PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

IN

GEORGIA

AND THE

CAROLINAS.

BY CAPT. GEORGE W. PEPPER.

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TO THE

HON. DAVID TOD,
DISTINGUISHED NO MORE FOR FAITHFUL SERVICES
IN PUBLIC TRUSTS THAN BY EXALTED
PATRIOTISM DURING THE
RECENT WAR;
TO THE
HON. L. C. DAVIS,
AND
J. W. FITZGERALD, ESQ.,
THE TRIED AND TRUSTED FRIENDS OF THE UNION,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.
PREFACE.

This volume is composed of the personal recollections of the author, from the time that General Sherman took command of the Army of the Tennessee, to the end of the rebellion. The history of this gallant army is a history of individual valor, splendid courage, hardships and victories. Its camps have been innumerable, and its battles and campaigns are those of the Southwest. The author of these war sketches does not pretend to give a complete narration of all the movements of Sherman's army, but he does claim to have prepared and arranged an impartial and reliable history of the most prominent engagements and campaigns, in the States of Georgia and the Carolinas. It is to be hoped that some one, capable of doing full justice to this renowned army, will yet write its history. In this volume are included two or three letters from Captain Miller, of the Cincinnati Commercial, and Doyle, of the New York Herald, two well known army correspondents, whose contributions to the "war literature" of the country equal in piquancy and descriptive power the productions of Napier or Russell. In placing this book before the public, I do it with the assurance that it has been prepared with a conscientious regard to truth.
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

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CHAPTER I.


In the fall of 1863, I was commissioned with the rank of Captain, by Governor Tod, of Ohio, having formerly served in the same capacity under General Halleck, in Mississippi. Adjutant General Cowan, an able and faithful public officer, furnishing the necessary passes and transportation, I proceeded to join Sherman's army, then cantoned in and around Chattanooga. In addition to my professional duties, I acted as war correspondent for two or three prominent journals.

En-route to our regiment, we passed through Cincinnati and Indianapolis, two fine cities, which in wealth, commercial activity and literary ambition, are behind none of their more ambitious sisters in the West. The citizens of both these cities were greeting with shoutings and hosannahs, returning veteran regiments—
bronzed, battle-scarred patriots, how proudly they walk the streets, how enthusiastically they are welcomed, and how lovingly and respectfully saluted by every passer-by. The day was beautiful, inviting, the breeze bracing, the sky clear and splendid.

We ride at a rapid rate over the country. Onward is the word. A place called Seymour is reached, a mere collection of houses. This part of Indiana is utterly destitute of any handsome towns or villages. To be sure they have them in name, and marked upon the map, but such caricatures are they in fact, that they are only causes of laughter when seen by the eye. The character of the country, the population, their pursuits, their politics, their surroundings, all these furnish one with food for mental digestion. We soon arrive at Jeffersonville, a thriving place, and for this part of the world, probably an improving town. Getting nearer rebellom, we enter old Kentucky, cautiously, carefully, and circumspectly.

Kentucky is a State for which nature has done everything, and man nothing. Her fertile soil and genial climate, her immense forests of timber and boundless pastures—are some of the advantages which might make it the abode of a numerous, prosperous and happy people. The healthiness of the climate is seen in the vigor, robust manhood and physical beauty of its sons. The State is well timbered. The magnolia bears a rich and beautiful blossom, of an exquisite fragrance. Such is the variety and beauty of the blooming shrubs and plants which grow spontaneously in this State, that in the proper season the wilderness appears in blossom: In various portions of the State caves are to be found, amazingly large, in some of which you may travel several miles, under rocks, sustained by extraordinary arches and pillars—whilst Mammoth Cave, with its dark, wild, gloomy caverns, gigantic pits and domes, a splendid group of wonders, crowns the whole.

The smile of heaven has fallen nowhere more softly and sweetly than it has fallen upon Kentucky. It rests upon her mountain brows like a crown of glory; the
eye lingers rapturously upon the landscape where nature’s pencil has left its most delicate touches and tints. In mid-winter over her variegated fields of wild flowers, steals an air “soft and balmy as the perfumed atmosphere of an Arcadian Heaven.” In the transparent bosom of the quiet lakes millions upon millions of the finny tribe sport, while along the shady shores the air is often darkened with the wings of the canvas-back and other aquatic fowls, the flesh of which epicureans praise as a delicious delicacy. Fruits, rich in the voluptuous juices that delight the thirsty palate, are indigenous to the soil, and it is there you will find the throne of the vegetable kingdom. In her hill-sides is found every variety of mineral ore. Her rivers are broad and navigable enough to furnish commerce highways, while thousands of her small streams tempt enterprise to speculate in the wasting of her spend-thrift waters. From her mountain-sides mineral fountains gush, the medicinal force of which arrests the attention and attracts the weary footsteps of affliction’s weary pilgrims from all parts of the world. Why is it that Kentucky, with her mineral wealth and vast resources, her beautiful woodlands and meadows, does not compare to-day, in population, wealth and enterprise, with her sister States north? Can you give any other reason than that slavery’s withering touch has fallen heavily upon this land.

Louisville, the largest city in Kentucky, is situated on the banks of the Ohio, and is surrounded by a rich and picturesque region of country. The older part of the city appears to have been huddled together without regard to order, cleanliness or convenience, and, while the modern parts present an appearance of wealth, gaiety and splendor, the older parts exhibit, in many places, the most squalid misery.

The public buildings are the admiration of every stranger; the bank edifices and the court house are not excelled in any city of the country, while the postoffice is a chaste specimen of architecture. Among the various places of worship which the city contains, for almost every sect of christians, we can only notice the
Cathedral of the Catholics, which is, in grandeur, the most remarkable.

Several veteran regiments were here on their way home. The bronzed faces, the shattered banners, and the decimated ranks, eloquently spoke of the worthy and patriotic part they had played in the deadly strife. The march, even though homeward, was both successful and brilliant; the enthusiasm was cordial, hearty, and friendly.

Louisville carries on an extensive trade! Some of the largest contracts for the army have been undertaken here. The retail trade is extensive, and the value of imports and exports immense. At this time it is crowded with soldiers and army followers. There is a vast force of sutlers, pedlars, sharp Jewish faces many of them, very birds of prey some of them, intent on turning an honest or dishonest penny.

I visited the negro quarters and found the women and children basking in the sun. They were of all ages, from tottering decrepitude to prattling infancy, and for the most part all of the same dusky hue. One little girl, about ten years of age, attracted my notice. She looked as if she belonged to another race. Her hair was flaxen and curly. The color of her skin was like house-painters palm off as imitation of oak. She was barefooted and ragged. Presently seven stood about me all of the same sickly, pale yellow complexion, with the same long fine hair, and a similarity of features most remarkable. A middle aged woman of unmixed African blood told me she was their mother and gave me the name of their father, but I will not print it. Let it rot. The father of the children was a man of great wealth, reputed to be a millionaire. A little while before his death, he made his will in which he bequeathed his money and lands to distant relatives, and to these his seven sons and daughters he pretended to give that which neither nature, or nature's God ever gave him any title—their freedom.

It is a well known fact, to most of the traveling public, that there is a large number of English secessionists,
who constantly denounce the administration and the present war for the destruction of the rebellion, and at the same time lauding up Jeff. Davis and his cohorts. These men claim to be a part and parcel of the London codfish aristocracy, who having resided in this country for many years and made money, are the most bitter enemies of all good loyal citizens, and who occasionally hold their midnight revels in drinking and abusing our institutions. To their notions there is nothing like "hold Hengland and the London Haristocracy." This in connection with the institutions of the South is their grand hobby. There are however exceptions, as was shown in a discussion which we heard at the hotel in Louisville. One of these cockneys addressed himself to a Yorkshire gentleman, loyal to his adopted country, in the following language:

"When will this blasted administration stop the effusion of blood, and let the South alone?"

Union Gent.—"Not until this wicked rebellion is put down, and Northern English sympathizers meet their just deserts."

This was a stunner on secesh, and rising upon his pretended dignity he said in the cockney accent:

"The South must 'ave 'er hindependence, and the habolitionists be put down, and hold Hengland will 'elp to do it."

Union Gent.—"You are, sir, an Englishman, and ought to be ashamed of yourself. You have grown rich under the government, and now you are abusing it. You are a coward, sir, and an ungenerous man, and if you were honest, you would scorn such sentiments, when a people loving liberty, is struggling for its existence. Why don't you go South, if Nothern institutions are so disagreeable,—the fact is you are a skulk and dare not go. You are unworthy to be called an Englishman."

Secesh.—"I don't wish to have anything further to say," and he thereupon left the hotel like a whipped dog. At first he thought he had found an associate, but soon discovered his mistake. The Union gent gave Mr. Secesh a lesson which he will not very soon forget.
While in Louisville, we called on Mr. George D. Prentice the accomplished editor of the Louisville Journal. Although still in the full vigor of his days, Mr. Prentice has lived in that city during the long period of twenty years, in which he has caused its name to be read by more eyes and uttered by more lips than the name of any other city, in connection with that of any other man of his time and country. He has been not only the editor of a city journal; he has been the writer of a great nation. There is no city or town, and scarcely a village of any magnitude, where his writings have not been read. His popularity has suffered no decline. If his powers have somewhat abated, in brilliancy and passion, they have greatly increased in weight and ripeness; and hence, if they are less interesting to the young, they are more grateful to the old. Prentice is a journalist by profession, but a poet at heart. Prentice had a son named Clarence in the service of the South, a sort of dashing rebel officer, fond of making reckless adventures. He had several narrow escapes.

The next city of importance in our route to the army is Nashville. This is one of the oldest and most aristocratic cities in the South. The streets are wide and well paved. There are exceptional houses of magnificence, but the bulk of the city is mean. It has a University, a Female College, a variety of Churches, several miserable Hotels, where you can get miserable board for four or five dollars per day. The population of Nashville is mixed. Since the war, the arrival of Northern energetic, enterprising business men has given to the city a fresh appearance, and has galvanized into more active life the citizens of this spasmodic city. The Capitol is an imposing edifice, standing on a high elevation, commanding a fine view of the city and its suburbs. The building is strongly protected by formidable earthworks. The residence of Mrs. James K. Polk is the most elegant and costly of any in Nashville. Her husband's monument is in the yard. Parton, in his life of Andrew Jackson, gives the following sketch of the
Rock city, as he saw it in 1850, before it was disfigured by the foot-prints of war:

"Pleasant Nashville! Unconnected until within these few years with the railway systems either of the North or South, Nashville has grown, comparatively unobserved, from the cluster of log houses which Mr. Astronomer Baily found on the banks of the Cumberland in 1797, to be one of the most vigorous and beautiful cities in the Southwest. North Carolina is the Massachusetts of the South, without a Boston. Tennessee is the Pennsylvania of the South, with a Philadelphia. As the stranger rides in the slow Chattanooga cars from the Southern border of Tennessee, towards its capital, he finds it difficult to believe, at times, that he is not traveling in Pennsylvania. The lay of the land, the Alleghany-like mountains, the clear rippling streams, the long trains of coal cars, the hard-wood forests, the prevalence of wheat and corn over cotton, are reminding him of the Keystone State. Only the villages are not Pennsylvanian. The villages of Tennessee, as of all the Southern States, are few, small, scattered, shadeless, and to the Northern eye, desolate and forlorn.

Pleasant Nashville! Its situation is superb; a gently undulating, fertile valley, fifteen or twenty miles across, quite encircled by hills. Through this panoramic vale winds the ever winding Cumberland; a somewhat swiftly flowing stream, about as wide as the Hudson at Albany. The banks are of that abrupt ascent which suggested the name of bluffs, high enough to lift the country above the reach of the marvellous rises of the river, but not so high as to render it too difficult of access. In the middle of this valley, half a mile from the banks of the stream, is a high, steep hill, the summit of which, just large enough for the purpose, would have been crowned with a castle, if the river had been the Rhine instead of the Cumberland. Upon this hill stands the Capitol of Tennessee, the most elegant, correct, convenient and genuine public building in the United States. Strickland, whose remains, by his own
request, are enclosed within its marble walls, sealed hermetically in a cavity left for the purpose, "Circum-
spice." From the cupola of this edifice, the stranger, delighted and surprised, looks down upon the city of Nashville, packed between the capitol-crowned hill and the coiling Cumberland, looks round upon the pano-
ramic valley, dotted with villas and villages, smiling with fields, and fringed with distant, dark, forest-covered mountains. And there is one still living who was born in that valley when it was death from the rifle of a savage to go unattended to drink from a spring, an eighth of a mile from the settlement.

Saturday is the great day at Nashville. It has been the custom from the early days of the settlement for the planters to come to town the last day of the week, whether for business or recreation. Then the great square is a busy scene indeed. Along the pavements flit elegantly dressed ladies, looking extremely like their elegantly dressed sisters on this side of the mountains. Occasionally may be seen an ancient, faded, family coach, a relic of old grandeur,—of the days when country gentlemen drove to town in chariots and fours, and the four had as much as they could do to draw the lumbering vehicle through the mud. Those healthy-looking, sturdy, finely developed farmers of Western Tennessee—what a pleasure to look at them! It is nothing to see a ruddy old boy of eighty riding along to town, erect and blithe, who would pass for fifty-eight in New York.

Pleasant Nashville! Where but eighty years ago the war-whoop startled mothers putting children to bed, the stranger, strolling about in the evening, pauses to listen to operatic arias, fresh from Italy, sung with much of the power and more than the taste of a prima donna. Society is lighted with gas, and sits dazzling in the glorious blaze of bituminous coal, and catches glimpses of itself in mirrors capable of full length portraiture. In all Nashville there is but one object that reminds the traveller that he is in a city of the South. It is a little silver plate upon the front of a large house that looks like a private bank, and upon that little silver
plate are three words, meaning much: They are: *Negroes for sale.* There is not another sign of the peculiar institution to be observed in the place.

Sunday is the great day to colored Nashville, particularly Sunday afternoon, when the slave women come out in the largest hoops that ever encircled the female form in any part of the globe, and those hoops covered with silk dresses, black, flounced, voluminous, and long; the men delight in broadcloth of reverend black, upon which the gold chains with gold watches at one end of them show to great advantage. In well-built churches of their own, the slaves assemble in great crowds, and conduct the meetings with dignity and pathos. There is of course some grotesque gesticulation and some frantic shouting. But these are indulged in as in white congregations, only by a very few, half sincere, very ignorant members. Shall I ever forget the lame stentor, who with voice, not less melodious than powerful, in a manner not less tasteful than sincere, rolled out, Carl Formes like—"I would not live alway!"

Mrs. President Polk lives near the Capitol, in an elegant built building, worth thirty or forty thousand dollars. The remains of her husband are in a vault in the door-yard. The widow, of medium height, dark hair and eyes, somewhat corpulent, was very frank and animated in conversation. She was earnest and hopeful of the Union cause.

* We were in this pleasant city during Sunday, and there being no loyal Protestant meeting, we attended the Roman Catholic Cathedral. In common with many officers and soldiers we were attracted there by the fame of Mr. Kelly, who is not only a fine pulpit orator, but a friend to the government. A short account of this eloquent preacher, may be interesting. Fancy a person rather above the middle size, and proportionably broad, squarely built, shoulders high, face round, eyes small and twinkling, cheeks full and mouth large, and you have a tolerably accurate idea of the man whose eloquence enchains raptured audiences. His enunciation is graceful, and his feminine voice, steals gently through
the breathless audience. Having finished a simple and apt introduction, he announces in terse phrase and logical order, but with the manner and air as outré as ever, the beautiful outlines of his discourse. The small voice begins to swell, the eye begins to sparkle, the left hand is placed on the Bible, and the right is occasionally lifted up. The honest countenance reflects a heavenly radiance, and the vast audience is thrilled to the very core, as thoughts that breathe, couched in words that burn, are scattered in rich profusion. The first illustration being finished, and the audience having partially recovered from the electric shock of ethereal genius, feels that a freak of nature, but a splendid freak, stands before them. The great soul of the orator reigns ascendant over a captive audience—an audience which, be it ever so careless ere the preacher begins, is, by the touch of his genius, carried away from the earthly, and lost amid the splendors which fill the place. The very stones and timbers of the magnificent house seem to move, and the only inactive thing in the enchanted place is the preacher’s body. The perfection of the logic, the aptness of the illustration, the glowing imagery and chaste diction, and the heart stirring appeal rivet the attention and command the most listless of the audience. Dr. Kelly despite his unpromising appearance is a powerful and popular preacher. His theme was the sufferings of our Lord. But what of the singing? It was captivating. I have listened to the full services in city Cathedrals, where every part of the sanctuary was crowded. I have joined in the choral worship in the churches of the old country, where with all the accessories of the splendid architecture of those time-honored fanes—the kneeling multitude, the throng of white robed priests and choristers, and the swelling bursts of harmonies that roll through nave and aisle, and overflows even distant angles and shadowy chapel, until column and pavement and curved vaulting, and gloomy crypt, tremble with the rushing tide—the soul feels itself lifted above the earth, and almost admitted to that loftier choral worship where the melody of
“harpers harping with their harps” pours like the sound of many waters—but I have rarely felt the divine power of song to move the heart, as I did on this occasion.

There is a large soldiers' cemetery on the plain, on the south side of the city; as far as the eye will view, nothing is seen but the little white boards, denoting the last resting places of the brave soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, who fell in the country's defense. What matters it if they had no splendid interment? What matters it if no long procession attended them to the sepulchre? What matters it if only a lowly head-board attests their burial place? What matters it if no herald stood over their honored graves to pronounce their virtues? What matters it if no storied urn or monumental bust, no proud mausoleum distinguishes the spot where their remains are deposited? Though destitute of these trappings of art and pomp, yet theirs was a life and death worthy of imitation, and as they take their places among the immortals, we might say, "make way for the brave children of the people, the grand chivalry of to-day." We transcribe a few of the poetical inscriptions:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

"A thousand battle-fields have drank
The blood of warriors brave,
And countless homes are dark and drear,
Through the land they died to save."

"The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears,
That marked the battle strife,
Are now all crowned with victory,
That saved the nation's life."
"Through all rebellion’s horrors,
Bright shines our nation’s fame;
Our gallant soldiers perishing,
Have won a deathless name."

The nation laments the loss of its brightest sons, its purest patriots, and its most beloved defenders. Noble men, they descended to the tomb amidst the blessings of the lovers of liberty on earth, and the songs of the ransomed in Heaven.

So sleep the good, who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By fairy forms their dirge is sung.
When honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Nashville was crowded with troops, veteran regiments, going and returning from their homes. What a visible change in the sentiments of the people. Three years ago, when our soldiers entered this haughty and fashionable city, they were greeted with imprecations and defiant looks. Now, peals of bells and salvos of cannon salute the brave veterans with a hundred thousand welcomes. The Union sentiment, pure and unconditional, has been growing wonderfully of late, in Nashville. There are a large number of hospitals here, containing about three thousand soldiers; their wards are neatly kept, and the medical corps is well organized. The prominent military works are Forts Gillem and Andrew Johnson on Capitol Hill, Morton, Negley, Cassina and Houston; then there are redoubts, batteries, &c. General Miller commands the city. The Tenth Tennessee, Governor Johnson’s body-guard, is a fine regiment, under the command of a young and valiant officer, Colonel Scully.
A very touching instance of conjugal affection was manifested on the Nashville Railroad a few months ago when the embargo on contraband goods was first put in force, which I will hasten to make known:

A gentleman dressed in mourning was seen to drive up to the Louisville depot in a hack and take from thence a coffin, which he placed in the car. He seemed to be in the greatest distress. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his face showed signs of the deepest grief. As soon as the cars started he took his seat upon the coffin, and burying his head in his hands, commenced sobbing and groaning in the most heart-rending manner. The sympathies of the bystanders were immediately enlisted, and they crowded around the bereaved mourner. From his passionate outbursts of sorrow, they learned that the coffin contained the last remains of his dear wife—the mother of his children—the pulse of his heart—the joy of his prosperity, and the only solace of his misfortunes. Her dying request was to be buried in the land of her nativity, the South, and he was accordingly carrying her thither. Thus he continued for miles, when the passengers, seeing that he was exhausting himself, tried to persuade him to leave the coffin, and take some refreshment. But he repeatedly declared that nothing should separate him from his beloved—that he would never leave her, and then he would clasp the coffin to his breast, and cover her with kisses. Just at this moment the conductor came up, and all the facts were soon explained to him by one of the bystanders.

