



The BATTLE of CHICKAMAUGA

AN UNPARALLELED SLAUGHTER OF AMERICANS

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FATE seems to have decreed that, in 1863, two great battles were to be fought on the American continent, one in the east and the other in the southeast.

Whether or not Fate decreed thus, chance, accident and necessity, three elements that are present in all great military operations, combined to produce the conflicts of Gettysburg and Chickamauga.

It is a part of the military history of the United States that neither Meade nor Lee intended that the battle that was to decide the issues between the opposing forces of the Union and the Confederacy in the east would be fought at Gettysburg; but chance and accident, otherwise Fate, decreed that it should be decided there, and Gettysburg is a glorious heritage in which all Americans are common heirs.

Seventy-five days after the flames of Gettysburg, two great armies of Americans threw themselves against each other like thunderbolts of death on the banks of Chickamauga creek, in the northwest corner of the state of Georgia, ten miles south of the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., and the battlefield of Chickamauga is a mournful but glorious testimonial to American valor for all time to come.

Like the conflict of Gettysburg, the slaughter of Chickamauga was due largely, if not wholly, to chance and accident. Neither General Rosecrans nor General Bragg, commanding the Union and Confederate forces, respectively, understood or expected that a battle would be fought on that wooded plain.

After the Tullahoma campaign of the Union army in middle Tennessee, which ended July 4, 1863, General Bragg moved the army of Tennessee to Chattanooga. General Rosecrans, about the first of August, began moving the army of the Cumberland to the western slopes of the Cumberland mountains with the intention of throwing his forces across the Lookout range into the Chattanooga territory.

General Rosecrans had established headquarters at Winchester, Tenn., for the purpose of directing these military operations against Chattanooga. His left corps, under Crittenden, was at McMinnville, about fifty miles north of Winchester, but the same distance from the western base of the Cumberland mountains. The center of his line was at Decherd, under Gen. George H. Thomas, who was destined to glorify his name at Snodgrass Hill. McCook, commanding the 20th corps, was at Winchester with Rosecrans. Minty's cavalry was to the left of Crittenden. E. M. McCook's division of Mitchell's cavalry corps was on the right of the 20th corps. General Sheridan's division early in the month of August was advanced to Bridgeport and Stevenson, Ala., on the Tennessee river.

Thomas and McCook were sent through the mountains many miles south of Chattanooga, striking the valley about forty miles south of that city. Crittenden was dispatched to the vicinity of Chattanooga, the purpose being to engage the attention of Bragg until Thomas and McCook could cross the mountains and place their corps between Chattanooga and the Confederate base of supplies to the south.

General Bragg, however, was not to be caught in such a trap. On the night of September 7 and morning of September 8 he quietly evacuated Chattanooga, marching south to intercept Thomas and McCook, as they came down from the mountains into the valley south of Chickamauga. The Confederate plan of campaign is clearly revealed in this movement. General Bragg saw an opportunity to engage the Union corps in detail and destroy them. Longstreet was coming over from Ringgold, Ga., with heavy reinforcements, having just reached that point from Gettysburg. It was the golden opportunity for the Confederates, but slipped through Bragg's hands by failure on the part of corps commanders to carry out his orders.

General Crittenden discovered that Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga on the morning of September 9, and immediately occupied the city. Through the most unreliable information, General Rosecrans believed that Bragg was in full retreat on Rome, Ga. Acting upon this information he ordered pursuit through the Pigeon mountains. Crittenden's corps, with the exception of a garrison force, was sent after Bragg. They found him at Lee & Gordon's mill, on Chickamauga creek, preparing for battle, with the forces of Thomas and McCook.

There was now no lingering doubt that a great battle was to be fought on the banks of the Chickamauga on the morning of September 18, which was Friday, General Braxton Bragg, realizing that his plan to engage his antagonists in detail had miscarried, ordered a movement of his army down the Chickamauga to effect crossings at a number of bridges and fords. Late on the evening of the 18th a sharp engagement occurred at Alexander's bridge.

The battlefield of Chickamauga was a densely wooded plain with an occasional elevation from which the thunderbolts of war could be hurled from heavy artillery.

