleman reported that "the least flicker on our part would have been sure death to all." He and his comrades fought shoulder to shoulder, firing, reloading, using their bayonets, knowing that their extended position could not be reinforced. They had to fight off the Federals alone or die or, worse in their eyes, surrender. They stood and fought and held

Death at the "Dead Angle": ABOVE, Union regiments are mowed down by Cheatham's entrenched troops; RIGHT, Gen. Charles G. Harker, killed; MIDDLE RIGHT, Col. Daniel McCook, killed; Col. Oscar F. Harmon, killed.

their lines, aided by French's guns, which helped to cover their positions, tearing great holes in the advancing Union lines, and by concentrated rifle fire from groups of Rebel marksmen sent by Cleburne.

One Union brigade surged forward beyond supporting units. This brigade was led by 27-year-old Gen. Charles. G. Harker, a West Point graduate who had fought at Stones River, Chickamauga and throughout the Atlanta Campaign, having been recently but lightly wounded at Rocky Face Ridge. His corps commander, Gen. Oliver Howard, said of him: "Anything that required pluck and energy, we called on Harker." His men came forward in five regiments but they soon got entangled in underbrush and obstacles before reaching the first line of Confederate trenches and their lines splintered so that they were mere trickles of men going forward.

When Harker's men reached the Rebel lines of 34-year-old Gen. Alfred Vaughan, they were greeted by a murderous fire from his Tennessee brigades. Harker's formations melted at the Dead Angle where Confederates began collapsing from the sheer exertion of simply killing the enemy. One Tennessean, Sam Watkins, later stated that he had fired 120 rounds in the time it took to crush Harker's attack. "My gun became so hot," Watkins remembered, "that frequently the powder would flash before I could ram home the ball. When the Yankees fell back and the firing ceased, I never saw so many broken down and exhausted men in my life. I was sick as a horse and as wet with blood and sweat as I could be, and many of our men were vomiting with excessive fatigue, overexhaustion, and sunstroke; our tongues were parched and cracked for water, and our faces blackened with powder

and smoke, and our dead and wounded were piled indiscriminately in the trenches."

The Union dead far exceeded that of the Rebels, as Watkins pointed out: "I am satisfied that every man in our regiment killed from onescore to fourscore, yea, fivescore men. All that was necessary was to load and shoot. In fact, I will ever think that the reason they did not capture our works was the impossibility of their living men to pass over the bodies of their dead."

What was left of Harker's men cowered before the Rebel trenches. Harker attempted to rally them, galloping his horse up the slope, waving his hat and shouting: "Come on, boys!" Harker and his staff rode among the shattered ranks of the 42nd Ill., urging his men to stand up and make one more charge. At that moment, when Harker was but 15 yards from the Confederate trenches blazing with gunfire, he was hit by a bullet in the arm. Then another bullet tore into his chest and he fell from his horse into the arms of his men who carried his body down the slope. His brigade followed the corpse in a headlong retreat. "Had General Harker lived," Sherman later wrote, "I believe we would have carried the parapet, broken the enemy's center, and driven him pell-mell into the Chattahoochee."

The loss of Col. Daniel McCook, Jr. was felt with equal remorse. McCook was one of the famous Fighting McCooks (17 brothers and cousins who fought for the Union, three of whom having already been killed in battle). The literary McCook had marched up and down the line of his brigade before the attack reading aloud Thomas Macaulay's poem about Horatius in the battle at the bridge that spanned the Tiber. Most of his men did not understand its meaning, but felt the passion of their colonel's words.

McCook led his brigade forward with that of Col. John Mitchell's 34th Ill. on his flank. These brigades drove toward the southern flank of the Dead Angle and met Cheatham's men who sent them reeling back with blistering volley fire. "The air seemed filled with bullets," said Frank B. James of the 52nd Ohio, "giving one the sensation experienced when moving swiftly against a heavy wind and sleet storm." To Cyrus Fox, a private in the 86th Ill.: "It did not appear that a bird could have gone through there without being torn in small bits."

