more than 2,000 out of 14,000 Federals attacking their positions. While overall Confederate losses were estimated at between 700 and 900, more than 3,000 Union soldiers had been lost. Yet Sherman, watching the futile assaults through his field glasses from his command post on Signal Hill, wanted the attacks to continue. He sent Thomas a message that read: "Do you think you can carry any part of the enemy's line today? ... I will order the assault if you think you can succeed at any point?"

Disgusted, Thomas was quick to reply: "We have already lost heavily today without gaining any material advantage. One or two more such assaults would use up this army." Sherman then asked Thomas what he thought about "moving on Fulton ... with the whole army," proposing that they move by the right flank to reach Fulton, ten miles behind Johnston's rear and three miles from the Chattahoochee. Thomas, exhausted, went to his tent and prepared to go to bed, but sent off a reply to Sherman before turning in: "I think it [Sherman's proposed flanking movement] decidedly better than butting against breastworks twelve feet thick and strongly abatised."

The failed attacks against Kennesaw Mountain were as severe as those incurred by Gen. Ambrose Burnside at Fredericksburg in December 1862, but where Burnside was condemned for his useless frontal attacks in which Union troops were slaughtered, Sherman was left intact, beyond criticism. He undoubtedly pondered this comparison after Kennesaw Mountain for he became extremely defensive. In a wire to Halleck he stated: "The assault I made was no mistake. I had to do it." He likened his eight-week skirmishing and maneuvering with Johnston to a minuet where both sides "had settled down into the conviction that the assault of lines formed no part of my game ... Failure as it was, and for which I assume the entire responsibility, I yet claim that it produced good fruit, as it demonstrated to General Johnston that I would assault and that boldly."

Sherman minimized the defeat he suffered at Kennesaw Mountain, and a large defeat it was, not a draw as some of his defenders claimed. He had taught Johnston nothing the Confederate commander had not already learned at a dozen other battles against other Union commanders, except that he, Sherman, was willing to waste the lives of his men to test his might, to show his seemingly unlimited resources. To Thomas, Sherman lamely said: "Our loss is small compared with some of those East," meaning that Grant was throwing away more lives than what Sherman was expending in Georgia. This was no consolation to the thousands of Union dead who were gathered up on June 28, 1864, by troops of both sides and thrown into hastily dug mass graves, their final resting places unmarked for eternity.

Two days after the Kennesaw disaster, Sherman wrote to his wife: "I begin to regard the death and mangling of a couple of thousand men as a small affair, a kind of morning dash. It may be well that we become hardened ... The worst of the war is not yet begun."

Chattahoochee River, Ga., July 4-10, 1964.

When McPherson feinted along the Kennesaw Mountain line on June 27, he sent forth two brigades, which crossed Olley's Creek a mile below the Powder Springs Road. These Union troops actually flanked Hood's extreme left and Sherman considered this move "the only advantage of the day." Sherman then elected to begin another flanking movement, but he was forced to wait until the soggy roads were baked hard enough for his transports to carry supplies. Only then could he cut loose of the rail line that had supplied his three armies on a daily basis.

Before he organized his move, Sherman had to deal with an odorous problem. The stench of the many Union dead littering the ground for miles was overpowering his living troops. On June 29, a seven-hour truce was arranged so that the Federals could bury their fallen comrades. Confederates, too, left their trenches and aided the Federals in their grim chore.

The infected, bloated corpses had been blistered by the blazing sun for almost two days and none wanted to lay hands on the dead. Crude grappling hooks were fashioned at the ends of bayonets and these were used to collar bodies and drag them to deep pits into which they were unceremoniously thrown. None of the bodies were touched and no personal effects removed so fearful were the burial squads of being contaminated. Well dressed officers with expensive gold chains and watches were tossed with their finery and new boots next to common, shoeless soldiers and the red earth of Georgia was shoveled over them to create mass, unmarked graves.

Burial squads wore kerchiefs about their faces against the sickening smell of the dead as they went about their grisly chores. The soldiers on both sides fraternized. Federal and Rebel officers chatted and the Rebels were complimented for their unflinching stand at the Dead Angle. When Gen. Cheatham, who had commanded the defenses at the Dead Angle, stepped from the Confederate works, he was eagerly sought out by several Union officers who asked for and received his autograph. This strange cordiality existed for several hours before the dead were finally underground and the adversaries went back to their own lines and prepared once more to kill each other.

On July 2, with the roads baked dry, Schofield's Army of the Ohio was already on the march around the southern end of Johnston's Kennesaw defense line. Following Schofield was McPherson's Army of the Tennessee, which Sherman pulled out of line and was marching behind the defense line of Thomas' Army of the Cumberland. Thomas stood fast, demonstrating, as if Sherman meant to continue the head-to-head fight at Kennesaw. He would do no such thing, of course. He was again attempting a wide-sweeping envelopment.

Confederate spotters saw all this from the lofty peaks of Kennesaw and reported the movements to Johnston who ordered his three corps back to Smyrna, four miles south of Marietta, his troops occupying strong defensive positions.

ABOVE, Union Gen. Kenner Garrard, who led his cavalry to Roswell, Ga., at the Chattahoochee River; AT RIGHT, Union troops screened by Garrard's cavalry, are shown fording the Chattahoochee River.

Sherman discovered Johnston's absence the next day, July 3, when looking through a powerful telescope mounted on a tripod on Signal Hill, he saw his own pickets scramble up Kennesaw to the top peaks without opposition. Sherman snorted reluctant admiration for the foxy Johnston. Years later he would say: "No officer or soldiers who ever served under me will question the generalship of Joseph E. Johnston. His retreats were timely, in good order, and he left nothing behind."

Sherman sent his armies toward Smyrna where Johnston invited him to attack, but Sherman, after discovering the formidable Southern defense line, declined, and again began a wide flanking movement. Johnston fell back again, this time to the north bank of the Chattahoochee, going into entrenched positions, which, for weeks, had been constructed by several thousand slaves, a maze of fortifications that had been designed by Gen. Francis A. Shoup, Johnston's chief of artillery.

Six miles long and a mile deep, these entrenchments shocked Sherman when he first observed them. They allowed Johnston to position his artillery and infantry in such a way as to bring concentrated fire power against any attacking force. Rifle pits formed the first lines of defenses and these were backed by log-linked redoubts, which were packed 12-feet thick with earth and stones. The redoubts, 80 feet apart, were linked by a stockade of vertical logs. At intervals, batteries and huge field guns that had been brought from Mobile, studded the second, third and fourth defense lines, brilliantly staggered in such a fashion as to give the Confederate artillery enfilading fire in almost every direction along its front.

In the event that Sherman could somehow break through these lines—which all in Johnston's command doubted—the Rebel army could easily retreat once more across the Chattahoochee. The railroad bridge leading to Atlanta was intact and Johnston had ordered three wide, solid pontoon bridges built to afford a speedy withdrawal. All of this was in Sherman's view when he rode to a hill near Vining Station on July 5. He grimly admitted that this was "one of the strongest pieces of field fortifications I ever saw." He also beheld the sight he had most longed for, the spires and rooftops of Atlanta only eight miles distant.

Sherman had no intentions of repeating his slaughter-house error at Kennesaw. He had McPherson and Thomas appear to entrench before the Chattahoochee fortifications and begin to skirmish. He sent two divisions of cavalry in either direction along the Chattahoochee, looking for a place for cross. Twenty miles upstream, Gen. Kenner Garrard's cavalry reached Roswell, but found the bridge destroyed.

A bustling textile town, Roswell was put to the torch by Garrard's troopers, except for a building flying the French flag. The owner, a French citizen, operated a manufacturing company that produced Confederate uniforms. When Garrard arrived, the Frenchman insisted that he was a foreign neutral and, as such, his structure had immunity from Union confiscation or destruction. Garrard, a field commander, was nonplussed, having no diplomatic expertise and he sought General Dodge's advice. Dodge, who had been sent to Roswell to build a bridge, wrote to Sherman for guidance.

"Such nonsense cannot deceive me," Sherman angrily responded in a wire to Halleck. "I take it a neutral is no better than one of our own citizens." Sherman told Dodge, more or less, that he could execute the Frenchman if he pleased: "Should you, under the impulse of natural anger, natural at contemplating such perfidy, hang the wretch, I approve the act beforehand." Dodge did not execute the Frenchman nor did he burn his plant. He tore down the building to use its materials to build a bridge across the Chattahoochee, a feat he accomplished on July 12, just three days after arriving in Roswell.

A corps of McPherson's army arrived and crossed the river on Dodge's bridge. Some of Schofield's men were already across the river between the Confederate right flank and Pace's Ferry, driving Rebel pickets before them on the south bank. Johnston had by then been diverted by Gen. George Stoneman who led his cavalry south and drawn Confederate opposition in strength. Schofield, meanwhile, on his own initiative, had crossed on July 9, where Soap Creek flowed into the Chattahoochee, brushing aside some scattered Rebel cavalry and capturing a single cannon.

Schofield's engineers had thrown down a pontoon bridge and two of his divisions poured across to establish a mile-wide bridgehead.

Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864.

Johnston withdrew again with his customary skill, getting his entire army across the Chattahoochee, first occupying works on the south bank, which had been earlier prepared, and then moving all the way back to the rear of Peach Tree Creek, where he dug in and determined that he would finally fight his great battle with Sherman. He was only five miles outside of Atlanta. He made this second withdrawal since he thought Sherman might be able to get between him and Atlanta if he had clung to the south bank of the Chattahoochee.

When Sherman's main forces reached the unguarded Chattahoochee, they dove by the thousands into its waters, splashing and frolicking as children. Sherman rode up to witness the spectacle and nodded that he, too, needed a bath. He stripped naked and waded into the warm waters as his men gaped. Union soldiers scrubbed themselves clean with soap and brushes, removing a month of red clay grime. They washed their clothes and shaved. The following day, Sherman wired Halleck: "We now commence the game for Atlanta."

Sherman spent six days preparing to attack Johnston at Peach Tree Creek. His men built more pontoon bridges over the Chattahoochee and a great deal of supplies streamed to the front-line troops. Artillery positions were established and skirmishers ventured forth. Johnston waited for the onslaught while in Atlanta chaos reigned.

Wagons and buggies packed with household goods streamed out of the city. Streets and roads leading south from the city were jammed with terrified civilians. Whole families were on the move with all their earthly belongings in tow, even their slaves. Southbound trains were filled to standing room and left the city with many refugees still running down the tracks after them. As these trains departed, others arrived from the front, their coaches and cattle cars loaded with wounded. The wounded were taken to field hospitals set up in the city's parks and everywhere was the smell of disinfectants and embalming fluid.

The stream of refugees from Atlanta included "yellow-faced women and their daughters in long-slatted sunbonnets and faded calico," according to one report, these women being the wives of farmers who had fled before Sherman's advance in the north country, their men already fighting and dying with Johnston. The hordes of refugees contained no able-bodied men, only boys under 17 and men over 52 who were exempt from conscription. The city crawled with provost guards who sought out deserters or those who had evaded conscription, rooting them from brothels and saloons, from attics and tool sheds and herding them either to jail, or, at their option, into fighting units.

Few in Atlanta were happy with Johnston. He had let the Yankees get to the front door of the South's most important city, the nerve center of manufacturing and transportation. Even inside Johnston's lines, his men began to doubt him. One young officer who lived in Atlanta wrote to his family: "There was not an officer or man in this Army who ever dreamed of Johnston falling back this far or ever doubted he would attack when the proper time came. But I think he has been woefully outgeneraled and has made a losing bargain."

Georgian leaders had been long desperate to learn how Johnston would stop or even throw back Sherman and save Atlanta. To that end, Senator Benjamin Harvey Hill, friend of both Jefferson Davis and Johnston, had earlier traveled to Johnston's headquarters to seek his plan of salvation. Johnston's plan all along, he explained to Hill, had to been to force Sherman into attacking his defensive positions and that he had succeeded at Rocky Face Ridge, at Dallas and, especially at Kennesaw Mountain, but not to the extent of being able to counterattack Sherman's massive forces that, if the opportunity arose, he would attempt to destroy piecemeal. That opportunity Sherman had not given him and Johnston doubted that he ever would.

What was needed, Johnston said, was an attack in Tennessee by no less than 5,000 Confederate cavalrymen who could destroy Sherman's supply line so that his men would be starved into frontally attacking his positions and be annihilated. Hill then asked Johnston why he did not use his own cavalry for this purpose. No, Johnston replied, that was impossible. He needed his horsemen right where they were, in the defense of Atlanta. Johnston said that Nathan Bedford Forrest must move his cavalry from Mississippi to Tennessee for this purpose, or John Hunt Morgan would have to take his gray riders from Virginia to Tennessee. These men, however, operated independent commands over which he, Johnston, had no authority. Only President Davis could order them to the task.

Johnston repeated the same story to a group of Confederate congressmen who arrived from Richmond via Atlanta on July 9. They were told by the Rebel commander that "you may tell Mr. Davis that it would be folly for me under the circumstances to risk a decisive engagement. My plan is to draw Sherman further and further from his base in the hope of weakening him and by cutting his army in two. This is my only hope of defeating him."

One of the congressmen then told Johnston that he had heard Davis say that "if he were in your place he could whip Sherman now."

Johnston grew stone-faced and tight-lipped. He had no love for Jefferson Davis, nor Davis' most favored general and his then top military adviser, Braxton Bragg. Johnston, after some time, replied: "Yes, I know Mr. Davis thinks he can do a great many things other men would hesitate to attempt. For instance, he tried to do what God failed to do. He tried to make a soldier of Braxton Bragg, and you know the result. It couldn't be done."

In Richmond, President Davis and his top military advisers fumed. Johnston had retreated again and again without seeking a decisive battle with Union forces, giving up almost all of Northern Georgia to Sherman's advancing troops. As to Johnston's notions about Confederate cavalry destroying Sherman's supply lines, there were no such forces available. Forrest was fending off Gen. Andrew J. Smith's Union forces from Tennessee and Gen. Edward Canby's large Federal forces pushing toward Mobile from New Orleans.

Many of those around Davis advised the President to dis-

ABOVE, Gen. Clement Hoffman Stevens, who received a mortal wound when leading his Georgia troops at Peach Tree Creek on July 20, 1864; he would die five days later; AT RIGHT, a photo shows the devastation created by the battle at Peach Tree Creek.

miss the seemingly indecisive Johnston, but Davis refused, telling them "how serious it was to change commanders in the presence of the enemy." He was considering the move, however, but he would not relieve Johnston "if he could have any assurance that General Johnston would not surrender Atlanta without a battle."

To determine exactly what Johnston intended to do, Davis sent none other than Braxton Bragg, a man Johnston despised, to meet with Johnston and discuss his strategy. While Bragg was traveling to Atlanta from Richmond, Davis received a wire from Johnston that stated: "I strongly recommend the distribution of the U.S. prisoners, now at Andersonville, immediately."

Davis and his advisers concluded that Johnston's wire meant that he would abandon Atlanta without a fight and leave the way open to Sherman's troops to liberate the 30,000 Federal troops at Andersonville. Johnston later stated that his wire meant nothing of the sort, that he believed that Sherman was close enough now to send a Union cavalry force around his position to Andersonville and free a small army of Union soldiers who might further menace the Confederate rear. (Johnston, at the time, was undoubtedly ignorant of the terrible condition of these prisoners who would be of no use as combat troops.)

Davis soon appeared to have made up his mind about replacing Johnston, sending a wire in cipher to his greatest general, Robert E. Lee, stating: "General Johnston has failed and there are strong indications that he will abandon Atlanta ... It seems necessary to remove him at once. Who should succeed him? What think you of Hood for the position?"

Lee at the time had his own problems in beating back the ceaseless attacks of Ulysses S. Grant. He respected Johnston, the very man he had replaced when taking over the command of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1862. He tactfully replied in a ciphered wire to Davis: "I regret the fact stated. It is a bad time to relieve the commander of an army situated as that of Tenne. We may lose Atlanta and the army too. Hood is a bold fighter. I am doubtful as to other qualities necessary." Hood had fought bravely under Lee at Antietam and at Gettysburg and had few equals as a combat commander, but Lee had never given him independent command and did not know the extent of Hood's abilities to direct an army.

Nevertheless, Lee thought about his initial response and then sent another message to Davis, telling him that "it is a grievous thing" to remove Johnston. "Still if necessary it ought to be done. I know nothing of the necessity. I had hoped that Johnston was strong enough to deliver battle." Lee continued to hold his reservations about Hood, his one-time brigade and division commander. "Hood is a good commander, very industrious on the battlefield, careless off, and I have had no opportunity of judging his action when the whole responsibility rested on him. I have a high opinion of his gallantry, earnestness and zeal."

Hood had, at the beginning of the campaign in Northern Georgia, complained about Johnston's seemingly unwillingness to seek out battle with Sherman and these brief complaints had reached Davis who now recalled them with sharp and useful memory. Bragg, meanwhile, began sending Davis wires from Atlanta. On July 13 he recommended "an entire evacuation of this place." Two days later, after meeting with Johnston and getting a cold reception as well as ambiguous answers as to his battle strategy against Sherman, Bragg wired Davis: "He has not sought my advice and it was not volunteered. I cannot learn that he has any more plan for the future than he has had in the past. It is expected that he will await the enemy on a line some three miles from here, and the impression prevails that he is now more inclined to fight ... The morale of our army is still reported good."

Bragg sent another message saying that Hardee was not a good choice as Johnston's replacement. He, like Johnston, favored a "retiring" strategy that avoided a major battle. Moreover, Bragg reminded Davis, Hardee, though he was the senior officer, had declined to accept the command of the Army of Tennessee seven months earlier, which had prompted the appointment of Johnston. He ended with an unqualified endorse-

ment of Davis' choice: "If any change is made, Lieutenant General Hood would give unlimited satisfaction."

Still Davis hesitated. On July 16, he approached Johnston directly with a wire: "I wish to hear from you as to present situation, and your plan of operations so specifically as will enable me to anticipate events."

Johnston's reply was ambiguous: "As the enemy has double our number, we must be on the defensive. My plan of operation must, therefore, depend upon that of the enemy. It is mainly to watch for an opportunity to fight to advantage. We are trying to put Atlanta in condition to hold it for a day or two by the Georgia militia, that army movements may be freer and wider." Davis received this telegram and concluded that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had no plan at all.

On July 17, while Sherman was directing a large turning movement that was apparently designed to envelop Atlanta from the north and east, Davis had Adjutant General Samuel Cooper, the highest-ranking soldier in the Confederate army, send the following telegram to Johnston: "Lieutenant General J.B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far in the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from your command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood."

Johnston was stung by the order. He immediately informed Hood and then thought long and hard before responding by wire to Cooper: "Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed." He correctly guessed that Davis was comparing his performance with that of Gen. Lee in Virginia and added: "Sherman's army is much stronger compared with that of Tennessee than Grant's compared with Northern Virginia. [In this Johnston was wrong; Grant possessed the same amount of men, if not more, than Sherman, and he hand no end to war materials; his supply lines were shorter and better managed than Sherman's.] Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance much more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg, and has penetrated deeper into Virginia than into Georgia.... Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency. J.E. Johnston."

Before Hood got word from Johnston, Richmond authorities had already informed him of his promotion to commander of the Army of Tennessee, news that alarmed him. He was up all night. A second wire from Sec. of War James Seddon was full of praise and encouragement: "You are charged with a great trust. You will, I know, test to the utmost your capacities to discharge it. Be wary no less than bold ... God be with you." Hood knew that his appointment had been made by virtue of his complaints about Johnston's unwillingness to attack in northern Georgia and this troubled him for, in recent weeks, he had kept his peace and his confidence in Johnston had apparently increased.

Many worried about Hood, including Hood himself. He was 33-years-old, ten years younger than his own division and fellow corps commanders. His physical condition would have retired anyone other than Hood from the service, a paralyzed left arm and a right leg amputated close to the hip, which made his horse riding a painful experience.

After some hours, Hood left his tent, had men lift him into the saddle, and rode to Johnston's headquarters. At that moment he knew nothing of Johnston's strategy, only to the extent it applied to his own corps, which was now dug in along the tracks of the Georia Railroad at Peach Tree Creek. Worse, Sherman was about to attack and only Johnston, it was presumed, had drawn up any plans to meet that threat.

En route to see Johnston, Hood met Gen. Alexander Stewart who had taken over Loring's-Polk's corps. Hood shared his apprehensions with Stewart. They should, along with Hardee, said Stewart, "prevail on General Johnston to withhold the order and retain command of the army until the impending battle has been fought." Hood agreed and when the generals met with Johnston that night in Johnston's tent, sitting at a barrel atop which flickered a lone candle, Hood begged Johnston to "pocket that dispatch, leave me in command of my corps, and fight the battle for Atlanta."

Johnston's response was direct and decisive: "Gentlemen, I am a soldier. A soldier's first duty is to obey."

Hardee then arrived and all three lieutenant generals, Hood, Stewart and Hardee, argued with Johnston and then sent, with all signing, a wire to President Davis, asking that he postpone the change of command "until the fate of Atlanta is decided." Davis wired back a firm no: "The order has been executed and I cannot suspend it without making the case worse than it was before the order was issued."

Hood again begged Johnston to remain in command, but Johnston said no. Hood then asked Johnston to, at least, remain with him and give him his counsel. Johnston agreed to help Hood all he could, promising that he would return to the defense lines after going to Atlanta for some brief business. This did not happen. Johnston simply packed up his personal belongings and departed. Hood later and bitterly declared: "... he not only failed to comply with his promise, but, without a word of explanation or apology, left that evening for Macon, Georgia."

The defense of Atlanta was no longer Johnston's responsibility. Hood could make his own mistakes without Johnston's help. The old man left for Macon with his wife. He would sit out the war and contemplate his memoirs, which would recall this bitter episode with indignation and anger. Before Johnston departed, he wrote a farewell to his troops. "I cannot leave this noble army," he stated, "without expressing my admiration of the high military qualities it has displayed. A long and arduous campaign has made conspicuous every soldierly virtue, endurance of toil, obedience to orders, brilliant courage. The enemy has never attacked but to be repulsed and severely punished. You, soldiers, have never argued but from your courage, and never counted your foes. No longer your leader, I will watch your career, and will rejoice in your victories. To one and all I offer assurances of my friendship, and bid an affectionate farewell."

Johnston's departure settled gloom upon the Army of Tennessee. Alexander Hunter of Virginia, was only one of many Confederate soldiers enraged by Davis' removal of Johnston: "When Mr. Davis, who thought himself infallible, took a dis-

like, he became stone-blind in his hatred. When the Autocrat of Richmond removed Johnston from the head of the Army of Tennessee, he dealt a stab deep in the vitals of the Confederacy."

Johnston had been beloved as Samuel R. Watkins, a Tennessee soldier remembered, and his passing was lamented by rank and file. "Old Joe Johnston had taken command of the Army of Tennessee when it was crushed and broken, at a time when no other man on earth could have united it," Watkins wrote. "He found it in rags and tatters, hungry and heart-broken, the morale of the men gone, their manhood vanished to the winds, their pride a thing of the past. Through his instrumentality and skillful manipulation, all these had been restored ... He was more popular with his troops day by day. "We had made a long an arduous campaign, lasting four months; there was not a single day in that four months that did not find us engaged in battle with the enemy. History does not record a single instance of where one of his lines was ever broken—not a single rout. He had not lost a single piece of artillery; he had dealt the enemy heavy blows; he was whipping them day by day, yet keeping his own men intact; his men were in as good spirits and as sure of victory at the end of four months as they were at the beginning; instead of the army being depleted, it had grown in strength. 'Tis true that he had fallen back, but it was to give the enemy heavier blows. He brought all the power of his army into play; ever on the defensive, 'tis true, yet ever striking the enemy in his most vulnerable part. His face was always to the foe. They could make no movement in which they were not anticipated. Such a man was Joseph E. Johnston, and such was his record. Farewell, old fellow! We privates loved you because you made us love ourselves."

The love was shown the next morning before Johnston left. Johnston stood bareheaded outside of his headquarters as the 66th Ga. filed past. Wrote its commander, Lt. Col. James C. Nisbit: "We lifted our hats. There was no cheering. We simply passed silently, with heads uncovered. Some of the officers broke ranks and grasped his hands, as the tears poured down their cheeks."

Hood took command and placed Cheatham in charge of his old corps. Hardee remained with his corps and Stewart was now in charge of Loring's Corps, which had been Polk's. His corps commanders, all senior in age and experience to Hood, were respectful toward Hood but reserved. They had no idea what he might do. This was not the case with two Union army commanders who faced him.

McPherson and Schofield had known Hood at West Point. Both were called to a meeting with Sherman who had just learned from a newspaper smuggled out of Atlanta that Hood had replaced Johnston. He asked about Hood. Schofield knew him best. He had been Hood's roommate at West Point and had helped him avoid expulsion by tutoring him in mathematics. Schofield was blunt. Hood would attack, he told Sherman. "He'll hit you like hell, now, before you know it." This did not discourage Sherman. On the contrary, he relished the idea of facing an opponent willing to do battle in open ground "instead of being forced to run up against prepared entrenchments."

Hood had no thought of entrenching. On July 19, he believed he saw his opportunity to strike Sherman a telling blow. The Union armies were then moving toward Atlanta in a wide flanking movement. Sherman was by then obsessed with the idea of severing the Georgia Railroad running east to Augusta, the rail line then running through several connections before going north to Richmond. He believed that Richmond would send reinforcements from Lee's army in Virginia via this railway linkup and he would prevent that from happening by sending McPherson's Army of the Tennessee from Decatur on a forced march of six miles to Atlanta, destroying the rail line as McPherson went forward.