Public corporations are said to have no soul, and it seemed on this occasion that their representatives were equally devoid of that necessary article, for the officer alluded to not only failed to manifest any sympathy for the sorrows of his fellow-mortal, but even had the effrontery to order that the grief-stricken husband should be forced away from the body of his wife, and that the coffin should be opened—at the same time muttering something about traitors, hypocrisy, contraband, &c. When the husband heard this cruel order,
he burst into fresh paroxysms of grief and declared that he would die before he would leave the body. But finally, in spite of his outcries, he was dragged away—the bystanders crowding around, behold—not the "remains of my wife,"—but pistols, packages of opium, military buttons, laudanum, and innumerable other contraband articles. It is perhaps useless to say that all proper care was taken of the tender hearted "better half and his beloved"—the "mother of his children," etc., although it pains me to chronicle the fact that no attention whatever was paid to her dying request, but the body was taken back to Louisville and decently interred in the—custom house.

After a few days stay at Nashville, we started for Chattanooga, passing through Murfreesboro, a charming town, notwithstanding the fortunes of war, it was imposing and picturesque. Before the war it was one of earth's sweetest spots. From Nashville to this place we passed through a delightful and well cultivated region, diversified with gentle hills and fruitful vales, refreshing streams and cooling shades; presenting here beautiful plantations and verdant groves. The scenery was lovely, and I longed to halt the train and feed on the enchantment for hours. The town however derives its chief speciality from being the scene of Rosecran's brilliant victory.

Onward still the shrieking locomotive hurries us, delighted with the country, until suddenly, looms up in the distance the famous Lookout Mountain, which rears its head several thousand feet above the river. When we reached the top of the mountain, we stood gazing upon a scene, stretching for many miles in every direction, such as we never saw before in the Old or New World. It may not rise absolutely to the height of grandeur or sublimity anywhere; it is not indeed like the Alps in awful magnitude or glorious grandeur; not even perhaps, equal to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, in the stern and imposing proportions which it presents; and yet no one who loves the wild, the unadorned, the varied, can fail to enjoy an exquisite pleasure in visiting this Western mountain.
This magnificent State is remarkable for its elements of wealth. The soil teems with a superabundance of agricultural products; emboweled in the earth lie inestimable mineral treasures; the water-power of the streams, the timber of the forests, the variety of staples, and the excellence of the climate, combine to give it a capacity for population and wealth, rarely to be met elsewhere. The State abounds in rivers. In short there is hardly a spot in the country, which is more than twenty miles from a navigable stream. Iron ore is to be found in several districts. Springs strongly impregnated with sulphur, are found in various parts.

The chief mountains are the Clinch and Cumberland. Some of these mountains, particularly the Great Laurel Ridge, are the most stupendous piles in the United States. Their caverns and cascades are innumerable. The enchanted mountain is famed for the curiosities on its rocks. There are on several rocks, impressions, resembling the tracks of turkies, bears, horses and human beings, as visible and perfect as they could be made on snow or sand. The originals may have been the progeny of Titan or Anak. One of the horse tracks is of an uncommon size, perhaps the horse which the great warrior rode. The Cherokees entertain an opinion that it always rains when any person visits the place, as if sympathetic nature wept at the recollection of the dreadful catastrophe commemorated by these figures.

The climate of Tennessee is, in general, healthful. The summers are cool and pleasant on the Eastern side of the mountain range, but on the other side the heat is much greater, which renders that part better calculated for the production of tobacco and cotton. The original inhabitants of this State were chiefly emigrants from Pennsylvania. The ancestors of these people were generally of the Scotch nation, some of whom emigrated to Ireland, thence to America. A few German and English were intermixed. This country was
included in the second charter of King Charles II, to the proprietors of Carolina. It was explored in 1748, and settled by fifty families in 1754, who were soon after destroyed by the Indians. The first permanent settlement took place under the direction of Monroe Robertson, who founded Nashville.
CHAPTER II.

The Battle of Chattanooga.—Result of this Battle.—The Fighting of Hooker's and Sherman's Corps.—Retreat of the Rebels.—What a Confederate Officer thought of the Battle.—Interesting Indian Traditions.—The State of Georgia, a sketch of its History.

Chattanooga is situated on the Tennessee, a magnificent river, almost as broad as the Ohio at Cincinnati. If historical recollections endear this place to every lover of liberty, its peculiar situation must render it interesting to all admirers of picturesque scenery. Placed in a deep basin, completely encircled by hills and massive mountains, broken into all that irregularity of outline which the buildings of different heights along the steep acclivities present; the view of the classic old town, from Lookout, is very striking. Chattanooga is a very small, insignificant place, containing, before the war, about three thousand inhabitants. It consists chiefly of a long street. From the particular position of the village, lying close to very high mountains, the sun is hid from view several hours before it sets in the horizon, during a great part of the summer.

No citizen of America can be justified in traveling to Italy and Switzerland in search of beauty and rugged mountain grandeur, until he has visited this northern region of Georgia. It contains a singular combination of the sublime, with the more beautiful features of scenery. In some parts nature puts on her most wild, stern and precipitous aspect, while in other parts all is verdure, profusion and beauty. The tract, for example, extending from Stévenon to Chattanooga, is rich and beautiful; nothing can exceed the grandeur of the prospect—the entire line finely wooded and dotted with several handsome cottages, with here and there a
building of more stately dimensions, while on the other hand, the Tennessee diversifies the scene and still adds greater beauty to the landscape.

Lookout Mountain may truly be termed classic ground. It was the scene of a fierce contest which will occupy a proud place in American history. What American has not heard of Lookout Mountain? And who is it does not feel his pulse beat high, his brow elevate, and his soul expand with conscious pride and exultation at the recollection of the glorious struggle which took place at this spot? When, after a desperate battle, the splendid soldiers of Hooker drove the proud Southrons before them, strewing the sides and slopes of the mountains with their lifeless bodies. This celebrated conflict, in which the Twentieth Corps acted so conspicuous a part, having been detailed in the newspapers at the time, it is unnecessary here to mention any of the particulars.

From the summit of Lookout, a glorious view is presented; here the tourist may observe at one glance, the mountains of four States. In the distance the Blue Ridge Hills of North Carolina rising abruptly in sterile greatness, and casting their deep dark shadows on the valleys beneath them. While at a still greater distance the Mountains of Alabama raise their giant forms, and thus perfect the deeper shading of the picture. Yonder is Missionary Ridge, so justly celebrated for the brilliant victory which Sherman with his gallant Fifteenth Corps achieved over the fierce legions of the South. Beyond are displayed with astonishing splendor that part of Tennessee, denominated par excellence the Switzerland of America, where nature is to be seen in her fairest forms—where romantic glens and mountains are so blended with fertile fields and cultivated valleys—with woods and waterfalls—that the beholder might almost be led to look upon the picture as one in which the great architect had intended to give such a display of his power, his goodness, and his skill, as would force the most careless to exclaim while gazing upon its wonders and beauties: "The hand that made them is divine."
The adjacent country is richly verdant and adorned with forest trees and plantations, which gather into groups, or lie spread in long and massy continuance. The mountains now recede in sullen magnificence to admit of one of the finest sights in the land, and in the distance are the Cumberland Hills, in picturesque varieties of altitude and covering, their summits forming an outline of exquisite beauty.

About four miles from Chattanooga is the celebrated Lake Hulah. The traveller who has time to spare and whose feelings are keenly alive to the beauties of nature, will find ample reward in visiting this much frequented and much admired lake. I have never seen a spot that calls up in my mind ideas of seclusion, solitude and peace, in a more eminent degree than this interesting lake. The situation, variety and beauty, the walls of perpendicular rock, the sloping banks, covered with magnificent trees of Pine and Laurel, make this depression, scooped in the solid rock, one of the most charming objects which this region of wonder and beauty affords. This lake is fed by various mountain streams, one of which, dashing over rocks, and struggling with impediments, at last is seen flowing brightly and cheerfully along, till it empties into the lake by descending like a sheet of liquid silver over a cascade of eighty feet in length; now it is bordered by meadows of the loveliest green—again catching a gleam of sunlight—and then embowered in a cluster of trees. One of these streams is precipitated down a steep precipice of several hundred feet; in general the quantity of water is small, so much so, that in very dry weather, the wall of the rock can sometimes be seen through the thin sheet of water; but after a little rain, an immense body of water is discharged, and falling down the dreadful height, affords a grand and beautiful spectacle. The bottom on which the water falls is entirely composed of loose stones or rocks. The stream runs or rather leaps in little cataracts over its bed of rocks.

The "Hermit's Retreat," a secluded and retired spot, was the last place we visited, and to describe it would
be nearly to repeat what I have said respecting Lake Hulah, to which it bears a striking likeness; yet it is softer in its character and richer and brighter in its features. It is a charming arched grotto, affording accommodation for three or four persons, while at the feet of the beholder the rill gently purls away over broken rocks, rendering the scene truly picturesque and romantic. But we must now bid adieu to the crystal waters, green leaves, wild flowers, the various beauties of this lovely lake, and turn for refreshment to the neat little village of Summerville, situated in the immediate neighborhood. It is placed on a gentle slope, on the summit of the range, and its little cluster of summer-houses, partially screened by foliage, presents a captivating picture of repose and rural beauty.

Among the many interesting traditions associated with various localities in this beautiful region of country, there is none more curious and interesting, than the one which explains the meaning of the word "Chickamauga," and how it came to be applied to the two small streams which bear this name. A tribe of Cherokees occupied this region and when the small-pox was first communicated to these natives of the forest, it appeared in this tribe, and made frightful havoc among them. It was the custom of the Indians, at the height of their disease to go by scores and jump into the river to allay the tormenting symptoms. This of course increased the mortality, and the name Chick-a-manga, or River of Death was applied to the two streams, which they have borne ever since. The remnant of the tribe was afterwards called the Chickamagas.

The great battle which proved so disastrous to us was fought on the west bank of the Chickamauga, and about eight miles west of Ringgold. The battle-field was an undulating, or rolling open wood, so much so that the rebel artillery had room and range enough for full play. The battle-field extended about ten miles, and the carnage was the most frightful that had ever taken place, far exceeding Shiloh or Gettysburg. The constant and terrific roar of artillery never was exceeded. A friend who
was present with Thomas's army tells me that the fighting of our men was magnificent, grand and terrible. They faced the whirl-wind of lead and iron with all the composure and steadiness of a summer's rain. The fight was kept up with varied success, the lines of both armies, moving to and fro, like the advancing and receding waves of the sea. Then came charge after charge, the frightful gaps in our lines being immediately closed up, and with the yell of demons our battle cry rose above the roar and crash of musketry and artillery, while the terror-stricken foefell back aghast as our braves mounted and carried their entrenchments. General Thomas fought his Corps with great skill and ability. The noble Division of the heroic and the chivalrous Granger slept upon the ground with the wreath of victory crowning their brows. Steedman's Brigade charged the enemy's works with its famed and distinguished gallantry. The battle-field that night by moonlight—the glittering beams shining on the ghastly faces of the dead, distorted in expression from the wounds of their torn and mangled bodies, with heaps of the wounded and dying, with scattered arms strewn everywhere, broken artillery carriages and caissons, dead mules, and all that makes up the debris of a bloody contested field—was terrible and appalling.

Hooker's splendid movement in opening communications directly with Bridgeport, is thus described by a rebel officer, who saw it from Bragg's headquarters:

"The enemy were several miles distant, and the smoke of their bivouac fires resting above the tree tops, indicated a halt. Subsequently the column resumed its motion, and during the afternoon the long, dark thread-like line of troops became visible, slowly wending their way in the direction of Chattanooga. On Lookout Point, gazing down upon the singular spectacle, a coup d'œil, which embraced in curious contrast the beauties of nature and the achievements of art, the blessings of peace and the horrors of war—were Generals Bragg, Longstreet and others, to whom this bold venture opened at once new vistas of thought and action. In-
fantry, artillery and cavalry, all glide silently by, like a procession of fantoccini in a panorama, until among all the sun-down’s sumptuous pictures, which glowed around us, there was not one like that great, fresh, bustling camp, suddenly grown into view, with its thousand twinkling lights, its groups of men and animals, and its lines of white-topped wagons, now strung like a necklace of pearls around the bosom of the hills.

“The Federals had succeeded in effecting a junction with the army of Chattanooga. The question which arises is: why did not General Bragg throw his army in front of the advancing columns and check the movements? The answer is in the shape of one of those stolid facts, which even strategy cannot always stir. On Monday night General Thomas, or perhaps Grant, for he is now in Chattanooga—crossed a force of over six thousand men, first over the Tennessee at the edge of town, then over the neck of land known as the Moccasin, and finally over the river again at Brown’s Ferry, in the rear of Chattanooga, where, after a brief skirmish with one of our regiments, they took possession of the hills and commenced the work of fortification. Simultaneously with this movement, a column at Bridgeport, consisting of the Eleventh Corps, General Howard, and the Twelfth Corps, Slocum, the whole under Hooker, started up the valley. Under these circumstances, an interposition of our forces across the valley, would, in the first place, have required the transfer of a considerable portion of our army from the east to the west side of Lookout Mountain, thereby weakening our line in front of Chattanooga, while the enemy reserved his strength: secondly, it would have reinstated a fight on both our front and rear, with the flanks of the Federals protected by the mountains; and finally, had we been successful, a victory would only have demoralized two Corps of the Yankee army, without at all influencing the direct issue involved in the present investment of Chattanooga.”
This State was settled in 1732, and was the only colony planted at the expense of the Crown. Its coast is bordered with fertile islands, and its principal rivers are the Savannah, the Ogeechee, and the Altamaha. The Eastern part of the State is level, without a hill or a stone; but at the distance of forty or fifty miles from the salt marsh, the lands begin to be more or less uneven, until they gradually rise to mountains. The vast chain of the Appalachian Mountains, which commences in the State of New York, terminates in Georgia, sixty miles South of its northern boundary.

From the foot of these mountains spreads a spacious plain of the richest soil, in a latitude and climate well adapted to the cultivation of most of the productions of the south of Europe and the East Indies. The northern section of Georgia is traversed by several parallel ridges, presenting much beautiful and picturesque scenery. The staples are Rice, Cotton, Corn, Oranges and Figs; the Southwestern part may yet become the vineyard of America. The prominent cities are Savannah, Macon, Augusta, Atlanta and Milledgeville, the present seat of government. The climate is warmer than that of South Carolina, the winters being very mild and pleasant. Fruit of all varieties is raised in perfection throughout the State. The soil and its fertility are various, according to situation and improvement. Near the islands, the soil is a mixture of sand and black mould. A portions of it, whereon grow the oak and hick- ory, is very rich and yields good crops.

Mr. Stephens, one of Georgia's Representatives in Congress, in a speech before that body, exhibited the physical, industrial, and moral condition of his State in the following glowing terms: "Georgia is the youngest of the old thirteen States that formed the Union. At that time she was the weakest of that fraternal band."

* * * * * "Boston, New York, and Richmond were nearly as old as Georgia now is, when Oglethorpe first landed at Savannah. But notwithstanding all this,
I will not shrink from the comparison, let it be instituted when and where it may. Georgia has her beds of coal and iron; her lime, gypsum, and marl; her quarries of granite and marble. She has inexhaustible treasures of minerals, including gold, the most precious of metals. She has a soil and climate suitable for the growth and culture of every product known to husbandry and agriculture. A better country for wheat and corn, and all the cereal plants, to say nothing of cotton and tobacco, is not to be found in an equal space on this continent. There, too, grow the orange, the olive, the vine, and the fig, with forests of oak and pine sufficient to build and mast the navies of the world. She has mountains for grazing, rivers for commerce, and waterfalls for machinery of all kinds without number. Nor have these great natural advantages and resources been neglected. Young as she is, she is now the first cotton-growing State in the Union. She has, I believe, thirty-six cotton factories in operation, and a great many more hastening to completion—one of them has, or soon will have, ten thousand spindles, with two hundred looms, capable of turning out eight thousand yards of cloth per day. Her yarns are already finding their way to the markets of the North and foreign countries; and the day is not distant when she will take the lead in the manufacture as well as the production of this great staple. She has also her flour mills and paper mills—her forges, foundries, and furnaces—in full operation. Her exports exceed yearly $35,000,000—equal to, if not greater than, those of all New England together. She has six hundred and fifty miles of railroad in operation, at a cost of $15,000,000, and two hundred miles more in the course of construction. By her energy and enterprise she has scaled the mountain barriers, and opened the way for the steam-car from the Southern Atlantic ports to the waters of the great valley of the West. But this is not all: she has four chartered universities—nay, five, for she has one devoted exclusively to the education of her daughters. She was the first State, I believe, to establish a female college, which is now in a flourishing
condition, and one of the brightest ornaments of her character. She has four hundred young men pursuing a collegiate course—a greater number, I believe, than any State in the Union, in proportion to her white population. Go, then, and take your statistics if you wish—you will find not only those things to be so; but I tell you also what you will not find, you will not find any body in that State begging bread or asking alms—you will find but few paupers—you will not find forty thousand beings, pinched with cold and hunger, demanding the right to labor, as I saw it stated to be the case not long since in the city of New York. And when you have got all the information you want, come and institute the comparison if you wish, with any State you please; make your own selection; I shall not shrink from it, nor will the people of the State shrink from it. Other gentlemen from the South can speak for their own States—I speak only for mine. And in her name, and in her behalf, as one of her representatives upon this floor, I accept the gauntlet in advance, and I have no fears of the result of a comparison of her statistics, socially, morally, politically, with any other State of equal population in this confederacy.”

“The six hundred and fifty miles in railroad now in operation, to which I have alluded, were built by Georgia capital. One hundred and thirty-six miles, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, on the Tennessee River, which is one of the greatest monuments of the enterprise of the age, was built by the State. But her public debt is only a little over $1,800,000, while that of the State of New York is over $20,000,000, besides $14,000,000 owed by the city alone; and the debt of Pennsylvania is $40,000,000. The bonds of the State of Georgia are held mostly by her own people. You do not see them hawked about in Northern or foreign markets at a depreciation. But they, as well as the stocks and securities of the private companies, are held mostly by her own citizens, and are commanding premiums at home.”
CHAPTER III.

Sherman's Army at rest.—The State of Alabama, its resources.—The beautiful City of Huntsville.—The Unionists.—Jere Clements and Judge Lane.—Heroic patriotism of the latter.—Refuses to haul down the American Flag.—The Secesh Preachers.—Dr. Ross ingeniously defends Slavery and Rebellion.—Disposition of the Federal troops.—General Mathias, the gallant Dutchman.

Alabama is a large but not well peopled State. The climate is warmer than that of Tennessee, and the Winter is the most pleasant season. This State abounds with lead, copper and iron. There are likewise rock crystal pyrites, and marble, beautifully variegated. The principal cities are Mobile, Montgomery and Huntsville.

In the diminished population of the State, as compared with the productiveness and variety of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, the high price of her staples, and the consequent demand for certain and productive labor, the State of Alabama presents great and unusual inducements to emigrants. In 1860 Alabama, with a population of 96,420 souls, and measuring 50,722 square miles of territory, had within her limits, 12,687,000 acres of uncultivated soil.

NORTHERN ALABAMA — HUNTSVILLE.

This country, while not very fruitful, is of a romantic and beautiful character, inspiring the pen of the poet, or the pencil of the painter. Nature, in her sublime economy, foreseeing the grand destiny of the Republic, piled up mountains high and interminable, but left a narrow valley between, when time was in its infancy, to be another link in the golden chain that binds the States of the Union. Man in his madness
may attempt to deface the beauties of nature, but here the great Architect of the Universe has stamped in living letters the word Union, on every created object, bid these august mountains to be friendly, the rivulets to lave their alternate sides, and the birds to woo their mates across the narrow valley, and forever to sing the song of peace and union.

Standing on an elevated peak, and surveying the wide extended landscape, I was forcibly reminded of the saying of Oliver Cromwell, while viewing the beautiful valley of the Nore from the cupola of St. Canice: "That this indeed was a land worth fighting for;" and fight for it we must, with iron hands, and iron fleets, until the Starry Banner everywhere floats as the emblem of one nation and one destiny.

Huntsville, a beautiful town, capital of Madison county, is situated on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which also extends to Richmond, one hundred and fifty miles North by Northeast of Tuscaloosa, and one hundred and sixteen miles South by East of Nashville. By the occupation of Huntsville, communication between the rebel armies in the Southwestern States is entirely cut off. Madison county has an area of eight hundred and fifty square miles. It is intersected by Flint and Paint Rock Creeks, affluents of the Tennessee River, which form the southern boundary. The surface is hilly and the soil is very fertile.

