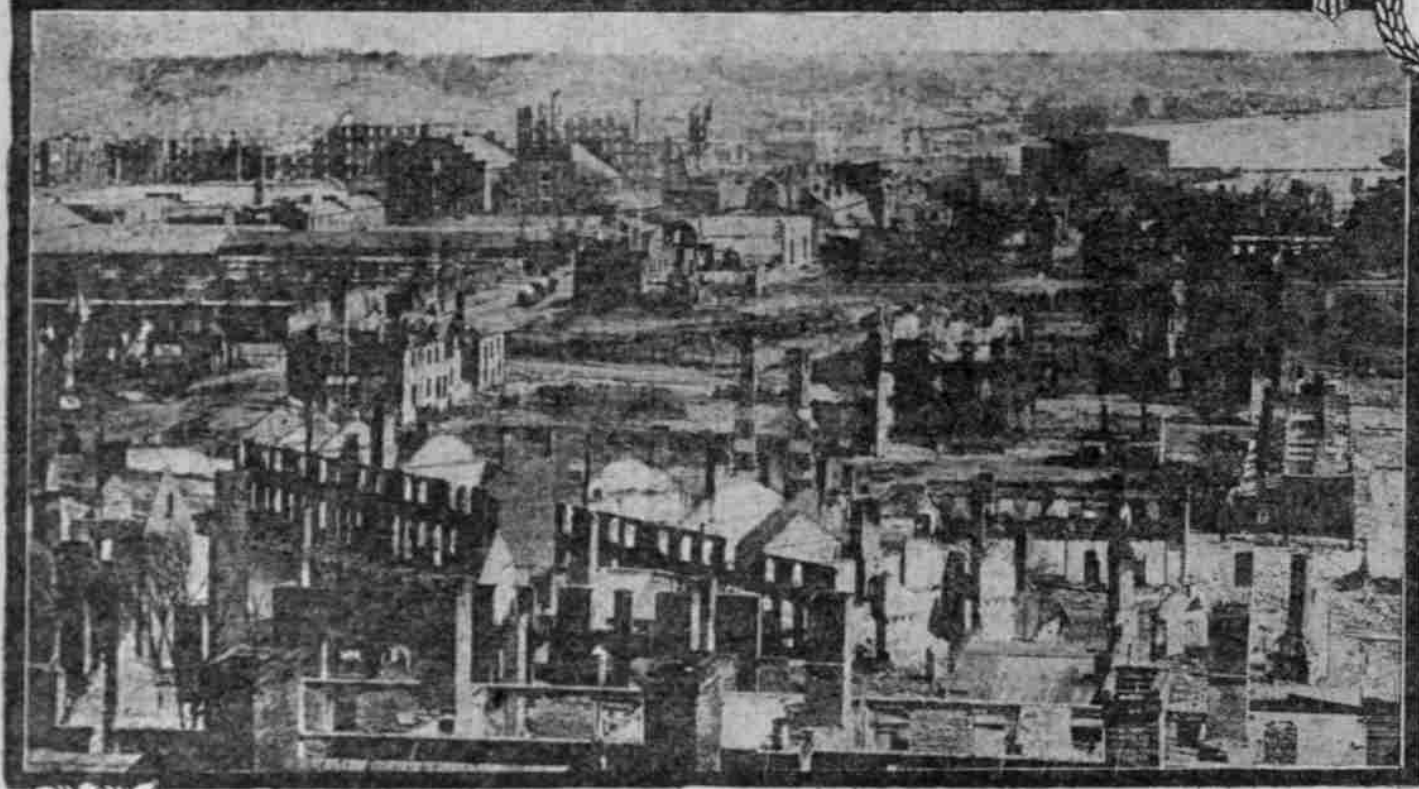


# DEATH SCENES OF FAMOUS CIVIL WAR GENERALS

No Chapter of the War More Thrilling, More Heroic, More Tragic, More Heroic, Than That Which Tells How Union and Confederate Leaders Met Death on the Field of Battle--The Last Moments of Bee and Lyon, the First Confederate and Union Generals to Be Killed; of Albert Sidney Johnston, Felix K. Zollicoffer, John Sedgwick, J. E. B. Stuart, Leonidas Polk, A. P. Hill, the Last General Killed in Battle During the War, and Others.