The visitor today to the field of Chickamauga is wheeled along the Lafayette road, an old highway, now well improved by the government, that did service before the war for the country folk



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG, CONFEDERATE COMMANDER

GEN. G. H. THOMAS, 'ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA'



KELLY FIELD SHOWING ILLINOIS MONUMENTS

of north Georgia. This road was the "dead line" in the battle of Chickamauga. If its dust, its rocks and its trees could be animated and endowed with the power of speech, the story they could tell would turn into sickly romance the best pages of heroic history. The struggle for possession of this now historic highway was no less heroic and deadly than the numerous assaults and repulses at Snodgrass Hill. The flame of battle swept the forest on each side of the road with a fury that no pen can describe.

Practically all of the first day of the battle of Chickamauga was a contest for the possession of Lafayette road. The sun went down and darkness enveloped the field, leaving the mighty hosts still contending for the highway. The Confederates had been driving west all day in an effort to break the Union lines and Lafayette road became the "bloody lane" of Chickamauga.

The blood of the two armies still flowed when night threw its shadows over the field. Neither had been victorious. No more indescribably oppressive spectacle can well be imagined than night brought to the two armies. They were so close together that the groans of the wounded and dying of both armies could be plainly heard. The field was strewn with the unburied dead.

By the close of the first day's fighting the Confederates had become the aggressors. Their purpose was plainly apparent, to break across Lafayette road and pierce the Union lines, cutting the army in two sections, hopelessly dividing it, and annihilating each section in detail.

Not until church bells in Chattanooga were calling the people to divine worship did the roar of battle again resound throughout the plain. But it came with a more deadly roar than any which had swept through the forest on Saturday. The Union forces were steadily driven back from Lafayette road, but doggedly held their position in Dyer and Kelley fields against every assault, inflicting heavy damage on the Confederate columns. Through a jumbling of field orders, the Kelley field line of the Union forces was weakened, and Longstreet drove three divisions against the weakened point. It was the opportunity that had been the hope of the Confederates all day. Rosecrans, Crittenden and McCook were caught in the break, separated from Thomas' wing and retired to Chattanooga.

It is not surprising that the break in the lines and departure of Rosecrans for Chattanooga disheartened the Union forces and inspired the Confederates. However, the Confederates had a great commander to contend with in the person of Gen. George H. Thomas, now the "Rock of Chickamauga." As the roar of battle swept through Kelley field, it seemed that the Union forces were doomed. Snodgrass Hill rises some three hundred feet high immediately west of Kelley field. Its eastern side is precipitous and in some places rough.

General Thomas rallied his men on Snodgrass Hill, and here occurred the heaviest fighting of the entire engagement.

The best regiments of the southern armies were sent against Thomas at Snodgrass Hill, to be shot to pieces on the very breastworks of the enemy. Some of the Confederate regiments lost as high as 70 per cent. of their men in their attempts to dislodge Thomas, while the Union regiments suffered almost as heavily. The shouts of the living, mingled with the groans of the dying and wails of the wounded, made Snodgrass Hill a veritable inferno of death.

Not long ago I stood on horseshoe summit, the crater of Snodgrass Hill. As far as the eye could reach along the crest of the ridge I saw handsome monuments of marble and bronze, tributes of a grateful people to the valor of their sons. But these memorials, emblazoned with the deeds of the living and the dead, carved into them by the chisel of an artist, did not impress me so profoundly as what I saw through the gray mists of fifty years. I allowed my mind to go back, and I saw as heroic a display of human courage as the world ever witnessed. The roar

of battle swept through Kelley field. Then there came one of those mysterious and unexpected lulls in the storm, but it was merely gathering force for the climax of a hurricane that had raged in the forest along Chickamauga creek for two days. It was soon to break again, and its lightnings were next to flash around horseshoe summit, where I was standing. I saw the advancing Confederate legions sweeping all before them across the open plain in my front. Longstreet had driven his brigades through the Union lines and swept the right wing of Rosecrans' army from the field in wild disorder. Wheeling his forces he started for Thomas in command of the left wing. If Thomas could be routed, a victory for Confederate arms was assured that would shake the nation to its foundations. Next I beheld the brave General Brannan rallying the remnants of a half dozen brigades on Snodgrass Hill. General Thomas was marshalling his shattered forces for a resistance that placed his name high in the esteem of the nation.