The Army of the Ohio under Schofield at McPherson's right, was moving on a road north of the railroad, but parallel with it toward Atlanta while Thomas' Army of the Cumberland, much farther to Schofield's right, marched south and approached Peach Tree Creek. It was here, behind the creek and atop several ridges, that Hood positioned his men in defensive positions. Hood called a council of his top generals in Atlanta on the night of July 19, outlining his plan. He pointed out that there was a two-mile gap between the advancing armies of Schofield and Thomas. Within that gap lay a marshy wasteland created by dozens of streams and filled with thick underbrush and entanglements that, if one of these armies had to go to the aid of the other, would compel those forces to make a roundabout march and slow its ability to support the other army.

Hood ordered an attack on July 20, 1864. The two corps led by Hardee and Stewart would smash Thomas as his troops crossed Peach Tree Creek, driving his leading elements oblique to the left into the creek and destroy the remaining troops of the Army of the Cumberland trapped in the pocket created by the confluence of the Chattahoochee River and Peach Tree Creek. Cheatham's corps, along with all of the cavalry and the state militia would defend against Schofield and McPherson. Once Thomas' force, the largest Federal army, was destroyed, Hardee and Stewart would join Cheatham in an overwhelming attack on Mcpherson and Schofield.

The plan sounded good, but it became quickly and seriously flawed when Hood scheduled the attack for 1 p.m. the next day, a late hour. This was necessary, his corps commanders said, so that they could properly position their men and coordinate their attacks. The following day saw a three-hour delay while attacking units were formed and the attack did not begin until 4 p.m., advancing Confederates marching from one mile south of Peach Tree Creek. By that time most of Thomas' troops had crossed the creek and were on the south bank.

To avoid creating any gaps in the attacking lines and to make sure that the attackers would envelop Thomas along a broad front, Hood ordered the advancing units arranged in echelon, three of Hardee's divisions and two of Stewarts, with each corps holding a division in reserve. They were to attack east to west. The stepladder textbook tactics called for Bate's division to make the initial attack, then, 150 yards behind it, the next division would follow, and so on.

Spread out over a three-mile front, Thomas's seven divisions were mostly across the creek, but only Gen. John Newton had thought to build breastworks and place his men behind them. Most of the troops of the other divisions lazed about once the bridgehead had been established. Men took naps, played cards, picked berries, some washed in the creek. Sgt.

Rice Bull of the 123rd N.Y. sat with his men talking about where they would camp for the night and what they would be eating for supper when Bull heard "a rifle shot in our front. It was as unexpected as would be thunder from out of a clear sky."

Newton's division received the first impact, hit hard by Bate's division on the left flank and along its front by Gen. William Walker's division. Hearing the rippling gunfire, Union teamsters scrambled to the top of trees to see "Johnnies charging by the acre." Bate's men burst upon two of Newton's regiments, swarming all over men without muskets who fled in a wild rout across Peach Tree Creek, diving into the water and swimming madly for the north shore. Dozens were captured.

Thomas, normally unruffled, became agitated when he saw that the Confederates were desperately attempting to get to a bridge that was at Newton's left rear. Once this bridge was captured, Thomas knew, the Rebels could sever the main route of a Union withdrawal. Thomas went into action, galloping his horse to a Federal battery and sending it across the bridge, hurrying its horses by slapping their rumps with the flat of his sword. This battery lined up with six of Newton's cannons and four regiments, all facing east before the bridge.

When Bate's division broke through some woods and began to cross the open ground toward the bridge, Newton's regiments and batteries opened up a devastating fire that stopped the charging Rebels. The leading companies disintegrated, survivors falling back on those in the rear. The fire from Newton's fortified position was so intense that Bates' men retreated quickly to the protection of some nearby woods. Though he had repulsed attacks on his left and front, Newton anxiously looked to a new threat. His right flank was exposed. Newton expected the division commanded by Gen. William T. Ward to fill this gap but Ward's troops remained in their position behind a ridge.

More than a quarter of a mile gap existed between Newton and the next Federal force and into this gap plunged the division of Gen. George E. Maney of Cheatham's corps. Ward's division was at Newton's rear, shielded by a ridge. Ward refused to move his men forward. Two of his officers, Gen. John Coburn and Col. Benjamin Henry Harrison begged Ward for permission to throw their men into the gap at Newton's right. Ward said that if he permitted such an action he would disobeying the orders of Gen. Hooker, his corps commander. Coburn and Harrison continued arguing until Ward finally gave them permission to attack.

Harrison's brigade led the way, with Coburn's brigade in support. Harrison himself galloped up a hill to place himself at the head of his rushing column. Ward then ordered his third and last brigade to follow the others and when his entire division appeared on the crest of the ridge, Maney's charging regiments were hit by enfilading fire and driven back in confusion.

Thomas, meanwhile, on the north bank of Peach Tree Creek, twisted the short hairs of his gray beard in anxiety. When he saw Ward's 3rd Division appear atop the ridge and charge into Maney's flanked forces, he displayed an uncustomary exuberance, throwing his hat on the ground in jubilation and shouting: "Hurrah! Look at the 3rd Division! They're driving them!"

OPPOSITE PAGE, The detailed map of the battle of Atlanta shows the break-through (top, right) made by Rebel troops under Manigault and Sharp, which briefly threatened to envelop the Union flanks and heralded disaster for the Army of the Tennessee, until Gen. Logan rushed reinforcements to the area to stem the Confederate tidal wave.

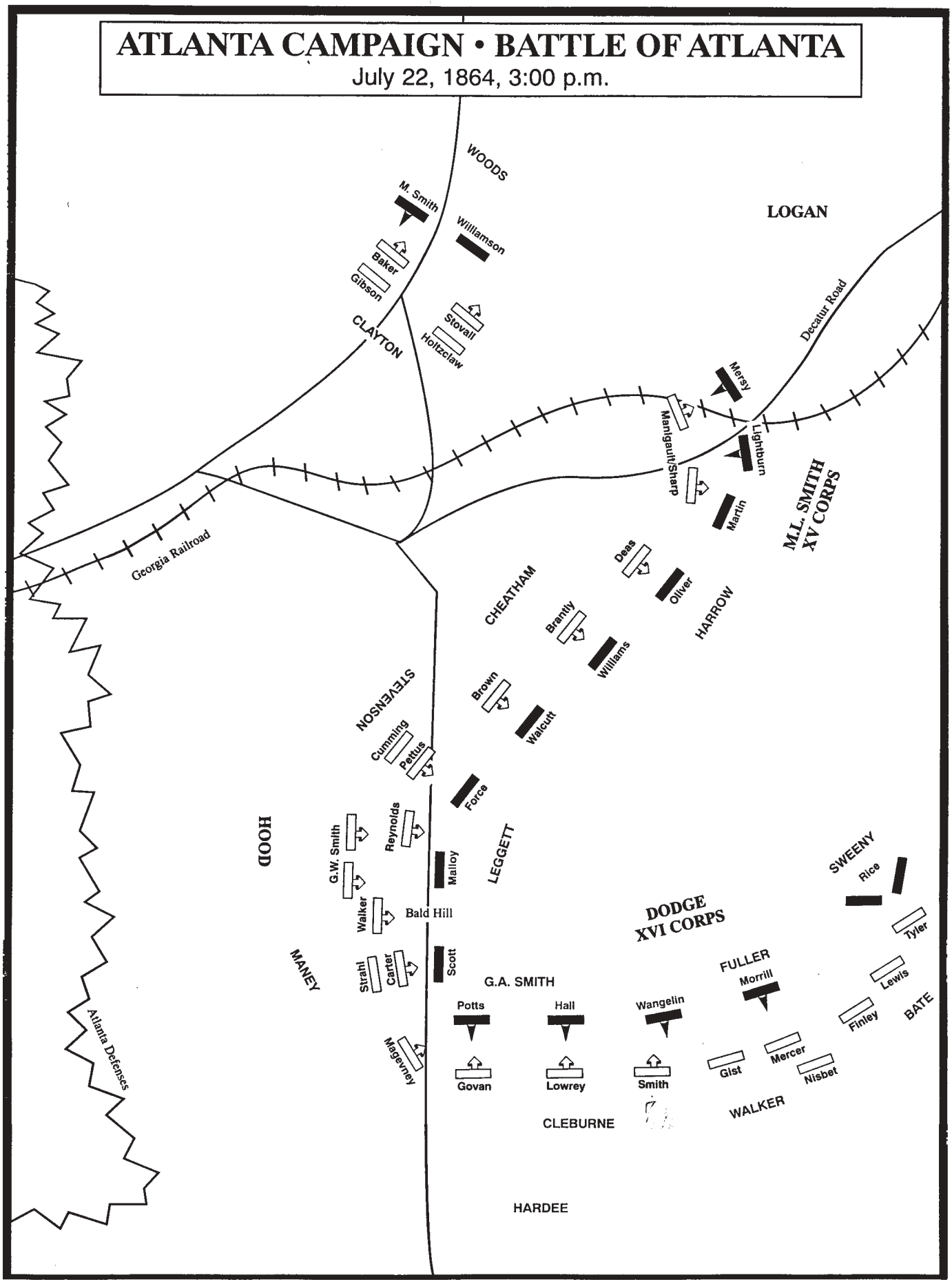
Along Thomas ragged line to the west, Confederate advances had also been halted in savage fighting and, after two bloody hours, Hardee and Stewart had made only slight penetrations into the stiffening Union line. The fighting had been savage and had claimed the life of Confederate Brig. Gen. Clement Hoffman Stevens, who led a Georgia brigade. He had fought from the very beginning of the war, was severely wounded at Bull Run in 1861, and wounded again at Chickamauga in 1863. In Hardee's final attack, Stevens rallied his Georgians and led a charge and was shot down. Carried from the field, he died of his wound on July 25.

Hardee played one more card, ordering the best division in the Rebel army forward, that of Patrick Cleburne, who was to attack Thomas' extreme left in the hope that he could turn it and envelop the Army of the Cumberland. Cleburne prepared for the attack and just as he was about to order his men forward at 6 p.m., a courier from Hood arrived to tell him to hurry to the support of Wheeler's cavalry, which was fighting a losing battle a few miles east of Atlanta near the Georgia railroad. McPherson's army threatened to flank Wheeler and get inside Atlanta.

At that moment, Federals had reached the outskirts of the city and McPherson was anxious to be the first Union commander to bombard Atlanta, which was ringed with defensive positions, a series of strong barriers, entrenchments and rifle pits. The "honor" of sending the first shell into Atlanta fell to Capt. Francis DeGress, commander of Battery H, 1st Ill. Light Art. DeGress ordered one of his long-range 20-pound Parrotts unlimbered and he personally directed the first shot fired, a shell that exploded at the corner of Ellis and Ivy streets where it killed a little girl who was walking her dog.

Cleburne, meanwhile, made a forced march to support Wheeler's desperately fighting troops, linking up on a ridge barren of trees called Bald Hill, which commanded the eastern approach to Atlanta and was a perfect position from which Union artillery could bombard the city. Cleburne arrived just in time to help Wheeler's dismounted troopers, along with those of General Alfred Iverson, Jr. and John Herbert Kelly, push Federals off the hill. (Kelly was called "the boy general," being the youngest general officer in the Confederate army at the time of his appointment, 23 when becoming a brigadier in November 1863.)

Meanwhile, the battle of Peach Tree Creek had ended. At dusk, the Confederates ceased their attacks with little gains. Hood was not pleased. He praised Wheeler and Cleburne for saving Bald Hill, Cheatham for fighting well and Stewart for carrying "out his instructions to the letter." Stewart's losses made up about two thirds of all Confederate casualties that day, 2,500, against 1,600 Federal losses. For Hardee, who was known as "Old Reliable," Hood had nothing but anger. He reported that Hardee's corps, "although composed of the best


ATLANTA CAMPAIGN • BATTLE OF ATLANTA
July 22, 1864, 3:00 p.m.
WOODS
M. Smith
Williamson
Baker
Gibson
CLAYTON
Stovall
Holtzclaw
LOGAN
Decatur Road
Mersy
Manigault/Sharp
Lightburn
Martin
M.L. SMITH
XV CORPS
Georgia Railroad
Deas
Oliver
CHEATHAM
Brantly
Williams
HARROW
STEVENSON
Brown
Walcutt
Cumming
Pettus
Force
HOOD
G.W. Smith
Reynolds
Malloy
LEGGETT
Walker
Bald Hill
DODGE
XVI CORPS
SWEENY
Rice
Tyler
MANEY
Strahl
Carter
Scott
G.A. SMITH
FULLER
Morrill
Lewis
Potts
Hall
Wangelin
Finley
BATE
Atlanta Defenses
Magevney
Govan
Lowrey
Smith
Gist
Mercer
Nisbet
WALKER
CLEBURNE
HARDEE

troops in the army, virtually accomplished nothing ... did nothing more than skirmish with the enemy."

Atlanta, Ga., July 21-22, 1864.

On Thursday, July 21, Cleburne and Wheeler were occupied in a desperate fight for Bald Hill. It was, in Cleburne's words, "the bitterest" fighting of his life. McPherson's artillery, led by DeGress' 20-pounder Parrotts, conducted an intense barrage on Confederate positions around and atop the hill. Gen. James A. Smith, who commanded Cleburne's Texas Brigade, was aghast at the destruction wrought by the Union barrage: "I have never before witnessed such accurate and destructive cannonading. In a few minutes, 40 men were killed and over 100 wounded by this battery [DeGress'] alone. In the 18th Tex. Cav., dismounted, 17 of the 18 men composing one company were placed *hors de combat* by one shot alone."

Following the bombardment, McPherson ordered Gen. Mortimer Leggett's division to storm Bald Hill. The job fell to Gen. Manning Force, whose brigade would be supported on the right by a division led by Gen. Giles Smith. In addition to the casualties suffered on both sides, the blazing sun struck down three Union officers who collapsed from sunstroke as they led their men up Bald Hill. By late afternoon, with more than 3,000 Federal troops attacking from front and flanks, Cleburne's rugged veterans were finally driven from the crest. The cost was high; more than 800 Union soldiers fell before Rebel volleys, with Confederate losses at half that number. No sooner had Union forces taken Bald Hill than McPherson ordered batteries to its top so that it could command the Confederate extreme right flank.

To forestall a Union flanking move on the right of Hood's positions, Wheeler moved his cavalry a mile beyond the railroad. It was then that he made a startling discovery. There were no Federal forces on McPherson's left flank. That flank, Wheeler joyfully reported to Hood, was "in the air," unprotected by Union skirmishers or cavalry. Hood jumped at the idea of conducting a sweeping flanking movement around McPherson, envisioning his own duplication of Lee's triumphant flanking movements at Second Bull Run and Chancellorsville in Virginia in 1862 and 1863. It was clear to him that McPherson had been so preoccupied with Cleburne in the fight for Bald Hill that he neglected to protect his left flank.

Hood, being pressured on the left by Thomas and by McPherson on the right, ordered his three corps to withdraw to the defensive positions surrounding Atlanta, the construction of which Johnston had personally supervised a month earlier. The Confederates strengthened these positions, which Hood ordered Cheatham and Stewart to defend on the north and east. Hardee, despite Hood's anger over his ineffectiveness at Peach Tree Creek, would conduct the envelopment of McPherson's left flank.

It was no small task to move an entire army in a single night in the presence of Union forces and realign them in new defensive positions. Hood not only accomplished this, but managed to have Hardee form his brigades and prepare to attack at dawn. While Hardee was flanking McPherson from the east, Cheatham was to attack him from the west. After the two-pronged attack destroyed McPherson, Hood would then attack the other two armies. Hardee's corps had to march 15 miles on the night of July 21 and it fell behind Hood's schedule. Cleburne was not able to disengage from the Federals holding Bald Hill until midnight. His weary troops trudged after Hardee's columns for several hours. Many fell behind and by dawn, Hardee had only the advance elements in place and had to wait for straggling units to join him.

Hardee's assembly point on the morning of July 22, was Widow Parker's farm, about three miles southwest of Decatur. Hardee formed four divisions abreast of each other in columns, which took him until almost noon. As the men marched forward they ran into a two-mile stretch of underbrush and woods so thick that, according to Hardee, "we could not see ten paces."

Yet the Confederates pressed on without opposition. Garrard's cavalry was nowhere to be seen on McPherson's left flank. It had been sent galloping 40 miles to the east by Sherman to destroy the railhead at Covington; Sherman was still obsessed with destroying the rail lines to Richmond to prevent reinforcements arriving from Virginia, as if Lee had any to send. McPherson, by that time, was acutely aware of his naked left flank. He had, at 7:30 a.m., ordered Gen. Grenville M. Dodge to extend his XVI Corps, held in reserve on the left. Sherman countermanded that order and sent Dodge's Corps to "destroy every rail and tie of the railroad, from Decatur up to your [McPherson's] skirmish line."

By the time Dodge was on the march, McPherson rode to see Sherman and convinced him to recall Dodge to protect his left flank. Sherman did so; McPherson, his protegé and favorite, could, more than any other man, persuade the commander to change his mind. Dodge's XVI Corps was brought back, although it was not really a full-strength corps to begin with, only about 5,000 men and, of these, a brigade remained in Decatur to guard supply wagons. Two divisions, however, were about to take up positions on McPherson's left flank when the first shot of a Union skirmisher was heard.

Two Confederate divisions approached McPherson's flank, confident of turning it and rolling up the Federal army in short order. They were led by the intrepid Gen. Bate and Gen. William Henry Talbot Walker. The 47-year-old Walker was one of three West Point graduates named Walker serving in the Rebel army. He had fought in the Seminole and Mexican wars and was a superb though volatile general. In fact, Gen. Johnston had said that Walker was the only general fit to lead a division in the Western Theater.

Hardee, Walker's superior, did not share that opinion. He and Walker had quarreled that morning when Walker had asked for permission to march his troops around a mile of briar patch and a marsh fed by a large mill pond. The usually cordial Hardee, sleepless and much harassed by details in preparing his attack, lost all courtesy, snapping at Walker: "No, sir! This movement has been delayed too long already. Go and obey my orders!"

Walker bristled, but returned to his command and led them struggling through the briar patches and entanglements, all the while fuming over the harsh commands of Hardee, a

Confederate gun emplacements like this ringed Atlanta in one of the most intricate defense systems ever constructed to that time

AT RIGHT, In addition to miles of entrenchments, forts and redoubts, Atlanta was surrounded miles deep with abatis, spiked barricades and, as shown in the photo at lower left, *chevaux-de-fraises*, which were logs with spiked poles driven into them, making it impossible for an enemy to clamber forward without being impaled.

Federal troops are shown at a Union picket post outside of Atlanta prior to the battle of July 22, 1864.

man only one year older than he and a fellow West Pointer. "I shall make him remember this insult," Walker told an aide, Maj. Joseph B. Cumming, as they moved slowly through the brush on horseback. "If I survive this battle he shall answer me for it." There was no mistaking Walker's meaning; he would insist on the Southern code of the duel.

Fueling Walker's rage was the grim fact that his men were entangled in seemingly impenetrable underbrush and many were bogged down in marshes fed by the mill pond. Walker angrily accused the division guide, Case Turner, of purposely misleading his troops into a quagmire. Turner protested emphatically, saying that he had told Walker earlier about the marshes and the pond. By this time, rage consumed Gen. Walker. Rail thin, his face covered with a thick, long black beard, his head adorned with a large black hat crowned with a long-flowing black feather, he appeared demonic at as he drew his pistol and threatened to shoot the hapless Turner. Maj. Cumming intervened, calming Walker.

A moment later a fast rider from Hardee's headquarters caught up with Walker to extend Hardee's apology for "his hasty and discourteous language." Walker was told by the officer that Hardee would have "come in person to apologize but that his presence was required elsewhere, and he would do so at the first opportunity."

None of this placated the still incensed Walker. Maj. Cumming told him that the message from Hardee "makes it all right." Walker shook his head. "No, it does not. He must answer me for this!"

A few seconds later Walker and his staff rode from a stand of pines and into the clearing where they expected to find no opposition. To his shock, Walker. peering through field glasses, saw three Union lines in perfect formation, readying to repel an expected Confederate attack, which was supposed to be unexpected. Less than a half hour earlier, Confederate scouts had reported this area vacant of Federal forces. Walker gaped for a few seconds at the Federals, as if their ranks were a cruel mirage, then a shot rang out, one fired by the Union skirmisher that alerted Dodge to the Rebel attack. The bullet from that shot went straight into the heart of Gen. Walker, toppling him dead from his saddle. (Other reports held that Walker was shot laterally through both thighs, and bled to death within minutes; another report insisted that Walker, though mortally wounded, was removed to a nearby farm house and died within a short time.)

The three columns of Federals were Dodge's men. At the first alarm, Dodge had wheeled them about from their marching formations and placed them in defensive positions. Gen. Hugh Mercer, who immediately took the fallen Walker's place, led Walker's division at a run onto the open field with Bate in close support. The two Confederate divisions went forward running in three columns "with the yells of demons," according to one Federal soldier waiting with Dodge's men.

The Union and Rebel divisions faced each other and began to fire without giving ground on either side. "It was square face-to-face grapple in open field," said Col. Robert N. Adams of the 81st Ohio, "neither line advancing or retreating." Dodge's division commanders were resolute and would not budge, these being Gen. John Fuller of the 4th Div. and the fire-eating Gen. Thomas W. Sweeny who led the 2nd Div.

Then Confederate artillery from the woods opened up and began to effectively shell the Union forces. A few minutes later, from Sweeny's lines, Union batteries—the 14th Ohio

AT RIGHT, Union lines before Atlanta; Federal troops waited in anticipation for the great battle; BOTTOM, Confederate entrenchments at Atlanta such as these were constructed so that two lines of defenders, one firing and one reloading, could occupy the defensive positions.

and Battery H of the 1st. Mo.—replied. Sweeny's guns had the advantage of higher ground and they showered the Confederate positions with explosive shells, pounding the Rebels back into the woods where they regrouped. Then the Rebels came out of the woods again to attack. They were repulsed and Dodge ordered a counterattack. The 81st Ohio of Sweeny's division swooped down on Bate's division, capturing more than 200 prisoners as Bate fell back. Fuller's brigades also charged and destroyed the 66th Ga. Brig., routing it.

Just then another Confederate brigade broke into a 600-yard gap between Fuller's right flank and McPherson's left flank. Fuller suddenly found himself battling the enemy on two fronts. He grabbed the colors of the 27th Ohio and raced to a new, more advantageous position, planting the flag and pointing with his sword where his troops were to reform. The 27th and the 39th Ohio rushed to the spot and formed new lines, sending blinding volleys at the advancing Rebel brigade, which was turned back. As the Confederates moved back toward the woods, a Rebel officer appeared on horseback, waving his hat and sword in an attempt to rally his men. Dozens of Federal troops took careful aim at him and fired. The officer fell from his saddle.

Fuller thought this was Gen. Walker, who by then had been killed; the brigade commander shot from his saddle was 33-year-old Gen. States Rights Gist. A one-time Harvard Law School student, Gist had fought in almost every major battle since Bull Run in 1861. Unlike Walker, Gist had only been wounded in the hand and was carried from the field. (He returned to the field to direct his troops, then under the command of Col. James McCullough; Gist had but four months more to live; he would be shot to death at the battle of Franklin, on Nov. 30, 1864, while leading another charge.)

While Dodge was making his fight against the extreme Confederate right, McPherson's next concern was for Gen. Francis Preston Blair's XVII Corps, which was to the right of Dodge's XVI Corps. Here, the divisions of Cleburne and Maney were pressing the battered division of Gen. Giles A. Smith. About 2 p.m., having received scant information about Smith's situation, McPherson decided to personally investigate. He and several of his staff officers galloped down a narrow road going west. All about them were dense woods, an area the represented a large gap between Blair's troops and those of Dodge.

Seeing this, McPherson told his aide, Lt. Col. William Strong, to ride to the headquarters of the XV Corps and tell its commander, Gen. Logan, to send one of his brigades to plug the gap. Before Strong rode off, McPherson shouted after him: "Join me at Giles Smith's." McPherson and his staff then rode quickly down the road, going to the southwest. After galloping about 200 yards, McPherson and his aides pulled sharply on the reins of their horses. Confederate skirmishers were rushing toward them, muskets held high, these being men from Cleburne's division who were rushing through the gap.

Confederate Capt. Richard Beard spotted McPherson and raised his sword, signaling for his surrender. McPherson had no intention of being captured that day. According to Beard: "He checked his horse slightly, raised his hat as politely as if he was saluting a lady, wheeled his horse's head directly to the right and dashed off to the rear in a full gallop." With McPherson went his aides, madly spurring their horses away from the Confederate infantry.

Capt. Beard waved his sword, ordering his men to fire on the fleeing Federals. Corporal Coleman took careful aim and fired a shot that struck McPherson in the back and ploughed upward, just missing his heart. He had been riding with his head bent over his horse's withers in order to avoid the low-hanging branches of some trees. McPherson tumbled from the saddle as did two aides, Col. Robert K. Scott, also shot from his horse and William Sherfy, a signal officer, who had crashed into a tree when shot and lay unconscious not far from McPherson and Scott.

Beard ran to the stricken Federals, asking of Scott: "Who is this man lying here?" He pointed to McPherson, still on the ground, his uniform soaked with blood.

Scott was close to tears when he replied: "Sir, it is General McPherson. You have killed the best man in our army."

Studying the fallen Union commander, Beard later remarked: "... the general lay just as he had fallen upon his knees and face. There was not a quiver of his body to be seen, not a sign of life. Even as he lay there in his major general's uniform with his face in the dust, he was as magnificent a specimen of manhood as I ever saw."

Beard ordered McPherson's aides taken to the rear as prisoners and then left McPherson for dead as he rushed onward with Cleburne's advancing ranks. (Beard himself would be taken prisoner before the day ended.) McPherson, however, was not dead. Private George Reynolds of the 15th Ia, who had become separated from his unit and made prisoner, found McPherson as he was being taken to the rear. Reynolds stopped when seeing some movement in McPherson's body and, while being guarded, rolled him over, cradling him in his arms. McPherson was still alive, gasping for air. Reynolds moistened his lips with water and put a blanket roll beneath his head.

