

Fort Hen-ry was just twelve miles from Fort Don-el-son, which was on the west bank of the Cum-ber-land, north of the town of Do-ver. It was a strong fort at the top of a range of hills, out of reach it would seem of the foe, should they come by land or by boat. There were dense woods at the back of it, a deep gorge at one side, and all round the main fort were great breast-works to make it still more safe and strong.

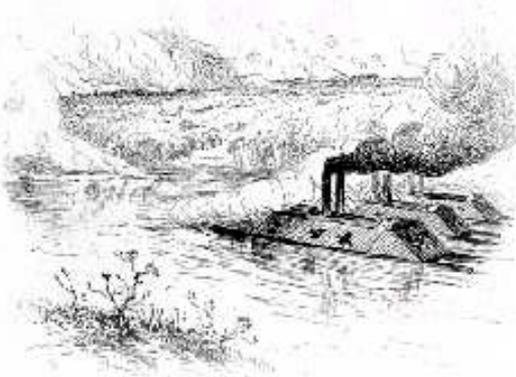
Grant set to work to hem in Fort Don-el-son and all the troops it held, just as he had done at Fort Hen-ry. No troops came forth to stop his march, and on the night of the 13th he had brought his men and some of the wheel-guns up the heights on a line with the out-works of the foe, and from these points sent out shot now and then that they might know how near he was.

At sun-set of this day no fresh troops had come to his aid, and there were no gun-boats in sight. The night set in so cold that there was a fear the troops would all freeze to death. They did not dare to build fires. They had no tents—not much to eat—not a thing to wrap round them, and had to be on guard all night with their arms in their hands, for they were in point-blank range of the guns of the foe. A storm of snow and hail set in, and all night long could be heard the

groans of the men who had been shot by the guns of those who stood at the out-posts of the fort to pick off those who came too near. Not a few of the men on both sides froze to death, if they did not die of their wounds.

By day-light on Fri-day, the 14th, the gun-boats in charge of Com-mo-dore Foote, came up the Cum-ber-land, and the troops from Fort Hen-ry, led by Brig-a-dier Gen-er-al Lew-is Wal-lace, were at once put in line.

This day Grant had word from his chief—Ma-jor Gen-er-al Hal-leck—to keep a large force at Fort Hen-ry, where he thought Grant and his men were. He did not know how much push there was in this man, who was in haste to bring the war to an end. At three o'clock on Fri - d a y the gun-boats made an at-tack on the fort,



GUN-BOATS AT FORT DON-EL-SON.

and brought down a storm of shot and shell that did them much harm. To add to this a gun burst on one of the boats. Com-mo-dore Foote was hurt and sent for Grant to come and see him. The night was cold. A wild storm of snow and sleet set in. The troops were not used to war, and it was hard for them to bear these ills.

By this time the men in the fort had made up their minds it was time for them to break through the line that Grant had drawn round them, and at dawn of Sat-ur-day—the 15th—while Grant was on board the flag-ship, they came out of their works and made an at-tack on the right of the line which was held by McAr-thur and McCler-nand. The men fought hard for hours, but there were more boys in gray than boys in blue, and McAr-thur had to give way at last. His loss was great. McCler-nand made out to hold his place till Lew. Wal-lace came up, and made the foe pay dear for what they had gained.

As Grant left the flag-ship at nine o'clock, he met an aide who rode up with great speed to tell him of the fight.

This was the first Grant knew of it. He put spurs to his horse, rode at once to the left where the fresh

troops were—those who had not been in the fight—and told them to charge on the works. He and his staff told the men that the foe had tried to cut their way out and did not mean to stand a long siege. This gave the troops fresh strength, and they went straight to the front and "fought like brave men, one and all."

Two of the gun-boats ran up the stream and threw a few shells at long range, and all day long a hot fire was kept up. The boys in blue at last force their way through the lines and up the steep hill, while the guns from the fort keep up the fire that thins their ranks. They leap the ditch—but night comes on too soon for them to tell which side has won.

Some of those in the fort were wild to get out. They did not want to be caught like rats in a trap, and a large force led by men who stood high in rank crept out of the fort in the dark night and made their way to Nash-ville.