Huntsville is indeed a handsome place, in many respects superior to any town of the same size in the Confederacy. It is embosomed in the hills, and exceeds in grandeur and beauty anything which I have recently seen. The longer I sojourned in this queen of Southern towns, the more I was surprised by the loveliness and scenery of the surrounding country. Why have we not heard more of the verdant hillsides, bewitching villas, and stately mansions of Huntsville? Looking round upon these lovely and charming landscapes, which are but specimens of the greatness and magnitude of the Republic, the thought of this most wicked and causeless rebellion came over us with a heart depressing
sadness. We need scarcely go to India or Ceylon to find the spot pertinently described by Heber,

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,"

It lies at the foot of Mount Seno, a chain of the Cumberland Mountains. It is situated ten miles north of the Tennessee River, and was founded in 1806, by Captain John Hunt, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Huntsville is the chief town in Northern Alabama, and one of the most important and thriving in the Southern States. The spacious and elegant streets, public buildings, and plantations which form its environs, give it the appearance of extent, wealth and comfort. Before the rebellion, it was the centre of wealth and fashion. The bank is a handsome stone edifice, with an Ionic portico. The population in 1860 was five thousand. Captain Walker, the first rebel Secretary of War, and ex-Senator Clement C. Clay, two pestilent secessionists, reside here. Madison county is one of the most densely populated counties of the State. In the summer months the creme de la creme of the Alabamian aristocracy make Huntsville and vicinity their residence. The population generally may be classed as conditional Unionists.

The Cemetery is a lovely spot, none can be lovelier. The mountains look down upon it. The morning sun looks upon it from the peaks of the Cumberland Hills, and as the sun goes down at night, the hill-tops gleam with her rays, and seem set to be the guardians around that burial place. Monuments commemorating the virtues of the dead, stand forth in simple grandeur, with their ponderous pillars and graceful arches. I was particularly struck with a block of marble, standing over a grave, on which is carved a rose-bud with broken stem, and no words but "Mary." Several tombs bear the simple lines—"Mother—Mary." On one, crowned with a bust, whose drapery is transparent in the sunlight, is the touching inscription, "Good-night," on the tomb of a young wife. Perhaps this was her last utterance as the twilight of death fell upon her advancing footsteps. Among many clusters of roses,
myrtles, and violets, we discovered on the graves of God's departed children, this flower from the Holy Spirit's own hand—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This is the amaranth which angels wreathe above the ashes of the sainted dead. Matchless love, that never grows old, and never loses its heavenly freshness. It is a jubilant form of triumph.

The Spring is the grandest work of art in the country. It gushes out of a cliff of limestone, in the city. The water is elevated by water-power, ninety-six feet above the level of the spring to a reservoir, with capacity to hold one hundred and eighty-seven thousand gallons. It has been in operation for a number of years, supplying the wants of the city. Many a weary soldier of both armies has been refreshed by its clear, healthful water.

There are two collegiate buildings, owned by the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. The Methodist, is a splendid structure—crowning by its magnificent edifices an elevation that commands a view of the city, it presents a landscape to the lover of nature, rarely to be met with. Beyond the spires and steeples that lie below its base, a vast amphitheatre of wooded hills, girdles the horizon, fringing with their emerald border Alabama's central jewel, sparkling in the vale below. The President, Dr. Plummer, is a ripe scholar, and an accomplished teacher.

Huntsville has several fine churches; the handsomest, owned by the Methodists, was destroyed by fire, through the carelessness of soldiers, who were quartered in it. Methodism is the prominent denomination, having been founded many years ago, by the Rev. William McMahan. These churches are all neat and commodious, though as a matter of taste, I confess a special liking for the gothic grandeur of the Episcopal edifice. The only Union clergyman of any note in this section, is the Rev. Priest Tracy, a Catholic, and a noble specimen of manhood. Twice he was surrounded by rebel soldiers and threatened with death. No threats however could move him from his courageous devotion to
the country, whose broad domain, furnished homes and farms, for thousands of his fellow Celts. It is true that this fearless priest is a Roman Catholic:

But what though, ten thousand altars bear,
On each, for Heaven, a different prayer,
By light of morn, by light of sun,
At freedom's shrine, we must be one.

Dr. Ross, well-known throughout the country for his championship of slavery, is the most eloquent divine in the city, and a confirmed secessionist. This man Ross, in conversation with us, admitted his belief in the shocking system of human bondage. To my question: “Do you really think the South will succeed,” he replied: “Unless the lessons of all history fail, she must succeed.” His belief, he said, was strengthened by the following reasons, which he deemed unanswerable:

First—Because when a Nation becomes too strong for its virtue, it is a rule in God’s government, that it must be divided or destroyed. Consolidation, or centralization, is not God’s law, but division into parts which shall balance power with each other. To prevent this, God has raised his hand and severed the Nation. It is to be divided like Europe into smaller Nations, holding the balance of power. Reconstruction is impossible, and a sea of blood rolls between us and the North.

Secondly—He believed the South would succeed because the problem of a Republican Government, as constituted by our fathers has been remitted to us; we are to take it up and work it out. Governments are not formed. They grow as the tree or they crystallize. Whatever the form, it is a growth—a crystallization. The North cannot work out a form of government—they wanted the necessary conservative element. This conservative power is as necessary as the driving power. See the motive power of the locomotive on the railway. The conservative power of the engineer is necessary in order to prevent utter ruin. This power is wanting in the North, and they are driving under the
power of a mad democracy. We have a conservative power in our domestic institution of slavery. It makes an aristocracy so necessary to all governments—it is not an artificial aristocracy of birth or wealth, but one of race—a natural aristocracy, but better than any artificial aristocracy.

Third—He believed the South would succeed because no people who had a right to be free, had ever been subjugated. God's plan of giving success to Nations is not the plan of the arithmetic. Witness the example of Persia, when she poured her three millions upon Greece; of England when she attempted to annex Scotland, and at last succeeded only by degrading herself in receiving a King from her enemy; of Russia against Circassia, and of Holland against Spain. We are not moved by the display of numbers against us. What though we be six millions, and you twenty or thirty, we will plant ourselves against the rock of historic truth, and say, "Come one, come all!"

Fourth—The North cannot succeed without doing two great wrongs, which the Doctor believed God in his mercy would not permit: First, the annihilation of the whites of the South. We will all die rather than bend the suppliant knee, or kiss the hand of the tyrant Lincoln. Second, the great wrong of freeing the blacks. Our subjugation would result in their freedom, and consequently their destruction. This inferior race is placed in our hands, and the immutable laws of God, demand that they should be always retained in this servile condition. Our cause must succeed for it is the cause of God.

This sketch of the Doctor's conversation is from memory, and does not assume to give the language of the speaker. The arguments are his, and in fact, these were the usual reasons given by rebel divines for their adhesion to the rebellion. They will now be read with interest, in view of the destruction of slavery and the Confederacy.

Northern Alabama has always been noted for its Unionism. Jere Clements, formerly a United States
Senator, resides in Huntsville, and through all the fiery tempest of rebellion, maintained his devotion to the country. He is an eloquent orator, an able lawyer, and an accomplished author. Rarely have I heard a more fluent speaker than this gentleman. With a graceful person and melodious voice, he never seems to want for the word suited to the occasion, while vigor of thought and strength of arrangement and copiousness of illustration enchain the attention of the admiring crowds, who listen to his thrilling eloquence. Senator Clements has recently died. He was born in Alabama, and educated at La Grange College. As an author he has published two novels, "Bernard Lile," and "Mustang Grey." His last literary effort was "Tobias Wilson," a tale of the rebellion. Mr. Clements was a man of sterling worth; he was in public life for more than thirty years. He has fallen, full of honors and of years, like a noble oak of the forest, which, having flourished its allotted time, bows its head to the earth, without difficulty and without effort. In many respects, Mr. Clements was a remarkable man. His greatness seems not to have depended so much on the predominance of any one distinct power, as upon a combination of many. Others have been as eloquent, others have reasoned as powerfully, others have counseled as wisely, others have possessed as much energy, and as much perseverance, but we doubt whether any one in the South was so eloquent and so true to the Government. His last recorded efforts were for the election of the lamented President Lincoln. Mr. Clements was one of the few public characters of the South who denounced the rebellion from its infamous conception. No man ever had such warm friends, but at the same time, no man ever had more deadly enemies. He was a statesman of magnificent proportions, an orator of vast powers, and a patriot of the sternest and most unbending sect—one who would not have hesitated at any moment of his career, to lay down his life for the good of his country.

Judge Lane, a splendid patriot, also lived in this place. The brave old Roman kept the Stars and Stripes
flying conspicuously from his residence. When the rebel army had possession of the town, he was ordered to take the flag down. The grand old hero replied, defiantly, "Never! Never! NEVER! Rather may the lightnings of Heaven shiver me into atoms!" The age of heroes is not past. Carlyle's Pantheon of heroes presents no parallel to this noble act of devotion to God and Liberty. This brave patriot died soon after. It is said that he died of a broken heart, because of the prospective destruction of the Union. Peace to his gallant soul, and honor to his memory.

Nick Davis was a gallant opponent of secession, having voted in the Convention a hundred times against the secession of Alabama. The wealthiest man here is an Irishman of the name of Denegan. When commanded by rebel soldiers to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, his Celtic nature was thoroughly aroused. His reply was fierce and characteristic. "I would see your d—d bogus Confederacy in the North-east corner of Nova Scotia, before I desert the Union of George Washington; my oath of allegiance was not to Alabama, but to the United States."

Thousands of contrabands are gathering around our camps. Much has been said by politicians and moralists, as to their future. Our land cannot do without them. We have boundless land to be converted into a garden. It will require these thousands to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. The forests are overshadowing myriads of acres, because there are no hands to fell the trees; the vast prairies lie idle because there is none to put in the plow; thousands of streams rush uselessly down their foaming beds, because there are no hands can be found to rear the factory and guide the machinery. Slavery is a tremendous crime. If I once hated it at a distance, now, I loathe, abhor and execrate it. A boy entered one of our camps around Huntsville—we all thought him white and free, but judge our surprise when we learned from his own lips that he was yet a slave. His master was his father. As I listened to his artless tale, my heart became adamant, and I cursed
the system in the name of Heaven. Is a single vestige of this infamous system to remain, and blast with hereditary curses, God's lowly men.

Shall crime bring crime forever,
The strong aiding still the strong,
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No! Say thy mountains. No! thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs,
God save the people.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE CHICAGO IRISH LEGION.

Quite a pleasant and not uninteresting episode in the dreary drama of camp life took us all by surprise on Easter Sunday evening. The day was fine and pleasant, and the “boys,” for the most part, were in a frame of mind which the day and its recollections awakened. The weekly papers, including the Irish American and Boston Pilot, had arrived, and many had received letters from home. Dress Parade had been a little while “dismissed,” when the whistle of the locomotive, heard in the distance, announced an approaching train from the West. The boys gathered in two's and three's alongside the embankment as is customary with them, to scrutinize the passengers and learn the news. When the last car approached, a group of officers, unheralded and without a body-guard, appeared on the rear platform. The recognition was instantaneous. Hat in hand, bowing and smiling, there stood General Sherman, the commander of the military Division of the Mississippi, who shares with General Grant the esteem and confidence of the Western armies, and still retains a hold on the dutiful affection of his own old Fifteenth Corps; while the boys of the “Irish Legion” uncovered to him as they rushed in hundreds to catch a glimpse of their heroic leader and hear what he had to say.

The cars drew up in front of headquarters, when General Sherman introduced Major General McPherson, his
successor in command of the Army and Department of the Tennessee, and also General Barry, who accompanied them. They were warmly greeted, and bowed their acknowledgments. General Sherman inquired particularly for all the boys, congratulated Major Flynn on the clean and healthy appearance of the camp and of his command, and continued in a strain somewhat as follows:

**General Sherman**—So, the poor Colonel was killed?

**Major Flynn**—Yes, General, and our Lieutenant-Colonel has not been able to join us yet.

**General S.**—Why, was he wounded?

**Major**—Yes, very seriously, and in the commencement of the fight.

**General S.**—How is your Chaplain? Is he still with you?

**Major**—No, General, poor Father Kelly died in Chicago, some months since.

**General S.**—Have you many sick in the regiment?

**Major**—Not one, thank God, in Hospital.

**General S.**—That is very good. Still, the situation here does not appear healthful, although your camp is very neat and clean. However, you will soon be leaving here now. In what state is your transportation?

**Major**—In excellent order, General. We are ready for you whenever you require us.

**General S.**—I am aware of that. The road from Nashville to Decatur is now open. I have just been over it; so we will soon be ready to have another brush. As soon as I establish some more depots, and get down enough of supplies, we will be at it again. By the by, I had good news from Paducah this morning. The "old war-horse," Colonel Hicks, defeated Forrest, who has about seven thousand cavalry up there with him. But General Grierson is in his rear; and will be sure to bag him.

At this point an interruption occurred. The Drum Corps had formed in front of the car and the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," followed by "Hail Columbia!" Major Flynn got on board the train to
greet the distinguished travelers, when a different style of colloquy took place, for the substance of which I am indebted to the gallant Major.

General Sherman, addressing him, said: "I am proud, Major, that your boys look so well."

"Thank you, General, and in behalf of the "Irish Legion" I congratulate you on your late successes and well-earned promotion. Also, yours, General McPherson, and I assure you we are proud that you command us; we are ready to follow you. I am sorry, General, I was not aware of your coming, we would have been prepared for you, but, by-the-bye, I have been reading about all three of you to-day in an Irish paper, and it has clearly made you out to be all Irishmen."

"Yes; Irish blood courses in my veins," remarked General McPherson.

"And for me," interrupted General Barry, "my parents were from Cork."

"Well," said General Sherman, "I have never denied being an Irishman; but we want to see the paper."

The paper was furnished. By this time the signal whistle gave notice of departure. The band struck up "St. Patrick's Day." The "Irish Ninetieth" gave three rousing cheers, which the Generals acknowledged with smiles and bows and heads uncovered, until the train had passed on towards Stevenson.

THE BADGE OF THE FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

The troops which came here from the Army of the Potomac brought with them various ornamental habits and customs, that were new to the Western soldiers. Among them was the corps badge which designated the corps to which officers and men were attached. For instance, the badge of the Eleventh Corps is a crescent, that of the Twelfth, a star. The badge is made of any material, gold, silver, or red flannel, and is worn conspicuously on some part of the clothing. The Western Corps have no such badge. How an Irishman explained the matter is thus told. A soldier came by the head-quarters of General Butterfield, a
tired, and weather-beaten straggler. He was one of those who made Sherman’s march from Memphis to Chattanooga, thence to Knoxville, and was now returning in the terrible cold of that returning march, thinly clad, one foot covered with a badly worn army shoe, the other with a piece of raw-hide bound with strings about a sockless foot—both feet cut and bleeding. “Arms at will,” he trudged past the head-quarters guard, intent only upon overtaking his regiment. “Halt,” said a sentinel with a bright piece, clean uniform, and white gloves. “What do you belong to?”

“Eighth Misshory, sure.”
“What division?”
“Morgan L. Smith’s, av coorse.”
“What brigade?”
“Giles Smith’s, second brigade of the second division.”
“But what army corps?”
“The fifteenth, you d—d fool. I am one of the heroes of Vicksburg. Anything more, Mr. Sentinel?”
“Where is your badge?”
“My badge is it, Avliiit is that?”
“Do you see this Star on my cap? That is the badge of the Twelfth Corps. That Crescent on my partner’s cap is the badge of the Eleventh Corps.”
“I see now. That’s how yez Potomick fellers git home uv dark nights. Ye takes the moon and sthars with ye.”
“But what is the badge of your corps?”
Making a round about, and slapping his cartridge-box, our soldier replied: “D’ye see that? A cartridge-box—with a U. S. on a brash plate, and forty rounds in the cartridge-box—and sixty rounds in our pockets. That’s the badge of the Fifteenth, that came from Vicksburg to help ye fight Chattanooga.”

**DISPOSITIONS OF THE TROOPS.**

The Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps, composing the Army of the Tennessee, are located on the railroad
from Huntsville to Chattanooga. The Fifteenth Corps, commanded by General Logan, is cantoned on the road from here to Stevenson. The Divisions, commanded respectively by Osterhaus, Morgan L. Smith, Ewing and John E. Smith, are scattered at different points. The Third Division takes care of Huntsville. General Mathias commands a Brigade in this Division. He is an able and brave officer. His command fought stubbornly at Mission Ridge, on the 25th of November. The boys have many stories to tell of their General who is an old Prussian, and one of the few men who like fighting for itself. The General was wounded in the head at Chattanooga, and was carried a short distance to the rear, but by no means out of range. A Captain saw him sitting beside a tree which the rebels' bullets were chipping, and told him he was on the wrong side of it, he would be hit if he staid on the side toward the enemy. The bold old soldier, with the blood trickling down his face, coolly, and a little sneeringly said: "Oh! Captain, you can go on the other side of de tree, I be not afraid!" On the morning before the battle, the troops were drawn up in battle order, and stood till near noon. As the weather was quite cold, the General in riding along the lines, saw them shivering, especially those thinly clad. "Poor fellows," said he, "poor fellows! got no overcoats! too lazy to carry them."
CHAPTER IV.

There lived in Northern Alabama, a dashing young rebel partisan leader, whose depredations, spread fear and terror all over the country. This fiery Southron was passionately attached to the rebel cause, and had enjoyed among his associates, the reputation of being able to drive out all the loyal Alabamians. In the vicinity of Paint Rock, there also resided a staunch friend of the Union, who at all times manifested that latent spirit of uncontrollable fierceness which exists in such a remarkable degree, in the nature of Southern Unionists, and is very often found strongest in men whose general conduct, when it is at rest, is most correct and irreproachable. The feeling of opposition between these two quondam friends soon assumed a character of fixed inveteracy. The consciousness of superior strength inflamed the rebel, and he proposed that the Unionist should meet him in pugilistic encounter. On the day set for the struggle, the adherents of the rival leaders, Shea and Leary, assembled at the time specified, and a space having been marked out, the contest commenced with equal eagerness, and bad feeling. Several rounds having been exchanged, for a time the fate of either was doubtful; the two parties alternately enjoying the smiles of fortune; but at last Leary began to have the best of it. Irritated beyond measure at seeing his enemy on the point of succeeding, Shea used the most extraordinary endeavors to renew the hopes of his friends, and such was the success that
attended his efforts, that victory began to be doubtful. This aroused Leary to additional action. Enraged at seeing himself almost overcome, he in turn redoubled his efforts. The fate of either of the contestants was now inevitable. Both were young, strong, active, and, stimulated by a ferocious emulation; they tugged for the fall for some time with equal success, until at length the superior strength of Leary was near giving him the palm, when Shea, who was an expert wrestler, suddenly closed with his antagonist, seized him round the waist, lifted him from his feet, and then dashed him to the ground with tremendous impetus. In a moment Shea jumped up light and active, but Leary stirred not—he lay for dead at the feet of his vanquisher. It was then when too late, that Shea's better nature began to show itself. In an agony of grief he used every effort to recover his inanimate rival but in vain. The vanquished Unionist glared in his victor's face for a moment with an eye of inveterate revenge, and answered in a voice calm and composed: "Shea, you have murdered me, because I was a Union man; my blood be at your door."

Weeks passed away after the burial of Leary, and time began as usual to blunt the grief which his family entertained for his loss. Even the remorse in which Shea indulged for some time after the fatal occurrence, was perceptibly yielding to its influence. It made one remarkable change in his general conduct. From the day of the fatal conflict, he studiously shunned the society of his former associates, and gave up the rebel depredations in which he before so much delighted. To the frequent remonstrances, on his inactivity and cowardice, of those who had adopted him as a leader, he turned a deaf ear, and always met their solicitations with a calm, but decided negative, always accompanying the refusal with a recommendation to them to give up such pursuits, as likely to end in no good. Wearied with his perseverance, they at length discontinued further persuasion, and went in search of a more amenable comrade. Left to himself, he turned his whole
attention to the care of his father's property, and attended to it with such diligence, that the gratified parent thought himself too happy in the possession of such a son. In this state of uninterrupted tranquillity, the Shea's remained during the summer, but the catastrophe was approaching.

It happened late one night in harvest time, when the family were, as usual, collected around the kitchen fire, that young Shea suddenly recollected having left open a gate leading from the fields where the cows were pastured, into a large tract of unreeaped corn. Fear lest they should get in and trample down the corn, made him start up and signify his intention to go immediately and close it. Some indefinable presentiment of evil had been hanging over his mother during the whole day. She earnestly conjured him to forego his intentions, telling him at the same time, of the fears that oppressed her. At first her words made a perceptible impression on her son, and his face whitened at her earnestness of action. But speedily recovering himself, he called to mind the serious loss which would accrue, were the cattle to be left ranging through the corn during the night, and endeavored to impress the consequences upon her, but in vain; she still remained inexorable, and refused to agree to his going out. At length the anxious father, who was fully alive to the loss which he might sustain, if the apprehensions of his son should prove true, advanced from the armchair which he occupied at the fire-side, and signified his determination to end the dispute by going himself. This movement at once decided the controversy, and the mother agreed to her son's departure without further opposition, being well aware that when the deed was to be done, the son was the fittest messenger; as age and its accompanying infirmities were already fast rendering her husband unfit for active service.