Mitchell's brigade was shredded, its survivors taking cover and firing from crouched or prone positions. The Rebels fired back until they ran out of ammunition. Then they threw knives, trenching tools, hammers and stones. One Illinois veteran stood up to fire and a rock hurled from the Confederate line knocked off his cap. As he bent to retrieve it—desperate to keep the blazing sun from his head as the temperature was already above 100 degrees—a large boulder struck him in the stomach and propelled him backward so that he tumbled down the slope.

Ten Confederate cannons fired canister and shot that rented McCook's already shredded lines. Frustrated at his brigade's inability to take the Rebel position, McCook, followed by a few men, raced to the top of the Confederate parapet and slashed downward with his sword at several Rebels in the pit below him and shouting: "Surrender, you damned traitors!"

Private S.M. Canterbury of the 86th Ill., reached up frantically, pulling at his commander's sleeve and yelling: "Colonel Dan, for God's sake, get down or they will shoot you!"

McCook was beside himself with rage as he pulled away, shouting: "God damn you, attend to your own business!" He turned back to a Confederate in the trench below him, reaching down to grab the barrel of the man's musket. The Confederate jammed the barrel into McCook's chest and pulled the trigger. The blast blew McCook back over the parapet and down the slope where his men carried him away to die within a few minutes. As he was being carried to the rear, he said: "Stick to them, boys."

Capt. William W. Fellows, saw the mortally wounded McCook and leaped to his feet, brandishing his sword, and shouting: "Come on boys, we'll take—" A bullet cut off his words, smashing into his face and killing him. Next, Col. Oscar M. Harmon of the 125th Ill. took command. He rallied about 50 men and began crawling up the slope to the Dead Angle and was shot dead through the heart.

Nothing could have lived for long in that murderous volley fire from the Confederate front and it was the same with Newton's two brigades struggling forward close to the Dallas Road. Here, on Cleburne's front, the combined brigades of the 1st and 15th Ark., under the command of Lt. Col. William H. Martin stopped the Yankees cold. Scores of Union wounded lay in thick underbrush, which was ignited by gunfire. The brush blazed up and soon Union wounded cried out in agony as they were being roasted to death.

Martin was horrified by the sight and he ordered his men to cease fire. Tying his handkerchief to a gunner's ramrod he waved this as a signal for a truce and then jumped to the top of the parapet, shouting at the enemy: "Come and remove your wounded—they are burning to death! We won't fire a gun until you get them away! Be quick!" The guns in this sector fell silent, although the crackle of musketry and roar of cannon could be heard rumbling along other parts of Johnston's front.

Federals suddenly climbed over logs and stood up from behind boulders to drag away their wounded, some with smoldering uniforms. Inspired by Martin's heroic act of mercy, Arkansas troops climbed over their own parapets and helped Union soldiers carry their comrades to the Federal rear and then returned to their rifle pits.

Martin's startling act would seldom see its like in modern warfare, even though, by this year of 1864, the techniques and tools of modern war had already embraced combatants on both sides. Unlike the nerveless soldier who flinched not from creating merciless killing fields, Martin was no cold and unfeeling modern warrior. His was the code of the Old South—still practiced by many Northerners—honor in battle above all. Through him, on the gory slopes of Kennesaw, chivalry took one of its last grand bows. When the fires were stamped out by troops on both sides, a Union major carrying a flag of truce walked calmly to the Confederate parapet and handed Martin two matched Colt revolvers. "For you, sir," he said to Martin. "In appreciation ... You are a gallant gentleman."

The Union assault had cost Cheatham 195 men; French had lost 186. Federal losses, however, were staggering. Together the brigades of Cheatham and French had shot down

ABOVE, A lull in the battle for Kennesaw Mountain: Col. Martin stands upon the Confederate parapet after having called a truce so that Union troops could save their wounded from raging fires (Gen. Frank Cheatham is shown standing at extreme lower left); BELOW, A rare photo shows Union entrenchments and Kennesaw Mountain in the background shortly after the battle.