A few minutes later, the Confederate guards sprinted off when they saw bluecoats break through the woods around them. These were men of the 64th Ill. who had plunged into the wooded gap. Capturing several dozen Rebels, they found McPherson's wallet in the haversack of one. Inside the wallet they discovered Sherman's plans detailing the operations of the Union army for the following day. Had the Confederate pilferer bothered to look, Hood may have had the same kind of opportunity that befell Gen. George B. McClellan at Antietam when Robert E. Lee's plans accidentally fell into his hands.

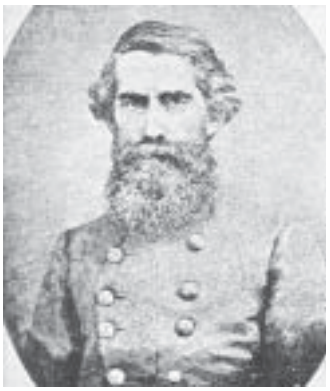
The Federal troops made another discovery. McPherson, who had lived 20 minutes, was now dead, his body reclaimed by the 64th Ill. It was carried back to the Union lines where the remains were placed on a door ripped from the hinges of a small house and taken to Sherman's headquarters. Upon seeing the corpse, the commander openly wept. McPherson, his protegé, dead at 35, was thought by Sherman to be the logical replacement for himself and Grant.

Sherman was doubly troubled at McPherson's death in that he had, some months earlier, refused McPherson permission to marry his fiancée, Emily Hoffman of Baltimore, on

Gen. William Hardee, whose corps began the battle of Atlanta with an attack on the Union left flank.

Gen. William Bate sent his division against Sweeny's troops and was thrown back on the Union left flank.

Gen. Patrick Cleburne, whose three brigades assaulted Union troops under G.A. Smith, piercing Union defenses.



Gen. William H.T. Walker, killed by a Union sniper just before his division attacked Fuller's troops.

The death of Gen. James B. McPherson, Sherman's best corps commander, shot by a Confederate marksman as he attempted to avoid capture and while attempting to bring troops to his exposed flank on the Union left.

Gen. John "Black Jack" Logan, who took command of McPher-son's corps and heroically saved the day.

Gen. Grenville Dodge, who brought his troops into line on the Union left flank to prevent a Rebel breakthrough.

Gen. John Fuller, whose division was almost overwhelmed by the Rebel brigades of Gist and Mercer.

Volatile Gen. Thomas Sweeny, who attacked his corps commander and was dismissed from the service.

grounds that he needed McPherson for the preparation of the Atlanta campaign. Hoffman's relatives were Southern sympathizers who had condemned the engagement and when a telegram announcing McPherson's death was received, one of the relatives intercepted it and shouted out to family members: "Wonderful news! McPherson is dead!"

The shocked and broken-hearted Hoffman took to her room where she would remain in mourning for more than a year. She spoke to no one. During this time she read over and over a letter she had received from Sherman a short time after McPherson had been killed, one that stated: "I yield to no one on earth but yourself the right to exceed me in lamentations for our dead hero. Though the cannon booms now, and the angry rattle of musketry tells me that I also will likely pay the same penalty, yet while life lasts I will delight in the memory of that bright particular star that has gone before to prepare the way for us more hardened sinners who must struggle to the end."

McPherson's death, however, did not debilitate Sherman for a second. He ordered John "Black Jack" Logan, commander of the XV Corps, to temporarily succeed McPherson and take charge of the Army of the Tennessee. His choice was for a man of action. The flamboyant Logan had shown his grit at Dallas, where, though being wounded in the arm, he continued to direct his troops in a counterattack that recaptured lost Union batteries. In selecting Logan, Sherman had instinctively picked the right man for the right moment.

With McPherson's body lying before him on the blood-soaked door, Sherman continued directing his armies. His grief did not overcome his ability to think clearly and concisely. Gen. Jacob D. Cox summed up Sherman's ability to meet any crisis: "He had the rare faculty of being more equable under great responsibilities and scenes of great excitement. At such times his eccentricities disappeared. His mind seemed never so clear, his confidence never so strong, his spirit never so inspiring, and his temper never so amiable as in the crisis of some fierce struggle like that of the day when McPherson fell before Atlanta."

Though he had ample reinforcements available from the armies of Schofield and Thomas, Sherman insisted that the Army of the Tennessee fight out its battle with Hardee's corps. He had earlier sent a brigade from Schofield to aid Dodge's one brigade defending Decatur, but this would be the only support Sherman would order for McPherson's forces. He later tersely stated: "I purposely allowed the Army of [the] Tennessee to fight this battle almost unaided.... if any assistance were rendered by either of the other armies, the Army of [the] Tennessee would be jealous."

Logan knew this and counted on no one, but his own troops even though they were hard-pressed. Hardee was making inroads against his left flank. Though Gen. Maney's troops were supposed to support Cleburne, they veered away, their attack blunted by entanglements. Cleburne struck north, looking for the exposed Union left flank but his brigades met Gen. Giles Smith's men who were in a defensive position that curved eastward like an extended hook.

Abatis made from young Oak trees had been implanted in the road up which Cleburne's men rushed. These razor-sharp spikes in many staggered rows slowed the Arkansas brigade led by Gen. Govan. Part of this brigade broke off to attack the extreme left flank of Smith's forces while the remainder worked their way through the abatis. Down the road, these Rebels came across part of Battery F, 2nd U.S. Art., which had been hurrying to support Dodge's XVI Corps. These six guns were quickly captured and sent, along with their artillerists, to Atlanta.

Govan had more luck when his men wheeled westward, cutting off Smith's Iowans, capturing more than 700 Federals in Gen. William W. Belknap's brigade, including the entire 16th Ia. and two guns. Also liberated were 75 Arkansas soldiers who had, only minutes before, been captured by these Union forces. When the Arkansas troops got through the abatis they joined their comrades to bend back Smith's position to the point where it broke and the Union defenders fell back toward Bald Hill.

As Smith's harassed men retreated, they formed ranks briefly and fired back at the fast-pressing Arkansas troops, but they were then struck by Gen. James A. Smith's Texas brigade at Govan's right and charging north, getting behind G. A. Smith's forces. A regiment of this brigade swung right to smash against the division of Gen. John W. Fuller, and encircle Bald Hill so that they now occupied the position taken by Union Gen. Leggett the day before and were, like Leggett 24-hours earlier, trying to take the crest of the hill.

While Fuller's men fell back, Leggett's men on the crest found themselves being attacked from the rear and hastily threw up breastworks. So that Union forces flanking the hill might not mistake his Federal troops for Confederates, Gen. Force ordered that a flag be raised to show his position. R.S. Tuthill, one of the artillerymen fighting with Force, recalled how a young aide misinterpreted Force's meaning, thinking that Force believed his situation was hopeless and that he intended to surrender. He brought Force a white flag, which Force threw to the ground, shouting: "Damn you, sir! I don't want a flag of *truce*. I want the American flag!"

As Cleburne attacked Force's men from the south and east, Cheatham assaulted Bald Hill from the west. This meant that Force's men had to run from breastwork to breastwork to fight off attacks from the front and rear almost at the same time. During this hectic fight, Force was shot in the head. Missing his brain, the bullet destroyed Force's palate, rendering him speechless. The general communicated with his men through hand gestures, indicating where he wanted his ten guns and in which direction they were to fire.

To Leggett's aid rushed the 2nd Brig. of the 4th Div., XV Corps, commanded by Gen. Charles Carroll Walcutt. This fresh unit hit the Texans and sent them back. Gen. James Smith, who commanded the Texas brigade, was wounded, along with all of his regimental commanders except one. Suffering heavy casualties, the Texas brigade fell back, and, in the process, one of its regiments was cut off and half of these men were taken prisoner. The remainder of Smith's troops now supported Govan, but their withdrawal was not without reward. They had captured ten guns, including four long-range guns McPherson had originally intended to use to bombard Atlanta, as well as 15 stands of colors and more than 1,000 Federal prisoners (including those earlier taken from Gen. Giles Smith's command).

Viewing the battle from the second story of a house a mile

ABOVE, Gen. Grenville Dodge, commander of the XVI Corps, shown center, pointing to an aide, personally takes command of Sweeny's division during the battle of Atlanta; BELOW, General Fuller, center, his division hard-pressed, holds the flag at a rallying point for his disorganized men.

west of Bald Hill, Hood was visibly upset. He believed Hardee had started too late and that Hardee had not gotten behind Gen. Giles Smith's lines. Hood, however, could not really see that Hardee's men had done exactly that. At about 3 p.m., to create what he later termed a "diversion" to aid Hardee, Hood threw Cheatham's full corps against the left flank of Logan's Army of the Tennessee.

This would little aid Hardee in that Cheatham did not begin his full attack until about 3:30 p.m. and by then Hardee's men had disengaged and were regrouping after fighting for more than two hours. Cheatham's men went forward on a mile-long front, from 500 yards north of the Georgia Railroad to Bald Hill on the south. Force's men, which had repelled Cleburne's attacks to their rear only an hour earlier, now faced their front and beat off Cheatham's assaults.

Cheatham's attack to the north along the railroad, however, was much more successful. After bombarding the Federals with long-range artillery, he sent two divisions across flat ground against Logan's old XV Corps, which had been weakened after sending reinforcements to Dodge earlier in the day. The long-range shells from the Confederate batteries began to explode around Sherman's headquarters. He dashed from the building, along with staff personnel, taking cover behind some large trees. Sherman then heard a soldier groaning behind a tree, fearful that a shell would kill him at any moment. This conduct irritated Sherman who scooped up a handful of pebbles and, during lulls in the bombardment, would toss some of these small stones against the tree behind which the soldier cowered.

Every time the pebbles struck the tree, the soldier howled in fear. "That's hard firing, my man," Sherman said with derision.

"Hard?" called back the trembling soldier, his eyes closed tight, "it's fearful! I think 30 shells have hit this tree while I was here." When the actual shelling ceased, the soldier stepped from behind the tree to see Sherman glaring at him only a few paces away, casually tossing some pebbles in the air. The soldier, after recognizing the man who had tormented him, bolted into the woods at a breathtaking run while Sherman laughed uproariously.

Following the bombardment, Cheatham launched his attack against the Union division of Gen. Morgan L. Smith, older brother of Gen. Giles Smith, who was in temporary command of Logan's XV Corps. It was from this division that Logan had siphoned off men to feed to the Federal left and its thinned-out ranks—a half dozen regiments—were positioned at a railroad cut, which was 15 feet deep and 50 feet wide at its top.

Gen. John C. Brown led the Confederate attack at the head of Cheatham's old division. He sent Gen. Arthur M. Manigault's brigade to the left of the railroad and to the right the brigade of Col. John G. Coltart. As Manigault's brigade charged forward, it swept over the two guns of Battery A, 1st Ill. Artillery, which had been placed at a skirmish line far in front of the Union main line of defenses. Manigault's line then began to readjust itself to the terrain, "like the movement of a serpent," he later stated.

Repulsed by the main defensive line, Manigault's men dove into a ravine for cover. From there they could see the large white house belonging to the Widow Pope. This two-story wooden structure stood on an old wagon road north of the railroad and parallel to it. Troops of Manigault's 10th and 19th S.C. slipped into the unoccupied house and climbed to the second floor. From windows and the veranda of the house they kept up a murderous fire on exposed Union defenders only 200 yards distant. The Rebel sharpshooters picked off Union artillerists manning six guns on either side of the railroad cut. Firing at the Pope house, the Federal battery caused dense clouds of smoke, which screened Manigault's men forming near the house before they raced down the wagon road.

Suddenly Manigault's South Carolinians were 75 yards in back of the main Federal line. Lt. George Bailey of the 6th Mo., found the enfilading fire pouring into the Union line withering: " ... bullets madly hissing from the front, bullets spitefully whizzing from the rear." Coltart's men, despite concentrated Union fire, slipped to the right and charged forward, capturing a part of the Federal line.

The Confederate break-through was led by Manigault's hurrahing troops as they overran four Federal guns on the left of the railroad cut. Col. Jacob H. Sharp's Mississippi brigade, following Manigault in support, swarmed into the railroad cut and veered right. They captured the two remaining Union guns. Federal troops suddenly broke and ran into a near rout, with the Confederates hot on their heels, driving them for more than a half mile, rolling up the Union defensive positions.

Jubilant at breaking the Federal line, the Rebels raced forward with a shout. Said Lt. R.M. Dill of the 41st Miss.: "We charged with an awful yell, but few Yankees stayed to see the racket. I never saw the like of knapsacks, blankets, oil cloths and canteens in my life." The Mississippians drove another 200 yards north of the railroad cut, overrunning DeGress's battery. "Only as the breath of a passing breeze blew the smoke away," reported one of DeGress's artillerists, "could the movement of the enemy be discerned clearly; but his unearthly *yell* could be heard above the sound of muskets and cannon." DeGress managed to escape, running toward the rear as the Confederates captured his guns and he did not stop until he tearfully reported the loss of his battery to Sherman.

Regrouping, the retreating Union soldiers formed ranks and established a new line of defense, the original line having been bent back like a bowstring. Their pell-mell retreat caused an even wider gap, which exposed the flanks of two Union divisions. The Federal division to the south, that of William Harrow, was rolled up on its flank, although its men fought bitterly for every foot of lost ground, particularly those of the 97th Ind. A Rebel officer demanded the unit's surrender. A Hoosier shot him dead, then lunged forward and bayoneted another Confederate, who kicked him backward and slammed an entrenching tool to his head. Another Rebel ran up and shot the Hoosier in the leg and only then did the Union soldier reluctantly surrender.

The left flank of Union Gen. Charles R. Woods' division, to the north of the gap created by the retreating Federals, was exposed and it, too, was rolled up by Col. Bushrod Jones' Alabama brigade. The XV Corps, as Sherman could see from his headquarters a mile north of the railroad, was about to collapse. The situation with Woods' division was critical and Sherman himself decided to take a hand. Although he insisted that the Army of the Tennessee fight this battle out alone, he neverthe-

Rebel breakthrough—the charging troops of Manigault and Sharp pour through a gap in the Union defenses along the Georgia Railroad; they captured six guns and began to roll up the Federal right flank.

less ordered Schofield to bring up batteries, about 20 guns, from the Army of the Ohio to high ground near his headquarters. When they arrived, he personally sighted the guns, leaning over the barrel of one just as a bullet grazed his cheek, making a slight furrow in the stubble of his reddish-gray beard.

Logan then learned from Sherman that the XV Corps was about to be crushed. He borrowed two brigades from Dodge and led them at the run toward Woods' hard-pressed flank. One of these brigades, commanded by Col. August Mersy, called the "Little Dutchman," was not officially on the muster rolls that day, the term of service for its troops having expired. These four regiments, however, agreed to serve for the duration and, with Logan at their head, they quickly marched north, a mile-and-a-half at the double quick, joining the new Federal defense line north of the railroad. Five more brigades from four other divisions joined Logan's new line.

Logan seemed to be everywhere in the field, riding up and down the line to bolster his sagging defensive positions. He removed his hat and, while his long, black hair streamed behind him, he shouted to his troops: "Will you hold this line with me today? Will you hold this line?" They responded by shouting "Black Jack! Black Jack! Black Jack!" and turned back to beat off furious Confederate attacks at their fronts. Then, after 30 Federal guns unleashed a vicious barrage on the advancing Confederates, Logan led several brigades against Manigault's now vastly outnumbered Confederates.

The barrage preceding the Union counterattack was devastating. According to Lt. Gill of the 41st Miss.: "We left in 240 time amidst a shower of grape and canister." Thirty minutes later, Logan had plugged the gap and had driven the Confederates back to their original starting position. The Union counterattack recaptured eight of DeGress' ten guns. The Con-

Gen. Frank Cheatham; his corps attacked the Federal right flank.

Gen. Arthur Manigault, whose brigade broke through the Union lines.

Gen. Manning Force, seated right, with his staff; Force's men were decimated near Bald Hill, but managed to hold their ground.

federates could not withdraw these cannon since all the horses to pull them had been killed. The two guns they did manage to take away were dragged by dozens of panting Confederates.

Just as Cheatham's men were withdrawing, Schofield arrived at Sherman's headquarters to suggest that he and Thomas put together a powerful column that would attack Cheatham's flank and roll it up. Enigmatically, Sherman declined, telling Schofield that the Army of the Tennessee would "fight it out" alone. This was one of the many strange decisions made by William Tecumseh Sherman, for at that time Cheatham's flank was utterly exposed. By attacking it, there was a good possibility that Schofield could have rolled up the entire Confederate line and bagged Hood's army, thus ending the fight for Atlanta. Sherman played out his "battle for pride" plan, however, and thus prolonged not only the battle for Atlanta but the agony of his own troops, as well as increased his own casualty lists to drastic proportions.

Though Sherman thought the battle over when Cheatham retired, Hood had other ideas. Hardee was not through. His men had been bruised but not beaten. Maney's division had regrouped and was still strong and Cleburne brought up a reserve brigade to support him. Joining this Confederate position south of Bald Hill were several regiments from Walker's division. At 5 p.m., this newly organized Confederate force struck Gen. Giles Smith's already pummeled division, which had lost 300 yards of precious ground on the lower slopes of Bald Hill.

Hit from the south, west and east, Smith's men again reeled as they fought the enemy on almost all sides. The Confederates charged in staggered movements, some as close as 15 yards from the Union lines. The fighting was brutal. Gen. Giles Smith later reported that "the flags of two opposing regiments would meet on the opposite sides of the same works, and would be flaunted by their respective bearers in each other's faces. Men were bayoneted across the works, and officers with their swords fought hand-to-hand with men with bayonets."

Leading his 45th Ala., Col. Harris D. Lampley went up and down the slopes several times, repeatedly attacking William W. Belknap's 15th Ia. The Iowans fired so rapidly that they ran out of ammunition, and even lost muskets when they were jerked from their hands by the attacking Alabamans. Whenever they drove off an attack, they scurried over the breastwork and retrieved ammunition and muskets from the fallen enemy, then dove back to the cover of their line.

The Alabamans would not give up. Lampley led them in one vicious charge after another. Three of the regiment's color guards were killed. In a final charge, Lampley, as he neared the crest, was shot, but he still urged his spent men forward. When they did not follow, he cursed them. At that moment Belknap, on the other side of the parapet, reached out to grab Lampley by the collar, a Confederate volley smacking the ground about him, one bullet passing through his thick beard.

The burly Belknap dragged the wounded Lampley over the parapet and into the Union trench, shouting at him: "Look at your men! They are all dead! What are you cursing them for?" Lampley was taken to a Union field hospital, but he died of his wounds a few days later, although some said he died of shame. Belknap, the real Union hero of the battle, was given the star of a brigadier general for his indefatigable defense of Bald Hill.

An hour after it began, the Confederate attack ceased and the Rebels fell back. They regrouped once more and, at 6 p.m., made a last assault that drove Gen. Giles Smith's exhausted men back into a new defensive position where they were joined by Col. Hugo Wangelin's Missouri brigade. This new Union line held back Hardee's final assault of the day.

The Confederates had gained some ground. Cleburne's command held the ground they had gained south of Bald Hill, but his division had suffered greatly; 40 percent of his men were casualties. Hardee's divisions went back into the woods from which they had charged almost eight hours earlier. The battle of Atlanta was finished and Hood's "second sortie" had proved more costly than his first (Peach Tree Creek). This time he had lost almost 8,000 irreplaceable men from all three of his corps while Sherman had suffered about 3,700 casualties. Hood, the man of action and attack, had lost twice as many men as Johnston had in the long retreat through Northern Georgia.

In his report on the battle of Atlanta, Hood, who had criticized Hardee's corps for merely "skirmishing" at Peach Tree Creek, "perceived that Hardee had not only failed to turn McPherson's left, according to positive orders, but had thrown his men against the enemy's breastworks, thereby occasioning unnecessary loss to us and rendering doubtful the great result desired. In lieu of completely turning the Federal left and taking the entrenched line of the enemy in reverse, he attacked the retired wing of their flank. It had rested in his power to rout McPherson's army by simply moving a little farther to the right." (Ironically, Hood must have been recalling his own desire to do the same thing at Gettysburg a year earlier, when he begged Longstreet for permission to make a sweeping flanking movement to his right in order to envelop Big and Little Round Tops and how he had been denied that opportunity, one of which might have turned Lee's crushing defeat into victory.)

Hardee's official report of the battle took bitter issue with Hood's intimation that he had disobeyed instructions and thus greatly contributed to the Confederate failure before Atlanta. "The publication of General Hood's report," Hardee would later write, "makes it a duty to record a correction of the misrepresentations which he has made with respect to myself and the corps which I commanded. It is well known that I felt unwilling to serve under General Hood, because I believed him to be unequal in both experience and natural ability to so important a command.

"That I committed errors is very possible, but that I failed in any instance to carry out in good faith his orders I utterly deny; nor during our official connection did General Hood ever evince a belief that I had in any respect failed in the execution of such parts of his military plans as were intrusted to me ... In proof that General Hood's instructions were obeyed, I have only to mention that when my dispatch informing him of the position I had taken and the dispositions I had made for the attack was received, he exclaimed to Brigadier General Mackall, his chief of staff, with his finger on the map, 'Hardee is just where I wanted him.'"

Hood, however, was not where Sherman wanted him. He was well entrenched before Atlanta. Sherman began to study

ABOVE, Col. James Nisbet, commander of the 66th Ga., who was captured by Fuller's troops at Atlanta on July 22; AT LEFT, Federal troops captured during the heavy fighting along the Georgia Railroad sit inside Confederate defenses, waiting to be sent to Andersonville Prison.

Hood's fortifications and knew that he would not take the city easily, for it "presented a bold front at all points, with fortified lines that defied a direct assault." His own chief engineer, Capt. Lemuel Grant, informed Sherman that Atlanta's stout fortifications were "second only to the defense of Richmond." The Confederates, studying Grant's prolonged siege and final capture of Vicksburg in 1863, had vowed that they would make Atlanta invulnerable and had spent a year fortifying the city.

Thousands of slaves were used, their owners paid $25 for each slave per month, to build a seemingly impregnable cordon of rifle pits, bombproofs and staggered breastworks behind formidable abatis that bristled with spiked barricades that were lashed together. These, too, were staggered row and row up fortified embankments from which Rebel troops could look down and slaughter any and all attempting to struggle through the abatis—spiked logs called *chevaux-de-fraises*, embedded spikes called *fraises*, and spiked barricades. Behind this were hundreds of redoubts in which the Rebels positioned 12 pounder Napoleon cannons, their muzzles clear to fire through deeply cut embrasures, offering the defenders enfilading fire in almost all directions. Everywhere before Atlanta, the woods had been leveled and miles of open ground offered no protection—not a single rock or log—for an advancing enemy.

Sherman decided against storming Atlanta's defenses. He knew his men would be slaughtered wholesale. One of his aides scouted the city's defenses and then reported that over the obstacles at Atlanta "a very meager man or a small boy might crawl, but not one of our well-fed soldiers with a musket in his hand." Sherman would not again risk another bloodbath like Kennesaw Mountain. Though he lacked the forces to completely surround the city, he would throw his armies about the city in a wide pincer movement, cut off the railroad bringing in supplies and food and simply starve the city into submission.

By the end of July Sherman was in control of three of the four rail lines running into the city. The fourth, the only link Atlanta had with the outside world, was the Macon and Western Railway, which shared the right-away for five miles south of the city with the Atlanta and West Point and then, at East Point, went to the southeast to Macon, 85 miles from Atlanta and, from Macon, connecting to Savannah and Richmond. Sherman planned to cut this line by sending his cavalry about 20 miles southeast of Atlanta to Lovejoy's Station. He would then send his infantry behind the cavalry. Hood, he believed, would not remain behind Atlanta's fortifications if his vital rail line was in jeopardy; he would take to the field and seek open battle to preserve the rail line and that is when Sherman intended to destroy him.

First, Sherman had to select a permanent replacement for the fallen McPherson. His logical choice should have been the fiery Logan who had performed so brilliantly and bravely in the battle for Atlanta. Thomas, however, went to Sherman's headquarters to object to Logan's promotion. One report had it that if Sherman replaced McPherson with Logan, Thomas said he would resign. He had had a run-in with Logan months earlier over trivial matters—the signing of passes and preemptive use of supply trains—and he also objected to Logan's promotion because he was not a West Pointer like most of the division and corps commanders of his army and that of Schofield's. "He is brave enough and a good officer," Thomas conceded, "but if he had an army I am afraid he would edge over on both sides and annoy Schofield and me. Even as a corps commander he is given to edging out beyond his jurisdiction."

Sherman did not want trouble with Thomas or Schofield.

He later stated that "I wanted to succeed in taking Atlanta and needed commanders who were purely and technically soldiers, men who would obey orders and execute them promptly and on time." Thus, Sherman bowed to Thomas' class prejudice, one which tacitly labeled all Union commanders who had not graduated from West Point as inferior soldiers. He appointed, at Thomas' recommendation, one-armed, Bible-reading, 33-year-old Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, an 1854 graduate of West Point, as head of the Army of the Tennessee. Gen. Grenville Dodge, a friend of Logan's, approved of the appointment, writing his wife Anne: "I like Howard, so would you. He is a Christian, and a very fine officer; never drinks, never smokes, and above all never swears. He is certainly a good example to this Army."

Howard's appointment was nevertheless as political as any appointment made by the administration during the war, except that it was motivated by military politics. Sherman was keenly aware of the political motivation that drove many of his generals to succeed to higher command, especially Blair, Logan and Dodge. "These were all ambitious men," he later stated, "but Dodge, I concede, was less intense in his ambition than the other two, who had been all their lives active politicians."