She accordingly attended him to the door, and dismissed him with a trembling prayer for his safety. As soon as young Shea had departed, his sisters endeavored, by renewing the conversation, to draw away their
mother's attention from the fears which alarmed her, but their endeavors were without success. Still she listened in breathless terror to the sigh of the night-breeze, as it fitfully moaned by the log cabin, as if she thought its voice was about to herald the arrival of misfortune. At length, when sufficient time had elapsed to allow of her son's return, without his having made his appearance, her fears began to be shared by the rest of her family, and every ear was anxiously bent to catch the first sounds of his approach, but still no step rewarded their watchfulness. Half an hour more passed in this silent and sorrowful suspense, without the wished-for sound saluting their ears. It was then that poor Mrs.——, thinking her worst fears realized, burst into a passionate fit of lamentation, and paced the floor of her humble kitchen, wringing her hands in the most intense grief. Her husband, more surprised than alarmed at his son's stay, affectionately demanded why she troubled herself so much, at a very natural occurrence, reminding her of the shortness of the distance he had to go, and the little likelihood there was of any accident happening to him on the way. To this she only answered:

"Oh! Tom——'s last words—they are always before me, ever since I heard them told." Another half hour having elapsed without tidings of the absent son, the old man became himself greatly alarmed, and set out, despite of every remonstrance, to explore the way and make out the cause of his delay. In about twenty minutes he returned in a dreadful state of agitation, bearing in his hand the straw hat of his son, which he found in the field where the cattle were grazing. Nothing further, however had he learned of him, notwithstanding all his search. But though so much alarmed himself, he strove to comfort the listeners with the hope that the young man had met with some friends on the way, who had carried him off to a rebel camp, which was only a short distance. Whilst the rest of the family were consoling themselves with this conclusion, the mother remained uncomforted. In this state of
uncertainty they remained for an hour longer, when suddenly the approach of footsteps gave new life to all. But their joy was of short duration, for on a nearer approach, the tread appeared far too slow and too heavy to belong to the light and active young ———. They looked at each other as the noise approached, and a strange mixture of fear and dread, prevented any movement, until a heavy push at the door, as if the stranger had thrown himself against it, accompanied by a deep groan, roused the unhappy mother to action, and she hastily arose from the chair on which she was sitting, and turned the key. The moment the door was opened, a man rushed in, gave a loud cry, and fell senseless near the fire. It was young ———. It would be needless to relate all the measures taken by the agonized mother, assisted by the rest of the family, to restore animation to the lifeless body of her son. Let it suffice, that he was shortly borne to bed, where, in the course of a short time, their endeavors were crowned with success. On first opening his eyes, the patient gave a deep groan, and, “Tom——,” he exclaimed, with a convulsive start of horror, “You have had your revenge at last.” Then perceiving his mother, who watched over him with breathless solicitude, he concluded, “Mother, I am dying; send for the Deacon.” He was a corpse before morning.
CHAPTER V.

Prospects of the new campaign in Northern Georgia.—The Character of the Country and the People.—Preparations for Battle.—Sherman’s Force,—The Battles of Buzzard’s Roost and Rocky-Faced Ridge.—Comparative importance of the disaster to the Rebels.—A Touching Incident.—A father burying his son.—Brilliant Fighting of Geary’s Division.

Northern Georgia consists of a series of natural terraces, ascending by easy gradations from the level of the roads below, to summits of several hundred feet high, affording from every summit a splendid view of a wide and varied landscape. This region is threaded by mountain streams, pierced by picturesque ravines, rimmed and ribbed with rocks. The situation of these mountains exceeds in grandeur and commanding views, anything I have ever seen. The prospect from their summits is almost boundless, presenting to the eye, scenes of magnificent grandeur and beauty. On such heights, we see more of the earth below, and the splendor of the Heavens above. The stars shine brighter—the sun rises and sets with new glories. Whittier, the Quaker poet must have had such scenery in view when he wrote:

We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder: where the mountain wall
Is piled to Heaven; and through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad turmoil with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls.
We had looked upward, where the summer sky
Tasseled with clouds, high woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above its abutting crags,
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land,
Beyond the wall of mountains.
The people of this section are loyal and patriotic, else God had not bestowed on them the gift of mountains.

On April 27th, Grant notified Sherman to be ready to move about the 6th of May. The attainment of Atlanta, a great railroad center, they hoped would give them full possession of that part of rebeldom extending from New Orleans to Charleston, South Carolina. By rapid movements and strong combinations, they then expected to hold and possess the cities of Mobile, Montgomery, Columbus and Savannah. This is a gigantic and enormous campaign, and one which will be rewarded with complete success. Our Government, penetrating the designs of the enemy, has pursued the best policy. When Marius was reprimanded for not giving battle to the Cambrians and Teutons, who were over-running the country, he answered: "We have to fight not for trophies, but for existence; we will not give battle till victory is secure." When the battle did take place, the Teutonic host was annihilated, and Italy saved.

The immense force under Sherman, was as follows:

**Army of the Cumberland, Major General Thomas.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infantry</th>
<th>54,568</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Artillery</td>
<td>2,377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cavalry</td>
<td>3,828</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>60,773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guns</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Army of the Tennessee, Major General McPherson.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infantry</th>
<th>22,437</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Artillery</td>
<td>1,404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cavalry</td>
<td>624</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>24,465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guns</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

ARMY OF THE OHIO, MAJOR GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

Infantry...... 11,183
Artillery..... 679
Cavalry...... 1,679

Total....... 13,541
Guns........ 28

Making an aggregate of eighty-eight thousand, one hundred and eighty-eight infantry, four thousand four hundred and sixty artillery, and six thousand one hundred and forty-nine cavalry, and two hundred and fifty-four guns.

On the 6th of May the armies were cantoned at the following places: The Army of the Cumberland, comprising the Fourth Corps, General Howard; the Fourteenth Corps, General Palmer, and the Twentieth Corps, General Hooker, at Ringgold. The army of the Tennessee, the Fifteenth Corps, John A. Logan, and the Sixteenth Corps, Gen. Dodge, at Gordon's Mills. The Army of the Ohio, the Twenty-Third Corps, Major General Schofield, on the road North of Dalton. The rebel army, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, consisted of Hardee's, Polk's and Hood's Corps, and the Cavalry Division of Wheeler. The whole rebel army were supposed to number seventy thousand.

It might be interesting, before proceeding with the narratives of battles and skirmishes, to take a glance, however cursory and imperfect, of Rocky-Faced Ridge and Buzzard Roost, where our brave soldiers raised the shout of exultation and triumph; and starting from which, they entered on the untried perils of a campaign remarkable for signal occurrences and extraordinary results.

Rocky-Faced Ridge is a rugged mountain range, fifteen hundred feet high, and running in a South-westerly direction from Dalton.

The view from Rocky-Faced Ridge is inconceivable. To be imagined or felt, it must be seen and sur-
veyed. Its sides are sparsely covered with trees and brushwood. The unmeasured extent of the view, the unbrokenness of the solitude, the majestic bleakness of the mountains, reaching as far as the eye can sweep, scattered as at random by the giant hand of God, darting their forked and rugged summits into the Heavens—these present a combination of physical features, in the survey of which, the feeling of terror or sublimity struggles for mastery, in the mind of the beholder. Nothing can exceed it in sublimity, accompanied with the feeling of rocky sterility and utter desolation.

It is not to be supposed, however, that amid the general desolation, there are no patches of beauty, no points of interest. The region has its oases, its green and sunny spots. Under the shelter of its bold, precipitous crags, and at their feet, are sleeping in all their loveliness and fertility, verdant and smiling valleys. So far, however, from making the scene, in its general appearance or influence, more pleasing and bewitching, they throw a sort of unnaturalness over the entire view, bringing out, and into more striking impressiveness, the prevailing desolation. To make the lowering storm, the thunder's roar, or the lightning's gleam, altogether overwhelming, you require but to add to the picture the straggling beams of the sun, and thus even the beauty of the valleys, which exist in this wild waste, wrapped as if in the silence of death, only add an intensity of desolation to the stern and rugged appearance of the scenery.

Buzzard Roost is a narrow defile, through which the railroad passes. In most parts, it is almost inaccessible, rendering it difficult of access, and equally difficult of egress. There is not a spot in all Georgia, which is more singular and wonderful. Its height is eighteen hundred feet. The name of Buzzard Roost is employed by the natives to signify the idea not only of utter solitude, but of boundless desolation, of untrodden dreariness. There has been much discussion why this place is so called. Like other instances of American nomenclature, it is not because buzzards roost there, but
because they do not. There were once a few old grog-shops, and a railroad station, where the chivalric gamblers of the South did congregate to drink cheap toddy, and to cut each other's throats. What they did afterward, with the carcasses, the appellation of Buzzard Roost, with the people around this locality, is too suggestive to mention.

In our walks over the bloody field, we saw a newly opened grave. It was for a Michigan boy of eighteen, who had been shot down at the side of his father, who was a private in the same company. The father sat beside the grave, carving the boy's name upon a rude head-board. It was his first-born. I took him by the hand and gave him all my heart. There was no coffin; but a few pieces of board were laid in the bottom of the grave, between the body and the bare ground. "Wrap him in his blanket," said the father; "it is one his sister sent him. Ah, me! How will they bear it at home? what will his poor mother do? She must have a lock of his hair!"

I stooped to cut the lock with my penknife, when a soldier came forward with a pair of scissors from his little housewife. My heart blessed the Sabbath School child who made that timely gift. And so having rendered the offices of faith and affection, we laid the brave boy in his grave, while the cannons were still roaring the doom of others, young and brave, whom we had just left on the battle-field.

The following troops participated in the obstinate fighting which drove the rebels from Rocky-Faced Ridge and Buzzard Roost: The Divisions of Stanley, Woods and Harker, of Howard's Corps; the Divisions of Cox and Judah, of Schofield's Corps; the Divisions of John W. Geary, with the Brigades of Ross, Woods, Ireland, Candee and Jones, of Hooker's Corps. The Brigades of Colonels Mitchell and Morgan, of Palmer's Corps, were also engaged.

The fighting of Geary's Division at Mill Creek Gap was splendid. This Division was selected to attempt the passage of the Gap, in order to flank Dalton, and
never did soldiers move forward with more courageous bearing, to what was regarded as sure destruction. There was no shouting, no yelling, as they advanced with measured tread, falling in dull cadence on the panic-stricken ear. Suddenly the enemy's cannons belch forth volumes of flame and fire, and volleys of canister plowed bloody furrows through the ranks still pressing on, when the shrill order, "Close up, boys!" was heard above the fiery tempest. Standard and standard-bearer went down before each succeeding blast from the rebel cannon; but instantly the standard, wrenched from the nerveless hand of its bearer, was raised aloft by some other dauntless spirit.

Against a palisade of cliffs and rocks, Geary's fighting fellows made five consecutive assaults. They stood their ground nobly. Many brave soldiers had gone down, pierced by Minnie balls, but still there was no stop, no check. But, alas! war is a game that two can play. The rebels, being reinforced, and having a capital view of our forces, from the hills and summits, they knew exactly our strength. Time and again, did our splendid soldiers rally, and charge the enemy's works. A brave New Jersey Sergeant, for a short time, with ten men, held the Ridge. A great thing had been done—but there were not troops enough to dislodge the rebel batteries, and Geary withdrew his Division. Still, the deed will live in history, as displaying the heroic valor of gallant men.

General Geary, the following day, issued the following order to his Division:

"The General Commanding takes pleasure in announcing his appreciation of the gallant conduct of the troops of his command, in their assault on Rocky-Faced Ridge, yesterday, in execution of peremptory orders to attempt to take the Gap leading through it. The troops, by their exhibition of valor in assaulting the almost impregnable position of the enemy, sustained their proud prestige. We have accomplished an object of great bearing upon the success of the present movement."

The regiments engaged in the assault on the Gap
were. The 33d New Jersey, Colonel G. W. Mendell; 119th New York, Colonel J. T. Laughlin; 156th New York, Colonel P. H. Jones; 134th New York, Lieutenant Colonel A. H. Jackson; 73d Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Colonel A. Reil; 28th Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Colonel I. Flynn; and 5th, 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio.
CHAPTER VI.

The great Battle of Resaca.—The position of the contending Armies.—Every Corps engaged.—Carnage and Scenery of the Battle Field.—The superb fighting of Several Divisions.—A moment of thrilling interest.—Touching and heart-rending scenes.—The strength and force of both armies.—The losses.—General Cox's Report of his Division.—A Correspondent of the New York Herald in a warm place.—The Loyal Georgian Heroine.

Resaca, the scene of bloody and decisive battles, is a miserable town of half a dozen houses, and prior to the war was of no importance. It derives its chief specialty from being the scene of the heaviest fighting of the campaign. It is situated in Gordon County, on the north bank of the Coosawatchie river, which flows Southwest, changes its name to the Oostanaula, and joins the Etowah, the two forming the Coosa at Rome, which joining the Tallapoosa forms the Alabama, and flows into the Gulf of Mobile. Sugar Valley is a pleasant plain of about ten square miles in size, broken by hills and covered with a thick growth of trees and vines. The rebels, in their hasty retreat from Dalton, made their next stand in this Valley, between the Rome and Dalton Railroad and the river, which surrounds Resaca and Tilton. McPherson having secured Snake Creek Gap and moved into position near Resaca, Sherman massed his whole army in the Pass, and the lines of battle were formed, ranging up and down Camp Creek; the enemy's and our's, on either side of the stream. Ascending a hill on the outer edge of town, the eye ranges over the greater part of the eventful field. To the right and left there is a succession of hills, which were stubbornly held by the rebels. Our line of battle was nearly opposite that of the enemy, and stretched around the Valley, McPherson's right resting on the river near Calhoun,
and the left north of Tilton. The Corps were arranged as follows: First, McPherson's; Second, Hooker's; Third, Palmer's; Fourth, Schofield's; Fifth, Howard's.

The preliminary symptoms of battle began to be felt when Schofield moved his column on the enemy's center. Skirmishing had been going on for some days at intervals, and on the 13th inst., as our lines moved forward, the firing became brisk.

It is impossible to attempt a full description of this great battle. The extent of the field, and the large number of troops engaged, forbid a complete narrative of the terrible conflict. It was emphatically the greatest battle of the campaign—the flower of the rebel army was fully engaged. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry was terrible. The scene was terribly sublime.

General Judah, commanding the Second Division of the Twenty-Third Corps, received orders from Schofield on the morning of the 14th, to initiate the attack. Judah's Division fought splendidly, this is generally conceded. The boys dashed upon the foe like a storm from the clouds, sweeping pickets and entire regiments before them. The enemy is driven from camp to camp; now the fields and shrubberies are cleared; the artillery comes down and supports our line; and as the resistance increases, so does the vigor of our attack. Over hills, fences, acres broad, and dense woods, the fighting goes on as regular, as steady, as splendid as if it had just begun. Judah's fine Division moves and rolls along; it is not a stand up fight, although the rebels, after having been driven out of all their camps, concentrate their work of destruction behind their breastworks, commanding the valley.

The Division of General Cox was hotly engaged on Judah's left. Cox fought his Division with great skill and ability, and with all the coolness that bravery can command. The gallant fellows of the Division fought with the greatest pluck and desperation. They faced the whirlwind of lead and iron with the steadiness and composure of a Summer's rain. Then came charge
after charge, through valleys and ravines, the frightful gaps in our lines being immediately closed up, and with an enthusiastic battle cry, the terror stricken foe fell back as our brave fellows mounted and carried the enemy's works. The fighting of Cox's Division was magnificent, grand and terrible.

Hovey's Indiana Division reinforced Judah's. They had not more than formed their lines, however, before the rebels, who were in the gorges of the hills, belched forth a shower of missiles, thinking that the new recruits would beat a hasty retreat. A second time the effort is made and a second time there is a failure. It is a hot place for us, but hotter for the enemy. They are directly under Hovey's guns, and he mows them down like grass. The new levies, sustained by the veterans behind them, come up to the work well, and fight with wonderful enthusiasm. The batteries of the rebels open afresh, their infantry try another point, but the brave Indianians stand as firm as adamant. Time and again did the rebels perseveringly press close up to their ranks, but just as often were they driven back by the combined elements of destruction which Hovey brought to bear upon them.

HOOKER'S CORPS.

Butterfield's, Williams' and Geary's Divisions were ordered to support Howard and Schofield. Hooker pressed the enemy sorely from the start, who, though stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, partially fell back before our braves. Charge after charge was made on the enemy, we carrying line after line of rifle pits, until Butterfield was stopped and checked by a lunette, of tremendous size. These splendid Divisions fought with their famed and distinguished gallantry. The lines of both armies moved to and fro, like the advancing and receding waves of the sea. The fighting was kept up with varied success, when the gallant Division of Butterfield charged the enemy, taking position under the works of the fort.
Howard's Corps was not idle while the terrible struggle was going on. All the Divisions of this splendid command were engaged, and bore a most gallant part in charging and driving the enemy. The noble Divisions of the heroic Stanley and chivalrous Woods, engaged the rebels, and after a fierce encounter, forced them to retire to their breastworks. Hazen's and Willich's Brigades were on the right of Stanley, and fought with the greatest gallantry. Generals Stanley, Woods, Hazen and Willich were in the field with the troops every moment, and in riding up and down the lines, they were most enthusiastically cheered. Howard himself dismounted from his horse, inspiring the troops by his presence, until the crisis was passed. To see a general officer watching the destinies of a desperate conflict, with the cares and responsibilities of several Divisions upon his shoulders, performing the duties of a common soldier or line officer, is a picture worthy of the pencil of an artist.

In the meantime, McPherson had been steadily pushing back the enemy on the right. He had sent Logan's Corps across Camp Creek, where it carried a line of rifle pits. Here a desperate struggle ensued. From twenty different stand-points, terrific volleys of musketry from the muzzles of angry guns, were hurled upon Logan's advance. The Fifteenth Corps moved forward in superb style, and fell upon the enemy like a thunderbolt, but the rebel column still stood their ground, and fought with desperate gallantry. Logan carried the position. It was evident that the rebels had the advantage in numbers and position, but the brave veterans of Vicksburg did not stop to consult odds against them. A vigorous and simultaneous attack was made, and the enemy driven with great slaughter from the crest of the Ridge. Logan and his entire command behaved with distinguished gallantry, exciting the admiration of all who witnessed their conduct.

The next morning, Sunday, the 15th, the sun rises above the crests of the hills, and what of the mountain
fog, the smoke of the musketry and artillery, and the soft horizontal light that is thrown across, not like a rainbow, but like a blood-bow, if there was such a word, for surely there is such a thing, the spectacle before us is grand. As it has color, so it has voice—the yells of our men, the smoke of the musketry and artillery, the whistling of the Enfield balls, the heavy tramp of men and horses, the rolling of gun carriages and wagons, all mingle in a storm, of which we have not only the noise, but the destructive power.

Brigadier General Morgan informs me of an incident that occurred on his line of operations, that is too good to be lost: While his Brigade occupied the gap between Oak Knob and Rocky-Face, yesterday, a corporal of Company I, 60th Illinois, broke from the line, and under cover of projecting ledges, got up within twenty feet of a squad of rebels on the summit. Taking shelter from the sharpshooters, he called out:

"I say, rebs, don't you want to hear Old Abe's Amnesty Proclamation read!"

"Yes! yes!" was the unanimous cry, "give us the ape's proclamation."

"Attention!" commanded the corporal; and in a clear and resonant voice he read the Amnesty Proclamation to the rebels whose hands were raised to destroy the fabric of a Government established by our fathers. When he arrived at those passages of the Proclamation where the negro was referred to, he was interrupted by cries of "none of your d—d Abolitionism! Look out for rocks!" and down over his hiding-place descended a shower of stones and rocks. Having finished the reading, the corporal asked:

"Well, rebs, how do you like the terms? Will you hear it again?"

"Not to-day, you bloody Yankee. Now crawl down in a hurry, and we won't fire," was the response, and the daring corporal descended and rejoined his command, which distinctly heard all that passed. I regret I could not learn the name of the corporal, for he must
get promotion at the hands of Father Abraham and Governor Yates.