Gen-er-al Buck-ner was left in charge of Fort Don-el-son, and was too brave a man to shrink from the fate that was left for him and his troops. He sent one of his men with a note to Grant to ask his terms.

Grant said that he must sur-ren-der at once; and with a dash of his pen let him know what he meant to do:



ES-CAPE OF REB-ELS FROM FORT DON-EL-SON.

"I pro-pose to move im-me-di-ate-ly on your works." Buck-ner did not like this, and sent word to Grant that the terms were too harsh. Grant went at once to see him. They had been good friends at West Point, and were good friends now, though one fought for the North and one for the South. Does it not seem strange? Grant told Buck-ner that he had no wish to take down his pride in a mean way, so he and his staff might keep their swords, and they and all of the men might take off such goods as they had had for their own use. But they must give up all that the U-ni-ted States had a right to.

The cap-ture of Fort Don-el-son was the first great deed that had been done since the war broke out. It gave good cheer to the North, and put U-lys-ses S. Grant in the front rank of fame.

CHAPTER V.

TWO DAYS OF BLOOD.

The North had now two strong-holds—one on the Ten-nes-see—and one on the Cum-ber-land. Day by day fresh troops were sent from the East, and in Feb-ru-a-ry a large force of men, in charge of Grant, set out to push their way to West Ten-nes-see. It was a slow march, for the Ten-nes-see rose so high that there were but two or three bluffs where the boats could land. Troops were left at each of these points, while Grant—who at this time was thought to be far too bold—kept on, and made a halt at Shi-loh, on the east bank of the stream. From this point he could keep an eye on the rail-road that ran through the heart of the South, and vex the foe, which was then in great force at or near Co-rinth.

By the first of A-pril both sides were full of fight, and each grew more and more bold.

Shi-loh was just a log-church that stood on a ridge of ground from two and a half to three miles back from the bluffs at Pitts-burgh Land-ing, with Snake creek



SHI-LOH CHURCH.

on the north, and Lick creek on the south, and Owl creek on the west. All these creeks, which for the most part of the year were of no great size, were now broad streams. Here and there were thick woods, a high bluff, or a deep gorge, and the men had to make the most of these as they were new to war, and had had no chance to learn how to dig the trench, to throw up earth-works, or to build such forts as might serve them in a time of need.

Grant, who had to keep an eye on all the troops, and to see to their needs, spent each day at Pitts-burgh Land-ing, and at night went down in the boat to Sa-van-na. Sher-man was in charge of the troops at the front, with their lines drawn up to face the Co-rinth road, by which route the Rebs would have to come.

Shots were fired now and then from both sides, and by the 3rd of A-pril the fight seemed close at hand.

Grant staid on the field till quite late each night, up to the time the fight took place. On Fri-day, the 4th, while on his way to the front, his horse fell with him. The night was dark, the rain poured down, and he had to trust his horse to find the road. Grant's leg was hurt so that his boot had to be cut off, and for two or three days he was quite lame.

No one knew just at what point the foe would make the first at-tack, but Grant, up to this time, had thought it might be at Crump's Land-ing. By the 5th he was quite sure that the fight would take place at Shi-loh, and at once went to work to place his troops so that they could come from the right or left flank to the aid of those who were at the front.

Some of those who led the troops had not been in this kind of a fight, and did not know the rules of war, so they went to the left when they should have gone to right, and were not where they should have been when the fight took place.

At dawn, on the 6th of A-pril, Gen-er-al Al-bert Sid-ney Johns-ton, who led the troops from the South, made a fierce at-tack on the lines at Shi-loh. Grant



THE REB-EL GEN. AL-BERT SID-NEY JOHN-STON KILLED.

had gone to Sa-*van-na*, six miles off, and as soon as he heard the fire of the guns he made his way at once to the front. The fight was hot from the first, and as the Rebs came up they fell on the guards sent out by *Pren-tiss* and *Sher-man* who soon had their troops in line.

These two chiefs had a lot of raw men from the West, who knew how to use a pick, axe, or spade, but did not know well how to load or fire a gun. Part of them fled in great fright to the rear. The rest stood firm. New lines had to be made as the ranks gave way.

If all those who led the troops had been as brave as *Grant* and *Sher-man*, the souls of the men would have been fired with strength, and they would not have fought so like an armed mob. But, as I have said, war was a new thing, and all these men had much to learn.