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RICHMOND IN RUINS — APRIL 1865



FORT SEDGWICK KNOWN AS "FORT HELL" BEFORE PETERSBURG

No chapter of the war whose semi-centennial began in April is more thrilling, more tragic, more heroic than that which tells how Union and Confederate leaders met death on the field of battle. During the four years of the war nearly 10,000 commissioned officers fell mortally wounded while in command of their men; and of officers above the rank of colonel the slaughter began in the first great battle of the war, and continued steadily until but a few days before peace was declared at Appomattox.

The first anniversary observance of the loss of a general comes to the South on July 21, when Brigadier-General Bernard Bee fell at the moment when his troops were being rallied for victory at Bull Run. The first Federal officer of equal rank to suffer death was Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon, falling mortally wounded in the instant of triumph at the battle of Wilson's Creek, the semi-centennial of which occurs on August 10 next.

**The First General to Be Killed.**  
General Bee was a veteran of the Mexican War, and bore several wounds received while battling against the ancient citadel of the Aztecs. He entered the service of the Confederacy with the first call for troops and his military training and experience made him a natural leader of the raw recruits that came to his brigade.

When the North and the South met on their first great battleground General Bee was on the firing line inspiring his troops as the tide swung back and forth across the field, until finally the Confederates were routed near the Henry House. Here he stood at bay with his men, riding along the lines, his soldierly form clad in an old uniform of a captain of the infantry of the United States. The battle seemed lost to the Confederacy. The Federals were pressing closer and closer.