The whole of the fighting was of the most terrific character. Without a moment's cessation, the rebels for two days and nights, poured into our forces perfect torrents of canister, shell and round shot, while their thousands of sharpshooters hurled in a destructive fire from every bush, tree, log or obstruction of any kind that afforded shelter. The roar of the battle was like that of a heavy tornado, as it sweeps through some forest on its mission of destruction. Small arms kept up an incessant cracking, mingling with which came up occasionally the roar of company or division fighting, while over all, came every moment or two, the resonant thunders of the battle. Never fought men better than did ours on that bloody day. They clung to a position till driven from it by the direst necessity, and in many individual cases, men refused to retreat, but stuck to their tree or bush, till the enemy's forces rolled about them, and swallowed them up. Many in this way were taken prisoners, while others found a speedier, bloodier end to their daring. The victory was a costly one. Some of the regiments were cut to pieces, others were reduced to a size that scarcely left them a respectable company, while all suffered more or less severely.

General Dodge, who commanded the Sixteenth Corps, had a hot day's work before him, but he felt confident of success. The battle-field was an undulating or rolling, open wood, so much so, that artillery had room and range enough for full play. Dodge advanced his two Divisions on the East side of the Resaca road, connecting with the Fifteenth Corps on the left. The enemy made a daring resistance, holding their ground most bravely and determinedly, but when the bayonet was brought to bear, he fell back, and was driven a mile from his original position.

In this successful movement, the gallant Colonel Sprague's Brigade took a conspicuous part. The 43d Ohio, 25th Wisconsin, 35th New Jersey, 39th Ohio, 63d Ohio, 64th Illinois, and 18th Missouri, drew forth
the plaudits of their comrades, by their steadiness and bravery, in which they lost about a hundred of their number. While Veatch's Division was engaged on the Rome Road, the Second Division, commanded by the one-armed hero, Sweeny, moved down on the Calhoun road, to protect the right flank, and gain possession of the river. This interesting and important movement did not escape the vigilant eye of the rebels, but it eventually proved a success.

The Fourteenth Corps, General Palmer's, did its duty nobly, as did all the officers and men. Carlin's Brigade, of General Johnston's Division, made a bold demonstration, driving the rebels to their breastworks. Turchin's, Carlin's and Mitchell's Brigades distinguished themselves in this splendid engagement. Captain McDowell, of the 15th Kentucky, a brave and dashing officer, was killed in front of this corps. For about two hours there was silence, broken only by the occasional discharge of artillery. It was a sort of breathing time, when the panting combatants, exhausted by the battle, stood silently eyeing each other and making ready, the one to strike and the other to ward off the struggling blow.

The enemy made another desperate attack. Ten thousand of their troops, in one mass, had charged Judah, and after vainly resisting them, he was slowly giving back before overwhelming numbers. The timely arrival of Newton's Division, of the Fourth Corps, entirely changed the fortunes of the day, and, after a terrible contest, the rebels broke in confusion and fell back. Reforming their lines, they advanced again to the charge, but the same bloody welcome was tendered them, and again they sought safety in flight. Our casualties were slight.

General Hooker narrowly escaped. A shell burst over his head, a fragment striking him and General Munson. The rest of the staff officers escaped without injury, though pieces of broken shells were scattered freely all around them. An immediate change of base was the consequence, and temporary refuge was sought elsewhere.
An able correspondent writes: "That down upon Stanley's exposed flank came the enemy in overwhelming numbers. For a few moments the line nobly resisted the shock; but, as it was renewed with ten-fold fury by the enemy, who fought with a desperation equal to anything ever performed by our own soldiery, the line wavered and the regiments of the left were giving back in confusion and disorder, when, above the roar of artillery and musketry, that seemed to make the old hills tremble and quake, a cheer was heard and into the deadly breach, over the dead bodies of the fallen, came, on the double-quick, Robinson's Brigade, who advanced to the assault with desperate determination to drive back the solid columns of the enemy and save the army from disaster. Nobly they met the enemy, and when the shock came, reeling like drunken men, the line of the enemy was broken and sent back smarting under the shock. The contest was of short duration, but while it lasted, the roar of artillery and the roll of musketry told that this was one of the most critical moments of the day—a period when the heart of the listener seemed to stand still in suspense. The Fourth Corps will never forget Hooker and the noble brigade, which, at a moment when the fate of the army, and perhaps the Nation, hung upon a slender thread, which the enemy would have severed, came up and turned the tide of battle. A Nation's thanks are due to Joseph Hooker, and it may never forget Robinson's brave Brigade, whose gallantry is on every tongue."

General Ward moved his brigade, which he had formed under cover of the woods, out into the open field and prepared to move toward the knob. On the very summit of this almost inaccessible knob, the enemy had constructed a redoubt for four guns. No sooner had Ward's troops emerged into the open ground beyond the woods, when the little redoubt belched forth a torrent of missiles that overshot the column and failed to injure a man. From the rebel
rifle-pits on the right flank, however, and from the rebel infantry on the knoll, came a sleet of bullets, in which it seemed almost, if not quite, miraculous that any thing could live. Through all this the column pressed; the 79th Indiana rising the slope, entered the thicket and pushed toward the redoubt. The artillery-ists apply their matches to no effect; up go the men; they enter embrasures, shoot the gunners at their work, and the flag floats from the parapet.

General Ward was severely wounded in the charge, and upon the young and gallant Harrison devolved the command of the brigade.

Just in rear of the redoubt runs a splendid line of rifle-pits, rising from behind which the rebels poured in such withering volleys that we were forced to retire from the work. Through the interstices, now and then, as the breeze carries off the sulphur cloud, the flag is seen, waved by the faithful color-bearer.

Finding that the brigade was not strong enough to carry the rifle-pits, Colonel Harrison determined to withdraw the troops under cover of the fort and hill.

The boys were determined not to let the guns slip from their grasp, and about three hundred huddled under cover of the redoubt and picked off every enemy that made an effort to take them out. Was ever a battery in such an anomalous position? Within grasp almost of two parties, and yet it would be almost death to either, to attempt its seizure. There, with straining eyes, lay the disputants hour after hour, killing and maiming each other, and yet both determinedly clinging to the trophy. After dark, the rebels made a charge for the battery, but the staunch three hundred drove them back and retained possession.

*About eleven o'clock at night the three hundred men were relieved by a detail, which, with spades, widened the embrasures and dragged out the guns.*

Colonel Harrison, grandson of the old President, in whose veins courses the same patriotic ardor that so distinguished his grandfather, made application, in con-
juncture with General Ward, for permission to charge the enemy’s line in rear of the redoubt, but the General regarded the sacrifice as unnecessary, and the request was not granted.

Mr. Shanks, of the New York Herald, who was reported killed at the battle of Resaca, but still lives, gives the following account of a hot place he got in during the engagement:

A CONFUSED RETREAT WORSE CONFOUNDED.

"From the hill, which General Osterhaus had occupied with his right, Resaca was in full view. We could plainly distinguish the movements of the enemy’s wagon trains and of their troops. They filed right and left with great complacency, and went into position in a long line of rifle-pits, into which we could look with ease. A large redoubt, with eight or ten guns mounted, was plainly visible beyond the river. The locomotives, with huge trains attached, ran up and down near the bridge. There was also some camps on fire, and to all appearances "confusion worse confounded" would begin to reign as soon as De Grass could get his guns in position and open upon them. At last he got up—Stalbrand, the Swedish artillerist, of Logan’s staff, urging him forward and directing him into position. At last the four black monsters were in position. They opened, and immediately stirred up a hornet’s nest of rebels that proved decidedly uncomfortable.

MR. SHANKS IN DANGER.

"I had expected a reply from the enemy, and had chosen a large stump as my place of refuge. The protection however appeared to me in a few minutes to be the most delicate fabric imaginable, and I confidently expected every one of the shots that skipped along the top of the hill to tear this fabric and the refugee behind it into a thousand fragments. From the rebel redoubt beyond Resaca, the enemy opened with at least eight
guns. They had the exact range of the hill, and every shot fell near the battery. Every place was struck and damaged more or less, and at times it was impossible to work the guns. After a while, watching this duel began to be interesting; but while engaged in the task I suddenly found myself literally buried by the earth thrown up by a shell which had plunged through the ground near me. The force of nature or curiosity, as you may choose, could no further go; and, totally demoralized, I made a rapid movement to the left and out of range. I brought up with the 26th Illinois, any one of whom is ready to swear that I was the fleetest-footed man that lay on the hill that day."

The night of the 14th closed the bloody scene, and nature sank to rest, but not so, the army. Operating Boards worked hard, cutting the raw flesh and sawing the shattered bone and ligating the severed artery, till far in the night. No rest for those in excruciating pain. The result of this battle, though at times doubtful, was finally decisive. The enemy were driven and pursued by Hooker, Schofield, Stoneman and McCook. Our loss was five thousand, of whom two thousand were slightly wounded.

The ground was covered with dead rebels, and their loss must have been double ours. The force of the rebels numbered sixty thousand. Johnson, Hardee, Polk, Hood, Stevenson and Cleburne were in command of the rebels. Hardee held their right, Polk the left and Hood the center.

The talented author of "Sherman's March through the South," in writing of the battle of Resaca, commits a serious error in charging General Cox with tardiness in not timely supporting the Division of General Judah. That General Cox discharged his whole duty on that occasion, and is not accountable for the unfortunate repulse, for a time, of Judah's brave troops, I think is evident from the following Official Report:

"About eight o'clock, A. M. the line advanced by right of companies to the front, with orders to move North-easterly, but keeping connection on the right, and dress-
ing accordingly. As the given direction was nearly that of the Rome and Dalton road, I ordered Reilly's Brigade to move into position by marching up that road one mile, and thence by the right flank into line, upon the left of Munson's Brigade. The movements of the line, as it felt forward for the enemy's positions, which were found across Camp Creek, continued to oblique to the right, causing the left wing to move over much larger space than the rest of the command, and opening an increasing gap between the principal line and Reilly, who found himself nearly two miles from the position he was to assume in the line, when the army halted on the West side of the valley, in which Camp Creek runs. No time was lost by him in pressing forward, marching as rapidly as the dense thicket and broken country would permit, and his Brigade came into line about one hour after Munson's had halted in position. After the formation of the line, the command remained halted about an hour, waiting for the approach of the Fourth Corps, from Dallas, and at eleven o'clock, rapid skirmish firing being heard on the left front, by direction of Corps Headquarters, I ordered Colonel Reilly to send a Regiment from his Brigade, to reconnoiter to the left and front, and ascertain whether communication could be opened with the force supposed to be Wood's Division, Fourth Corps. At half-past eleven, the 8th Tennessee Infantry, which had been sent out by Colonel Reilly, returned, reporting the troops of the Fourth Corps within supporting distance, and upon the Tilton road. I thereupon received orders to advance my line and attack the enemy in his position, upon the East side of Camp Creek, being informed that Judah's Division would advance simultaneously on my right. The position from which we moved was the line of hills forming the West bank of Camp Creek, which was there divided into several branches. Each Brigade was formed in two lines, Reilly on the left, having the 16th Kentucky, 112th Illinois, and 100th Ohio Infantry, in first line, and the 8th Tennessee, and 104th Ohio in the Second line; Munson having the 5th Ten-
nessee and 24th Kentucky in the first line, and the 63d Indiana and 103d Ohio in the second line. The skirmish line of the Division already occupied the edge of the wooded land across the open valley some two hundred yards wide, immediately in our front, when the command to advance was given, and the whole Division moved steadily forward; the enemy opening immediately with artillery, from batteries in position down the valley, on our right, and which had an oblique fire upon our line as we passed through the low ground. After crossing the opening, we passed over several wooded ridges in succession, and through a deep though narrow channel of the creek, which, with its perpendicular sides, skirted by a tangled thicket, became a serious obstacle to the advancing troops. The lines were quickly re-formed after passing the brook, and again moved forward, steadily driving the enemy’s skirmishers backward toward their works. These skirmishers were so strongly reinforced that they were only to be driven back by the main line of our troops, who advanced, making an occasional momentary halt to deliver their fire. The ridges between the branches of the creek radiated from points where the branches joined the stream, and our left was constantly thrown forward as we advanced, thus continuing the change of front to the right, which had marked the movement of the whole line in the morning, and gradually enveloping the enemy’s position toward Resaca.

Upon approaching the foot of the ridge on which the enemy’s first line of infantry trenches was dug, the 5th Tennessee had, by the wheeling movement, fallen a little to the rear of the 24th Kentucky, which moved by the left flank into the protection of a ravine, to get somewhat out of the range of a heavy enfilading fire of artillery from the enemy’s batteries down the valley. The 63d Indiana continuing its movements, came up abreast of the 24th Kentucky, and on its right the 103d Ohio, and the 5th Tennessee, thus forming the second line of the new formation, rendered necessary by the nature of the ground, and the fact (then discov-
erred,) that Judah's Division had not succeeded in crossing Camp Creek on our right. Reilly's Brigade having the greater curve to traverse, was a little in rear on the left, but preserving well its original formation. A short halt was made, bayonets were fixed, and the whole command charged the hill, and carried the line of rifle pits on the crest, driving the enemy back upon a second line, some two hundred and fifty yards from the first on our left, but approaching much nearer on our right. The first line of the Second Brigade was first in entering the works, but they were almost instantly entered by the First Brigade, also, further to the left.

The enemy immediately opened with both artillery and musketry, from their second line, which extended far beyond both flanks of the Division, and no troops being as yet, in position on either our right or left, the Division was halted, the Second Brigade (Munson's) occupying the enemy's works with their first line, and the First Brigade, (Reilly's) occupying them with the second line; advancing the first line to the protection of a small intervening ridge between them and the new line occupied by the rebels, from which they were able to silence, with their rifles, a battery which was playing, destructively, upon the Second Brigade.

No artillery had been able to accompany the Division in its advance to attack, the broken nature of the ground, and the physical obstacles of the creek and thickets, entirely preventing. The batteries of the Division, (Battery D, 1st Ohio Volunteer Artillery, and the 15th Independent Indiana, Battery,) were put in position on the West side of Camp Creek, under charge of Major Wells, Chief of Artillery for the Division, and used occasionally from that side of the creek, as opportunity offered during the day.

Further advance being entirely impossible, till support should come up, on right and left, the command was ordered to screen itself from fire as much as possible, especially on the extreme right, which, from its greater proximity to the enemy's second line of works, and its exposure to artillery fire from his batteries in
position on its flank down the valley, suffered very severely.

About half-past one o'clock, P. M., Colonel Reilly reporting an appearance of a movement toward our left, from the enemy's works, he was ordered to place the 8th Tennessee in the first line, its left so as to cover the flank of the Brigade, and hold it there until support should come up. Shortly after, General Munson reported the ammunition of his first line to be nearly exhausted, and was ordered to relieve the first line by the second, which was done; the continuous heavy fire of the enemy, caused, however, a considerable loss in both the 103rd Ohio and 5th Tennessee, whilst advancing to their position.

An hour after, I reported the ammunition of the whole Division nearly exhausted, and it being nearly impossible to get wagons forward to the line held by the command, I was notified that we would be relieved by the Fourth Corps, and withdrawn temporarily, to enable us to replenish the cartridge boxes. A little after three o'clock P. M., General Harker's Brigade, of Stanley's Division, Fourth Corps, advanced under a galling fire of all arms, to relieve the Second Brigade, and whilst preparing to effect the change, Brigadier General Munson was severely injured by a percussion shell exploding near him, and was carried off the field. General Harker was also slightly hurt in the leg, at the same time, but remained with his command, and completed the movements. I ordered Colonel Hunt, 24th Kentucky, to assume command of the Brigade, and to form in column of Division on the ridge, in rear of Reilly's Brigade, and hold it in that position until that Brigade also should be relieved.

The Division of General Stanley, which had been formed on our right, not extending far enough to the left to relieve Reilly, also, he was obliged to hold his position until six o'clock, his men being ordered to reserve a few rounds of ammunition, at all hazards, for an emergency, and the Second Brigade being ordered to support him with their bayonets, if he should be
attacked. About six o'clock Reilly was relieved by General Willich's Brigade, of Woods' Division, Fourth Corps, and the whole Division was moved a short distance to the rear, to the edge of the open ground, on the East side of Camp Creek, when the ordnance train was able to reach the troops. It was now nearly dark, and the Division bivouacked for the night.

During the movements of the day, the Division in swinging around to the right, had described a quadrant of a circle, and starting in a North-easterly direction, finally occupied a position facing South-easterly; our left flank reaching toward the Connesaugua river. For a statement of the losses of this day, reference is made to the table appended to this report. Colonel Thomas J. Henderson, 112th Illinois, Captain Wright, of same Regiment, Captain Pumpelly, of 16th Kentucky, and Lieutenant Lanie, of same Regiment, were wounded in the First Brigade, the last named, mortally.

In the Second Brigade, Major James E. Patterson, and First Lieutenant Sivank, of 63d Indiana, and Captains Hutchison and Philpot, the two senior officers present in the 103d Ohio, were killed. Captains Casey and Hedge, and First Lieutenants Nelson and McIntyre, of the 24th Kentucky, were wounded, as were also five officers of the 5th Tennessee Regiment, whose names have not yet been officially reported. The detailed reports of the dead and wounded have already been forwarded through the Medical Department, both of officers and enlisted men.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th, orders were received to move the Division to the left, to support a movement of the Twentieth Corps, which had taken position on the Resaca and Tilton roads, about a mile North-west of Woodshed. The command immediately marched to the point designated, and relieved the Division of General Williams, of Twentieth Corps, and part of that of General Geary; and commenced building breastworks along a ridge extending nearly North and South, between the road above mentioned and the rail-
The position taken was occupied till about three P. M., when the command was moved forward and placed in reserve to the remainder of the Corps, upon the road leading from the Tilson road to Woodshed, and upon ground gained by the Twentieth Corps in the advance of the afternoon. The Division was not under fire during this day, and in the night the enemy evacuated Resaca.

To Brigadier General Munson, who is still suffering from the injuries received in the battle of the 14th inst., and to Colonel Reilly, commanding First Brigade, I owe special mention, for the faithful and gallant discharge of duty.

For the mention of those whose conduct was honorably conspicuous in the brigades, I respectfully refer to the report of the brigade commanders. Captain Ed. D. Saunders, A. A. G., upon my staff, (who has since been killed in action,) displayed the most heroic gallantry, and I feel that I may specially mention him without invidious distinction among the members of the staff, all of whom were active and faithful in the performance of their duty.

Very Respectfully, Your Obedient Servant,

Brig. Gen. Comd’g.”

TABLE OF LOSSES.

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<th>KILLED</th>
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<td>Prior to Resaca, 1st Brigade,</td>
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<td>At Resaca, 1st Brigade,</td>
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A LOYAL GEORGIAN WOMAN.

East Tennessee, Northern Alabama and sections of Northern Georgia have presented numerous instances of devotion to the cause of the old flag. The natives of
these regions have sacrificed home, comfort, and in many cases, even life itself, rather than declare allegiance to the foul and hated organization of treason. During the movements round Resaca, General Jeff. C. Davis made a detour towards Rome, one of the most beautifully situated, as well as one of the most defensible positions in the route of march. It lies on a tongue of land, bounded by the Etowah and Oostanaula, rivers, which join there and form the Coosa. The town is built on a series of hills, commanding a large stretch of surrounding country. When General Davis drew near the town he found the enemy in position behind a chain of light earthworks on the West side of Oostanaula. Batteries were speedily brought to the front, a line of skirmishers thrown out, and a preliminary engagement began, which lasted about half an hour, when the rebels withdrew across the river into the town and occupied a hill commanding the crossing, leaving a strong picket at the bridge. Without a moment's delay General Davis deployed his troops and the two forces commenced engaging each other across the stream. At this moment an extraordinary commotion was seen across the bridge. A girl was there exposed to the fire of our troops, apparently disputing with a great deal of emphasis, with the commanding officer. After a fruitless attempt to carry her point, a party of soldiers attempted to carry her across the bridge. To this she objected, and sat down in plain view of our army. At a moment when the rebel pickets were most interested in responding to the fire of General Davis' men, the girl sprang to her feet, her bonnet and hair streaming on her shoulders, and ran toward our lines. She was scarcely twenty yards from the rebels when she fell. Our skirmishers, supposing her either killed or wounded, held their fire to see the result. It was less almost than a second before she was again on her feet. By this time the rebels had discovered the girl's movements and fired several volleys at her. A chivalrous Texan officer ran forward after her, firing his pistol. One of General Davis' sharpshooters
perceiving this, drew a bead on him and at the first shot leveled him to the ground. In about three minutes the girl was within our lines. The men forgetting their perilous duty, clustered around her, asking a number of questions, but all they could draw from her was the inquiry: "Where's the General?" A sergeant from the skirmishers took charge of the new arrival, and conducted her to the General. The girl seeing him, exclaimed: "General, you can whip them! You can whip them! They have only twelve hundred men. Just move down that road," pointing to a by-way, "and you can get round them. Come on, I'll lead you."