The much-deserving Logan was disappointed at being bypassed, but Gen. Joseph Hooker was livid with rage. Howard was younger than McPherson by two years. He had blundered at Pickett's Mill and, worse, Hooker blamed him for his defeat at Chancellorsville in 1863. Hooker considered the promotion of Howard over his head "an insult to my rank and services." He submitted his resignation, which Thomas "approved and heartily recommended." Sherman concurred, having no respect for the one-time commander of the Army of the Potomac.

Hooker was replaced by Gen. Henry W. Slocum, which further enraged Hooker as there was bad blood between him and Slocum. Howard was replaced by Gen. David S. Stanley. While the senior commanders fumed and fulminated about changes at the top, Gen. Grenville Dodge, hero of the battle for Atlanta, was plagued by deep troubles within his own command. Following the battle, on July 25, Dodge met with some of his division commanders at the headquarters of Gen. Thomas William Sweeny, and was immediately insulted by the fiery Sweeny, who commanded his 2nd Div.

Sweeny, who had lost his right arm during the Mexican war, and was a dedicated career officer, launched into a diatribe against Dodge's XVI Corps, saying that, with a few exceptions, it was inefficient and that Gen. John Wallace Fuller had fled from the field when Hardee's men were attacking him and Fuller near Bald Hill. Dodge, a thin, small man, stood close to the tall, burly Sweeny and said: "That's not true, and you know it."

Red-faced, Sweeny blurted: "What happened to your skirmishers and cavalry? I received no warning at all before Hardee attacked! Not a word from McPherson or you! You mismanaged the whole affair!" As Dodge began to defend himself—and point out that McPherson was dead by the time the battle ensued—Sweeny's rage boiled over. He shouted: "You're a God-damned liar, sir! You are a God-damned cowardly son-of-a-bitch, sir! You are a God-damned inefficient son-of-a-bitch, sir!"

Dodge slapped Sweeny's face hard. Sweeny curled his one available big fist and slammed it into Dodge's face, breaking Dodge's nose, which exploded blood all over the corps commander's face. Dazed, his uniform drenched with blood, Dodge went back at Sweeny, but his staff officers separated the two men. "General Dodge," snarled Sweeny, "you can fire a pistol and so can I. If you are a gentleman, you know what that means!"

Gen. Fuller, whose honor had been challenged and who had stood fuming at the conference, suddenly grabbed Sweeny, threw him to the ground and dove on his chest, choking his one-armed fellow general. He was pulled away from Sweeny by Dodge's staff members. As Sweeny rose to his feet, he cursed Dodge and his entire staff, calling them all incompetent. A West Point graduate, Sweeny shouted: "Go, you God-damned inefficient political General, with your God-damned cowardly inefficient staff. Understand, Mr. Dodge of Iowa, that I have told you how you can have satisfaction, and I will expect a note from you."

Sweeny was dragged away, put under arrest by Dodge, and held a prisoner until he faced a court-martial in December 1865 when Dodge's staff members testified against him, recalling word-for-word his insubordinate remarks. Several officers, however, did support Sweeny's allegations that Gen. Fuller had prematurely withdrawn from the battle, leaving Sweeny and his division to fight off, at one point, Hardee's entire corps. The court conceded that Sweeny had used unacceptable language, but refused to rule that his conduct was unbecoming of an officer and Dodge's charges were dismissed. Sweeny's career, however, went into a quick downspin; he was not restored to command and was dismissed from the regular army. (Again, it was charged by Dodge's friends and supporters that this court-martial was drenched in military politics and that Dodge's basic charges against Sweeny had been dismissed because Sweeny had been a West Pointer, a member of "the club.")

Despite these internecine wars, Sherman busily prepared to move his large army in its western slide to cut off the railroad south of Atlanta. On July 27, 1864, Sherman ordered Howard to move north, then west, behind Thomas and Schofield who would then follow him. Preceding Howard were 10,000 Union cavalrymen under Gen. Edward McCook, 3,500 of these troopers being from Gen. Lovell Rousseau's command.

Union forces would move down the near bank of the Chattahoochee River, which would be used to transport Sherman's supplies, until the Federal armies swung away to cut the rail line. On the morning of July 28, Howard's three corps had moved to Thomas' right flank and were approaching a small, remote chapel called Ezra Church, two miles west of Atlanta. From this point, Howard's army would swing south, then east toward the railroad.

Howard moved cautiously. He did not share Sherman's belief that Hood had spent his army to the point of exhaustion and was unable to once again attack. Howard posted Dodge's XVI Corps and Blair's XVII Corps on a north-south defensive line that faced eastward. Logan's XV Corps straddled the Lick Skillet Road and was in front of Ezra Church, extending the

Union line southward but bent west at a right angle. Although he was supposed to be on the march, Howard ordered his men to build breastworks out of logs and rocks.

Stoneman's and McCook's Raids, July 26-31, 1864 (cavalry battles).

Meanwhile, the adventurous cavalry raid of McCook ensued. On July 26, he led his 10,000 men down the north bank of the Chattahoochee River, crossing at Campbelltown. Gen. Edward M. McCook, 31, a cousin of Col. Daniel McCook, Jr., who had been killed at Kennesaw Mountain, led 3,500 men to Lovejoy's Station and there captured 400 Confederates escorting 500 supply wagons intended for Hood. McCook burned the wagons and slaughtered 800 horses and mules. (The killing of these animals was a senseless act in that McCook could have easily herded them back for use in the Union armies.) At this point, McCook began to look for a second Union cavalry column, 6,500 men under the command of Gen. George Stoneman, which was supposed to rendezvous with him.

When Stoneman did not appear, McCook ordered several miles of railroad track torn up and he burned two trains. McCook then started back toward Atlanta, but he was met head-on at Newman by five Confederate cavalry brigades commanded by Gen. Joseph Wheeler. Surrounded and outnumbered, McCook, on July 30, ordered his men to break through any which way they could. The Federal riders abandoned their 400 prisoners and attempted to cut their way free, but Wheeler's troopers ran many of them down, capturing 950 of McCook's men and taking all of the Union pack trains and two guns.

To that moment, McCook remained puzzled as to the vanishing Stoneman and his troopers. Stoneman, however, had not disappeared. He had simply gone in another direction, having convinced Sherman that, once he had linked up with McCook, he would ride to Macon and free the Union prisoners there, then ride southwest for 70 miles and free the 30,000 prisoners at lightly guarded Andersonville Prison. Just what he would do with these prisoners was uncertain as no plans for their care and feeding had been made. The 41-year-old Stoneman had long lusted after the Andersonville raid, thinking that such a coup would reestablish his rather tarnished image; he had failed Hooker at Chancellorsville and had achieved little since then.

ABOVE, McCook raided Lovejoy's Station and there captured a Confederate wagon train, along with 400 Rebel prisoners; AT RIGHT, Gen. George Stone-man led an abortive raid on Macon, Ga., before he was destroyed by Rebel cavalry.

Without orders, Stoneman decided to abandon his rendezvous with McCook. He detached 4,300 men under Kenner Garrard to screen Sherman's left flank and then took 2,200 men in a dash for Macon, Ga. He reached Covington, which Garrard had raided five days earlier, then pushed on to Macon. On July 30, the very day Wheeler surrounded McCook at Newman (which may not have occurred had Stoneman kept his appointment at Lovejoy's Station), Stoneman reached the east bank of the Ocmulgee River and immediately began shelling the town of Macon.

By then, Governor Joseph Brown had sent out public notices begging "every man, citizen or refugee who has a gun of any kind, or can get one, to report at the Court House with the least possible delay that you may be thrown into companies and aid in the defense of the city." Two regiments of state militia, walking wounded from the city's hospital, along with armed residents—mostly old men and boys—put up an impressive show of force; Stoneman was convinced that capturing the town would be no easy task. One of his detachments burned several railroad bridges and put 27 cars of a freight train to the torch. By then, Wheeler's eight cavalry brigades of 6,000 sabres, were bearing down on Stoneman. After blocking Garrard and chasing him back to Decatur where he held the Union forces at bay with one brigade, Wheeler then led his other seven brigades after Stoneman.

On July 31, near Clinton, about 28 miles northeast of Macon, Wheeler's hard-riding brigades caught up with Stoneman. In a running fight, Stoneman got to Sunshine Church near Hillsboro and there found himself surrounded by Confederate cavalry under the command of hard-riding Gen. Alfred Iverson, Jr. Stoneman ordered two of his brigades to escape as best they could while he made a last stand with the remaining brigade of his division.

The two brigades attempting to escape were cut to pieces by Wheeler's men. One managed to elude capture, but the other turned west and ran into Wheeler's brigades near Covington and was bagged. Stoneman and 700 troopers made a brief stand and then the Union cavalry leader surrendered his entire command to Iverson. He was taken to Macon and thrown into the local jail to ponder his reckless adventure. (Surrendering with Stoneman was a career cavalry officer, Maj. Myles W. Keogh, who would see frontier service following the war and become an officer with the celebrated 7th Cav., in charge of I Troop; he would ride into the valley of the Little Big Horn and to his death with George Armstrong Custer in 1876.)

Sherman reported, in a laconic understatement to Halleck, that "on the whole, the cavalry raid is not deemed a success." The miserable performance of McCook and Stoneman did not greatly disturb Sherman. He was never an enthusiastic supporter of cavalry as an effective military arm, believing that such units were packed with glory-seekers who were not reliable and could not be effectively controlled. Troopers were too independent for Sherman and lacked the discipline of his best infantry. Cavalry could be used to scout and screen, to act as diversionary units, but he was always reluctant to give his cavalry leaders important assignments where key objectives had to be taken and held. An exception was Judson Kilpatrick, the rugged New Jersey cavalry leader, and even he would disappoint Sherman in the end.

Ezra Church (Chapel), Ga., July 28, 1864.

Before the raids of McCook and Stoneman fell apart, Sherman had stopped Hood again at Ezra Church. As Howard anticipated, Hood, indeed, was on the march on July 28, having sent four divisions gleaned from two of his corps to stop Howard. Leading these Confederate divisions was Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who had arrived from Alabama and now replaced Cheatham as a corps commander. Stewart's corps followed Lee's, moving a mile behind. Lee was to stop Howard's vanguard while Stewart moved to the southwest to crush Howard's right flank along the Sandtown Road.

As soon as Lee spotted Howard's position, he decided to attack and did so without asking permission from Hood who had remained in Atlanta. The 30-year-old Lee was the youngest lieutenant general in the Confederacy, having recently being promoted for his brilliant leadership in Mississippi. Lee hurled his divisions against Logan's XV Corps, spearheading his attack with the troops of Gen. John C. Brown.

The Confederates were squandered. In minutes, three of Brown's brigade commanders were felled. The 25th Ala., which led the way consisted of 173 men. Of these, 125 men were killed or wounded. Gen. Lee dashed about wildly "looking radiant," according to an aide. He hurled another division commanded by Gen. Henry D. Clayton at Logan's left flank, but with equally dismal results. When Stewart arrived, he abandoned his instructions to attack Logan's flank. He immediately sent a division led by Gen. Edward C. Walthall to assault Logan's right, exactly at the spot where Brown's division had been repulsed.

Walthall deployed his men at 3 p.m. and then, riding a dapple-gray horse and removing his gleaming sword from its scabbard, led one attack after another against the strong Union position. Col. William Belknap, the hero of Bald Hill before Atlanta, was entrenched with his 15th Ia. directly before Walthall's attacks. Belknap marveled at the Confederate general's magnificent appearance: "Three times he led that grand veteran column, as it were into the jaws of death, to charge upon our works and three times they were repulsed. It seemed as if half the army were firing at the General. I took seven shots at him myself as fast as a musket could be loaded for me. I have seen many mounted officers under fire and in battle, but never saw any man bear himself with more heroic daring in the face of death on every side than he did on that day."

Despite hundreds of bullets striking nearby, the charmed Walthall survived the attacks. His men fell back to greet Stewart's last division under Gen. Loring. As they were preparing to attack, Stewart was struck by a bullet that grazed his head and rendered him unconscious. Then Loring went down, severely wounded. Walthall, the last ranking commander, decided further attacks would be futile and ordered a withdrawal. Lee concurred and the Confederates fell back. Cheatham then arrived, sent by Hood to reinforce the attacking divisions, but he realized that the battle was by then ended and he made no arguments for pursuing an attack.

Following the battle, Walthall was particularly saddened at the death of one of his best commanders, Col. Samuel Benton. While leading his 24th and 27th Miss., Benton was struck by a shell fragment that entered his chest and also mangled his foot. He was carried to a field hospital where the foot was amputated; he died of his wounds a short time later. Benton, the nephew of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, had bravely led charges at Culp's Farm and Peach Tree Creek, which had won him a promotion to brigadier general. The promotion, issued on July 26, was officially announced to Benton only minutes before he died.

Hood's third "sortie" had ended as the others, in defeat. More precious men, about 2,500 killed and wounded, had been lost by the Confederates, compared with only 700 from Howard's army. The battle at Ezra Church thoroughly depressed Gen. Hardee who stated that "no action of the campaign probably did so much to demoralize and dishearten the troops engaged in it."

There were others equally disheartened. One was Union Gen. John M. Corse, whose trusted aide and friend, 23-year-old Maj. Thomas Jefferson Ennis, had been shot in the intestines while leading a counterattack of his 6th Ia. and lay in a field hospital for hours until Corse could leave his command to see him. Corse arrived to witness Ennis' death after telling him that Ezra Church had proven to be a Union victory. "Thank God," Ennis said with his dying breath. Ennis, following his gradua-

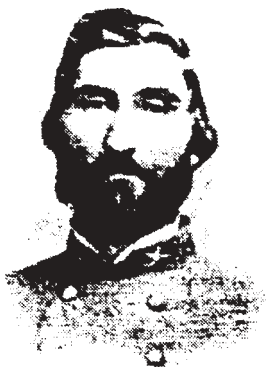
Above, troops of Gen. Logan's XV Corps fight off a wild attack by Confederates under Gen. John C. Brown at Ezra Church; the futile assault, ordered by Lt. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, squandered the lives of Southern troops.

Above, Federal troops under Col. William Belknap are shown beating off a Rebel attack led by Gen. Edward C. Walthall at Ezra Church, July 28, 1864.

Union Gen. John M. Corse, who led several counter-attacks against the Rebels at Ezra Church.

Maj. Thomas J. Ennis, Corse's close friend, who was mortally wounded at Ezra Church.

Gen. Edward C. Walthal, who led many charges at Ezra Church and miraculously survived.



Col. Samuel Benton, Walthall's close friend, was promoted to general shortly before he died.

Gen. William Bate retreats with his troops from Utoy Creek to avoid being outflanked by one of Schofield's divisions on Aug. 5, 1864.

tion from Hobart College, had joined Corse as his adjutant in 1862 and both had been severely wounded at Missionary Ridge. They had visited each other during their convalescence and had formed a deep friendship.

That night Corse wrote Ennis' brother William: "Tom fell, his face to the enemy, and at the head of his spartan band. The most glorious death for a solider—booted and spurred, sword in hand, big heart and flashing eye, he died in the most sacred cause in which man ever embarked ... When I reflect on the brave and good that have fallen during this campaign, the young and promising—I am sick at heart. It seems that fate has stricken all my friends, leaving me alone to buffet life, their memories clinging like cerements to my person—impeding my progress and filling me with disgust at a life that spares not the good and true ... When I think of the noble that fall and the ignoble that remain to enjoy the boon obtained at such a cost, I am filled with murmurings."

Utoy Creek, Ga., Aug. 5-6, 1864.

While Sherman claimed to be elated that Hood had spent thousands of Confederate lives to stop him at Ezra Church, he also realized that his every attempt to cut that vital railroad line to Atlanta might spell the same near suicidal charges against his men. But he was determined to sever the rail line and tried once more on Aug. 5. That morning, Sherman ordered Schofield to strike at the rail line near Utoy Creek, a few miles southwest of Ezra Church. Schofield went forward with 12,000 men, but was delayed because of confusing directions and did not jump off until Aug. 6. By then the Rebels extended their defense line to the south and Schofield's troops ran straight into strong Confederate positions defended by Bate's division. Schofield's men, led by Palmer, were thrown forward only to be repulsed several times, losing between 300 and 500 men with Confederate losses at half those numbers.

Bate was almost outflanked by a Union division, but he withdrew in time to the main Confederate defense lines that now extended all the way to East Point. Sherman realized that Hood had gone over to the defensive and that he would have to keep assaulting to the right, pushing his troops farther and father out to the right and away from his original goal, Atlanta. He told Halleck by wire: "The enemy can build parapets faster than we can march." It was then that he resolved to reduce Atlanta to cinders through bombardment. He wired Halleck: "I do not deem it prudent to extend any more to the right, but will push forward daily by parallels, and make the inside of Atlanta to hot to be endured."

Panic seized the citizens of Atlanta when Sherman began shelling the city; thousands scrambled to leave the city with anything they could carry or cart, as shown in the scene above.

Siege of Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 1864.

More than 5,000 shells were hurled into Atlanta on Aug. 9, killing six civilians, including women and children. Although Sherman claimed in a letter to his wife that "most of the inhabitants are gone; it is now simply a big fort," more than 10,000 citizens remained in the city and were driven to 10-foot-deep bombproofs where they cowered against the horrible bombardment. Hood sent Sherman a formal protest, saying that the bombardment was injuring innocent citizens and that his own forces were a mile outside the city in trenches. Sherman ignored the plea and kept up the bombardment.

Atlanta was a doomed city. All left inside its ringed fortifications knew this and there ensued a terror-filled panic to leave its bomb-cratered streets. Wrote one Southern newsman: "I can give you no idea of the excitement in Atlanta. Everybody seems to be hurrying off, especially the women. Wagons loaded with household furniture, and everything else that can be packed upon them crowd every street, and women old and young and children innumerable are hurrying to and fro. Every train of cars is loaded to its utmost capacity. The excitement beats everything I ever saw, and hope I may never witness again."

Day after miserable day, Sherman's artillery pounded the city. Those who could left Atlanta on foot, by wagon or jammed into the small trains. The last train from Atlanta was so packed that hundreds sat atop it, clinging to its roof, singing hymns as it pulled from the station and, in its wake, shells landing, eating up the track behind it. Those remaining took to their bombproof shelters in their back yards, deeply dug by house slaves who remained with their families. To all, Sherman was a demon, the Devil incarnate, bent on their torment and destruction, a mass killer they likened to Attila the Hun.

To his men, Sherman was Uncle Billy and they loved him as no Federal commander had been loved since the days of George B. McClellan. He had brought them one victory after another against the once-vaunted Army of Tennessee. As long-range shells were hurled one after another, day after day, into Atlanta—the Federals called it the "Atlanta Express"—Sherman rode through his ever-increasing line of artillery, the men cheering him.

Sherman, lean and sinewy, reveled in the attack, moving among his soldiers to share their rations, hardtack, bacon and black coffee. He sat atop cracker boxes in a gray flannel shirt and his faded blue jacket and trousers, a uniform he had not changed since Chattanooga. He displayed unbounded energy, talking at a rapid clip as he issued his orders, puffing on cigars as he dictated telegrams to Halleck and Grant. "We can pick out almost any house in town," he crowed to Halleck in one wire. "One thing is certain. Whether we get inside Atlanta or not, it will be a used-up community when we are done with it." As he listened to the roar of his long-range guns on Aug. 10, he sent a message to Howard that read: "Let us destroy Atlanta and make it desolation."

The siege of Atlanta saw, in the words of Private John Brobst of the 25th Wis.: "Both armies ... laying still for the present, watching one another to see how and where the other will jump, just like two great savage dogs." Trench warfare produced a barren, shell-marked no-man's land between the Federal and Confederate lines, lit up at night by bales of cotton soaked with kerosene and set afire to illuminate the lunar-like landscape and detect any movement by either side.

During the day, snipers on both sides fired incessantly at anyone foolish enough to expose themselves above the ramparts. One such was Gen. Dodge, who was pinpointed by Confederate sharpshooters as he visited the breastworks of his

ABOVE, the last train from Atlanta, its roof piled high with household goods and clinging citizens; the train pulled out only minutes after this photo was taken when the Union bombardment resumed.

XVI Corps on Aug. 19. As Dodge slipped into a rifle pit and peered at the Rebel line through a peep hole, a Rebel marksman spotted him and fired a bullet that struck his head, gouging a deep furrow across his scalp and sending him to the rear and a 30-day furlough with an agonizing wound. The constant sniping by both sides produced the only action and caused the restless Sherman to gripe to Schofield: "The enemy hold us by an inferior force ... we are more besieged than they."

Fraternization began and though Sherman knew of it and hated it, he took no action to stop it. Confederate and Union troops began to meet at dusk in no-man's land to trade Federal coffee for Rebel tobacco. Men of both sides picked berries from the same bushes and at night, when Sherman's siege guns fell silent, singing duels between both trench lines erupted, the Rebels voicing "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag," the Federals warbling "Yankee Doodle." These melodic sorties ended each evening as blue and gray joined together in plaintive renditions of "Home, Sweet Home." This produced a melancholy atmosphere, poignant and sad, effecting all ranks.

Wheeler's Raid Through Northern Georgia to Tennessee, Aug. 10-Sept. 10, 1864.

The only action of note beyond the bombardment during the stalemate in the first weeks of August was produced by Gen. Joseph Wheeler's grayback cavalry, 4,500 strong. Wheeler had performed yeoman service in defeating the Union cavalry, disposing of McCook and then the reckless Stoneman. Hood's confidence in Wheeler was limitless and, on Aug. 10, he ordered him to conduct a sweeping raid behind Sherman's positions to cut off the Union supply lines and provoke the Federals into either attacking and being repulsed in great numbers or withdrawing. President Jefferson Davis approved of the plan, telling Hood that this maneuver could "compel the enemy to attack you in position." Davis, however, cautioned Hood to avoid any more costly Confederate attacks, the setbacks at Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Ezra Church being much on his mind.

Of the 9,000 effectives in Wheeler's large command, he left half behind at Atlanta, a division of three brigades under Gen. William Hicks Jackson that was to scout the enemy and protect the flanks of Hood's Army of Tennessee. Then Wheeler and 4,500 riders dashed up the Western and Atlantic line on Aug. 10, going behind Sherman's positions to raid Marietta, Cassville, Calhoun and Resaca. Wheeler's men destroyed 30 miles of track and burned the bridge spanning the Etowah, which Sherman's engineers had earlier taken great pains to rebuild.

On Aug. 14, Wheeler detached one of his brigades to escort

ABOVE, Gen. Joseph Wheeler's raided behind Sherman's lines in August 1864; he destroyed the Etowah bridge (shown at right), tore up track, collected cattle and prisoners, but failed to disrupt Union supply lines.

prisoners and a good deal of cattle back to Hood in Atlanta. The Confederate raiders then rode to Dalton and tore up track, threatening the town itself on Aug. 14-16. Without much opposition, Wheeler then decided to dart into Tennessee (exceeding the scope of his raid as approved by Hood), conducting, too late, the very cavalry raid that Johnston would not condone three months earlier. Continuing north, Wheeler raided around Chattanooga and as far as Loudon, Tenn.

Intending to cross the Tennessee River he found it at flood level and went on to Knoxville where he sent two brigades to destroy the railroad bridge at Strawberry Plains. Beyond Holston, he struck the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, which his men severed in many places before recrossing the Tennessee at Tuscumbia, Alabama on Sept. 10, Wheeler's 28th birthday. The raid cost Wheeler 150 casualties, but he managed to seize "1,000 horses and mules, 200 wagons, 600 prisoners and 1,700 head of beef cattle." Wheeler claimed that he had killed or wounded thousands of Federals in his month-long raid, but his figures were unreliable.

Oddly, Wheeler had accomplished much more than what Hood intended, but in the end, his sweeping wild ride around Sherman did little to disrupt the Union lifeline. Federal work crews quickly repaired all the damage done by the Confederate riders and, most importantly, Sherman benefited from Wheeler's absence in that it deprived Hood of cavalry to scout Sherman's next move. Hood by then had concluded that if all the cavalry in the South had been assembled for raids on Sherman's supply lines, the results would still have been ineffective.

This was not news to Edward A. Pollard, editor of the Richmond *Examiner* who bitterly stated that "Hood's attacks were the most reckless, massive and headlong charges of the war where immense prices were paid for momentary successes ... He sent off his entire cavalry [actually, only half his cavalry force] toward Chattanooga to raid the enemy's line of communications—a most absurd excursion since Sherman had enough provisions accumulated this side of that place."

All eyes in the North were, by this time, riveted not on Grant whose armies under Gen. George Meade were stymied by Lee, but on William Tecumseh Sherman. He was the man of the hour, in fact the very man who could alone save the administration of Abraham Lincoln by providing a Union victory. His taking of Atlanta would assure Lincoln's reelection, but Lincoln himself was not optimistic. The war had dragged on with no real hope that the stubborn Confederacy could be completely defeated. On Aug. 23, 1864, Lincoln wrote a memo that read: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly possible that this administration will not be re-elected."

Sherman was oblivious to Lincoln's political problems. As a general rule, he despised politicians and he had fiercely opposed Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. A strong Unionist to be sure, Sherman had a decidedly reserved if not outright racist attitude toward Negroes. "I like niggers well enough as niggers," he once said, "but when fools and idiots try to make niggers better than ourselves, I have an opinion." He also had opinions about democracy and thought little of it as a working political system.

Vowing to break the stalemate at Atlanta and strangle Hood's army, Sherman devised another counterclockwise slide, a "grand left wheel" around Atlanta, in which he would take southward 60,000 of this best men—seven infantry corps—with 20 days provisions, and march against the Macon and Western line. Once this line had been severed, Sherman knew, Hood would be compelled to evacuate Atlanta.