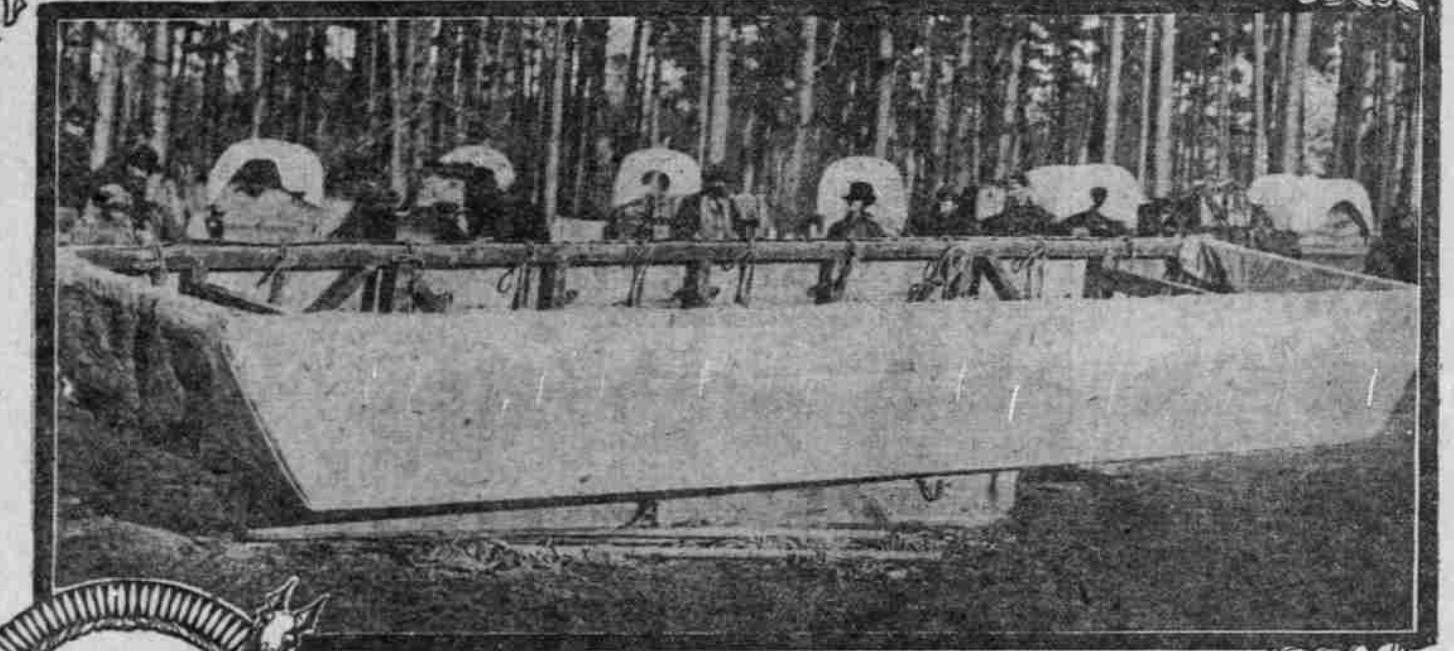
WRECKED ORDNANCE AT YORKTOWN

As the cheers of the triumphant Southern troops were ringing across the hills. It was 20 days later. As the first rays of light appeared over the hills General Nathaniel Lyon rose from his bed—a rubber blanket stretched upon the ground between two rows of corn in a field near Wilson's Creek in Missouri. Before dawn the troops were in motion, and soon after, the deep tone of artillery, punctuated by the sharper cracks of musketry, was thundering through the ravines. The general, always at the front, and now and then leading the desperate charges of his warriors, was riding against 22,000 foes. As the sun mounted higher and his rays poured down upon the tolling antagonists, the Federals were slowly giving way before the stronger force.

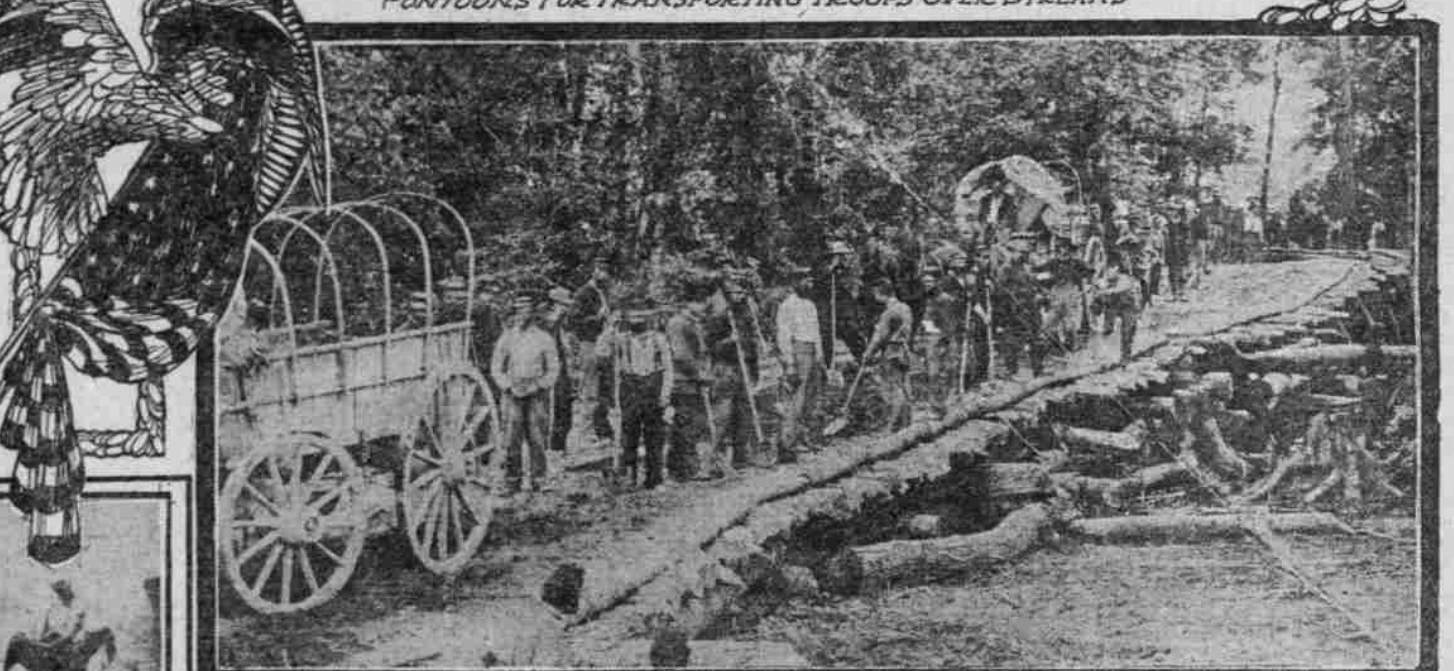
Like a whirlwind, General Lyon dashed to the front of the First Missouri Infantry, leading a counter charge against the Confederates. Suddenly his horse sank beneath him, but the general, bleeding from a wound in the leg, extricated himself from his dying steed and plunged into the thick of the fight, waving his sword over his head. For a moment he staggered; then, drawing his hand across his face, he wiped the blood from a bullet wound that tore his scalp. Mounting another steed, he placed himself at the head of two companies of the First Iowa Regiment, in a desperate attempt to stay the tide of gray threatening to engulf him and his men.