The girl said a number of other things, but her excitement and articulation were so rapid, her last words were not understood. General Davis, cool as usual, commenced to question the girl as to her sincerity. Her only reply was: "I know you can whip them. They are nothing but a pack of cowards, and only a few of them. If you'll give me some men, I'll take them, where they will scatter those fellows from the bridge."

But this was unnecessary. The rebel pickets, as soon as they discovered the girl safely in our lines, fell back and destroyed the pontoon bridge after them. In a short time after, they were evacuating the town entirely, moving across the Etowah river, on the road to Allatoona Mountains. After the smoke and confusion of battle had cleared away and the troops were camped on the beautiful hills of Rome, the girl visited the General's Headquarters. She was about twenty years of age, light figure, of quick action, round and cheerful blue eyes, rather talkative and very animated in her conversation. Her name was Sally Camp. She resided with her mother and two little sisters, about two miles from Rome. On the day of the arrival of General Davis' men, she was in town and wished to go home. Orders were issued that no one should be passed out. When the advance of General Davis' column came up, the girl was on the earthworks trying to persuade the rebel officer to pass her. When they were driven back he seized and carried her to the bridge under the fire
that was going on. At the bridge she repeated her request in such strong terms that the officer threatened to shoot her, if she was not quiet. She sat down watching her chance to reach our lines. The girl insisted that, hearing of General Davis' approach, she went down to get information and intended to come out and give it to the Yankees, as she hated the rebels. She said she had two brothers conscripted into their service, but she got them out; one of whom she safely conducted to the Union lines at Chattanooga. Her father, nearly seventy years of age, was conscripted, but she released him and secreted him until our troops came up. In a few days after the town fell into our hands, every soldier knew Sally Camp; and her house was often visited to get a glimpse of the Heroine of the Battle of Rome.
CHAPTER VII.

The Campaign in Georgia continued.—Kenesaw Mountain.—Sketch of the great Battle.—Desperate fighting of our troops.—Splendid gallantry of a private soldier.—The Dead Heroes of the Battle.—Death of Generals Harker, McCook, &c.—General Sherman and the Correspondents.—Sport among the Pickets.—Our losses.—The beautiful City of Marietta.

Kenesaw Mountain, two miles and a half North-west of Marietta, is a double hill, the higher peak rising to the height of one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight feet above the level of the sea. Lost Mountain is directly West from Kenesaw, West of the railroad, between Marietta and Dallas. Between Kenesaw and Lost Mountain, is Piny Mountain, a lesser elevation. The base of Kenesaw is about four miles, from East to West. The physical appearance is varied. Girt by thick forests, whose deep shadows rest upon the plains below, clothed with lofty and magnificent bowlders, or, projecting rock, rising abruptly in savage grandeur.

I do not know a more striking example of the power of moral association to elevate and perpetuate the fame and interest of a region naturally sterile or relatively unimportant, than that which is furnished by the case of Kenesaw Mountain. How little is interest awakened in the souls of poets, of moralists, of scholars, of artists, by the mention of the mountains of any part of the country. They have no stirring associations, nothing in martial achievement, nothing in moral grandeur, to come home to the heart and wake its musings. How different is Kenesaw Mountain, the very name of which fires the souls of all loyal Americans.

How is this? Marathon as the battle-field of freedom; Iona as the cradle of British Christianity; Runnymede as the scene of the triumph of British
patriotism. These are imperishable in their interests, and so is Kenesaw Mountain. Amid its bold and rugged scenery, one of the most desperate battles of the war was fought. It was the theatre of a bright and resplendent heroism. If the mountains of Virginia are memorable on account of Grant's splendid battles, what deathless recollections entwine themselves around Kenesaw, on whose slopes many a brave patriot passed to immortal fame, and each spot of which, we may almost say every inch of which has, some idea of vivid and overwhelming interest connected with the personal courage of dauntless men. Go where you will, you tread in their steps. You occupy ground consecrated by their precious blood.

POSITION OF BOTH ARMIES.

On the day of the 25th, the rebel line was as follows: Their right was stationed in the rear of Brush Mountain, East of Kenesaw. The Federal army occupied a huge semi-circle running parallel with that of the enemy, and was very compactly disposed along the rebel lines, and in such view from Kenesaw, that the houses in Marietta could be counted.

Schofield was on the extreme right of our line, Blair who had joined us at Kingston, with the Seventeenth Corps, on the extreme left, Howard and Palmer were at the centre.

Hood's Corps, twenty thousand, was on the rebel left, Hardee, with the same number of men, was in the centre, and Loring and French, with fifteen thousand, on the right. In addition to these corps, were between thirty and forty thousand conscripts, making the entire rebel force about eighty thousand.

PRELIMINARY SYMPTOMS OF BATTLE.

The morning of the 27th, the sun rose beautifully. All was calm and serene; beneath the softened beams of sun-rise, all was tranquillity, shedding its soothing influ-
ence over the soul, and charming into unison and sympathy with the whole panorama.

LOGAN'S GRAND ASSAULT.

The following troops, of Logan's Corps, were furnished as the assaulting force: Lightburn's, Giles A. Smith's, with Walcutt's Brigade, of Harrison's Division, and detachments commanded by General Charles R. Woods, from Osterhaus' Division, all under command of Morgan L. Smith. Lightburn was to carry the Western slope of the hill, Giles A. Smith to charge it from the front, and Walcutt, with the aid of General Woods, to reach the top, through the gorge that separates Little, from Big Kenesaw. Promptly at eight o'clock, these brigades moved out, under the vigilant eye of Logan. A dense growth of underbrush impeded the advance. The rebel skirmish line proving stubborn, the 40th Illinois and 46th Ohio went to the front. The rebels, with a number of guns from Big and Little Kenesaw, maintained a decimating cross-fire as our brave fellows debouched into an open field.

Nothing daunted, the gallant fellows dashed ahead, clearing two lines of abatis and palisades, which the rebels had constructed, dislodged the enemy from a line of rifle pits, and planted the flag almost on the summit. It was here, while thus charging them, that the gallant Barnhill was struck by a Minnie ball and killed. The rebels threw at our line massive rocks, stones, and showers of balls; but amid all the tempest, the troops gallantly improvised defenses of logs and rocks. The three brigades lost over five hundred, including officers. General Logan rode up and down his lines, bravely inspiring his men, by his own personal courage and heroism.

Simultaneously with the assault of Logan, the center column moved against the rebel works. The troops engaged in the centre were the Divisions of Davis, Newton, Woods, Baird and Stanley. Davis' two assaulting columns were composed of Colonel John G.
Mitchell's and Colonel Dan. McCook's Brigades; forming in column by division, they marched out on the Dallas and Marietta road. General James D. Morgan's Brigade was held in reserve. Major General Newton's Division was formed in three columns; Harker's Brigade forming one, Wagner's, another, Kimball's, a third.

The gallant brigade of Wagner was composed of the 40th Indiana, 57th Indiana, 97th Ohio, 26th Ohio, 100th Illinois and 28th Kentucky; these regiments were formed in column by division. The splendid advance of this brigade was truly magnificent, and to the eye embraced a picture such as falls to the lot of few men to look upon in this age. Immediately a rebel battery opened upon it, enveloping it in a terrible hurricane of missiles. The scene defies all description. The fearful storm of lead and iron could not check, however, the gallantry of some of the men, for a few daring spirits of the 100th Illinois planted their flag a short time over the enemy's ramparts. Bravery could do no more. For one hour, enfiladed by rebel batteries, Wagner's Brigade fought with the greatest spirit and enthusiasm.

Harker's Brigade had the left of Newton's Division, the 125th Ohio, the 51st Illinois and 27th Illinois being the advance regiments. Everything gave way before them. Harker was an unloosed tornado, astride his horse. He rode amid the storm as though he ruled it. Dashing at the head of his fearless brigade, taking off his hat, he waved it, and called upon his braves to follow. Inspirited by the voice of their gifted leader, fifteen dauntless soldiers sprang up and rushed after him. Alas, brave fellows, all of them fell. The men of the brigade never behaved more magnificently. Cool, confident and brave, they fought with glorious energy. Harker, the fearless and high-hearted, was mortally wounded. He was a genial and noble spirit. He had a presentiment of his death. He said to a friend just as he went into the fight: "I shall be killed, send this package home."
Davis' assaulting column was composed of Colonel Dan. McCook's and Mitchell's Brigades. Palmer's Division, of the same Corps, and— Division of the Twentieth Corps supported him. McCook's Brigade occupied the left, with the 85th Illinois in advance as skirmishers; while Mitchell's Brigade was on the right with the 36th Illinois. The battle here was perfectly fearful. It was a terribly exciting scene. The contestants engaged each other at short range, and for hours the crash of musketry was incessant. The enemy would bring up fresh columns only to be shattered by the fiery brigades of Davis. Our brave soldiers covered themselves with glory. It was absolutely, in many places, a hand to hand engagement, in its literal sense, in which superhuman energy was displayed in vain against the overwhelming column of the enemy. Colonel McCook fell mortally wounded while leading his men to a charge. He was a gallant soldier and perfect gentleman.

Mitchell's and Kimball's Brigades engaged the enemy, charging with great spirit and determination. The regiments composing these splendid Brigades, dashed against the rebels so rapidly, loading and firing as they went, that the rebels were surprised and discomfited. The assault is said to have been ferocious. Great clouds of yellow dust and blue smoke from the guns and burning woods enveloped the field and struggling combatants, and ascending from the plains settled upon the crest of the hills in festoons of fantastic shape; but deep as was the gloom there were flashing eyes that saw through it all, and followed the path which led to danger and to death. The loss of these brigades was heavy. Ten officers of the 113th Ohio, the advance regiment, were shot down. The gallant Warner lost his right arm. Lieutenant Colonel Shane, of the 98th Ohio, was severely wounded. In this terrible battle no body of troops fought more gallantly, nor won more honor than Kimball's and Mitchell's Brigades.

Simultaneous with this movement in front of the enemy, Schofield and Hooker were engaged on the right, and
Dodge and Blair on the left. Hooker made a demonstration on the right of Davis. Butterfield's and Geary's Divisions were in line of battle, the latter gallantly taking an important ridge, where he remained.

Schofield fought and drove the enemy wherever he met him. The Second Division of his Corps (23d.) advanced within three hundred yards of the rebel fortifications. Hascull lost a hundred men while sustaining a heavy skirmish with the enemy.

Reilly's Brigade, of General Cox's Division, boldly advanced down the Sandtown road, crossing Olley Creek eight miles south of Marietta, taking possession of some works, and drove the rebels. Fifty of the rebel cavalry, commanded by Jackson, were captured by Cox.

In the bloody charge led by General Hooker against Kenesaw, the 27th Illinois regiment was pressing upon the rebel works, and when they approached near them, Michael Delaney, the color bearer, rushed some ten paces forward, ahead of his regiment, and holding aloft the starry banner of his country, shouted to his comrades to follow. Just then a ball struck his left arm, inflicting a flesh wound, fresh from which the blood trickled in profuse currents. Still grasping the flag, and keeping it to the breeze, he drew his revolver, and rushing forward, leaped upon the enemy's works, waving his flag, and firing his pistol upon the foe. Thus standing upon the enemy's works, tearing away the abatis with his left hand, and his colors streaming over his head, two rebels approached him, one on each side, and thrust their bayonets into the sides of the hero martyr. He felt the cold steel pierce to the very quick of his young life, yet he did not falter. With the blood gushing from his wounds, he clasped the flag to his breast, and bore it back in safety to his comrades, calling out: "Boys, save the colors." The noble fellow soon bled to death. Though no "star" or "eagle" decorated his shoulders, he is one of the country's heroes; his name is stamped among theirs, high on the Roll of Honor. Though no sculptured marble may mark the
spot of his lonely grave, among the melancholy pines of Northern Georgia, his intrepid bravery entitles him to the homage of the flag he so bravely bore and laid down his life to save.

Among the prisoners whom we took, all nationalities were represented. Some of them were fierce-looking, heavily-bearded cut-throats, while many of them were smooth-faced boys. A majority of them express great satisfaction that they are now prisoners of war, and declare they were conscripted and have no heart to fight. A somewhat matured son of the Emerald Isle, whose head is sprinkled with gray, upon being asked where he was from, promptly replied: "Ireland, by-Jesus! and would to God that I were there to-day."

The Sixteenth Corps, Major-General Dodge, made formidable demonstrations on the enemy's front, doing considerable damage. The following regiments of this Corps, the 9th and 66th Illinois, Colonel Burke of General Sweeney's Division, and the 64th Illinois, of Veatch's Division, constituted the assailing party. This attack was sustained by an assault in which General Gresham, of Blair's Corps, with the 21st Indiana and 45th Ohio, moved upon the enemy. Dodge's entire loss was not more than a hundred and fifty men.

THE HEROES OF THE FIGHT.

General Harker was born in New Jersey, and when the war broke out was a Captain in the Regular Army. For a time he served as Colonel of an Ohio regiment. Ever ready to imperil himself and his fortune for the good of his country, or for the protection of the oppressed, he was always alive to the calls of duty. He had a genial heart for his friends; he had a genial home for them; he was theirs in sunshine and shade, and when you make up the elements of a true man, you need go no further than his character. There was no pretence, no disguise about him; he was a modest, high toned, chivalric gentleman, cast in the mould jo
honor. He had a bright dawn, the star of his early days culminating in splendor. The graces of his mind and manner modified the natural rudeness of camp life, and in the absence of less exciting topics, the stores of his beautifully enriched and well governed mind, often served to recreate and instruct. A contemplative student in arms, he brought a heart full of exquisite sympathies and harmonies into the rough and fierce scenes of warfare; and with this a mature nature, which, whilst it even refused to take delight, or much less acquiesce in what was boisterous, vulgar, ungenerous or the least untruthful, was ever prompt with its recognition and worship of whatever is good, though it might have been obscure, and what was sterling, though it might have been neither brilliant or cultured. Would that I could this evening, in this superb Summer, strew his grave with the purple flowers which Anchises dedicated in the Elysian fields to the young Marcellus, and that these flowers remained of perpetual bloom and fragrance.

Farewell gallant Harker! Thou art clothed in light; God speed thee to Heaven, lost star of our night.

The huge stories about immense losses to Sherman which would compel him to fall back, which were so industriously circulated by the rebel Generals and their sympathizers in the North, were cut suddenly short by Sherman's order for an advance movement towards Atlanta, on the day succeeding the repulse. The retreat of Johnston from Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta evinces that although he repulsed Sherman on the 27th, he was in no condition to continue his resistance. It does not appear probable that the rebel commander will risk another fight short of the Chattahoochie. And Sherman's movements to the Nickajack and Sandtown, indicates that it is his intention to get to the South side of that stream as soon as his adversary.

The mouth of the Nickajack is eight, and Sandtown, ten miles from Atlanta—the latter being directly West of that place. This indicates that Sherman is deter-
mined to drive his antagonist towards Decatur, on the Augusta Railroad. The town of Marietta is an important one. It is not only a handsome place, but it is a great manufacturing town. Nearly all the paper used in the Gulf States is manufactured at the mills at this place. Before the war a great amount of business was done here; it was the first place on the railroad beyond the mountain region of North Georgia, and consequently was a great resort for the mountaineers.

SPORT AMONG THE PICKETS.

During the first day's skirmish on our right, two soldiers, one from Ohio, the other from Texas, posted themselves each behind a tree, and indulged in sundry shots, without effect on either side, at the same time keeping up a lively chat. Finally that getting a little tedious, Texas calls out to Ohio: "Give me a show," meaning, step out and give me an opportunity to hit, Ohio, in response, pokes out his head a few inches and Texas cracks away and misses. "Too high," says Ohio. "Now give me a show." Texas pokes out his head and Ohio blazes away. "Too low," sings Texas. In this way the two alternated several times without hitting. Finally Ohio sends a ball so as to graze the tree within an inch or two of the ear of Texas. "Cease firing," shouts Texas. "Look here" says one, "we have carried on this business for one day, 'spose we adjourn for rations." "Agreed," says the other. And so the two marched away in different directions, one whistling "Yankee Doodle," the other "Dixie."

General Sherman despised, or affected to despise, the newspaper reporters. The news which their correspondence was liable to give to the enemy, although of the deepest and most profound interest to the country, the same intelligence might reach the enemy, when it is of infinite moment to keep them in ignorance of the movements and disposition of our troops. Another reason assigned for Sherman's hostility to the Press, was the merciless criticism of the newspapers on his celebrated
declaration, that it would take two hundred thousand soldiers to drive the rebels out of Kentucky. Subsequent results proved that this calculation was founded in correct judgment, profound forethought and the purest patriotism. Sherman had a righteous horror for a set of itinerant, flattering, spongy sycophants, who made it their business to inflate brainless staff officers, while the field and line officers, with the brave rank and file are seldom heard of outside of their commands.

Sherman found a safety-valve for his wrath against the correspondents, by issuing the following order:

"KINGSTON, Ga., May 20, 1864.

Inasmuch, as an impression is afloat, that the Commanding General has prohibited the mails to and from the army, he takes this method of assuring all officers and men, on the contrary, that he encourages them by his influence and authority to keep up the most unreserved correspondence with their families and friends. All Chaplains, Staff Officers, Captains of companies, should assist the soldiers in communicating with their families. What the Commanding General does discourage is the existence of that class of men who will not take up a musket and fight, but who follow our army to pick up news for sale, and who are more used to bolster up idle and worthless officers, than to notice the hard working and meritorious, whose modesty is equal to their courage, and who scorn to seek the flattery of the Press.

W. T. SHERMAN,

Maj. Gen."

Marietta was formerly a splendid city, distinguished by the grandeur and magnificence of its architecture, and the wealth and splendor of its inhabitants. The chivalry had a famous military school here, which is a grand structure. Its halls once resounded with joy, and reflected all the pomp of Southern aristocracy; but, both have alike departed. A son of the Methodist Bishop Capers, was the President of the Institution when our troops took possession of the place. The town is now desolation.
Our forces are no more entangled in hills; aside from the banks of the Chattahoochie, which are not very high, the whole country is either a plain or gently undulating. The Chattahoochie river takes its rise in the Blue Ridge. It flows in a South-westerly direction, uniting with Flint river, and thus forming the Appalachiola. It is small and muddy, rushing through regions which are often unrelieved by verdure or fertility. It floats no wealth on its bosom; it rolls not amid enchanting and unbroken loveliness, or overwhelming sublimity. It is distinguished by nothing magnificent, either in itself or the scenery amid which it wanders.

The name of the lion-hearted Dan. McCook, is one which should not be forgotten in the list of the heroes who fell on bloody Kenesaw. He was the hero of many battles and skirmishes. He was distinguished for decision, grand soldierly bearing, and glorious courage. It is said that he was on the enemy's works, calling and beckoning to his fiery brigade, when he was torn to pieces by the bullets he had so splendidly defied.

Conspicuous in the charge was the scholarly and heroic Clason, of the 121st Ohio, who was killed while gallantly leading his splendid company of Ohioans. He advanced within a few yards of the rebels, firing at them with a deadly aim; but so deadly and thick were their cross-fires, that he and many of his brave associates were stricken down and killed.

Among all the daring spirits in that fighting brigade of Mitchell's, no one was more fearless than Captain Neighborn, of the 52d Ohio. His was no doubting or hesitating courage. Having from the first, made up his mind what course to pursue, what was the goal to be won, he bent all his energies to that one object. In the bivouac, and on the march, in the charge and deadly conflict, so lively and hopeful was his enthusiasm, that it reminded one forcibly of the song of the Cavalier:

"Then mount! Then mount, brave gallants all,
And don your helmets amain,
Death's couriers Fame and Honor call
Us to the field again."
Let piping swain and craven wight,
Thus weep, and puling, cry,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die."

And Captain Neighborn did die—died where the brave love to die—mortaly wounded in a charge at the head of his company, and in the arms of victory.

The brave and noble Yeager, Major of the 121st Ohio, was also killed. The last sounds that he heard, were the jubilant shouts of his victorious comrades; the last ray of light that flickered on his expiring gaze, showed him the hosts of the hated foe, gradually yielding. In no more fitting place, with no more glorious associations, from no more sacred altar, could an ardent, patriotic spirit take its flight.

Among the brave men whose blood was poured out on the slaughter field of Kenesaw, was one whose dying words will long be remembered by his comrades in arms. Colonel McShane, of the 98th Ohio, who fell near the breast-works of the enemy, died, exclaiming: "Turn my face to the foe." Peace to his ashes. If the country ever forgets such heroes, her name should perish. The courageous Harmon and Barnhill, of Illinois—they died in the blaze of battle. In their lives they gave evidence of their faith in, and in their glorious death they illustrated the truth of the beautiful maxim—*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country. The undistinguished braves who leaped into the deadly breach, and dying made no sign—their beautiful memories will always be green. The blood shed, the lives that they gave, were just as noble and valuable, as the greatest General in the land, worthy of a nation's gratitude and a nation's tears alike.