ABOVE, Kilpatrick's troopers are shown destroying railroad track in Sandtown during his raid to Jonesboro; AT LEFT, Gen. Judson Kilpatrick bragged to Sherman that he had wrecked Hood's rail and supply lines, but this proved not to be the case.

Kilpatrick's Raid to Jonesboro, Aug. 18-22, 1864.

Sparking Sherman's drive was the rewarding news that Admiral David Farragut, on Aug. 5, 1864, had forced his fleet into Mobile Bay to control this most important Confederate Gulf port, shutting off another vital supply base that was now closed to Confederate blockade runners (leaving Wilmington, N.C. as the last important Confederate supply port). Also inspiring Sherman was the arrival of the daring cavalry commander, Gen. Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, who had recovered from the wound he had received at Resaca.

Kilpatrick had Sherman's confidence as a fighter where he had little faith in the abilities of Garrard and Stoneman. Sherman, however, in his new assignment to the little bandy-legged Kilpatrick, ordered the cavalry leader "not to fight but to work." With Wheeler's cavalry gone, Sherman reasoned that Kilpatrick could ride fairly unopposed 20 miles south of Atlanta, between Griffin and Jonesboro, and there tear up the Macon and Western railroad. To that end, Kilpatrick, on Aug. 18, led his cavalry division, reinforced by two brigades from Garrard, southeast through Sandtown.

Arriving at his destination the following day, Kilpatrick ordered his men to begin their destruction of the rail line. He then received a rather confusing message from Schofield that stated that he was not to "tear up too much track nor twist too much iron. It may save this army the necessity of making a long, hazardous flank march." It was clear that Sherman wanted to disrupt Hood's line of communications, but that he also wanted to keep damage to a minimum so that his engineers could quickly make repairs to a railroad that he, Sherman, intended to use in conquering the rest of Georgia.

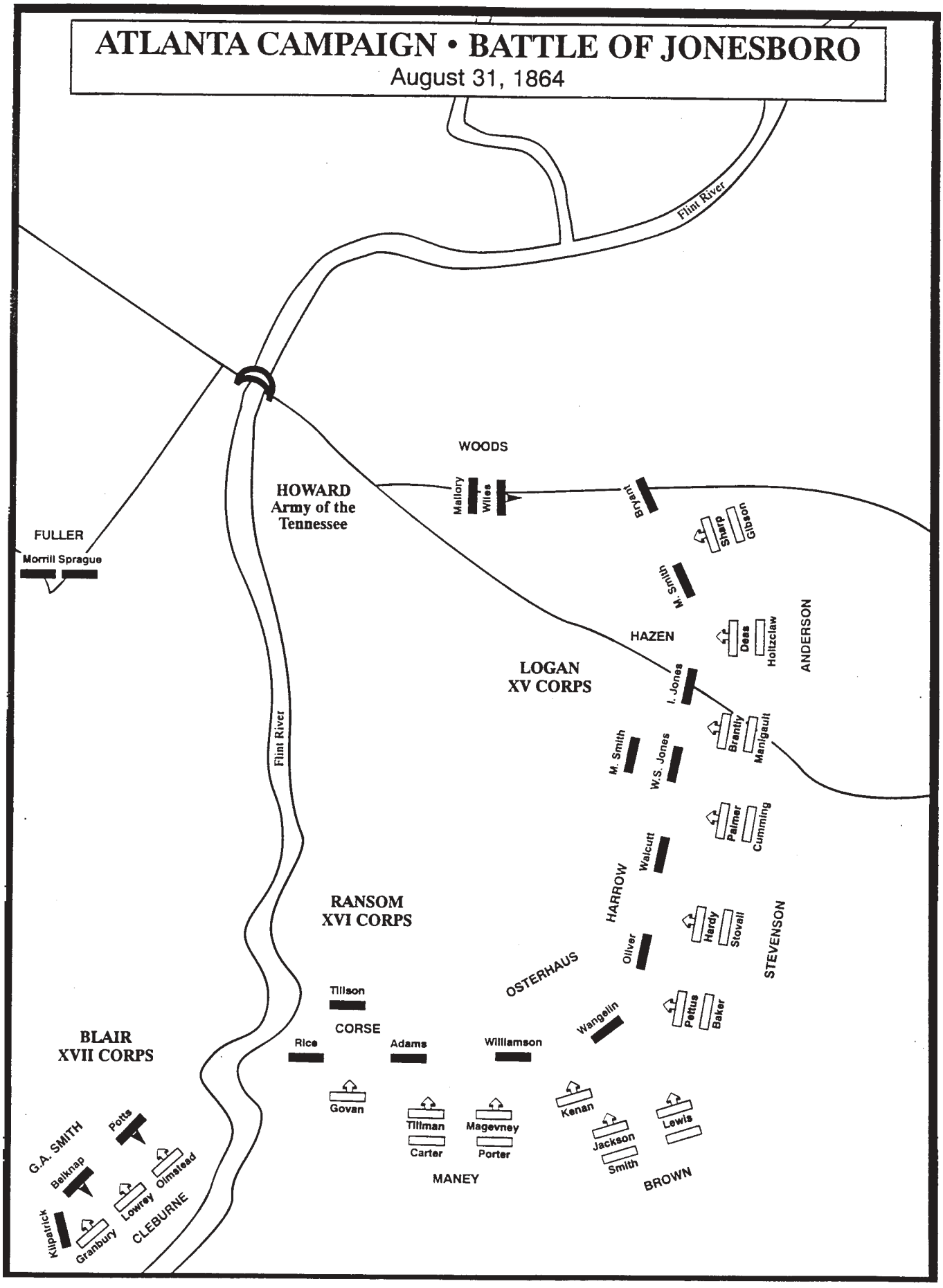
Kilpatrick had torn up only about a mile of track before his forces were suddenly attacked by a Texas brigade of Gen. William H. Jackson's cavalry. Kilpatrick's troopers swung into the saddle and, at midnight, rode to the southeast, chased now by three brigades of Jackson's cavalry. At Lovejoy's Station, on Aug. 20, Kilpatrick was met by entrenched infantry and he swung east, then north, fighting his way through Jackson's cavalry and reentering the Union lines at Decatur on Aug. 22.

Kilpatrick boasted to Sherman that he had accomplished his mission, that the rail lines had been thoroughly destroyed and Hood would see no supplies for at least ten days. Sherman was elated but his mood changed the next day when Union observers spotted several heavily laden Confederate supply trains rolling into Atlanta on the Macon and Western rail line, across tracks, which had been apparently rebuilt within hours by Southern workman. Kilpatrick fell from Sherman's favor and the commander went back to his original plant of attack.

Jonesboro, Ga., Aug. 31-Sept. 1, 1864.

On the night of Aug. 25, Sherman began to move his troops. Two corps of Thomas' Army of the Cumberland moved

OPPOSITE PAGE, the detailed map shows how Hood's depleted corps attacked Howard's Army of the Tennessee at the Flint River near Jonesboro on Aug. 31, 1864; the results were disastrous with more than 1,700 Confederates lost; Union casualties were only ten percent of that number.


ATLANTA CAMPAIGN • BATTLE OF JONESBORO
August 31, 1864
Flint River
WOODS
Mallory
Wiles
Bryant
HOWARD
Army of the
Tennessee
Sharp
Gibson
M. Smith
FULLER
Morrill Sprague
HAZEN
Dess
Holtzclaw
ANDERSON
LOGAN
XV CORPS
I. Jones
Brantly
Manigault
M. Smith
W.S. Jones
Flint River
Palmer
Cumming
Walcutt
HARROW
RANSOM
XVI CORPS
Hardy
Stovall
STEVENSON
Oliver
OSTERHAUS
Tillson
Wangelin
Pettus
Baker
CORSE
Rice
Adams
Williamson
BLAIR
XVII CORPS
Govan
Kenan
Lewis
Tillman
Carter
Magevney
Porter
Jackson
Smith
MANEY
BROWN
G.A. SMITH
Potts
Belknap
Olmstead
Lowrey
Kilpatrick
Granbury
CLEBURNE

from the trenches at the northern side of Atlanta, which were then occupied by Garrard's dismounted cavalry. Hooker's old XX Corps, now commanded by Slocum, also remained in the trenches. By midnight, all three Union armies were on the march, Howard's Army of the Tennessee on the left, Schofield on the right and Thomas, as usual, occupying the middle. All three armies took the Sandtown Road, then left the road to move in separate routes toward Rough & Ready Station, four miles below East Point and Jonesboro, their objective, ten miles beyond.

Howard moved first, then Thomas, their routes of march causing them to travel the greater distances. Howard reached Fairburn and Thomas arrived at Red Oak the next day. Schofield, who swung sharply east at Rough and Ready Station, expected to encounter stiff resistance as he was closest to Atlanta, but he met with almost no opposition, as did Thomas and Howard.

When the bombardment of Atlanta did not resume on the morning of Aug. 26, Hood sent out patrols at noon. They found the Union trenches empty and only scant rearguard troops along the approaches to Sandtown and the Chattahoochee River. Only the trenches at Atlanta's northern edge were still heavily occupied by Union forces, these obviously guarding Sherman's vital railroad crossing and forward supply base.

Hood somehow came to believe that Sherman was retiring north, having no information on his armies veering in wide sweeps to the south. At first, the citizens of Atlanta, cautiously joined by the Rebel army, took heart, thinking their persecutor and his legions had departed. On Aug. 27, Jackson's cavalry was sent far out toward Sandtown to locate Sherman. Jackson told Hood that the Federals were not withdrawing, merely regrouping, although he could not pinpoint exactly where. Hood, now consumed with false optimism, refused to believe this. He continued to hold his three corps inside Atlanta's fortifications, which he had extended all the way to East Point and wait for Sherman's next move.

On Aug. 28, Thomas and Howard reached the West Point Railroad and began to systematically destroy this line of communication and supply. By then, the Federals were expert at creating such devastation. Sherman noted how "the track was heaved up in sections the length of a regiment, then separated rail by rail; bonfires were made of the ties and of fence rails on which the rails were heated, carried to trees or telegraph poles, wrapped around and left to cool." These bent rails were called "Sherman's hairpins."

In addition to their normal methods of destruction, the Federals added something new. They filled in the railroad cuts with debris—rocks, logs and other obstacles, then hid live shells beneath the obstacles so that when the Confederates went to clear the cuts, the shells would blow up. These were, perhaps, the first booby traps used in modern warfare.

Across the railroad at East Point, Sherman's northern or left flank was protected by Schofield while Thomas and Schofield continued their march east toward the Macon and Western Railroad on Aug. 30, aiming for the headwaters of the Flint River. Sherman rode with Thomas that day, happy to hear that no serious opposition lay in his path and that the

OPPOSITE PAGE, the detailed map shows Hardee's thin defense line along the Macon and Western Railroad near Jonesboro, on Sept. 1, 1864; outnumbered five to one, Govan's brigade (top, center) was overwhelmed and almost entirely captured before Hardee pulled his men back.

Macon road was only two miles distant. He slapped his hands together then held out one as he rode along, saying to Thomas: "I have Atlanta as certainly as if it were in my hand."

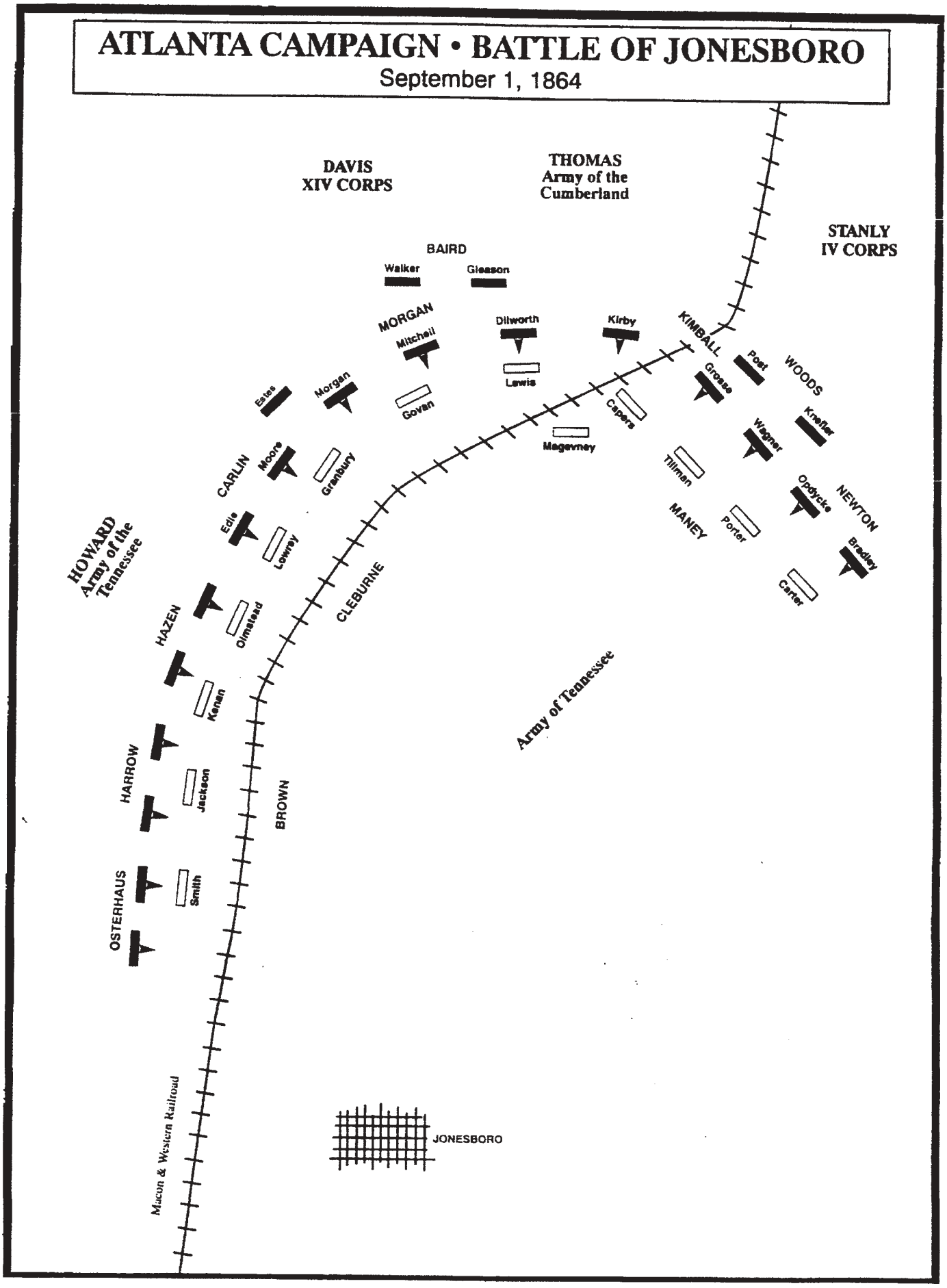
Hood by then had come to his senses and accepted reports that accurately described large Union forces marching, not toward the Chattahoochee, but below Fairburn and Red Oak to the south and going eastward toward Macon. Hood ordered Hardee to shift his forces to Rough and Ready Station and then commanded that all surplus goods be sent immediately out of Atlanta by every available route still open.

As Hood moved, Howard had already crossed to the east side of the Flint River with his advance elements and was only two miles from Jonesboro. Gen. Stephen D. Lee was ordered to East Point and told by Hood that he should be ready to reinforce either Hardee at Rough and Ready Station or Stewart's corps and the Georgia militia, which still manned the Atlanta fortifications. Hood believed that Sherman had sent one or two armies south and east to threaten his last supply line in order to draw him out of the city and then send another army to storm and take Atlanta. He was in a quandary. He had to leave substantial forces inside Atlanta and yet had to have considerable troops to force back any threat to his supply line. If Sherman managed to cut that supply line, Atlanta must be abandoned.

Then Hood received a report from Hardee that two Union armies were simultaneously approaching Rough and Ready Station and Jonesboro and that their columns were ten miles apart. Hood went back to his favorite strategy of destroying the enemy in detail. Hardee had reported that only Logan's corps had crossed the Flint river to set up its batteries within two miles of Jonesboro but that the rest of Howard's troops had remained on the west bank of the Flint River.

Hood ordered Hardee to attack Logan and throw his corps into the Flint River while Stephen Lee's corp supported him as he destroyed the remainder of Howard's divisions when they rushed to the aide of Logan. Hardee marched to Jonesboro on the night of Aug. 30 while Lee moved his men down the railroad from East Point in support of Hardee. They were to attack at dawn on Aug. 31. To make sure that both Hardee and Lee understood every detail of his plan, Hood ordered them to leave their division commanders in charge of the night march and join him by rail in Atlanta for a final war council. Following the repulse and destruction of Howard's Army of the Tennessee, Hood told his corp commanders that night, Lee was to march back to Rough and Ready Station where Stewart would join him on a drive the following morning, Sept. 1, down the west bank of the river to strike the left flank of the Federals held in position by Hardee. Only Jackson's dismounted cavalry and the Georgia militia would remain in Atlanta's trenches to protect the city.

It was late when Hardee climbed aboard a fast switch engine that raced down the line toward his men, troops that were


ATLANTA CAMPAIGN • BATTLE OF JONESBORO
September 1, 1864
DAVIS
XIV CORPS
THOMAS
Army of the
Cumberland
STANLY
IV CORPS
BAIRD
Walker
Gleason
MORGAN
Mitchell
Dilworth
Kirby
KIMBALL
Post
WOODS
Grose
Lewis
Govan
Estes
Morgan
Capers
Magevney
Wagner
Knefler
CARLIN
Moore
Granbury
Tillman
Opdycke
NEWTON
Bradley
Edie
Lowrey
MANEY
Porter
Carter
HOWARD
Army of the
Tennessee
HAZEN
Olmstead
CLEBURNE
Army of Tennessee
Kanan
HARROW
Jackson
BROWN
OSTERHAUS
Smith
Macon & Western Railroad
JONESBORO

A sketch drawn by a Federal artilleryman shows his battery firing on Confederate positions on Aug. 31, 1864, while a Rebel regiment advances toward his position (at top left).

supposedly assembling at Jonesboro. When he got to Jonesboro, Hardee was shocked to discover that his corps had not arrived, nor had any of Stephen Lee's men. Howard, meanwhile, had sent only a division from Dodge's corps to reinforce Logan on the east bank of the Flint River. Howard thought Hood's main forces were still in Atlanta and that the Confederate forces assembling in Jonesboro represented but a token defense. He attempted to prod these Rebels to attack by ordering Logan from his defensive position at about 3 p.m. on Aug. 31, and commanding him to assault Jonesboro.

Fifteen minutes before he began to march, with his forces still leaving their entrenchments, Logan was amazed to see a great host of troops in butternut pouring out of Jonesboro, a much greater number of troops than Howard had expected. Hardee was again late in launching his attack, nine full hours. He had numerical superiority, more than 24,000 men, as opposed to Howard's 17,000 men who were on the east bank of the river. But Hardee's men were bone weary after having made their forced night march to Jonesboro. Gen. Manigault had watched his exhausted troops trudge toward Jonesboro and reported them "dull, sluggish and entirely without that spirit which had hitherto characterized them."

Seeing Hardee's Corps arraigned before him, Logan ordered his men back behind their entrenchments. Hardee sent Cleburne's three divisions against Howard's southern flank at 3.p.m.—a north-south defense line that bent westward at an almost 90 degree angle—in an attempt to turn it. Howard's front was to be attacked by Stephen D. Lee, whose forces were to the left of Cleburne, as soon as he heard Cleburne's attack in progress.

Lee made a fatal error in mistaking Cleburne's skirmish line fire for that of the full-scale assault and he started his troops too early, at 2:20 p.m., 40 minutes ahead of schedule. Lee ordered Gen. James Patton Anderson's division to begin the assault. The 42-year-old Tennessee native and Florida politician took his troops to within 80 feet of where Logan's men lay hidden behind high breastworks. When they opened fire on Anderson's advancing lines, the Confederates fell in waves to the earth. It was, according to Gen. Logan, "the most terrible and destructive fire I ever witnessed."

As Anderson's men remained prone and waited for support, they came under punishing fire from Union sharpshooters. Confederate reinforcements failed to arrive, most of these supporting units refusing to face the incredible sheets of fire that blasted over the heads of Anderson's troops. Brigade after Rebel brigade inched forward, then stopped, taking shelter behind fallen trees and rocks or mounds of earth, refusing to charge against the incessant and blinding fire. Col. Bushrod Jones pleaded and cajoled his men but they would not go forward.

Gen. Anderson was the only Confederate not prone, riding his horse among his men, urging them to stand and charge. Gen. Logan watched him admiringly until his men shot Anderson from his horse. Twice wounded, he was carried back to Jonesboro and a hospital where he would survive. Anderson's men fell back and, in less than an hour, Lee's entire corps withdrew. As they did, Hardee launched his attack with Cleburne's divisions on the left.

Gen. John C. Brown, commanding Bate's division, at the very right of Hardee's flank, charged directly forward and then, following the plan, swung right, striking the very point where the Union XV Corps linked with the left flank of the XVI Corps, a sharp angle in the defense line that bent west at the Flint River. They were met by a battery of six guns that ripped into their lines.

Heavily guarded Confederate prisoners from the second day's battle at Jonesboro are shown trudging back toward Union lines; Gen. Daniel Govan and about 600 of his men had surrendered.

As Brown's men rushed forward they were greeted by a hidden 10-foot wide ravine they could not hurdle. Instead, the Rebels dove into it to escape the punishing grapeshot and canister from the Union battery. Seeing the Confederates trapped, the 66th Ind. poured over their entrenchments to charge into the ravine and kill or capture all the Rebels who had taken refuge there.

Gen. Maney's division, which was to support Brown's troops, charged into the massed ranks of the 52nd Ill., but were driven back by repeated volleys from the dense bluecoated line. Left of Brown and Maney was Cleburne's division, commanded by Gen. Mark Perrin Lowrey, which struck north at the Union right flank. Lowrey's left flank was suddenly enfiladed with fire from Judson Kilpatrick's dismounted cavalry who were positioned on the east bank of the river at Anthony's Bridge. The firing from Kilpatrick's troopers was doubly devastating in that his men used new Spencer repeating rifles and were supported by a battery of four guns.

To shut down this unexpected attack, Lowrey ordered his men to veer west. The Confederates, as if stung by bees, fought like men possessed in hand-to-hand combat, driving Kilpatrick's troopers from the bridge. Lowrey ordered his men to turn back, but Gen Granbury's Texas brigade was beyond hearing as it wildly chased Kilpatrick's fleeing men, its action inspiring Lowrey's two other brigades to follow in the pursuit. Federal reinforcements appeared and stopped Lowrey's men, slowly driving them back across the river. Cleburne's other divisions had also been halted by intense Federal fire and driven back.

Hardee was furious. He felt that his corps and that of Lee's had lost the will to win and he ordered another assault. Lee, however, reported to him that his troops were spent and that he had lost more than 1,300 men (in an overall Confederate loss of 1,725, compared with the loss of 179 Federals). Musket fire was exchanged into dusk by both sides as they sniped at each other from their entrenchments.

Hundreds of wounded Rebels lay between the lines, crying out for help. Finally, Private Sam Chinault of the 54th Va. could stand the cries no longer and leaped over a parapet, running onto the open field to carry back a wounded comrade. He went out again and again. All the while, Federal sharpshooters fired at him, a bullet striking the back of one wounded man Chinault was carrying on his shoulders.

Men from Gen. Lewis' Orphan Brigade performed the same heroic service, although the Union troops opposite hurrahed their efforts instead of shooting at them. The Kentuckians then went forward and retrieved all their fallen men while the Federals cheered them. "Why are you cheering?" one fanatical Union officer screamed at his men. "Shoot those damned traitors!" His men pretended not to hear him or claimed to be out of ammunition. The officer grabbed one man and ordered him to fire on the Kentuckians carrying back their

After the fall of Atlanta, Federal officers, such as those shown at left, took over some of the finest homes in the city, converting them into officers' quarters.

wounded. "I'll fight and die for our country, sir," the rugged sergeant replied, "but I won't shoot down unarmed men. I won't do murder." The officer walked away while his men silently stared after him.

John Bell Hood knew little about the battle of Jonesboro as he waited in his Atlanta headquarters. Then he learned that the Federals had cut the Macon and Western rail line—this was painfully evident when a Confederate supply train came steaming in reverse back into Atlanta—and he ordered Stephen Lee's corps to return to Atlanta, believing Sherman would attack at any moment. He also ordered Hardee to remain at Jonesboro to repel any Federals. When he was given a detailed report of the battle at Jonesboro, Hood exploded, calling it "a disgraceful effort."

As Lee's corps marched north, avoiding Federals astride the Macon and Western, Hardee remained in Jonesboro where his lone corps would face the entire weight of Sherman's armies. Hardee had no illusions by then. He knew he faced three on-coming Federal armies with less than 13,000 men. His think ranks had to occupy his own position as well as that left vacant by Lee's departing corps.

When Sherman learned that Hardee stood alone, he ordered Schofield and Thomas to move immediately to Jonesboro, combine their forces with Howard's three corps, a total of 60,000 men, and crush Hardee. To that end, Howard sent Dodge's corps across the Flint River to join Logan and ordered Blair's corps to occupy the rail line south of Jonesboro and cut off any possible retreat. It was almost 3 p.m., on Sept. 1, however, before two of Thomas' corps arrived to join Howard. These troops were commanded by the fiery Gen. Jefferson C. Davis who had replaced Gen. John Palmer. Schofield and Palmer had argued bitterly after Utoy Creek, Palmer claiming that Schofield had thrown away his men uselessly during that battle and Palmer had temporarily resigned.