WINTER QUARTERS—A TYPICAL CAMP OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC



PONTOONS FOR TRANSPORTING TROOPS OVER STREAMS



FIFTH NEW HAMPSHIRE WORKING THROUGH CHICKAHOMINY SWAMPS

ment, ordered the men to cease firing. But when he reached Company C, its captain pointed out the gray-clad figures of the foe who were approaching from the front and aiming their muskets directly at the regiment.

"Yes, yes you are right!" exclaimed the general. As he spoke the enemy's fire hurled about him. Driving his spurs deep into the sides of his horse, the general attempted to leap a fence in the rear, but the animal, grievously wounded, faltered in the attempt. A gust of wind blew open the general's coat, and to the consternation of his troops, blood was seen flowing from a wound in his side. He was first placed upon crossed muskets, then wrapped in a blanket and carried from the field to an ambulance in the rear, where he breathed his last.

**Killed While Saluting Old Enemy.**  
Equally dramatic was the death of Brigadier-General Felix K. Zollicoffer, who before the outbreak of war was in editorial charge of the Nashville Banner, and later a member of Congress from Tennessee. Casting his fortunes with his commonwealth, he drilled his troops until they became a model for the Confederate army.

shot in the breast and two musket shots in his body.

When Grant took personal charge of the Army of the Potomac, Major-General John Sedgwick was in command of the Sixth Army Corps—the same Sedgwick who had saved the day for the Union at Fair Oaks; who had been twice wounded at Antietam; who had carried Mary's Heights at Chancellorsville; who had taken an important part in the battle of Gettysburg after making a forced march of 25 miles in 24 hours.

In the Wilderness, under Grant, he had again proved himself one of the great corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and now, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of May 3, 1864, he and his corps had arrived at Spottsylvania Courthouse. For his bed that night he lay upon the ground near General Warren's headquarters, and slept until daylight. The next morning he supervised the building of rifle pits, while seated upon a cracker box with his chief-of-staff, Major-General McMahon. A jocular conversation passed between the two Generals while they looked over the field. But McMahon soon became serious and pointing out a particular Confederate battery, said: "General, do you see that section? Well, you are not to go near that today."

spurring from the side of his chief's face, under the left eye. Before McMahon could support him, Sedgwick fell to the ground, carrying McMahon with him. A number of officers hurried forward in response to McMahon's shout, but they were helpless; the sharpshooter's bullet had done its work—blood was spouting from Sedgwick's wound as from a fountain. Yet a smile rested upon the mortally wounded warrior's face.

Sedgwick died soon after, and his body was conveyed to General Meade's headquarters and later to Cornwall Hollow, in Connecticut.

**The End of a Dashing Cavalier.**  
One of the deaths that caused widespread consternation in the south—almost as much consternation as had the death of "Stonewall" Jackson at Chancellorsville, a year earlier—was that of General J. E. B. Stuart. Said General Sedgwick of him: "Stuart is the best cavalryman ever foaled in North America."

(Continued on Page 7.)