The following is an estimate of our losses:

The brigades of Harker, Mitchell and McCook, 420 each.
Total.................................................................... 1,260
Wagner and Kimball's Brigades, 250 each......................... 600
The three brigades of Logan's Corps,................................ 500
Dodge's, those portions of it engaged.................................. 150
General Blair's Corps........................................................ 150
General Schofield's Corps................................................... 200
Hooker's Corps................................................................. 50
Making a grand total of three thousand eight hundred and ten.

These estimates are correct. As the rebels fought behind fortifications, their killed and wounded would not be more than one-third of ours. Including the prisoners, the entire rebel loss will number 2,500.
CHAPTER VIII.

Army Life.—Pleasant Sensations of an Army Correspondent.— Who wouldn't be a General.— A Flag of Truce.— Strange Scenes.— Major Fitzgibbon and the Dying Rebel Officer.— Sherman Preparing to Cross the Chattahoochie.

At the present writing, both armies are facing each other, on the right and left bank of the Chattahoochie river, and so grudgingly inhospitable are the pickets on both sides, that neither will permit the other to indulge in the luxury of a wash. Two days ago a crowd of Johnnies were taking their usual ablution, unconscious of the presence of the Federals, when General Stanley directed a few shells to be fired over their heads. The river was soon cleared of bathers; up the bank they clambered, and an open field being in their rear, it was laughable and amusing to witness the “giant strides” of these nude athletes endeavoring to reach their works, while at every jump their speed was accelerated by the explosion of a shell over their heads. Being an excessively modest man, (as all old bachelors generally are) I could not look upon such exhibitions of model artistry, though many of my rude comrades not only seemed to enjoy it, but laughed and shouted at the frightened pedestrians. As they have not returned for their garments, it is supposed they went to Atlanta to procure new suits.

I wish I were a General! I know and feel that, even in my own conception of myself—and who ever met a man that didn't imagine himself possessing “rare abilities?”—I'm wholly incapable of discharging the duties of such office, properly. Generals possess many advantages over soldiers. The evening before the battle of Kenesaw, I saw five Generals going to the rear, on their
way home. If I asked to go to the rear during the pending of a battle, my comrades would call me a coward; my Captain would put me on the breastworks, or tie me up to a tree. Can't you use your influence in my behalf, with "the man that is to be our next Vice-President?"

I went out on the picket line yesterday, and, thanks to my sensible companion, the Johnnies never fired a shot at either of us. The many pilgrimages of the bottle to his mouth, have so reddened his proboscis, as to have it mistaken for a hospital flag, and interpreting it into a wish to bury the dead, they allowed us to approach the water's edge. During our stay, about four hundred women, who were employed at "Rosswell Factory," came to our side of the river, refusing to weave for, or go further into the "Confederacy." They were not of the handsomest features or pattern, looking at a distance more like walking corpses, or painted cedar-posts, than the "flowers of the South" we were wont to read of. They were hoopless and bootless; nearly all used the "weed," a respectable quid being within the lips of many. Their appearance confirmed the celibical determination of my boyhood. They are gone back to Marietta, which has been abandoned by its former inhabitants.

The rebel army is terribly damaged. Being within talking and hearing distance of them frequently during the last month, they can beat "our army in Flanders," in horrible swearing and blaspheming. "Swearing by note" is considered the acme of hellish perfection with us, but the rebs can link the saints of the calendar into one group, at a mouthful, without any seeming effort. "I thank the Lord Jesus Christ," piously ejaculated one in my hearing, a few nights since, "that that G—d d—d good-for-nothing Polk was killed the other day."

On Sunday last, 7th inst., there was considerable of a skirmish in front of Morgan's Brigade, of Davis' Division, Fourteenth Corps. It lasted from three till six o'clock in the evening. The 14th Michigan, Colonel H. R. Mizner, constituted the skirmish line, five com-
companies of the regiment being deployed on the line, under the direction of Major Fitzgibbon—the remaining five acting as support, commanded by the Colonel. The latter five companies were brought into action when the final desperate struggle ensued, and the 16th Illinois acted as support. The 14th, all agree, acted heroically, capturing fifty prisoners, and driving the enemy from two lines of rifle pits into their main works. The loss of the 14th was eight killed, thirty-three wounded, among the latter, one, an officer, (Lieutenant Joseph Kirk.) mortally. Among the rebel killed and wounded, who fell into our hands, were three officers, a captain and two lieutenants. The wounded Confederate officer, whose name was William R. Ross, died the next morning. When he fell, he supplicatingly begged that his fast ebbing life be spared. He was evidently laboring under the hallucination that the "terrible Yankee vandals" butchered all who fell into their hands. Dispelling this illusion from his mind, Major Fitzgibbon not only had him taken to the rear on a stretcher, but promised to send all his valuables and personal effects to his (the Lieutenant's) friends, if possible. Not having time to remain with him himself, the Major directed Adjutant C. F. Foote, of the 14th, to remain sufficiently long with the sufferer to see him properly cared for, get the names of his parents, take care of his valuables, &c. "Major," said the dying Lieutenant, "I bestow you all my valuables and money, but O, save and send this (pulling an ambrotype likeness from his breast-pocket) to her whom I love. To her I am engaged to be married, and though I am ready to meet my God, I cannot willingly drag myself to an untimely grave from her." The likeness, which was a highly finished and elaborately cased one, was that of Miss Emma Jane Kennon, of Oxford, Georgia. She is, if her shadow daguerreotypes her features correctly, one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, well worthy of him, had he lived, for he was as handsome and manly-looking a youth of twenty summers as either army can or could ever boast of. His home was Macon—had been through the Vir-
ginia campaign from the first “Bull Run,” and only joined Hood two days before. Besides this likeness, he gave Adjutant Foote $52.50 in money and some private papers. The Major reported the dying wish of his captive to the proper authorities, and while refusing to consent to a “parley” or truce on the line, told him he might take advantage of a lull on the picket line some day to send them. For the two days the 14th remained on the line, they failed to effect a parley to bury one of their men, and a rebel officer who lay side by side between the works, but on the 12th inst., while the 10th Illinois were on picket, the human carcasses became so unbearably offensive as to cause the “Johnnies,” near whose works they were, to ask permission to bury them. The request, of course, was granted by our men.

Taking advantage of this temporary cessation of hostilities on the line, Major Fitzgibbon, Captain Higgins, Lieutenant Davis, and Adjutant Foote (of the 14th Michigan) with other officers of the 10th Illinois and 17th Ohio, repaired to the picket line and asked to see a like number of officers on the other side, telling their business.

Anxious to watch and see if any change of countenance or muscles of the face would develop themselves so as to betray the feelings of the heart, I walked beside our Major, who was dressed in blue pants, red silk shirt, and “Burnside” hat. All the other Federal officers, except Captain Higgins, wore their insignia of rank, though their coats and pants showed signs of long and rough usage. The place of meeting was in a ravine mid-way between both lines. It was dotted with towering oaks, through and over which four batteries (two of each army,) kept up a rapid and continuous duel during and after the friendly meeting. The Confederate officers, (six in number,—two Majors, as many Captains and four Lieutenants,) marched abreast and in line, as if on dress parade. They were gorgeously clad in finest grey and golden tinsel. When about six paces from us, where, at the command of Major Shaaff,
they halted and raised their hats from their heads, by way of salutation. Our officers returned the salute, when both Majors Fitzgibbon and Shaaff advanced and shook hands.

"My name is Shaaff, sir, and am Major in the Confederate States Army."

"My name is Fitzgibbon, sir, and am Major in the United States Volunteers," was the reply. Major Fitzgibbon offered some drink, after all the officers had been introduced to each other, but Shaaff, who is a West Point graduate and deserter, would not permit his willing officers to indulge.

"I have come, sir," said our Major, "to deliver up to you the personal effects of Lieutenant Ross, of your army, who fell into my hands mortally wounded, on the evening of the 7th, that through you they may be safely sent to Miss Kennon, of Oxford, Georgia, to whom, also, this letter from me, is directed."

"We thank you sincerely for this great kindness," said Shaaff; "I will see that they are sent to her. Is your regiment on the line now, sir?"

"No, it is in the third line in reserve,"—which was not true.

"Is General Sherman with your army now? I saw an order to-day purporting to be signed by Major General Thomas, Commanding?"

"I saw General Sherman on the picket line about ten minutes ago," replied Lieutenant Davis.

"Have you any regulars in your army?" asked Shaaff.

"There is a whole Division of them in your front," was the answer.

"Have you many new troops here?" he again interrogated.

"No sir; nearly our entire army is composed of veterans."

"Is General Blair with you now; a report is in our camp that he was captured two days ago?" asked a rebel Captain.
"I belong to his Corps," replied Lieutenant Wilson, of the 17th Ohio, "and saw him talking to General Sherman a while ago, surrounded by his Staff."

"I thought it was a damned lie when I heard it," said the reb.

"Is yours a regular regiment?" asked Shaaff, of our Major, again.

"No sir, but it is commanded by a regular."

"What's his name?"

"Mizner, sir."

"Mizner, Mizner, Mizner. I think I knew him at West Point."

"Can't say, sir."

"Your papers circulated a falsehood in stating that we stripped and robbed the person of General McPherson. I saw and talked with him immediately after he fell, and had sent for a stretcher to convey him within our lines, but were driven from where he was before we could do so," said Shaaff.

"Then," quoth Fitzgibbon, "you belong to General Hardee's Staff, and you, I take it from your fine clothes, (pointing to the other officers,) have not been long in the trenches?"

"I've been only five days," said an innocent Lieutenant, "and would not take it as a favor from any man to send me here again, if I were back again where I came from." A bitter look was given the latest speaker, by Major Shaaff, who called off his men immediately after, leaving a receipt for the articles he got.

Appended is Major Fitzgibbon's letter, as also Major Shaaff's (pr. Schoff) receipt:

CAMP OF THE 14TH MICH. VET. VOL. INFANTRY, 
NEAR ATLANTA, GA., August 8th, 1864.

Miss Emma Jane Kennon, Oxford, Georgia:

BEREAVED GIRL: With melancholy pleasure I herewith send to you the valuables and personal effects of the late Lieutenant Ross, 66th Georgia. From his dying lips he told me he loved you above all else in the world; and committing these effects to my charge, his last sigh was
turned into a prayer that I would, if possible, send you your likeness, which he carried next to and in his heart.

The asperities that demagogues engender in the minds of those separated from the field of battle and the scenes of death—the unnatural bitterness of feeling that has seemingly soured the better nature of our countrymen and women in both extreme sections of our common country—finds neither home nor resting place in the hearts of this army of ours, and I assure you that I took as tender and respectful hold and care of your betrothed as if he were my own comrade or brother. The innocence depicted in his fair and beautiful face—his heroic efforts at staying the retreat of his fleeing comrades, won my heart and assured him its sympathies and respect.

With this also find his purse and papers, which, "vandal" though I am, I feel will be of greater value to you to get than satisfaction to me to withhold. He was conscious to the last, as I learned from the officer who cared for him, and seemed only to deplore his death in parting from that Heaven he left in you. Two other Confederate officers lay dead near him, but the necessities of the moment prevented the possibility of my delaying to find out anything in relation to them.

Praying that God will put it into the hearts of your people to return to the allegiance of your father's flag, under which all sections prospered, and which only will prevent the further effusion of blood, and sincerely and from my heart condoling with you and his family in your bereavement,

I am, sad girl, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS C. FITZGIBBON,
Major 14th Michigan Veteran Volunteer Infantry, U. S. A.

P. S.—August 11.—I have failed thus far to effect a "parley" with your friends in my front. Methinks the force in our front is composed of Governor Brown's "new issue," as it fears to not only have a friendly
chat, or look us in the eye—except from under a "headlog."

Here's the receipt:

**HEADQUARTERS SKIRMISH LINE,**

August 12th, 1864.

Received of Major Fitzgibbon, 14th Michigan Volunteers, $52.50, letters, picture and sundry papers and effects of Lieutenant Ross, 66th Georgia Regiment.

ARTHUR S. A., Commanding Line.

The Confederates were very restless and seemingly ill at ease during the entire conversation. They wore their swords and sashes, some of them even so far forgetting the sacredness of the meeting as to carry their revolvers.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," said Major Fitzgibbon, "we don't come here to hurt, harm or deceive you. If you be so anxious to see my works, (which was intended as a modest rebuke to their ogling toward our line) I will not only permit you to come and examine them, but guarantee you a safe return to your lines. 'Tis not on rotten logs or mud banks that we rely. On a Spartan rampart of brave hearts and God alone, is our trust." To this they all replied:

"O, no, sir; you are mistaken in us. We're not at all alarmed, and we assure you we're not trying to take advantage of this meeting." Thus ended our "parley."

Vis-a-vis again. Notwithstanding the "irrepressible conflict" that rages, the contradictory ideas that prevail in and govern these Federal and rebel armies under Sherman and Hood, we still "court their presence." Vainly have they accommodated our Yankee greed in yielding their camping grounds and territory to us, when we pushed them, in hopes of our "letting them alone," and abandoning "coercing" them to retreat to the Gulf. We confront them once again in front of the white walls of the "Gate City," and not to be behind them in politeness, we exchange salutations with 'em daily, hourly, momentarily, second-arilly. Sensibly satirical was the
remark of a soldier of the 1st Tennessee (rebel) Infantry, when hailing a Federal from the South bank of the Chattahoochie:

"Hello, Yank! Stop shooting over there; let us talk this thing over. What in hell is the use o' shooting all the time? For my part I can rest on this line if it takes all summer."

"Agreed."

"Don't you know that you Yanks will have to retreat right fast from here? It will be your turn to run next. We have now got you where we want to, and have been reinforced by two Corps, and a new commander this morning."

The Federal soldier not relishing the idea of the two corps addition to an army already the equal numerically of his own, asked:—

"What corps are they, and who commands them?"

"McPherson's and Schofield's corps are on our side this morning. General Sherman commands us, for whenever you receive orders from him to move, we move too."

And so will it continue to be, though it may cost us a few lives and guns, as in the case of General McPherson on the 21st.

On the afternoon of that day orders were issued to all Corps commanders to move their forces by the heads of columns to Atlanta, which was ours, (in a horn.) In compliance with this order every soldier in camp deemed it a patriotic duty to shout lustily; musical instruments were hurriedly scoured and polished, fifes were watered, drums tightly laced, banners—tattered and dusted—were unfurled and brushed, and all resumed their proper places at the heads and centres of brigades and regiments. Officers of the Beau Brummell School drew from their scented portmanteaus their cleanest clothes, virgin shirt collars, delicate kids, handkerchiefs perfumed with "Lubin's West End." Meerschaums elaborately wrought and ingeniously colored were brought forth, from which could be seen huge clouds of aromatic smoke that received a brilliant tinge from odoriferous cascarilla. All was intended
to “take down” Atlantians, and impress the deluded inhabitants of that benighted region with the prowess, progress and potency of our great Yankee nation and notions. Thus did we jog carelessly but thoughtfully along, marveling to ourselves the happy morrow which would bring us the “freedom of the city,” its saloons and segars, cocktails and pleasing bar-maids. Suddenly a change cometh over the spirit of our reveries—belch!—belch!—belch! go piece after piece of artillery. Word is brought to us on the right that McPherson “ran plumb against a rebel line,” which fiercely charged upon his unguarded columns. The advance regiments were thrown into disorder by the unlooked for onslaught, and ten pieces of artillery were abandoned in the mêlée. Soon our lines were formed, a counter charge was ordered, when the rebel lines were borne down, bleeding, broken and mangled. By this, we retook four of the ten pieces of artillery, nearly all our prisoners, many of the rebels, as also the body of General McPherson, who fell, alas! and alas! at the first fire, being riding at the head of his column accompanied only by his body guard.

The loss of this brave and skillful General is a serious loss not only to this army but to this nation. Next to General Thomas, he was considered the ablest and best commander in the great and unconquerable army of the West. We have dearly paid for Polk. A nation recognizing virtue and merit should mourn in tears of anguish and sorrow Major General James B. McPherson. He commanded the 15th, 16th and 17th Army Corps, known as the “Department of the Tennessee.”

With the rebel dead and wounded who fell into our hands on the 21st, was a handsome young soldier in a neat gray jacket and pants. The soldier’s leg was shattered, and amputation was deemed necessary. The noble youth was placed on the surgical table, when lo—it was a female! So many “tender youths” have been captured by us since the commencement of this campaign that but little notice was given her features, and a suspicion never rose in the minds of our Sur-
geons as to the sex of their patient till the "disrobe-
ment" of her pantaloons revealed the fact. She was
too weak from the loss of blood to allow of any ques-
tions being asked, and being under the influence of
chloroform, nothing was said to or by her. For all we
or the world knows many of her kind may now be in
Northern prisons suffering the penalties of patriotic de-
fusion and folly.

The greater portion of the inhabitants of Atlanta
have, in conformity with the orders and warnings of
rebel commanders, abandoned their houses and homes,
and gone—God only knows where. An intelligent
citizen, named Myer, (a German,) who escaped the
conscription by the fortunate loss of his right eye,
informs me that, from Atlanta to Augusta, the road-
sides are literally swarmed with refugees from Mis-
souri, Tennessee, Kentucky and elsewhere, who are
unable to proceed further. They have been reduced to
abject poverty and want, and have to subsist on the
charities of the rebel Government. Raised in the very
lap of luxury, as many of them doubtless were, it is
sorrowing to the human heart to contemplate their
miserable condition, and to reflect upon the unknown
horrors that cling to their destiny, cast thus unpity-
ingly between two great armies. Oh! it is sad, awfully,
terribly sad, to reflect upon the condition of our un-
happy country! Steeped in tears, and mourning—
bowed down and sunk in the dust, like the daughter of
Babylon—drunk with the blood of her best and bravest
children—we seem destined to be the foot-ball of ill
fate. In dealing with her children, whom she deludes,
entices, and drives from their comfortable homes, Geor-
gia has forgotten her motto of "Wisdom, justice and
moderation."

I witnessed a strange, sad scene, yesterday, in front
of Davis’ Division, Fourteenth Corps, during the burial
of the dead, who were killed in the terrific and disas-
trous charge on the 27th. Grouped together in seeming
fraternal unity, were officers and men of both contend-
yng armies, who but five minutes before were engaged
in the work of slaughter and of death! There were Generals Cleburne, Cheatham, Hindman and Maury, in busy converse with, as I subsequently learned, the officers of the 14th Michigan Infantry, who, it seemed, were well acquainted with the families of many of the Tennessee officers and soldiers in Cheatham's Division. Cheatham looked rugged and healthy, though seemingly sad and despondent. He wore his "fatigue" dress, a blue flannel shirt, black neck-tie, grey, homespun pantaloons, and slouch black hat. At first he was not disposed to be either inquisitive or communicative, but after putting himself outside a few heavy drinks of commissary whisky from the bottle of one of our officers, "he was himself again," and made many inquiries about Nashvillians and the Rock City. General Maury was less reserved. He was elegantly dressed, as were also Lieutenant Colonel House, Captains McLean and Atkeison. Captain Lee, from Columbia, being introduced to Captain Nixon, of the 14th Michigan, asked:

"Do you belong to Mizner's Regiment, for some time stationed at Franklin and Columbia?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"Then you are the man who was Provost Marshal?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is well for you," said the coxcombish Captain Lee, "that we didn't get possession of that place and you—I would have hung you."

"No, you wouldn't," interposed a red-haired, red-eyed, Major Hawkins, (formerly Deputy Sheriff of Nashville), "for the boys say their folks were better treated by these Michigan men, than by any troops ever stationed there."

"That's so," said Major Vaulx, of Cheatham's staff, "boys, that's better whisky than we've got," (reaching for the ardent.)

Colonel House was in charge of the burying party, and was courteous and affable, putting on his most insinuating smiles.
Being reminded of the antagonistic attitude of himself and his brother (Sam, of Franklin), who was reported as making "reconstruction speeches," and being a loyal man, he remarked: "Well, Sam was always a conservative man, but I don't think he is very loyal." Colonel Cook, from Franklin, Tennessee, who was wounded a few days since, died yesterday. Colonel Clancy of the 52d Ohio, in talking to General Maury and Hindman, remarked that it was a sad state of affairs to witness human beings of a common origin and nationality dig two hours every day to bury the dead of twenty minutes' fighting. "Yes, yes, indeed," said one, "but if the settlement of this thing were left to our armies, there would be peace and good fellowship established in two hours." "General," said a Federal officer, addressing the long-haired Hindman, "what do you think of the result of this contest, were it left to your Division and ours in a fair field?" "I'd abide the result, and would as soon fight Davis' Division as any other," quoth Hindman. "I would want," said General Maury, "that our force should be equalized. Davis' Division may be stronger than ours," "O, it matters little as to superiority of numbers on our side," said the Federal officer, "you can whip us one rebel to five Yankees." Maury, applying the flask to his mouth, and complimenting our Commissary Department, said: "Bosh! If any of our people ever believed that, I think by this time that idea is d—d well played out!" The Tennessee regiments are woefully decimated, suffering heavily in every skirmish and battle. Soon their anxious and distracted parents will have none to return and cheer their last days. They are filling unknown graves in the swamps and marshes of Georgia, to gratify the treachery of traitors to our country and their "cause." They are "very lonesome," they say, "and wish to God this thing was settled." They want to go home; they are tired of war and toiling.