The 36-year-old Davis had been selected to lead the attack since he was well known to have the instincts of a killer, having shot to death Union Gen. William "Bull" Nelson in a personal feud in 1862. Davis wasted no time, grouping his three divisions along the railway line and, at 4 p.m., sending two brigades forward, which were quickly repulsed. Davis then ordered his entire force to charge against Hardee's flank, which was commanded by Cleburne. As Davis' troops rushed forward across a large cotton field, their ranks were suddenly ripped apart by canister and grapeshot fired by two Rebel batteries positioned at a salient where the Rebel line bent backward toward the railroad.

The 78th Ill. was decimated as well as were several other regiments of Gen. Absalom Baird's division. One of Baird's brigades lost almost half its men within 20 minutes as they advanced against the blistering fire from Cleburne's trenches. Baird's aide, Maj. James Connolly, saw Baird go down twice as two of his horses were shot (Baird remained uninjured). Connolly was horrified as he went forward "over that open field, facing and drawing nearer to death at every step we took,

ABOVE, Effects of the Federal bombardments on Atlanta can be seen in this photo of Peach Tree Street and its ruined buildings; BELOW, devastation of the Georgia Railroad outside of Atlanta was achieved by Hood's men who used a rolling mill to slice through ties.

our horses crazy, frantic with the howling of shells, the rattling of canister and the whistling of bullets, ourselves delirious with the wild excitement of the moment, and thinking only of getting over those breastworks."

Baird's men swarmed over the thinly held Confederate works, using their bayonets with lethal accuracy. Daniel Govan's brigade was overwhelmed with Union color bearers smashing their staffs on the heads of his men inside the trenches. The Arkansas troops rose up and drove their bayonets through the Union color bearers. Farther down the line, it was the same story with the Kentucky Orphan Brigade where bluecoats swarmed over the Confederate defenses. "Surrender, you damned rebels," cried one Union soldier who jumped atop a parapet in front of Kentucky private Booker Reed.

"The hell you say," Reed shouted back and raised his musket to the man's chest and fired, killing him.

Sgt. Maj. John Green of the 16th Ky., also in the same trench, inched upward to see a Federal poking his rifle into his face and firing. Green fell backward but was only grazed. Coming to his senses, Green, in his own words, "rose and put my gun against his side and shot a hole through him big enough to run my fist through."

Govan's intrepid Arkansas brigade was so outnumbered that further combat was useless. The Federals swarmed over the Confederate batteries, capturing them, but only after the Rebels exhausted their ammunition and their physical ability to swing empty muskets they used as clubs. Arkansas Private Stanley C. Harvey recalled how the Union troops "ran over us like a drove of Texas beeves, by sheer force of numbers." Govan and about 600 men finally surrendered and when these defenders were taken to the rear a large gap opened in the Rebel line through which thousands of Federal troops raced to drive against Granbury's Texas brigade on the right and Lewis' Kentucky brigade on the left.

These brigades, threatened with envelopment, fell back in an orderly fashion, taking up new defensive positions and being supported by reinforcements and backed by artillery Hardee had prudently massed earlier. Hard pressed, Hardee's veterans clung to their new positions, fighting desperately until sundown when Davis ceased his attacks.

Additional Federal corps arrived too late in the day to join in the attack, which had been costly. More than 1,300 Union soldiers had either been killed or wounded in the bloody frontal attacks ordered by Davis. At midnight, Hardee pulled his corps out of line and retreated southward, away from Atlanta and toward Lovejoy's Station. Many of his best brigades were now nothing more than shells. Lewis' Kentucky Orphan Brigade, which had begun the campaign with more than 1,500 men, had less than 500 men within its trudging ranks. Only a handful of men remained of Govan's smashed brigade and Granbury's Texans had been decimated.

Hood had finally grasped the full reality of the Union advance to the south. When he learned that Sherman had cut the Macon and Western line, he knew that Atlanta could no longer be defended. He ordered his troops to march southward and, at 5 p.m., the evacuation began, with Stewart's corps leaving their trenches while singing "Lorena," a mournful ballad that caused women watching their departure to weep. Atlanta's citizens watched them disappear down the McDonough Road. Lee's corps had been stopped by Hood with orders to await Stewart at McDonough. Hood, with these two corps, would then march ten miles west to Lovejoy's Station to once more reunite with Hardee.

Confederate cavalry remained in Atlanta for several hours as a rear guard. When these troopers left the city a little after midnight, Sept. 2, they burned the army's reserve ordnance, the train depot and any valuable matérial that had not been destroyed by Hood's chief quartermaster whom Hood depicted as being "too much addicted to drink of late to attend to his duties." The departing Confederates blew up five locomotives, 81 rail cars, 13 long-range siege guns too large to move and thousands of shells. The resulting explosions rocked the city and created a widespread blaze that raged for five hours. "It was more terrible than the greatest battle ever fought," said Wallace Reed, an Atlanta citizen.

On the morning of Sept. 2, while Sherman trailed Hardee to Lovejoy's Station, Gen. Henry Slocum cautiously marched his XX Corps slowly into deserted Atlanta. He was met by a delegation of citizens flying a flag of truce. At the head of this tiny group was Atlanta Mayor James M. Calhoun. Though he asked to see Sherman, Calhoun was told to talk to Col. John Coburn of the 33rd Ind. To Coburn then Calhoun formally surrendered the city, asking that the Federals refrain from harming "non combatants and private property."

Slocum sent a fast-riding courier to Sherman with the joyful news and when Sherman received the report he was delighted. Thomas, who was with him and not given to emotional displays, "snapped his fingers, whistled, and almost danced," according to Sherman. Not until Saturday, Sept. 3, at 6 a.m., did Sherman officially notify Washington of the great news: "So Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

The news of Sherman's victory sent the North into wild celebration. The Union had captured the second most important city in the South, the Confederacy's great arsenal and its key railroad and communication center. Not only did Sherman become the most heralded man in the Union army, but his victory inspired the Union itself to renew its will to vigorously prosecute the war. The capturing of Atlanta was invaluable to Lincoln and all but assured his 1864 reelection.

Grant beamed with pride for his hand-picked leader of the Western Theater, his old subordinate at Shiloh. From his stalemated line at Petersburg, Grant wrote Sherman: "You have accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general in this war, and with a skill and ability that will be acknowledged in history as unsurpassed if not unequaled."

Sherman had Atlanta, but not Hood and his army, which was still intact and regrouped at Lovejoy's Station. For Sherman, however, the campaign for Atlanta was over. On Sept. 5, he recalled his Federal armies to Atlanta, which he would now occupy and rapidly rebuild as a center of Union supply and communication. In four months he had marched through Northern Georgia, fought a dozen battles, lost more than 35,000 men and inflicted upon the enemy casualties of equal number. On Sept. 8, Sherman entered Atlanta without a soul to greet him. He wore his old flannel shirt and faded blue uni-

ABOVE, Sherman's men are shown destroying railroad equipment in Atlanta after the fall of the city; BELOW, Federal troops rip up track at Atlanta's roundhouse just before setting fire to the depot and then the entire city.

form, riding to the courthouse square where he established his headquarters.

Everywhere in the South there was mourning. Disillusionment and sadness swept the Confederacy. In Columbia, S.C., Confederate diarist Mary Chesnut wrote: "Atlanta gone. Well—that agony is over. Like David when the child was dead, I will get up from my knees, will wash my face and comb my hair. No hope. We will try to have no fear."

In fairness to Sherman, he proved to be a sympathetic conqueror, ordering his forces to give aid to the sick, hungry and homeless in Atlanta. The house that had been Hood's headquarters was taken over by the officers of the XX Corps and was quickly bedecked with American flags. When Sherman was told that some elderly and defiant citizens were still displaying the Confederate banner and was asked what to do about it, he replied: "Nothing. Not a damned thing."

A week later Sherman issued a proclamation that ordered all civilians to evacuate the city. Most residents departed Atlanta, taking what they could carry. Those few who remained watched in horror weeks later as Sherman burned the city to the ground. Sherman defended himself for this action in a wire to Halleck: "If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war, and not popularity seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war."

President Jefferson Davis had no such intentions. A short time after Atlanta fell to Sherman, he met with one of his top military advisers, Gen. Richard Taylor, in Montgomery, Ala., outlining with enthusiasm a proposed campaign where Nashville, Tenn., the Union supply stronghold, would be seized. Taylor told him that he thought the campaign would be futile, even disastrous, that none of the Deep South states would now send men to fight in Tennessee, that the Trans-Mississippi Department had no men left to send on such a wild expedition.

Taylor told Davis how Southern senators and congressmen opposed to his administration were, at that moment, busily planning to set up an independent government west of the Mississippi, one that would unite with Emperor Maximilian in Mexico and ask Emperor Napoleon III of France for assistance. To all this, Davis listened without interruption. Taylor later reported how Davis "was distressed to hear such gloomy sentiments from me. I replied that it was my duty to express my opinions frankly to him." Atlanta, by then, was far from the still hopeful thoughts of Jefferson Davis. It was, after all, just another lost city, doubly lost after Sherman put it to the torch.

While the burning of Atlanta ensued, one of Sherman's officers noted that "the crash of falling buildings and the change of strong walls and proud structures into heaps of desolation, made a dreadful picture of the havoc of war." Sherman intended to gut Atlanta so that it would never again serve the Confederacy. He achieved his goal with merciless detail, then prepared to march 220 miles to Savannah on the Atlantic Coast and cut the Confederacy in two, creating a wide swath of destruction in what came to be known as Sherman's March to the Sea.

Also see: Andrews' Raid, 1862; Antietam, 1862; Chattanooga, Tenn. Campaign, 1863; Forrest's Operations in Atlanta Campaign, June-Nov., 1864; Fort Pillow, 1864; Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. Campaign, 1864; Fredericksburg, Va. Campaign, 1862; Gettysburg, Pa. Campaign, 1863; Meridian, Miss., 1864; Sherman's March to the Sea, 1864; Vicksburg, Miss. Campaign, 1862-1863.

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Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864, See: **Atlanta (Ga.) Campaign**, May-September, 1864.

Auburn, Va., Oct. 14, 1863, See: **Catlett's Station, Va.** same date.

Averasboro, N.C., March 16, 1864, See: **Carolinas Campaign**, 1865.

Averell's Raid to Lewisburg, W.Va., Nov. 1-8, 1863.

In an attempt to disrupt the communications and supply lines of Gen. James Longstreet (then being repulsed at Knoxville, Tenn.) along the Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, Gen. Benjamin Franklin Kelley, Union commander of the Dist. of W.Va., sent Gen. William Woods Averell on a cavalry raid toward Lewisburg, W.Va. Averell led a mixed brigade from Beverly, W.Va., on Nov. 1 , 1863, while another Union cavalry brigade commanded by Gen. Alfred Nattie Duffié, left Charleston, W.Va., on Nov. 3, planning to unite with Averell at Lewisburg.

Averell arrived at Droop Mountain, W.Va., about 20 miles north of Lewisburg. Here, on Nov. 6, his path was blocked by a small Confederate brigade under the command of Gen. John Echols, a rugged and towering officer (six-foot-four-inches, 260 pounds). Averell charged Echols' entrenched positions with his dismounted cavalry and was repeatedly thrown back. Averell then divided his force, sending a cavalry unit in a

long flanking move that brought this force behind Echols' brigade and when this unit attacked, the Confederates broke, a portion of the Rebels regrouping down the pike and others scattering into nearby woods.

Averell then rode to Lewisburg where he joined with Duffié and, on Nov. 7, captured that town against light resistance. Both Union cavalry commands, however, were spent and felt they could do little more. Averell and Duffié led their forces back to their stations at Beverly and Charleston. Averell later reported that he destroyed three Confederate supply depots at Lewisburg, which had been intended to supply Longstreet's troops. Thousands of barrels of corn, meat, wheat, flour and salt were destroyed, along with large amounts of harness, shoes, saddle instruments, tools, oil and tar. Averell's men destroyed five bridges, the water station and Lewisburg's railroad turn-table, as well as several miles of track and telegraph wire. He captured 150 horses and 200 Rebels, but more than half of these Confederates escaped back to their own lines.

While returning to Beverly, Averell was met by small units of Confederate cavalry and was compelled to fight a rear guard action at Second Creek where six of his retreating troopers were drowned while attempting to ford the swollen waters. Averell's command consisted of the cavalry units 2nd, 5th and 10th West Va., the 28th Ohio, 14th Pa., and Battery B., W.Va. Art. Union losses at Droop Mountain were 31 killed and 94 wounded; Confederate losses were 50 killed, 250 wounded and 100 missing (84 of whom returned with Averell as prisoners).

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Avoyelles Prairie, La., May 15, 1864 (AKA: Marksville Prairie), See: **Red River Campaign**, 1864.

B

Baker's Creek, Miss., May 16, 1863, See: **Champion's Hill, Miss.**, same date, under **Vicksburg Campaign**, 1862-1863.

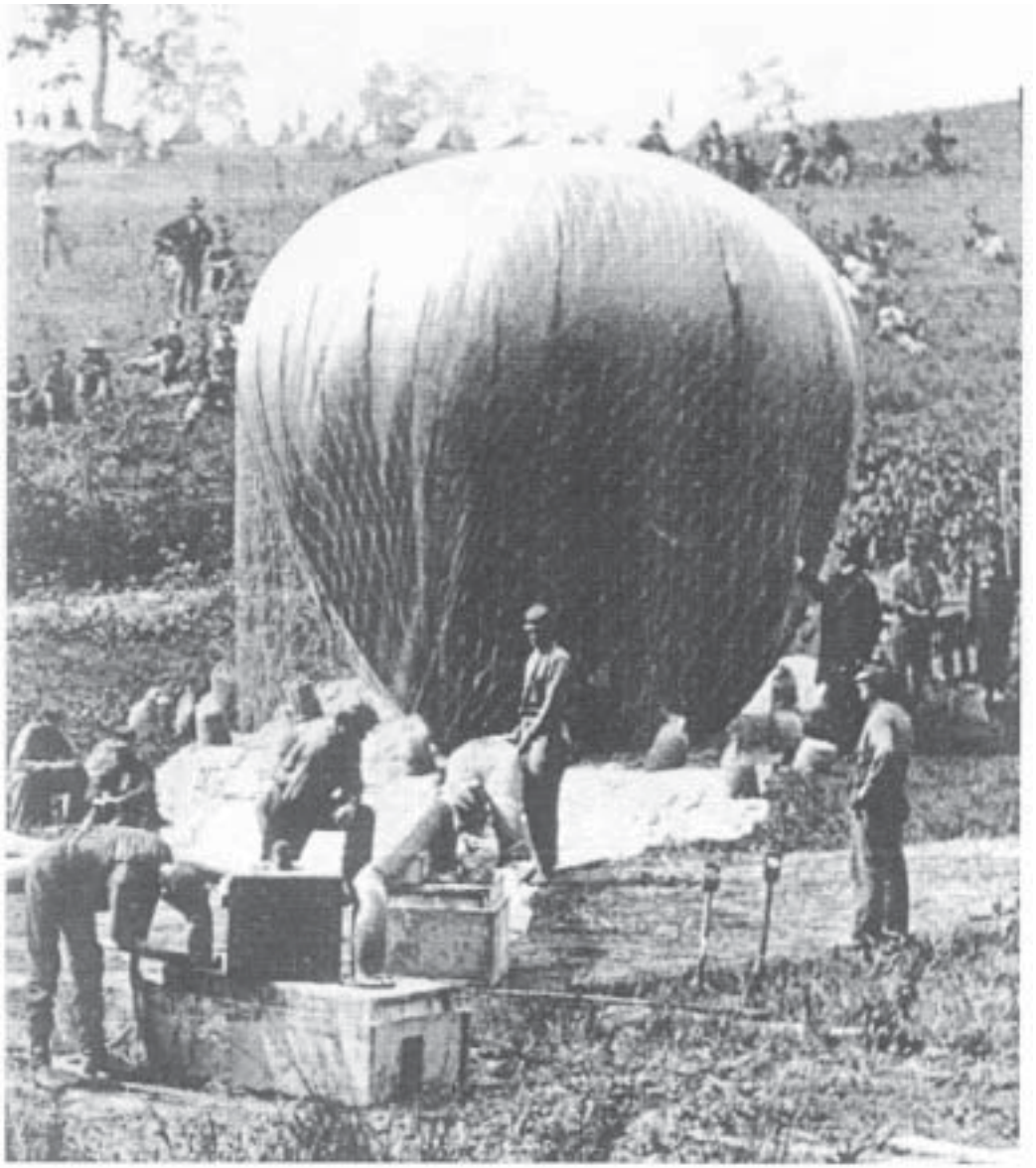
Balloons (surveillance)

The U.S. Balloon Corps came into existence in June 1861, when scientist-aeronaut Thaddeus S.C. Lowe rose 500 feet above the capital in his balloon, *Enterprise*, to make his first surveillance report, describing the surrounding terrain, an estimated distance of 50 miles, and detailing his findings in a telegraphed report to President Lincoln. The President was convinced that such experimental surveillance had worth and, despite opposition from convention-minded military commanders, authorized Lowe to establish his Balloon Corps, which was officially attached to the Union Army in August 1861.

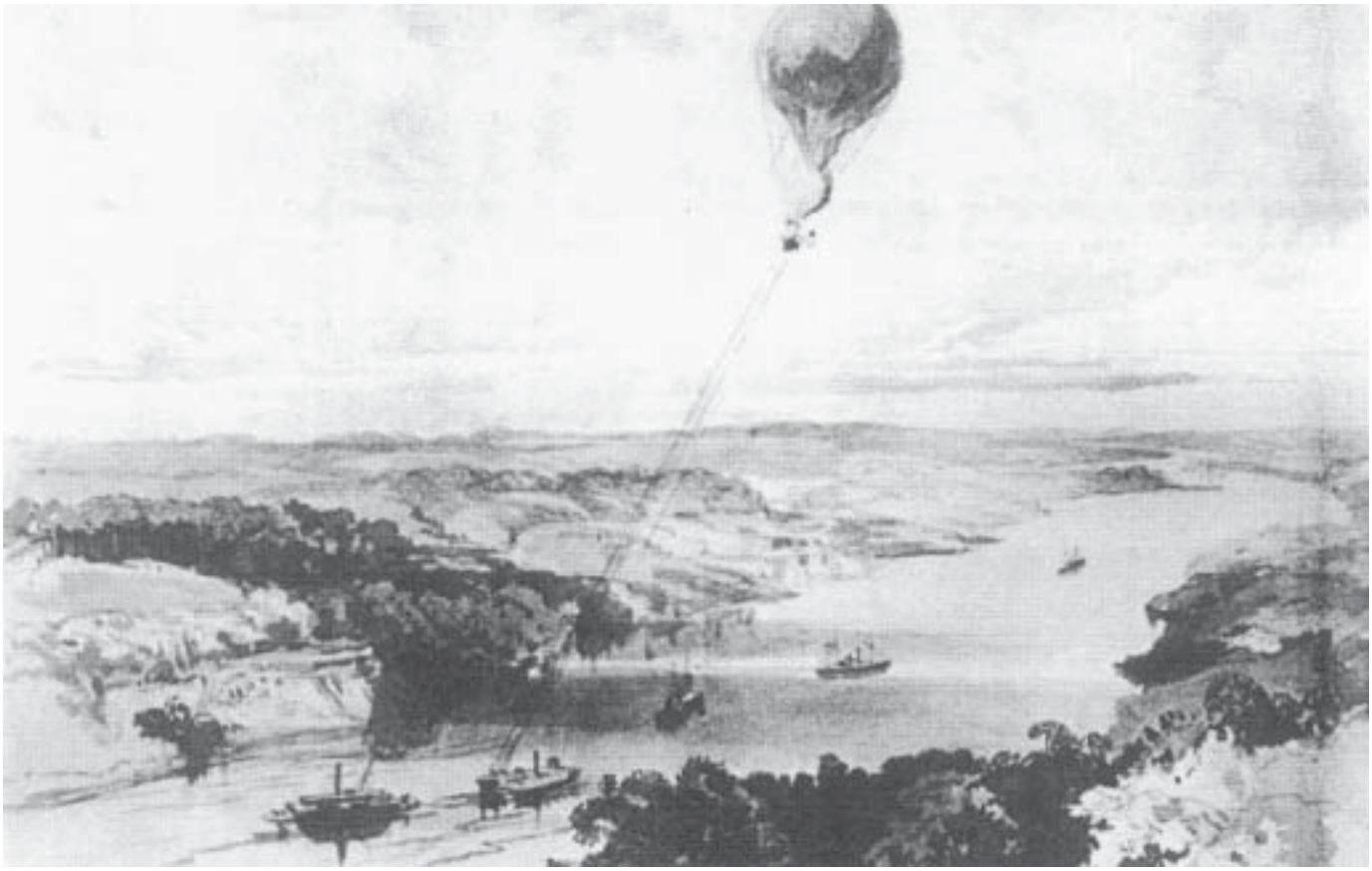
Lowe invented a gas generator that inflated the balloons, attaching this device to a large wagon. This allowed his men to move with the Union army into the field to make observations on enemy positions. He attempted to use his balloons at the battle of Bull Run, in July 1861, but his wagons broke down and he could not get his balloons into the air in time to observe enemy positions. He was more effective during the Peninsular Campaign, when he lofted one balloon, the *Intrepid*, to the height of 300 feet, and detailed enemy troop movements for a distance of 15 miles.

The seven balloons initially employed by Lowe had been designed in various sizes, the largest being 45-feet from the neck of the bag and holding 32,000 cubic feet of gas. It consisted of 1,500 yards of silk sewn together by five seamstresses at a cost of $1,500. The smallest balloon held about 15,000 cubic feet of gas and could loft five men in a basket, which carried about 100 pounds of sand ballast and had three or four cables made of manila rope for towing and anchoring.

The interior of the balloons were coated with four layers of boiled linseed oil, benzine and japan drier. It was then



At right, Thaddeus Lowe's balloon *Intrepid*, is shown as it is inflated with gas from a portable gas generator during the Peninsular Campaign. It ascended to a 300 feet and its observers pinpointed Rebel positions and served as artillery spotters.



ABOVE, the tug, USS *George Washington Parke Curtis* is shown towing one of Lowe's balloons up the James River to observe Confederate positions; BELOW, a sketch made from a height of about 700 feet in a Federal balloon on the Potomac River shows Rebel troop encampments (at top) across the river in Virginia in late 1861.

turned inside-out and the exterior was coated with neat's foot oil so that the fabric would remain pliable. At first, Lowe used hot air to inflate his balloons but he soon turned to the use of hydrogen gas when he built his mobile gas generator.

The balloonists preferred to ascend just before dawn when the winds were mild and enemy campfires could still be seen. When the number of campfires changed between two successive dawn observations, Lowe was able to confirm the movements of Confederate troops. The Rebels found the Union balloons a constant annoyance, and were forced to take elaborate measures in concealing their movements, often confusing Lowe's balloonists by allowing their campfires to burn long after their troops had left the position, or even establishing large fields of burning campfires where no troops were positioned in order to mislead the observers on high.

By forcing the Rebels to labor over such concealments, however, the Union balloonists drained the enemy's energy and resources, as well as constantly vexed his strategy. Wrote one Confederate officer: "Even if the observer never saw anything, his balloons would have been worth all they cost, trying to keep our movements out of sight."

As Lowe refined and upgraded his equipment, he began sending up engineers as observers and these well-trained men were able to make aerial sketches that were later transcribed to detailed scale maps effectively employed by field commanders. Moreover, artillery spotters were then sent aloft to report by telegraph to Union field artillery the distance between shell bursts to targets unseen by the gunners and thus improve the accuracy of Federal bombardments of enemy positions.

The Confederates were not inactive when it came to balloon surveillance, but Rebel resources were limited in the construction of the lighter-than-air units. Edward Porter Alexander, celebrated for observing Union troop movements from a high hill at Bull Run in July 1861, and sending the "wigwag" signal to Confederate forces that allowed them to block and flank Federal forces, was put in charge of the Confederate balloon corps. He was assisted by John R. Bryan, an aide on Gen. John B. Magruder's staff, and it was Bryan who volunteered to ascend in the first (and, according to best reports, the only) Confederate observation balloon.

The multi-colored balloon was constructed by Langdon Cheves and Charles Sevor in Savannah, and was made up of silk (not from the dresses of Southern women, as later reported), coated with gutta percha dissolved in naphtha to make it gasproof. It was then inflated at the Richmond Gas Works and then towed by rail to the James River where it was reportedly anchored to the tug, CSS *Teaser*.

From June 27, until about July 1, 1862, the Confederate balloon ascended daily to make observations of Union positions and movements. Although written messages were sent from the observers, no telegraph was employed to speed up communications, and this balloon was, unlike its Union counterparts, not used for artillery spotting. On July 4, 1862 the *Teaser* ran aground and was captured by the enemy, balloon and all. This was the end of the Rebel flirtation with balloon observation. A second balloon was reported to have been made by Cheves and Sevor, seeing service in South Carolina, but no records exist to support this claim.

Union use of observation balloons apparently waned in the spring of 1863. Alexander stated that Union forces "began to use them [balloons], during the fall of 1861, before Washington city, & they continued their use up to about May 1863, after which I cannot recall seeing them. This would imply that they did not finally consider them of much value. If so I think their conclusion a decided mistake.

"I am sure that on certain occasions skilled observers in balloons could give information of priceless value. Balloons ought frequently to permit the discovery of marching columns, such as I made at Bull Run ... which was made from a hill 8 miles off—a sort of poor and accidental substitute for a balloon. And the very knowledge by the enemy of one's use of balloons is demoralizing & leads them, in all their movements, to roundabout roads & night marches which are often very hampering. But the observers in the balloon should be trained staff officers, not the ignorant class of ordinary balloonists, which I think were generally in charge of the Federal balloons."

Also See: Bull Run, 1861; Peninsular Campaign, 1862.