Before I could grasp the meaning of the whirl and the rush of the regiments, Snodgrass Hill had been converted into a citadel of defense from which the thunderbolts of iron could be hurled against the advancing foe. I looked again and I saw Longstreet's Confederates scaling the side of the hill with majestic tread. Then I saw a sheet of flame burst from the Union lines on the crest of the hill, full in the faces of the advancing Confederates. No troops could stand in that storm of lead. They halted, dazed and deafened by the awful carnage. Their lines gave way, only to be re-formed at the foot of the ridge for another charge. I saw the flags of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia, and the lone star of Texas flashing defiance at the foe on the summit of the hill. Another charge into the face of a deadly volley and another retreat to the foot of the ridge! Will they never desist in their mad attempt to scale the ridge? Now, I saw some of the Confederate standards on the crest of the hill, and men in hand-to-hand combat. They piled the dead in the trenches and fought over their bodies. But, again I saw Gordon, Granger and Steedman come to the relief of the Union defenders with fresh troops, and the Confederates were hurled, maimed and shattered, from the vantage point they had gained by superhuman effort and undaunted courage. The side of the ridge was strewn with the dead and wounded. Bursting shells had ignited the dry leaves of the forest and bodies were scorched and blackened by flame and smoke. At last, as the sun was sinking behind Lookout Mountain, throwing dark and spectral shadows across the plain upon which one of the greatest tragedies of modern or ancient warfare had just been enacted, General Thomas withdrew his forces under orders from Snodgrass Hill, leaving the bloody field of Chickamauga in possession of the battered but shouting Confederate legions after two days of fighting that has never been excelled in the history of wars. The Confederates were the victors at Chickamauga, but Rosecrans and Thomas got their army to Chattanooga in safety, a fact that has seemed to make honors even.

What followed the carnage at Snodgrass Hill is history. General Bragg hesitated, he faltered, he lost. Every commander of a division under him on that fateful field expected to hear every minute an order to follow. Thomas and Clinch the victory; but the order never came. Thomas reached Chattanooga in safety and soon after succeeded Rosecrans in command. The long siege of Chattanooga followed, with which readers of war history are familiar.

Chickamauga was the bloodiest two-days battle of history. The forces were about equal in numbers. Much controversy has from time to time arisen over Chickamauga statistics, but from the best obtainable information the total strength of each army was a little to the rise of 50,000 men, making the number actually engaged something more than 100,000. The casualties were about as follows:

Confederate: Killed, 2,268; wounded, 13,613; missing, 1,090; aggregate, 16,971.

Union: Killed, 1,656; wounded, 9,749; missing, 4,774; aggregate, 16,179.

These deadly figures show that the aggregate slaughter at Chickamauga was 33,150, including dead, wounded and missing in both armies.

POULTRY FACTS



SUMMER CARE OF THE EGGS

Practice of Holding Product for Higher Market Price in Autumn Results in Serious Loss.

(By N. E. CHAPMAN, Extension Poultry Specialist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

In the summer months, eggs should receive the same care and consideration as sweet milk and cream, and be marketed daily, if possible. They should not be exposed to draughts of warm air, and should be protected from the rays of the sun and from moisture, in handling, marketing and shipping. The common practice of holding eggs for a higher market price in autumn results in poor quality and serious loss instead of gain. Under ordinary farm conditions, eggs should never be held. The farmer, however, is not the only one responsible for the shrunken eggs on the market. Country merchants have been equally blamable for the annual loss.

A fresh egg will absorb odors as readily as fresh milk. Mustiness or moldy growth in egg cases or fillers will taint the egg and lower its quality.

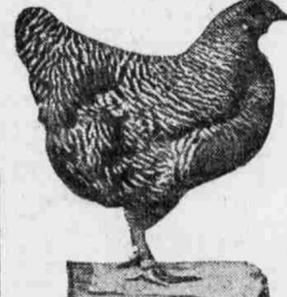
Eggs should not be stored in musty cellars, or in rooms with fruit, vegetables or fish.

The flock should never be allowed to drink filthy water, be fed musty grains or strong-flavored vegetables, as onions and garlic, or given access to decaying meat or substances that will flavor the product and impair its quality.

ADVICE CAN'T BE FOLLOWED

Impossible to Have Egg Layers Alone, Consequently Farmers Must Keep General Purpose Fowl.