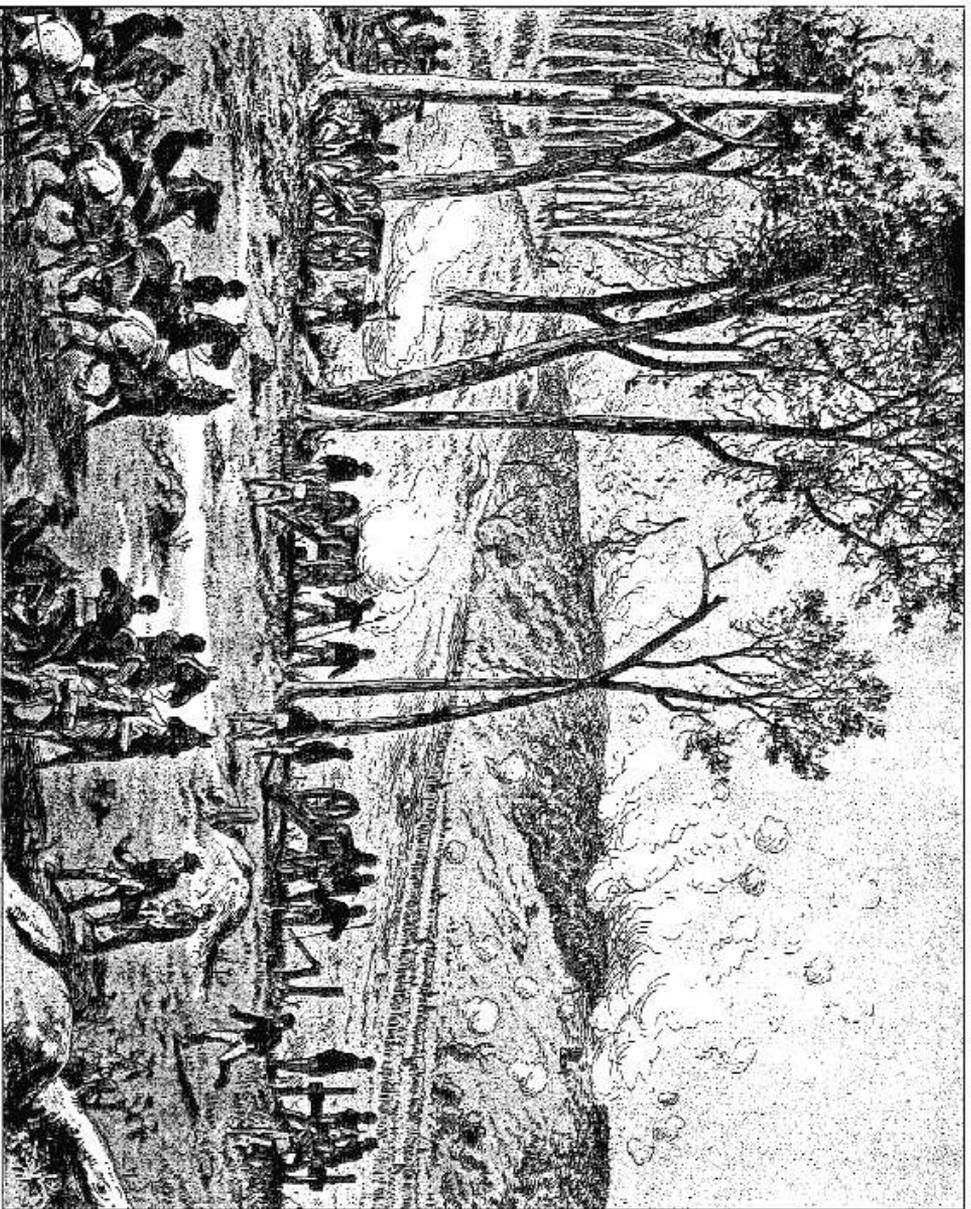
It was not strange that they were full of fear, that their hearts gave way, and that they lost their heads.

All day the fight went on, with great loss on both sides. Now and then the boys in blue had had to fall back and to change their lines, and when night came on they were more than a mile from the place where they had stood at dawn of the day to meet the foe.