Ref.: Alexander, *Fighting for the Confederacy*; Block, *Above the Civil War: The Story of Thaddeus Lowe, Balloonist, Inventor, Railway Builder*; Casdorph, *Prince John Magruder: His Life and Campaigns*; Cornish, *The Air Arm of the Confederacy*; Haydon, *Aeronautics in the Union and Confederate Armies, with a Survey of Military Aeronautics Prior to 1861*; Milbank, *The First Century of Flight in America*; *Official Records*.

Ball's Bluff (Leesburg, Edward's Ferry), **Va.**, Oct. 21, 1861.

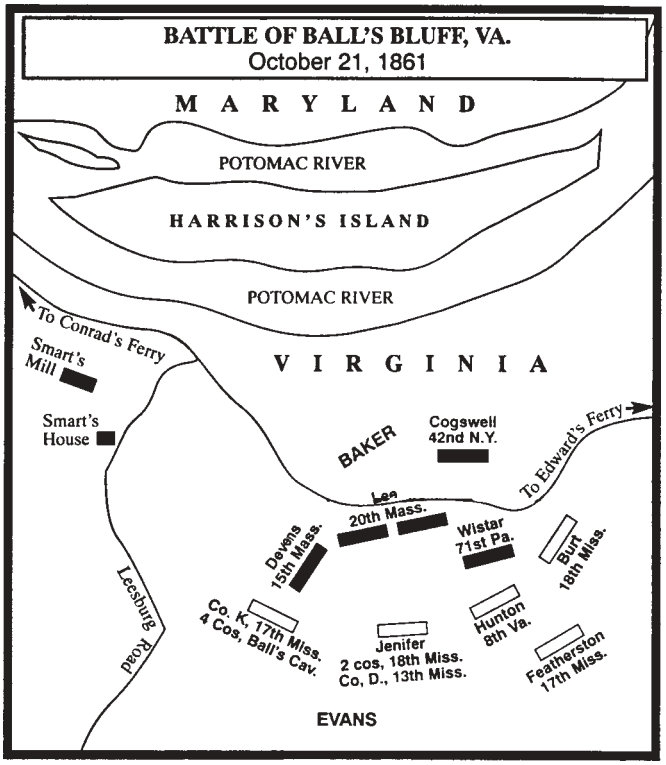
Summary of battles, skirmishes and engagements: In late 10/61, the Army of the Potomac under Gen. George B. McClellan drilled and organized in Washington and in Maryland. Gen. Joseph E. Johston consolidate his Confederate forces around Centreville, Va. McClellan received word that Johnston was evacuating Leesburg, Va., and decided to probe Rebel positions in that area as well as points farther up the Potomac. McClellan ordered Gen. George Archibald McCall to take his Pennsylvania division to Dranesville (or Drainsville), Va., where he was to make a reconnaissance in force.

McClellan ordered a second division, that of Gen. Charles Pomeroy Stone, to probe the Virginia-side of the Potomac between Edward's Ferry and Conrad's Ferry to determine the strength of Confederate forces near Leesburg, McClellan having received information that Johnston was withdrawing troops from that town.

Stone's division was made up of three brigades, the 1st Brig., commanded by Gen. Willis Arnold Gorman, the 2nd Brig., commanded by Gen. Frederick West Lander and the 3rd Brig., commanded by Col. Edward D. Baker, who was also a U.S. senator from Oregon and President Lincoln's close friend.

On the night of 10/20-21/61, Stone made a feint at Edward's Ferry, then sent Col. Baker's brigade, to probe toward a reported Confederate encampment near Leesburg. Baker's forces consisted of the 15th Mass., 20th Mass., 71st Pa. (1st California), 42nd N. Y. (Tammany regiment), Artillery—B Battery, 1st Rhode Island Art., one gun; I Battery, 1st U.S. Art., two guns; and some unattached infantry companies and 1 6-pound rifled gun.

Preliminary Union reconnaissance revealed no Rebel forces atop and near Ball's Bluff, Va., about 35 miles upriver from Washington,



The above map shows how Col. Edward Baker rashly positioned his Federal troops at Ball's Bluff, Va., in an open field that backed to cliffs overlooking the Potomac River.

causing Baker to order almost his entire command to this precipitous and untenable area. He began crossing his troops by small boats to Harrison's Island, a three-mile long sliver of land in the middle of the Potomac, then, also by a few small boats, to the Virginia shore and up cliffs that towered between 70 and 150 feet, to an open meadow of between 6 and 10 acres, trapezoidal in shape, that sloped upward to dense forests that completely ringed the open area.

Confederate forces commanded by Col. Nathan George Evans were then around Leesburg, these forces consisted of the Seventh Brig., CSA Army of the Potomac; the 13th Miss., 17th Miss., 18th Miss. 8th Va. Cav. A company of the 17th Miss. discovered Union skirmishers advancing from Ball's Bluff toward Leesburg about dawn on 10/21/61 and drove these Federals into the woods near Ball's Bluff. Baker's force, throughout the morning and early afternoon, boated from Harrison's Island and climbed the cliffs to the open area of Ball's Bluff, where they were met by first the 17th Miss., then the 8th Va., and then the 18th Miss., these forces catching Baker's forces in the open meadow with their backs to the Bluff.

After a fierce four-hour battle, the Union forces were broken and routed down the cliffs toward the Potomac and to the few boats, which were overcrowded, swamped and sank with dozens drowning. Col. Baker was killed by Col. Erasmus R. Burt, commander of the 18th Miss., who, in turn, was also killed. Each side had about 1,700 effectives; Union losses were 49 killed, 158 wounded, 171 missing or drowned and 714 captured (Col. Evans reported 710). Confederates losses (as given by Evans) were 40 killed; 117 wounded, 2 captured.

On 02/09/62, Gen. Stone was arrested in Washington and imprisoned until 09/16/62, without charges ever being presented or being placed on trial. He was rumored to have committed treason regarding the Ball's Bluff battle, but this was nothing more than retaliation for Baker's death by Radical Republican senators, of which the slain Baker was one. Baker, through his own inept and reckless military conduct brought about the wanton destruction of his command and his own death. Though supported by McClellan, Banks and Grant, Stone's reputation was permanently ruined and he resigned his commission in 1864.

Gen. George B. McClellan, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac, early on exhibited his overly cautious attitude regarding the enemy, an apprehensive posture that would vex Abraham Lincoln and military advisers for many months to come. After the colossal victory achieved by Confederate forces under Generals Beauregard and Johnston at Bull Run in July 1861, McClellan busied himself with reorganizing the Army of the Potomac and worrying himself close to a nervous breakdown about endless unseen Confederate hordes under Beauregard lurking just across the Potomac and about to pounce upon Washington.

McClellan paced his headquarters at night, believing that tens of thousands of Rebels were massing at Manassas (Bull Run), the scene of their great triumph over Gen. Irvin McDowell whose routed forces formed the nucleus of McClellan's rebuilt army. "Little Mac" thought long and hard about McDowell and his miserable fate. McClellan had earlier written "that Beauregard has gained his last victory." He had lost his early confidence and now confessed that "I have scarcely slept one moment for the last three nights, knowing well that the enemy intend some movement and fully recognizing my own weakness. If Beauregard does not attack tonight I shall look upon it as a dispensation of Providence. He ought to do it."

That night Beauregard was asleep far off in Virginia and not even in charge of Confederate forces across the Potomac who were then commanded by Gen. Johnston. Still, McClellan, his head filled by dire reports from his intelligence chief, Allan Pinkerton, stated: "I am in a terrible place. The enemy have from three to four times my force." Pinkerton, in August 1861, had given McClellan detailed reports that pinpointed more than 100,000 Rebels gathering close by for battle. By early October 1861, that number was increased drastically and kept spiraling upward in the troubled mind of George McClellan. "The enemy," he warned, "have a force on the Potomac not less than 150,000 strong, well drilled and equipped, ably commanded and strongly entrenched."

Across the Potomac in Virginia, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had less than 25,000 effectives, spread from Alexandria upriver to Harpers Ferry. It was McClellan who outnumbered the enemy, four or five times to one. In late October, a black teamster of a Mississippi regiment fled across the Potomac to tell Pinkerton that Johnston was planning to withdraw his forces from Leesburg, taking these troops close to Harpers Ferry.

McClellan, pressured to "do something," decided to send two Union divisions to probe the so-called deserted Confederate positions in Virginia. The first division, commanded by Gen. George McCall, crossed the Potomac and marched to Dranesville, ten miles outside of Leesburg, sending scouting parties toward Leesburg. They returned to report that they could find no Confederate forces except token, scattered units. McCall stayed where he was, then withdrew most of his division back across the Potomac by Oct. 20, 1861.

ABOVE, Gen. Charles Pomeroy Stone, who was later wrongly accused and imprisoned for the disastrous battle at Ball's Bluff; AT RIGHT, Stone's troops are shown marching on Edward's Ferry.

The 37-year-old Gen. Charles P. Stone, according to McClellan's orders, felt that he had to do more than merely scout the enemy. He was to observe McCall's advance on Leesburg to see if the Union advance caused a Confederate withdrawal, and, McClellan added, "perhaps a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them [Confederate forces]." This "slight demonstration" would result in disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff.

Stone, in turn, gave Col. Edward Baker discretionary authority to retire the small element of his 3rd Brig. that had crossed the Potomac via Harrison's Island to Ball's Bluff unopposed, or cross over his entire brigade to support this unit. Baker leaped at the chance of confronting the enemy and, without any information from his detachment on the Virginia shore, without even visiting the Virginia terrain he was to explore, without properly organizing a boat or ferry service for his troops, gave the order for his brigade to cross into Virginia.

The first of Baker's brigade to cross were five companies of 300 men of the 15th Mass., under the command of Col. Charles Devens (later a general and still later U.S. Attorney General under President Rutherford B. Hayes). Using only three small boats, which could hold only a total of 30 men, Devens began crossing his men at 2:30 a.m., By 4 a.m., all five of Devens' companies had crossed. They then scrambled up a path discovered by Devens' scouts to the top of the 150-foot cliffs called Ball's Bluff where Devens found an open field surrounded by thick woods.

Here Devens rested his men until dawn, waiting for about 100 men from the 20th Mass., to arrive. Devens, at this time, sent a unit of 20 men under the command of Capt. Charles Philbrick to reconnoiter; Philbrick returned a short time later to report that the patrol had spotted a Confederate encampment of about 30 tents beyond the woods and over a rise beyond. When the 20th Mass., accompanied by the regimental commander, Col. William R. Lee, arrived, Devens and his men pushed forward in skirmish lines through the woods to the left, leaving Lee's men to protect the rear.

After having gone about a mile from the river, Devens discovered that his scouts under Capt. Philbrick had erred; there was no Confederate encampment. Said Devens: "The scouts had been deceived by a line of trees on the brow of the slope, the opening through which presented, in an uncertain light, somewhat the appearance of a line of tents."

Taking an officer and a squad with him, Devens moved over the slope and saw Leesburg and the open country about the town. There were no Confederates in sight, but Devens did spot four tents in the distance. With his force hidden in the woods near Ball's Bluff and having no reason to believe he had been detected, Devens resolved to remain in position until he was reinforced, sending a message to that effect to Gen. Stone who was then at Edward's Ferry with Gorman's Brigade, skirmishing with the 13th Miss., a regiment so large that it approached brigade strength and one that caused Stone to withhold an order for an all-out attack.

Devens then received a message from Gen. Stone that he was to remain where he was, that ten Federal cavalrymen would be sent to him to reconnoiter the area about Leesburg and that Lt. Col. George H. Ward would take the rest of the 15th Mass. to nearby Smart's Mill and remain in support of those Federal troops on the Bluff. At 10 a.m., Devens received another message, that Col. Baker had assumed complete command of the expedition and that he was moving Ward and the rest of the 15th Mass from Smart's Mill to the Bluff, along with the entire 3rd Brigade.

This did not worry Devens who believed that there existed enough boats to be used in ferrying the men from Harrison's Island and, from there, to the Virginia shore and the path leading up to Ball's Bluff. Devens wrote: "The means of transportation between the island and the Virginia shore had been strengthened, I knew, by a large boat which would convey 60 or 70 men at once, and as the boat could cross and recross every ten minutes, I had no reason to suppose there would be any difficulty in sending over 500 men in an hour, as it was known that there were two large boats between the

island and the Maryland shore which would convey to the island all the troops that could be conveyed from it to the Virginia shore."

Devens was incorrect. There were only the three small boats he had used earlier to move what was now a large body of Union troops. Moreover, he and his men atop Ball's Bluff had not gone undetected. In fact, shrewd Col. Nathan George "Shanks" Evans, whose Seventh Brigade (which was almost division size) was posted from Dranesville to Leesburg to Edward's Ferry, knew as early as Oct. 19, that the Federals planned to move across the Potomac and test his command. On that night four cannons began bombarding what Gen. Stone thought were Evans' positions along this front.

On Oct. 20, a Federal courier carrying dispatches from Gen. McCall to Gen. Meade was captured and from the dispatches Evans was able to learn that Stone was crossing his brigade's at Edward's Ferry and at Ball's Bluff. He moved his force to Goose Creek and dug in, waiting to either attack the force at Edward's Ferry or at Ball's Bluff, where he knew five Union companies had arrived.

The latter information came from an alert Capt. W.L. Duff of the 17th Miss. whose company was camped outside of Leesburg near Ball's Bluff. Duff and his men were finishing breakfast when they looked up, startled, to see: "Over the green-clad hills toward the northeast, within musket-shot of town ... a long line of blue-coated skirmishers, their polished musket barrels gleaming in the sunlight and the 'red, white and blue' fluttering in vivid contrast with the dark foliage of the cedars."

Duff ordered his men to grab their muskets and follow him on the run. The Rebel company dashed to a fenceline that blocked the path of Devens' advancing skirmishers and, once they were in range, let loose a scorching volley that instantly killed six Federals and toppled 20 more wounded into a cornfield. Devens, observing this from the slope above near the woods, also saw a Confederate battery racing out of Leesburg toward his position. He ordered his men back into the woods.

At this time, two more companies of the 17th Miss. joined Duff's company and this force moved into the woods, attacking Devens' men on the flank and compelling them to retreat through the far side of the woods and into the open meadow that backed onto Ball's Bluff. By this time, Col. Baker had received orders from Stone, which read: "I am informed that the force of the enemy is about 4,000, all told. If you can push them, you may do so as far as to have a strong position near Leesburg, if you can keep them before you, avoiding their batteries. If they pass Leesburg and take the Gun Spring Road you will not follow far but seize the first good position to cover that road. Their design is to draw us on, if they are obliged to retreat, as far as Goose Creek, where they can be reinforced from Manassas and have a strong position. Report frequently, so that when they are pushed, Gorman [at Edward's Ferry] can come in on their flank."

To this Stone added a cautionary postscript: "In case of heavy firing in front of Harrison's Island, you will advance the California regiment [71st Pa.] of your brigade, or retire the regiments under Cols. Lee and Devens upon the Virginia side of the river, at your discretion, assuming command on arrival." Stone had left it all up to Baker, either go forward or withdraw. For Edward Dickinson Baker, their was no choice really. He would attack. The first thing he did when arriving at Harrison's Island was to send his aides to Lt. Col. Ward at Smart's Mill, ordering his companies to Ball's Bluff, so that all of the 15th and 20th Mass. were committed. Baker also ordered Lt. Col. Isaac Jones Wistar, commander of the 71st Pa. (1st California), and Lt. Col. Milton Cogswell, commander of the 42nd (Tammany) N.Y. to quickly ferry their men across the Potomac to Ball's Bluff, which was about two and half miles north of Edward's Ferry.

Baker reveled in taking command. He had looked forward to this moment for years. He was, as his army superiors knew full well, a very special person. Baker was not only a powerful U.S. senator, one of the Radical Republicans who had urged war with the South, but he was one of President Lincoln's closest associates. An Illinois lawyer who had known Lincoln for many years, Lincoln had named his second son after Baker (Edward Baker Lincoln, born 1846, died 1850).

Going to San Francisco in 1852, Baker panned for Gold, then became prominent in California politics. He moved to Oregon in 1859 where he was elected to the U.S. Senate, the first Republican from the West Coast to hold this high office. Baker had been one of Lincoln's most staunch supporters during the 1860 election and had introduced Lincoln at his presidential inaugural in 1861.

Authorized by Lincoln to raise "a military command to be known as the California regiment" at the beginning of the war, Baker relied on his law partner, Isaac Jones Wistar, to accomplish that goal. Wistar went to Philadelphia where, in the tenement district, he rounded up hundreds of plug-uglies, plying them with "bad whiskey" (drugged with laudanum), and then recruited and signed up the whole groggy lot. Wistar himself was placed at the command of this unit, the 71st Pa., which was also called the 1st California in honor of Baker, when Baker was promoted to command the 3rd Brigade of Stone's division.

Baker had been offered a brigadier general's commission, which he declined and he also refused the rank of major-general, knowing full well that if he had taken these commissions, he would have had to quit his senatorial post, a position of power he refused to relinquish. In fact, Baker split his time between playing at soldier and holding his Senate seat. He often appeared in the Senate in his full uniform, dramatically withdrawing his sword, which he ceremoniously placed upon his desk before launching his stentorian oratory.

When criticism of Lincoln rose in the Senate against the President's demands for mobilization, Baker, on July 10, 1861, again waving his sword and stomping about in his full dress colonel's uniform, thundered at his fellow senators: "I propose to ratify whatever [of Lincoln's proposals] needs ratification. I propose to render my clear and distinct approval not only of the measure, but of the motive that prompted it. I propose to lend the whole power of the country, arms, men, money, and place them in his [Lincoln's] hands with authority almost unlimited until the conclusion of this struggle ... I want sudden, bold, forward, determined war, and I do not think anybody can conduct war of that kind as well as a dictator."

ABOVE, Officers in Baker's Federal brigade at Conrad's Ferry, the site Baker chose to cross his troops to Harrison's Island, and then, at his own discretion, to the Virginia shore to climb the cliffs at Ball's Bluff.

BELOW, Pickets from Gen. Stone's troops down river from Baker's brigade, observing Rebel movements on the Virginia shore of the Potomac near Leesburg, a place Stone thought to attack until he learned that a large Confederate brigade was stationed there and would offer more resistance than expected.

A month earlier, Baker had proposed that Union forces move as quickly as possible into Virginia, believing that they would be met and helped by "a northern movement in Richmond." In that he was sadly mistaken. There existed in Richmond no Union sympathizers, or, at least, none who would so express themselves. He would, Baker said, be glad to lead Federal forces into the heart of the Confederacy, although he joked about becoming a "venerable martyr," and, in June, took time enough to make out a will.

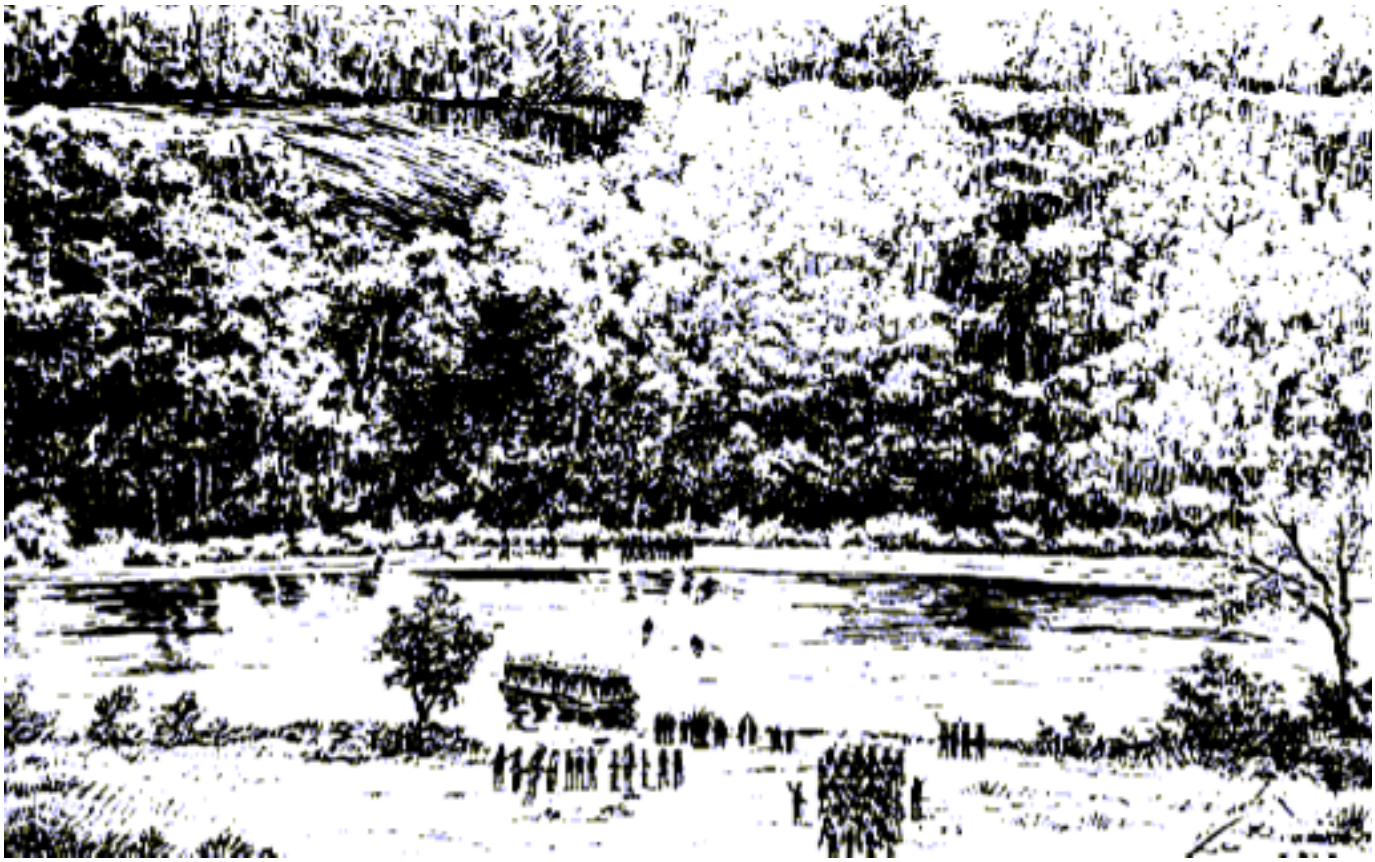
A premonition of disaster seemed to evidence itself in Baker's attitude when he visited the Lincolns at the White House the day before the battle at Ball's Bluff. Baker sat chatting on the lawn with Lincoln. When he rose to leave, Mary Lincoln gave him a bouquet of flowers. Baker held them for some moments, staring at them and saying in a low voice: "Very beautiful. These flowers and my memory will wither together."

LEFT, Capt, Charles Philbrick, who led 20 men from the 15th Mass., BELOW, in a reconnaissance patrol on the Virginia shore near Ball's Bluff, early on Oct. 21, 1861, to report a Rebel encampment (left top), which did not exist.

The 50-year-old Baker, clean-shaven, with a high forehead and clear, bright eyes, was handsome, intelligent, and a spellbinding speaker, in the Senate or while addressing his officers and men. He was fond of poetry and often quoted verse. It was said that when assuming command at Ball's Bluff, he said to a fellow officer: "Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war." He was a colorful and charming politician; he was also a wholly inept military commander who was without experience or even commonplace sense of how to employ troops.

As the Union troops clogged up the banks of the Maryland shore and on Harrison's Island, waiting for two skiffs and a small boat to ferry them across, Baker ignored the traffic jam, placing no one in charge of the disorganized ferrying of the troops. He, instead, went upriver where a large metal boat was reportedly sunken and spent an hour directing troops in the resurfacing of this faulty craft.

Meanwhile, his four regiments struggled across the Potomac and managed to drag three small guns and a 6-pound rifled gun up the sharp inclines to the meadow atop Ball's Bluff. The Federals gathered there in the open meadow, forming ranks and attempting to organize some battle order while through the woods surrounding them Confederate troops kept arriving, first the rest of the 17th Miss., commanded by Col. Winfield Scott Featherston, then Eppa Hunton's 8th Va. regiment, which arrived after a three-mile run, dove into the woods and assaulted Devens' weak flank, driving the Federals out of the woods. Rebel snipers hidden in the encircling woods began to take their toll of the Union troops, these sharpshooters striking down one Federal after



ABOVE, Baker's brigade is shown being ferried in small boats from Harrison's Island to the Virginia shore, where they had to scale steep cliffs to reach and open field atop Ball's Bluff, Va., on Oct. 21, 1861.

another as they sought cover where none existed or as they raced from the woods and down the slope of the open meadow toward the forming ranks of their regiments.

Baker was oblivious to all this. He was ecstatic when arriving at Ball's Bluff, strutting about and giving confusing orders to already confused officers. Col. Milton Cogswell, a sharp West Point-trained officer (USMA, 1848) and commander of the 42nd N. Y. (Tammany regiment), stood in open-mouthed shock when he arrived at the Potomac in the early afternoon of Oct. 21. "I found the greatest confusion existing. No one seemed to be in charge or anyone superintending the passage of the troops, and no order was maintained in the crossing ... I immediately crossed the island to make the passage of the second branch of the river, and there found still greater confusion existing than at the first landing."

As Cogswell toiled his way up a 70-foot path to the top of Ball's Bluff, Baker found Col. Lee of the 20th Mass., and, ignoring the sniper fire twanging about him, clasped Lee's hand as if he were meeting him on a Washington street, and exclaimed: "I congratulate you, sir, on the prospect of battle!" He then paraded before Lee's men, shouting: "Boys, you want to fight, don't you?"