The advice is given generally to select an egg breed for egg production, but on the average this advice cannot be followed very well, as the principal egg breeds, Leghorns, Anconas and Minorcas are poor mothers and can scarcely be kept to advantage unless incubators and brooders are employed in raising the chickens. Consequently a majority of farmers and backyard poultry men are forced to keep a general purpose breed. Of these the Barred Plymouth Rock, the Wyandotte, the Rhode Island Red and the Orpington are all deservedly popular. Far too many flocks of mixed fowls or mongrels are kept. These are less profitable than the pure bred birds. Eggs uniform in color and size are



Prize-Winning Plymouth Rock Pullet.

worth more in the markets than eggs mixed in color and size. The same principle holds true when any considerable quantity of market poultry is to be disposed of. Then, too, the farmer with a good flock of pure bred birds can always sell eggs for hatching at a considerable increase over the ordinary market price for table eggs, and in the fall many of the surplus cockerels can be sold to good advantage for breeders.

Cleanliness.

There is one word which poultrymen must never forget and that is cleanliness. Without it failure is certain. The ammonia fumes from droppings left under the roosts are sure to produce roup and throat troubles which are particularly fatal. Lice will breed and thrive in filth, and will ruin your flock in a short time, unless exterminated.

Keep Chicks in Yard.

The best way is to keep the chicks in a yard that is enclosed with poultry netting until they are fully feathered out. In this manner they are at hand when you want them and are not roaming off and getting lost. This will also keep them from being killed by cats, dogs, etc.

Dark Colored Eggs.

The color of the eggs sold today are considerably darker than they averaged 30 years ago, all of which proves that Asiatic blood has been largely introduced throughout the country, and that it has its effect on the egg.

Late Hatched Chicks.

Late hatched chicks are more apt to suffer from the big head louse than the early ones. If the youngsters look droopy pretty sure thing that the louse is busy. Little sweet oil on the top of the head will relieve them.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND



Sinful Woman

What's the first thing people say When a man goes wrong? There is one conclusion they Who make up the throng Always straightway come to when Any man goes tumbling down. When he robs his fellow men, When the ones who praised him frown— When his honor and his pride End in bitterness and shame, Do we not at once decide That some woman was to blame?

When a Christian falls from grace All the world declares There's a woman in the case Who has spread her snares: When a banker flees we know, Though her name may not be heard, That some woman brought him low, And we pass along the word. For the wrongs men do, the shame That they have to bear who fall Woman always gets the blame, Woman is behind it all.



But when some man rises high, When he wins applause, When for him the banners fly, Do we guess the cause? Do we tell each other then That some woman made him great, That for her he rose o'er men, Toiling early, striving late? Yet, without her who would win, Who would care to do his best? Why blame woman for the sin And withhold from her the rest?

That Old Dispute.

"Well, after all," she said, "you men can't get around one fact when you try to make out that man is woman's intellectual superior. You admit that it was a woman who caused the first man's downfall. Now, if that doesn't show intellectual superiority on the part of the lady, I'd like to know why. If the man had been above her mentally, how could she have accomplished his overthrow? If he was her superior why didn't he—"

"Pardon me," the man interrupted, "you haven't started quite far enough back. As in all such cases, there was another fellow around to put her up to it."

After which she scorned him and entered into conversation with a boy at the other side of the room.

Humbled.

"Well," said Mrs. Kafflpe, "I guess that Mrs. Jordan who moved around the corner from us last spring and has never been at home when the neighbors have called will not be so stuck up after this!"

"Why?" her dear friend asked. "Their girl thought the house was afire yesterday morning, and before the mistake was discovered the men who hurried in had set the awfullest lot of cheap bric-a-brac and shodd' furniture I ever saw out on the law; where everybody could examine it."

The Other Fellow's Argument.

We argued in the morning. We argued late at night; I tried my best to show him The wrong way and the right; 'Twas fair advice I gave him, I kindly sought to save him, To lead him to the light.

How can they see who blindly Refuse to open their eyes? Headstrong, he thought me foolish And fancied he was wise; Today he still goes thinking That I forsook am sinking In depths where error lies.

It Still Holds Good.

"They say," said the old man, "that it is an exploded theory that fish is food for the brain."

"Don't you believe it," replied his grandson, who had succeeded in getting half-way through college before they expelled him for hazing. "Don't you believe it. I've always got lots of fish, and look at me!"

Just a Supposition.

"What do you suppose your mother would think if she knew I kissed you?"

"I suppose she would wonder if we had agreed upon a date for the wedding."

One Kind.

"Pa, what's a false prophet?" "A man who gets me to take dinner with him downtown and says your mother won't care, when I explain that it was all in the line of business."