In one of the moves Gen-er-al Pren-tiss did not fall back with the rest, and he and a large force of his men fell in the hands of the Rebs.

Sher-man was shot twice; once in the hand, once near the neck. A third ball went through his hat. More than one horse was shot from un-der him. It would have been a sad day for the troops at Shi-loh had Sher-man had to leave the field.

A hard rain set in on the night of the 6th. The Yanks had lost all their tents—the Rebs were in their camp—and they had to rest as best they could. Grant's leg gave him so much pain that he could not rest, so he went to the log-church. Here men were brought in to have their wounds dressed, or to have an arm or a leg cut off. This was a sight he could not bear, so he limped back to the tree 'neath which he sat to wait for the dawn of day.



IV.—BATTLE OF SHI-LOH.

Four times each hour all through the night the gun-boats sent a shell right down near the foe; and all night long the boats brought fresh troops, with brave men at their head, to the east side of the stream to swell the ranks of the boys in blue.



GRANT A-SLEEP

Grant had made up his mind to whip the Rebs the next day, and he had found out that the side which made the first at-tack was the side that won the fight.

This was the way he ranged his men:—

Gen-er-al Lew. Wal-lace on the right, Sher-man to his left; then McCler-nand, and then Hurl-but. Nel-son of Bu-ell's corps (*kor*) was on the left; Crit-ten-den next in line, and on his right; and McCook at the far end of the right wing.

Nel-son led the fight on the 7th, and soon the whole line was in the heat of the fray. The strength of the new troops told at once. The Rebs were not so full of dash as they had been on the first day. They were worn out. So were Grant's men; but they were full of pluck, and pluck is bound to win.

Ground was won and lost on both sides. The dead lay in heaps; blue and gray side by side. But the Rebs were pushed inch by inch till they had lost all they had gained. As the day wore on it was plain to be seen that the fight was near its end; the Rebs would have to yield. A large force of their men had gone to the rear.



THE LAST CHARGE AT SHI-LOH.

At three o'clock *Charge!* was the cry that went out to the boys in blue. They met it with loud cheers, held their guns in front of them, and with a run drove the foe quite off the field.

On the 6th there were 33,000 boys in blue at Shi-loh. On the 7th Bu-ell brought 20,000 more. It is said that Beau-re-gard, who led the foe, had 40,955. Our loss in the two day's fight was 12,217. Theirs, 10,699.

On the 8th, when Beau-re-gard sent to Grant to know if he could take his dead from the field and place them in the ground, he found that Grant had done this kind act. Foes had the same care as friends. Had Grant been a hard, bad man, he would not have done such a deed as this, which is not a part of the code of war, and it was proof that he had a large heart, full of peace and good-will to all men.



AR-MY WAG-ON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIEGE OF CO-RINTH.

Up to this time Grant had thought, as most of the North did, that the war would soon be at an end; that men would lay down their guns and swords, and go back to the work they had left and the peace they had known.

But the cause for which the South fought was one they had thought of for a long time. For years and years they had kept up a talk of State rights, and their own wrongs, and at last they had got to feel that the North was their worst foe. There were bad men on both sides who did all they could to fan this flame which took fire in 1861.

The South had made the war—and the North must do it's best to crush it out. So Grant thought, and was in haste to bring back peace to the land. The next we hear of him is at Co-rinth, to which place he laid siege on the last of May. It was thought there would be a great fight at this place, but there was none at all. The Rebs went out, and when the boys in blue went in they

Here and there on the heights a flag is set. So much gain. When Sher-i-dan saw these flags go up he knew that the North would win.

Bragg and his men fought hard, but when they saw these troops pour in-to the earth-works in such crowds, saw them rise at the same time on the top of six hills, they felt as if their cause was lost. Hosts of them threw down their arms. Hosts of them fled head-long down the slope. The troops threw stones at them, as they could not take the time to load their guns.

Bragg and his staff strove to get their men in line. But all in vain. A few came back, but they could not be put to much use, so in the night they all fled by one of the rear roads, and Chat-ta-noo-ga was safe. The troops went in-to camp that night with glad hearts, and their cheers were heard for miles and miles.

Thom-as lost . . .	4,000, men.
Sher-man . . .	1,500, men.
Hook-er . . .	1,500, men.