The green troops shouted back that they did and cheered their commander. Glorying in this day, Baker then went back to the cliff where he spotted Col. Cogswell and his men who were just then reaching the top of the cliff. Throwing his arms akimbo, Baker theatrically quoted Sir Walter Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*:

"One blast upon your bugle horn
Is worth a thousand men."

Cogswell heard this and thought Baker had gone mad, but he said nothing as Baker enthusiastically waved his arm in the direction of the Union troops who were now standing about in the open and taking heavy fire from the woods. Cogswell could see that the 71st Pa. was in line to the left, the 20th Mass posted in reserve behind the 71st Pa., and to the right, the 15th Mass. Two guns commanded by Lt. Frank S. French were positioned at the angle between the 71st Pa. and the 15th Mass. A rifled gun, commanded by Lt. Walter M. Bramhall, was positioned behind these formations, close to the cliff.

Baker welcomed Cogswell to the field of battle (as if inviting him to dinner), and then cordially asked him about the disposition of his troops. As Cogswell's New Yorkers filed onto the field and took position in reserve behind the 15th Mass., its colonel shook his head in dismay. Baker, Devens, Wistar, all of the commanders except Cogswell, were politicians and lawyers. None of them had any real military experience and all of them were being led by a man who had never fought a battle, let alone a minor engagement.

Cogswell minced no words: "Your lines are defective, Colonel Baker. Those wooded hills beyond the ravine to our front command the whole field. If the enemy occupies those woods in force we will be destroyed." He could see that Baker was looking at him in a manner that suggested that he did not understand a word, that his mind was preoccupied by more

ABOVE, Troops of the 15th Mass. charging Confederate positions at the edge of the clearing atop Ball's Bluff; AT RIGHT, Col. Nathan George "Shanks" Evans commanded Rebel troops during the battle, a Southern victory that earned Evans a promotion to brigadier general.

pressing matters. Cogswell nevertheless continued: "We must advance our whole force into those wooded hills—the whole action must be on our left. That is where we must take most of the command. Right now."

"Take charge of the artillery, Colonel Cogswell," Baker said, then raced off to inspect the ranks of the 20th Mass. He gave no specific instructions to Cogswell as to what he must do with the artillery. As Baker went through the ranks of the 20th Mass., his men, now baking under a hot October sun, complained of having to wear heavy gray coats lined with brilliant red silk. Baker pointed to a line of small trees nearby and said: "Hang 'em on the limbs, boys, and cool off." He then went to the cliff to see more men still struggling up the lone footpath to the heights.

The men of the 20th Mass. removed their coats and hung them from tree limbs. About 20 minutes later, these resplendent garments were riddled with bullets as Confederate sharpshooters used them as targets and to find the range of their wearers. The hills to the left to which Col. Cogswell had pointed with alarm were fast filling with Rebel snipers who fired from the protection of the woods on Lt. Bramhall and his artillerists. Unprotected, their batteries in open ground, Bramhall and all his men were shot down within minutes.

Col. Hunton and his 8th Va., deployed on a small ridge crowned with trees and slowly advanced around the semicircle of woods that encompassed the Union forces, sniping furiously at the exposed Federals. Randolph Abbott Shotwell, a 17-year-old college student who had recently joined the 8th Va., wrote: "... the Confederates had all the advantage. So thin was their line that nearly every man could have the shelter of a tree or a stump; whereas their own shots could hardly miss the dense line of bluecoats. The Virginians and Mississippians, being accustomed to the rifle, most of them old hunters, rarely missed their man. Climbing into the tops of trees, creeping through the tall grass, or concealed in gullies, they plied their weapons with murderous havoc, especially among the Federal officers. It was very poor management to allow this to go on."

Baker's "management" of the battle was confined now to the artillery. As soon as Bramhall and his men had been shot down, Baker rushed to the guns and, with the help of some inexperienced officers, tried to fire them at the clouds of smoke coming from the trees. Capt. William Francis Bartlett, who

had joined a Massachusetts regiment as a private and would later rise to the rank of general, was in the thick of it with the 20th Mass. "The enemy now opened up on us from the woods in front with a heavy fire of musketry which was very effective," he reported. "They fired low, the balls all going within from one to four feet of the ground. Three companies of the 20th were kept in reserve, but on the open ground, exposed to a destructive fire. It was a continual fire now, with occasional pauses of one or two minutes, until the last."

On the left was the 6-pound rifled gun, exposed on the Union left flank. Its gunners, too, were shot down, and then replaced by others, even Col. Lee carrying charges to the gun with his own hands. After firing eight rounds with little effect, the last charge exploded with such violent recoil that the gun was propelled backward with terrific force, sending it over the cliff and down the slope, crashing to the embankment below where it lay useless at the edge of the river.

Col. Hunton's men were scoring with devastating accuracy. Said Hunton: "At the first fire from my regiment nearly every man at the enemy's cannon was shot down, and so incessant and galling was the fire we kept up that there were only three discharges of cannon after the first fire from the 8th."

The Confederate force at this time, at about 2:30 p.m., consisted of elements of the 13th, 17th and 18th Miss. regiments, as well as the 8th Va., and dismounted cavalry under the command of Lt. Col. W.H. Jenifer who was in overall command on the Rebel right of the line. Jenifer moved his men ever closer to the Federals by slipping them through the woods to his right toward the cliffs so that he almost enveloped Baker's left flank. There was a hollow ravine running through the middle of the field into which Baker finally directed his troops to take cover. From this position they began to return considerable fire to their front.

Col. Evans watched the entire battle unfold from a distant wooded slope. A tippler, Evans had amply fortified himself earlier at Fort Evans, his namesake fortifications located a mile south of Ball's Bluff. One of his loyal artillerymen was amused to see Evans on horseback "imbibing generously. When inspiration was slow in coming from Above, he invoked the aid of his canteen hanging at his side." The 37-year-old Evans was no alcoholic, however, but a tough and brilliant tactician who had an uncanny knack of knowing when to strike at the enemy's most vulnerable position.

Evans reviewed the huddled masses of Union troops pinned against the bluff and then ordered Col. Erasmus R. Burt to charge the enemy's left flank with his 18th Miss., also ordering Col. Hunton to support Burt's advance. Burt, like Baker, had been a successful politician in Mississippi, a firebrand secessionist who hated the Union as much as Baker hated the South. They were much alike, these two colonels, flamboyant, colorful, consumed by a strange, moribund affection for battle. They were not practical, realistic military officers at all, but grown men who played at war as did boys thrilling to the yore of Arthurian combat; always in their ears, goading them, was the distant sound of jousting armor-suited knights, the heroic, unyielding crash of battle ax and mace.

Gen, George A. McCall, whose Federal division probed toward Dranesville while Baker attacked Ball's Bluff.

Col. William R. Lee, commander of the 20th Mass.; he surrendered Baker's brigade at the river's edge.

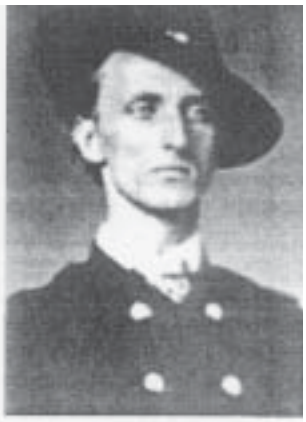
Col. Charles Devens, commander of the 15th Mass., he escaped capture by swimming the river.

Lt. Col. George Ward would lose a leg from a wound received at Ball's Bluff, but would fight at Gettysburg.

Capt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the 20th Mass., was shot twice in the lungs and survived; he would become a Supreme Court Justice.

Lt. Reinhold Wesselhoeft, standing, and Capt. Alois Babo, who commanded a German company in the 20th Mass., were among the hundreds shot or drowned when they tried to swim the Potomac to Harrison's Island during the Federal rout.

Lt. Church Howe, adjutant of the 15th Mass., whose faulty information to Lt. Col. Ward caused the Federals to cross at Ball's Bluff instead of at Smart's Mill.



Capt. William Francis Bartlett, a hero at Ball's Bluff; he led more than 100 men upstream to Smart's Mill and safety; he would lose an arm and a leg and become a general.

As the 18th Miss. moved forward on the run, the Rebel yell rose above the din, piercing the ears of young Federal troops hearing it for the first time. The 71st Pa. and part of the 20th and 15th Mass. huddled in the ravine, suddenly rose several ranks deep and delivered a thunderous volley that crushed Burt's first line of attack, a volley so fierce that it cut down young saplings at the edge of the woods where Burt's men wavered.

The Confederates returned the fire with a terrible volley of their own and a blistering exchange of volleys continued over the next hour with few respites. Capt. L. D. Fletcher's company from the 13th Miss. came under terrific fire and withdrew deeper into the woods. So hot was the return fire from the Federal line that Evans ordered Col. Featherston, whose 17th Miss. had pinned the 15th Mass. on the Federal right flank, to take most of his men through the woods to the far side of the clearing and support Burt's attack. It took Featherston and his men 20 minutes of hard running to reach Burt's position.

The Confederates attacked furiously, one charge after another being repulsed. Col. Cogswell, commandeering the two batteries at the angle with some officers, handled the guns until they were smoking hot. Capt. Beiral suddenly shouted to him: "Look to the left! Look to the left!" There, Cogswell saw, a thick column of Rebels sweeping across the spur of the field in what appeared to be an overwhelming flanking movement. Cogswell and his men wheeled the two guns to meet this new challenge and let loose a blast that decimated the Confederate column.

Senior Federal officers began to drop. Lt. Col. Ward collapsed with a painful wound in the leg and he was carried toward the cliff; he would later lose the leg, but go on to fight at Gettysburg where he would be killed in action. Devens was wounded and Cogswell was shot through the wrist, but kept working the guns. A bullet passed through Col. Wistar's arm, causing him to drop his sword. Col. Baker ran to his former law partner, picked up the sword and slipped it into Wistar's scabbard, patting him on the back. A short time later Wistar would be hit with two more balls and be carried half-conscious to the rear.

Among this now battered Union command were prominent men or the relatives of famous men, including Charles Russell Lowell, the nephew of James Russell Lowell and a son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famed physician, writer and Harvard Medical School professor. Capt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of the 20th Mass., who would become a justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, later wrote his mother from a hospital bed: "I felt and acted very cool and did my duty I am sure. I was out in front of our men, encouraging 'em when a spent shot knocked the wind out of me & I fell."

Ordered to the rear, Holmes was told that he was only grazed and he returned to lead another charge in which he received two bullets in his lungs, wounds Holmes thought fatal. "I was hit at 4:30 p.m.," Holmes wrote. "I felt as if a horse had kicked me. First Sergeant Smith grabbed me and lugged me to the rear and opened my shirt and ecce! two holes in my

ABOVE, Col. Edward Dickinson Baker, a U.S. Senator and Lincoln's close friend, whose military inexperience and ineptitude led to the Ball's Bluff catastrophe; AT RIGHT, Baker is killed with a bullet to the head during the Confederate charge led by Col. Erasmus Burt; BOTTOM, Col. Baker's body is borne by his men to the cliffs overlooking the Potomac while other Federals beat back attacking Rebels.

breast." A surgeon found him, examined and dressed his wounds, and told him he would live. Holmes would be wounded again at Antietam and once more at Fredericksburg.

At the height of the Rebel attacks, a Confederate officer appeared at the head of large column of troops advancing across the field. He beckoned to the Federals, as if inviting them to come forward and engage in hand-to-hand battle. Col. Baker stared at the man, saying: "I think that is General Johnston. Yes, I believe that is Johnston." The officer, wearing a grand butternut uniform with gold braid and waving a magnificent sword continued to trot forward, taunting Baker and his men.

At this time, the wild rumor that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had arrived on the field with more than 10,000 men ran through the Federal ranks, terrifying the most inexperienced recruits, this rumor (and it was nothing more than that) ironically begun with Baker's own imaginative statements. The Union line began to waver and Baker, seeing this, jumped up from the ravine and ran along its edge, shouting for his men to "go forward, boys, forward, and save the day!" His men rallied behind him, and several companies leaped out of the ravine and followed Baker forward toward the on-coming Confederate column.

Baker raced forward at the head of his men when he fell with a painful wound. He rose and moved forward again, still leading his men, aiming himself at the Rebel officer on the white horse whose own force was rushing forward. The officer on the white horse was none other than red-headed Col. Erasmus E. Burt, who, riding his horse quickly forward and when only 20 paces from Baker, lifted his revolver and emptied all five chambers into his Union antagonist. Baker was hit by four of these bullets and fell dead, the first bullet entering his brain.

Captain Beiral then fired his own revolver and shot Burt from the saddle, mortally wounding him (he would die the following day). The Confederate column, now commanded by Lt. Col. Thomas M. Griffin, rushed over Baker's body and drove the Federals back. Capt. Frederick Harvey rallied a group of Federals and, at bayonet point, made a path in the Rebel column and quickly retrieved Baker's body, carrying it back to the cliff where it was borne down the steep path, to the river's edge and ferried across to Harrison's Island.

Upon hearing that Baker had been killed, Lee and Devens conferred and agreed that a quick retreat was now in order. Col. Gogswell then arrived and, as senior colonel took command, telling the others that a retreat would prove calamitous and that their only hope was to attack in force to the left and cut their way through to Leesburg. Devens and Lee agreed, but when Cogswell went to lead what was left of his New York regiment and that of the 71st Pa., he looked about to see that the 15th and 20th Mass. regiments were not following.

Cogswell thought that these troops had, for some reason remained in the ravine, which he could not then see because of the dense battle smoke. They were not there, but charging in a different direction, thanks to a case of mistaken identity. At the moment Cogswell ordered his attack to the left, an officer on a gray horse dashed to the front of the 15th Mass. and, waving his hat, yelled: "Come on, boys!" The Massachusetts men climbed out of the ravine and raced forward, straight into the leveled guns of Confederates waiting in the woods to their right.

The officer on the gray horse that had urged them into slaughter was a Confederate officer, Lt. Charles B. Wildman whose mad dash onto the field from the woods had been prompted by his own mistaken vision—he believed the Massachusetts regiments were Confederate units. When the charge was in progress, Wildman turned in the saddle, mortified to see that he was actually leading a long line of enemy troops against his own position. He spurred his horse forward, galloping far ahead of the Union forces and got into the woods behind his own men, then gave the order to fire on the advancing Federals.

Following the bloody repulse of the Federals, a captain rushed to Wildman's side, exuberant with victory, shouting: "Wildman—that was the most wonderful and heroic thing that you did, decoying the Yankees in that way, right into our laps! Hurrah for you, Wildman!" His men gave his a cheer as he led them forward against the Union positions once more, keeping his mouth tightly shut lest he blurt out his error. As he rode forward, Wildman was oblivious to the bullets whizzing past him. His thoughts, like those of Stephen Crane's hero, Henry Fleming, in the novel *The Red Badge of Courage*, were pinned to the hope that "he had performed his mistakes in the dark," and that his comrades would never be the wiser.

By the time Cogswell's attack collapsed, Col. Evans had ordered a mass frontal attack by his entire brigade. The rush of more than 1,000 Confederates, all firing their muskets on the run, screaming like banshees and jutting the points of their bayonets, coupled to the sight of Baker's body being rushed rearward, smashed the spirit of the Union troops. Most broke ranks and fled toward the cliff and the small path leading down to the river. Cogswell, seeing the beginning of a rout, though severely wounded, rallied his New Yorkers at the brow of the bluff and formed a rear guard, hot volleys from which slowed the Confederate charge.

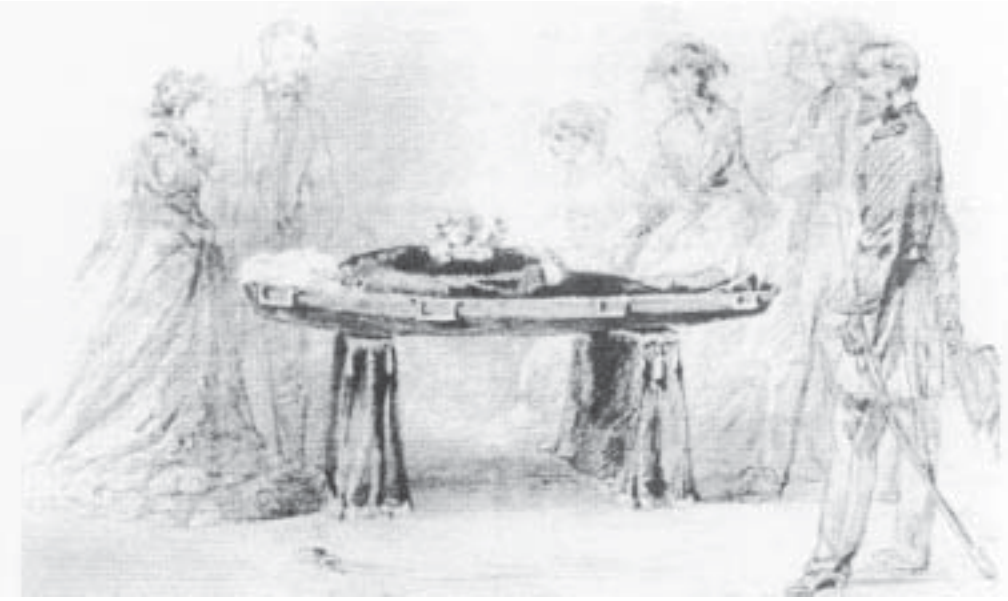
Rebels reached the now deserted Union cannon and, having none of their own, attempted to wheel these guns about and train them on Cogswell's huddled men. One gun would not work because, it was discovered, a ball had been inserted without powder. There was no ammunition for the other. Meanwhile, the rush of desperate Union troops to reach the river became a panicking, screaming flight as dozens of officers and men raced, tumbled and fell down the path to the river or scrambled down the face of the timber-laden cliffs.

On the open meadow above the bluff where Cogswell's small, diminishing troops fought a losing battle, there suddenly appeared the 17th Miss. regiment in full force. This force unleashed such a devastating volley that Cogswell's force melted and all resistance collapsed. The Confederates rushed forward as the Federals fled in a wild rout.

"Then ensued an awful spectacle!" wrote eye-witness Shotwell. "A kind of shiver ran through the huddled mass upon the brow of the cliff; it gave way; rushed a few steps; then, in one wild, panic-stricken herd, rolled, leaped, tumbled over the precipice! The descent is nearly perpendicular, with ragged, jutting crags, and a water-laved base. Screams of pain

ABOVE, The terror-gripped troops of Baker's decimated brigade rushed down the slopes leading from Ball's Bluff to the Potomac, hurling themselves into the churning waters in one of the worst Union defeats of the war; a capsizing boat can be seen at right.

AT RIGHT, Union dead are retrieved from the Potomac River days after the crushing Federal defeat at Ball's Bluff; more than 1,000 Federals were killed, wounded or captured out of a force of 1,700; more than 150 drowned.



The body of Col. Edward D. Baker lies in state; he was lionized in the North as a Union martyr, but, in truth, he brought about his own demise and a shameful Union defeat.

and terror filled the air. Men seemed suddenly bereft of reason; they leaped over the bluff with muskets still in their clutch, threw themselves into the river without divesting themselves of their heavy accoutrements, hence went to the bottom like lead. Others sprang down upon the heads and bayonets of those below. A gray-haired private of the First California [71st Pa.] was found with his head mashed between two rocks by the ponderous boots of a heavy Tammany man who had broken his own neck by the fall! The side of the bluff was worn smooth by the number sliding down."

Since the beginning of the battle five hours earlier, the zig-zag path leading from the bluff to the narrow banks along the river below had seen a steady stream of wounded men being brought away for removal to Harrison's Island and then onto the Maryland shore. The two larger boats had just been filled with wounded men when the rush of panic-stricken men came tumbling down the path and over the cliff, hundreds of desperate men who splashed into the river and threw themselves onto the overcrowded boats, causing them to capsize and take the crippled and well down to watery deaths.

"The whole surface of the river seemed filled with heads, struggling, screaming, fighting, dying!" said Shotwell. "Man clutched at man, and the strong, who might have escaped, were dragged down by the weaker. Voices that strove to shout for help were stifled by the turbid, sullen waters of the swollen river and died away in gurgles." Several days after the battle, the bodies of Federal soldiers washed to both shores of the river. One Union captain was found with two privates of his company, these men still clinging with rigor mortis hands to their captain's neckband. Another officer was found with hundreds of dollars in gold in his pockets, the weight of this money undoubtedly sinking him to his death.

The Confederates on the bluff ordered the Federals to surrender and when shots were fired in response, the Rebels unleashed more murderous volleys into the fleeing ranks still tumbling and falling down the cliffside. A few Union officers attempted to rally the almost berserk troops. One Captain raced in front of a line of fully armed men about to throw themselves into the Potomac and shouted: "Don't die this way, men! With a mouth full of water and a bullet in your back. Turn and fight, damn it!"

These were New Yorkers who did turn and go back up the path, fighting their way upward, kneeling and shooting at the dense lines of Confederates who lined the crest of the Bluff. A swarm of Confederates then engulfed this little force, which surrendered. Rebel marksmen in great numbers worked themselves down the cliff and fired at those Federals attempting to swim the river, killing dozens. Below, on the narrow shore of the river, Colonel Devens realized that further resistance was useless and ordered his men to throw their weapons into the river to prevent the enemy from capturing these much-needed new muskets. Many men did, others did not. Devens, at about 7 p.m., with Confederates now almost at the shoreline, dove into the river and swam the river to Harrison's Island with the help of three of his strongest men.

Still on the shore, Col. Lee surrendered what was left of Baker's decimated brigade. He and Lt. Col. Paul Joseph Revere, grandson of the famed patriot of the American Revolution, and also of the 20th Mass., along with six others, would later be selected as hostages for the privateers who were convicted of piracy in the Enchantress Affair. The Union defeat was complete and decisive. Almost two-thirds of the Federal force of 1,700 men were killed, wounded, captured or died by drowning. Total Confederate losses were minimal by comparison, 159 killed, wounded, missing and captured.

The following day, Oct. 22, the 13th Miss., commanded by the resolute Col. William Barksdale, mounted a 2 p.m. attack against Gorman's brigade, which drove the Federals to the banks of the Potomac at Edward's Ferry. Union losses were 30 to 40 killed and an equal number wounded with less than half those casualties suffered by Barksdale, according to Evans' report. Thinking that several divisions were forming on his front, Gen. Stone ordered Gorman to withdraw across the Potomac to the Maryland shore the following day.

President Lincoln learned about the death of his good friend Baker first-hand. He was sitting in the Telegraph Of-

fice, one of his favorite haunts in Washington, when the news was flashed to the capital. Lincoln sat stunned and silent for a full five minutes before tears began to stream down his lined face. His breast was heaving when he stood up and stepped to the street. So overcome with grief was Lincoln that he appeared to stumble and several orderlies and newsmen raced to catch him, but he righted himself and walked on silently.

For hard-drinking Col. Nathan George "Shanks" Evans, the victory at Ball's Bluff won for him an instant promotion to the rank of brigadier general, a gold medal and the official Thanks of the Confederate Congress. For this battle, Colonels Hunton and Featherston would also be made generals. Coupled to the smashing Southern victory at Bull Run (Manassas), less than three months earlier, Ball's Bluff stood as another bright triumph for the South. For General George Pomeroy Stone, the Union defeat won for him the wrath of Republican senators who blamed him completely for the defeat and, in particular, for the death of their close political associate, Edward D. Baker, the man really responsible for the disaster.

In the U.S. Senate, Republican leaders mourned the loss of their associate Baker, but they sought to do more than merely visit his body, which lay in state in Washington (and later at Independence Hall in Philadelphia and still later at City Hall in New York). Lincoln visited the Senate on Dec. 11, 1861 when services were held to honor Baker, the very day he was buried in San Francisco.

One day earlier, the Republican senators had established the witch-hunting Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, chiefly to place blame for the Union defeats at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. Chairman of this committee was the virulent abolitionist Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, supported enthusiastically by fellow abolitionist Zachary Chandler of Michigan. Wade, a short, barrel-chested man with sunken black eyes and a clean-shaven square face, was himself a paradox. He loathed slavery and the South but was a racist to the core; he hated Negroes as much as he hated those who had enslaved them. Wade constantly complained about the "odor" of Negroes, stating publicly that he had eaten so much food in Washington "cooked by niggers until I can smell and taste the nigger."

Chandler was equally offensive, an alcoholic who cursed at every opportunity. He vowed that, once the South was defeated, he would lead a crusade to wipe the Southerners from the face of the earth. Less rabid but supportive of Wade and Chandler were fellow committee members Andrew Johnson of Tennessee (Lincoln's Vice President in his second term), George Washington Julian of Indiana, Daniel Gooch of Massachusetts, John Covode of Pennsylvania and Moses Odell of New York.

The Committee, without evidence and after hearing secret testimony from witnesses whose identities were never revealed, condemned Gen. Stone for the disaster at Ball's Bluff. Without charges or a warrant, Stone was arrested in Washington on Feb. 9, 1862 and imprisoned at two separate locations where he was held for 189 days without trial and without formal charges ever being presented against him. The Committee pressured (or so he later claimed), Sec. of War Edwin Stanton into ordering the Provost Guard into making the arrest. Many senior officers in the Union army, including McClellan, who had ordered the probe into Virginia, testified on Stone's behalf and obliquely stated that Baker, not Stone, was the architect of the Ball's Bluff disaster. Finally, Stone was released, but never officially exonerated. He later saw service in the Red River Campaign of 1864, but his reputation had been impaired if not ruined by the ruthless Republicans.

Also see: Bull Run, 1861.

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Ball's Ferry, Ga., Nov. 24-25, 1864, See: **Sherman's March to the Sea**.

Baltimore Cross Roads (Crump's Cross Roads), **Va.**, June 26, 1863, See: **Gettysburg Campaign**, 1863.

Baltimore Cross Roads (Crump's Cross Roads), **Va.**, July 1-2, 1863, See: **Gettysburg Campaign**, 1863.