During the "parley," I noticed General D. S. Stanley, of the Fourth Corps, sitting quietly on his entrench-
ments, smoking his pipe and observing the enemy's position.

On the right, in front of the Fourth Corps, I met General James D. Morgan, of the First Brigade, Davis' Division, shovel in hand, aiding the men to bury the dead. The rebels never noticed him, as indeed few on either side could judge his true character or rank from his uniform. A soldier's blouse, pants and cap is his every day dress, and many and jocose and laughable are the mistakes and rebuffs they have led him into. Few officers in the army are superior to this same General Morgan, none are better liked by his men, and caring little about display or ostentation, he labors faithfully to do his duty to his country and his Brigade. He uses neither whisky or segars, and hence he is neglected by that class of unfledged literati, who measure men's merits by the strength and flavor of said articles.
CHAPTER IX.

The Pursuit of the Enemy.—Lights and Shadows of Campaigning.—Operations of the Army.—Coiling round Kenesaw Mountain.—Details of Skirmishers.—The retreat of the Rebels.

Early on the morning of the 22d, orders from General Schofield’s headquarters were issued, for the command to be in readiness to move. Soon after, General Cox’s command was on the road, moving on the Sandtown road toward the Powder Springs and Marietta road. At the junction of these roads his troops were placed in position, occupying a ridge of some importance, and affording a strong line. Cavalry skirmishers were driven back, and the whole move was executed without any great resistance. The Second Division—General Hascall—moved over Nose Creek, and filing to the left, marched in a road which strikes the Powder Springs and Marietta road two miles from the position of General Cox, described above. The Sandtown road, with the Powder Springs and Marietta road, and the road on which General Hascall moved, forms an isosceles triangle. The Second Division, on reaching the Powder Springs and Marietta road, took up position on the right of General Williams’ Division, of General Hooker’s Corps.

These movements were executed with great rapidity, and, as was hoped, without the observation of the enemy. It was one of those bold movements for which General Sherman is noted, and one of those rapidly executed and cautious moves which have added to General Schofield’s reputation as a soldier. The importance of the movement may be appreciated by your readers, when I say the line which we took up was directly South of Kenesaw, and but three miles
from Marietta, thus completely threatening their line of retreat, and compelling them to extend their lines, and, as a necessity, weakening them. The move, on the part of Generals Cox and Hascall, was made through woods and behind hills, but the movements were anticipated, if not seen, from Kenesaw, and Hood's Corps, of the rebel army, was at once ordered to counteract the move. Immediately upon arriving on the ground, General Hascall, with true soldierly instincts, began throwing up barricades, and urged his men to work vigorously. General Hooker's skirmishers occupied a ridge in advance, of great strength, and suggested to General Hascall that he move forward a part of his force to occupy the ridge, and if gained, he proposed to move forward the whole of his force and fortify it. The 14th Kentucky, Colonel Gallup, seven hundred strong, moved forward. Skirmishers were deployed, and with banners flying, they moved forward in gallant style. They gained the crest, and at once began throwing up barricades. In the meantime it was determined to fortify the crest first reached, as it was believed the enemy were moving forward to drive us back. The wisdom of this conclusion was afterward demonstrated. In front of General Hooker's lines an open tract of land within range of artillery and small arms was found, through which the enemy would be obliged to move. In front of General Hascall's lines the woods were dense. In our front, however, an open field gave a fine sweep for artillery. Here Captain Shields posted his batteries. The work of defense had been energetically carried on, and when the sharp firing on the skirmish line told of the enemy's advance, the command was prepared for a stubborn resistance. As soon as it had been determined to hold the ridge first gained, Colonel Gallup was ordered to leave his skirmishers on the ridge he had gained, and move back with his regiment. Before he had begun his retrograde move the enemy were seen advancing, and he determined to remain and drive them back. On came the enemy's line, moving in fine array, and talking boastfully of how
the Yankees would run. When within easy range, Colonel Gallup ordered his men to rise, and with deliberation those hardy men from the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, fired a volley that fairly swept from the ground the proud, defiant line of the enemy. Back in confusion they ran, only to be reformed and sent back with stronger force. Colonel Gallup, feeling that he had already exceeded his orders, now fell back.

In the meantime, the rebel line advanced again. The skirmishers on the right and left of this gallant regiment having been unsupported, fell back, and the 14th alone stood the brunt of this attack. Slowly they fell back to their position in line. The rebels, unconscious of our position, and flattering themselves that they had driven back our force, came confidently on until they reached the open field, when Captain Shields and Paddock, with their batteries, opened a murderous fire of case-shot and shell, which, in an incredibly short time, drove them in great confusion from our front. From General Hooker's front, the artillery poured in such incessant volleys of shell and case-shot, which with the missiles from General Hascall's batteries, swept the woods and ridge they had hoped to hold, that, after a fearful loss of life, they fell back in great confusion. In the open fields in front of General Hooker's left, they were fearfully cut up by the fire from our guns, and it was entirely in vain that their officers endeavored, with great gallantry, to rally their men. The divisions of the enemy engaged were Hindman’s and Stevenson's, of Hood's Corps. The prisoners captured by the 14th Kentucky, (twenty-three) were all of General Stevenson's Division, and say that they were told that we had but just arrived on the ground, had no works, and were in no great force. It is the second time they have been fearfully cut up in making charges, and they affirm that the men will never charge again. They of course will be made to charge whenever ordered, but they will assault with none of that impetuous bravery that once characterized Hood's troops. In this campaign, these men have never made a success-
ful assault, while they have, on more than one occasion, been driven from positions by our troops.

What their losses were in this assault upon the Twentieth Corps and General Hascall's Division, is not known, though it is certain that if our reserves had been able to come up in time to follow up their repulse, it would have been a fearful charge for them. In front of the position so bravely held by the 14th Kentucky, twenty-seven dead bodies were found. The trees and houses about, showed how well our artillery had been served, and it is not possible that they retired without a heavy loss in wounded.

General Hascall issued an order complimenting Colonel Gallup and his regiment for their conduct, as well as the whole Division.

General Cox, hearing the sound of the battle, moved with promptness to the support of General Hascall, but did not arrive in season to witness the repulse. His troops were placed on the right of the line, and, for the night, every thing was ready for any emergency.

Early in the morning, Colonel Strickland's Brigade, of the Second Division, was sent forward, to take possession of the ridge, from which the enemy had been driven the day previous. He reported the enemy fortifying a line but a short distance beyond the ridge, of which I have just spoken. General Hooker ordered General Butterfield, with his Division, to take position on the left of this brigade. General Hascall moved Colonel Cooper's and Colonel Hobson's Brigades to the right of Colonel Strickland. These troops went energetically at work, and soon were in position to hold the line against any assault that might be attempted. While these preparations were being perfected, General Cox moved a brigade on the right of General Hascall and the remainder of his troops into such a position as to render assistance wherever needed.

On the left of General Hooker's line a much more important movement was being executed. In front of General Geary was a high hill or ridge, one of the group, of which Kenesaw is the nucleus, which was of
great importance, and which it was determined to carry. A heavy and destructive fire, from a score of guns, was directed upon the enemy's works, which was continued for some time. Under cover of this fire a force was formed, and in season was ordered forward, and in one of the most brilliant, daring charges of the war, carried at the point of the bayonet. Our loss was not heavy, though the position gained was of great importance. With this hill and other positions, now in our possession, it is thought the enemy can be driven from Kenesaw, which they hold with a tenacity that proves its great importance.

Their lines now run in the shape of the letter V—the point of the letter being Kenesaw Mountain, and the letter extending toward the Chattahooche, one of the sides crossing the railroad.

To those who are growing impatient at the progress General Sherman is making in his extended operations, we have only to say, "Be of good cheer," for the work is progressing to the entire satisfaction of the army and its officers. They too have an interest in the campaign that is being carried out here, and are willing to work day and even night to expedite the work; but are little encouraged to feel that some are cavilling because they are not rushed on to works of strength, defended by brave men, to satisfy the cageriness of a few who can see progress only in frightful losses of life and long lists of casualties.

To those who claim that General Sherman is inactive we would say that there has been scarcely a day but what an engagement, that in the earlier days of the war would have been called a battle, has not been fought. This country is one extended wilderness. Hill rises after hill, frowning with batteries and strong earthworks. Ridge after ridge rises before us, lined with rifle-pits, manned with men. To attack these—to assault these, would be madness—would be criminal, and would insure the destruction of this Grand Army, now so confident and conscious of its strength and success. Where hills and ridges can only be gained by carefully
prepared and skillfully executed movements, these have been accomplished, and General Sherman, by a series of brilliant and rapidly executed movements, has wrested from the powerful army, under General Johnston, a country, which is one vast powerful fortification, and is, to-day, completing the movements which will force the rebel army over the river to its stronghold, which is the key to Atlanta. Let the country rather rejoice that her army is under the guidance of such an accomplished soldier, and be glad that her triumphs are the results of well executed strategic movements, rather than of frightful loss of life. When the final movement comes, when the opportunity for dealing a crushing blow to Johnston's army, in an open encounter, this army will not be found weakened and discouraged by past unsuccessful assaults, but will be ready and confident, with ranks yet full, to deal the decisive blow. Until then, let the country be confident, and confide in this army, for the work that is before it.

THE SITUATION.

The problem here has not yet been solved, though our troops go to sleep every night expecting to find no enemy in their front. Kenesaw Mountain is still in the hands of the enemy, though our right wing has wheeled nearly around it, and threatens directly and imminently their rear. Yesterday morning we were within three miles of Marietta—this morning but two. Our shell go into the pretty and aristocratic town, and the roar of musketery is never out of the ears of the startled inhabitants, ever growing near and more ominous, and, what must be peculiarly demoralizing, extending far to the South. Universally the rebels are expected to fall back within the next few days, and their position is now so constricted that no one would be surprised to wake up in the morning and find the enemy across the Chattahoochie.

There has been something of a lull in the tremendous skirmish fire that has been maintained day and night
for the last three or four weeks, and in which our troops, by great odds, bore the most active part. An enormous quantity of ammunition has been expended. Some of the regiments have fired three or four hundred rounds per man, and some batteries had their caissons replenished regularly twice per week. Thanks, however, to the integrity of the great railroad in our rear, belonging to the State of Georgia, there is plenty on hand and to spare, though our batteries should continue to fire by volleys, and our skirmishers with their minies cut down additional young saplings around the Johnnies' dirt-piles, before breakfast.

The army was never jollier, more determined, or more confident. They complain of one thing only, a want of sleep. They must fight all day, stealthily secure an advanced position (though a point has now been reached where this is no longer possible) at night, and fortify. Daylight comes early these mornings, and its initial shade is hailed by the spiteful salute of the watchful outposts. In the first gray of dawn the spade is thrown aside for the musket. The country around Kenesaw is scored with toilsome parallels, thrown up when all in nature, save the soldier, slept. Rest has been said to be simply a substitution of one kind of labor for another; the correctness of which established, our army has been uniformly and comprehensively refreshed.

The fatigue of the campaign since the first day's march from Ringgold has been enormous; indeed beyond computation. The cautious approach on Dalton, the sleepless, laborious nights and bloody days at Resaca, the fortnight of carnage and vigilant toil near Dallas, and the many even more wearisome and sanguinary days consumed in investing the rebel position at Kenesaw, are without parallel (unless it be Grant's present campaign) during the war. The losses of both these armies in killed and wounded during this period of grand activity, fully equal those of one of our great encounters, without the decisiveness that sometimes pertains to a pitched battle of the first class. Men have fallen daily by scores, hundreds, and sometimes by thousands, but the
morale of neither army is shaken. That Sherman has gained overpowering advantages—advantages that will give him Atlanta—will be nearly conceded. But the army of Johnson has not been destroyed, and until that is done the immense labor performed and blood spilled have no adequate return. We hope to do this when we have forced the enemy from his present formidable position, which has been held, and is held with more than usual tenacity. That he has suffered equally, to say the least, with ourselves, is a matter of certainty. The fact is confirmed in a dozen ways.

No one believes, however, as some mysterious correspondents have hinted, that Sherman will refrain, on Grant's account, from pushing Johnston to the wall. We have wrested every inch of territory we could from the enemy, and invested his position with the greatest possible celerity. If Johnston retreats to Atlanta, our army will probably halt North of the Chattahoochee river for a season of rest and preparation. Both are necessary, the former, perhaps, the more imperatively. Another retreat can not but greatly demoralize the enemy. The rebel rank and file were promised a grand and decisive battle here. It was with this explicit understanding that they retreated from Resaca and turned upon us at Kenesaw. But Sherman, the absurd fellow, wouldn't rush upon them in headlong assaults; consequently another retreat, with another congratulatory promissory order from Johnson, may be looked for. Would any body of men in the world, save the ignorant masses in the South, be gulled in this way for the twentieth time?

THE LEFT.

Has not advanced to-day, and the skirmishing has been light. There are indications that McPherson's Corps will be transferred to the right, as the rebel position can be much more easily flanked on that wing.
To-day we have had one of the briefest and severest engagements that have occurred since the Dallas affair, in which Woods and Johnson lost so heavily in a fatal attack upon a position which was impregnable. During the morning, and in fact up to three o'clock in the afternoon, quietude reigned along the whole line. The sharp music of the rifle was hushed and not a dozen shots per hour were heard upon the line, while the loud booming of the Rodmans, Parrots and Napoleons no longer echoed through the hills. “After a calm comes a storm,” and in this case it proved too true. Immediately in front of the Fourth Corps was a long ridge on which the enemy had extensive fortifications, upon which were mounted three batteries, the fire of which had become very troublesome. Besides, it was an important position for us to possess. General Thomas ordered General Howard to assault this ridge to-day, and if possible to carry it. The General at once set about preparations to carry out his orders, and as all the details were left to his discretion, the General consulted his Division commanders, and arranged the plan of attack. Placing all of his artillery in position where it could be most effective, strengthening the points of the line in front of the ridge, and giving instructions to his subordinate commanders that could not be misunderstood, the General dispatched Colonel Fullerton, Assistant Adjutant General, to give instructions to the commanders of batteries and superintend the execution of the orders. The Colonel placed a bugler in the center of Newton’s Division, with others in either division on the right and left. Stanley on the right and Woods on the left. The batteries of the Corps were instructed to open simultaneously upon the enemy, and cannonade them for fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which time they were to cease firing, and the line was to advance. At a quarter before four, P. M., the batteries opened and then so vigorous was the cannonading that for fifteen minutes all other noise was swallowed up in the thun-
ders that echoed through the sultry air, while from every hill and knob along the whole line, the volumes of smoke that arose filled the valleys and shut out all opportunities of viewing the bloody carnage that so soon was to follow.

THE ADVANCE.

At four o'clock the batteries quieted down, and instantly the bugle sounded the advance. It was taken up and repeated along the whole line, and in less than two minutes the whole line was in motion. The ground over which the advance was to be made, was covered by large trees and very little undergrowth, so that a good view could be obtained of the line as it moved forward. All the brigades moved off together, with the regularity of veterans, and as they neared the rebel rifle-pits, on the slope of the hill, behind which was posted a strong skirmish line, a destructive skirmish fire was opened upon the enemy, who, sheltered by the rifle-pits, suffered but little. On Stanley's front, over four hundred yards were the enemy driven, to these rifle-pits, when regiment after regiment reinforced our skirmishers—the 84th Indiana and details—until it had assumed the proportions of a line of battle, when they advanced on the double-quick, drove the enemy from his pits, over some distance of ground, and into his main line of earthworks, where were massed heavy forces of the enemy. So formidable were the rebel works, situate on the crest of the hill, and so numerous the guns that were mounted, and poured a raking fire into our line, that to attempt an assault upon it would be sheer madness. Consequently, Stanley held his position, over four hundred yards in advance of the starting point, and fortified within seventy-five yards of the enemy's main works. Wood's and Newton's positions, before the line was moved, was much nearer the rebel works than was Stanley's, yet they pushed their divisions forward under the deadly fire, drove the skirmishers from their rifle-pits, and advanced almost up to
the rebel reserve, but were forced to fall back to the
rifle-pits, where they also fortified, and held their posi-
tion, within about fifty yards of the enemy's works.

The troops behaved with great gallantry, and in the
charge I learn that not a regiment faltered. All are
deserving of equal praise for the spirit manifested, and
the energy with which they "moved on the enemy's
works." That all that was desired by the commanding
General was not accomplished was no fault of the men
or the fearless brigade and division commanders who led
them. No troops could have accomplished more under
the circumstances. The brigades commanded by
Whitaker, Kimball, Wagner, Kirby, Hazen, Harker
and Gross, deserves honorable mention—that of Whita-
ker especially, which captured twenty-nine men and
two commissioned officers before they had time to get
out of their rifle-pits.

THE ATTACK FROM THE ENEMY.

About seven P. M., the enemy attacked along the
whole line, but the heaviest blow was upon Whitaker.
Here again our men had an excellent opportunity to
display their valor. Lying behind their hastily thrown
up breastworks, they met the assault with shot for shot,
and handsomely repulsed them.

OUR LOSSES

To-day, in wounded alone, will amount to two hundred
in the Fourth Corps alone. The Fourteenth Corps, on
the left, supported, but did no heavy fighting. The
Twentieth Corps was on the right, but only participated
with one of Geary's batteries, and experienced little or
no loss. Among the killed and wounded are a number
of valuable officers, whose loss will be deeply felt. Col-
onel Bartleson, of the 100th Illinois, as brave an officer
as ever marched at the head of a regiment, who lost an
arm at Shiloh, was captured and wounded at Chicka-
mauga, and only a few weeks ago released, fell dead
while bravely leading the skirmish line on Wagner's front. Captain Eastman, 93d Illinois, another esteemed officer, was mortally wounded, and breathed his last a few hours after. Captain Bierce, late engineer on General Hazen's staff, was slightly wounded while following the General along the lines. The names of other officers killed and wounded have not yet been obtained.

**HOW SHERMAN TREATS GUERRILLAS.**

Various and strange as have been the modes suggested to stop guerrilla operations, attacks on railway trains, &c., none seem to have been successful. General Sherman, I believe, deserves the credit of having unravelled the knotty problem of suppressing guerrilla depredations.

On our lines of railway, between here and Chattanooga, guerrillas have become somewhat troublesome, in the way of placing torpedoes on the track. General Sherman was determined to put an end to this cowardly mode of assisting the rebels, and accordingly arrested a number of prominent secession sympathizers along the route, whom he placed in an old box car, and daily run them over those portions of the road where torpedoes are supposed to have been placed. The old traitor rascallions do not enjoy the boon of free railway transit, but the medicine administered has cured guerrillaism effectually.

**RIGHT WING—GENERAL BUTTERFIELD TAKES A HILL.**

The fighting of General Butterfield's Division, (3d) on the 22nd, it turns out, was more severe than at first supposed. It was on the left of the Corps, and had as its task to carry and hold a difficult and important hill, or rather ridge. The whole division charged right up the hill, as usual, under a severe musketry fire, pushed the rebel skirmishers into their works, approached the latter as nearly as could be done, without needless
waste of life, (which, with the Twentieth Corps, means very close,) threw up breastworks "right under the rebels' noses," all the while under fire, and planting Smith's and Geary's Batteries and training them upon the rebel works, finally dislodged them, and drove them back entirely off the hill.

The heaviest loss was suffered in Colonel Coburn's Brigade, (2nd). The entire loss in killed and wounded, in estimated at one hundred and forty-six. Early in the day Captain William R. Thomas, of the 105th Illinois, Assistant Adjutant General to General Ward, received a severe flesh wound in the right leg. Captain C. E. Graves, of the 33d Massachusetts, was also slightly wounded in the ankle. The losses suffered by the 33d Indiana, 55th Ohio and 26th Indiana, were particularly severe.

WORK OF THE 14TH KENTUCKY.

The Second Division, of the Twenty-Third Corps, moved out a little, on the morning of the 23d, from its position of the previous night, sufficiently to pass over the rebel skirmish line, and ascertain the effect of the firing of the 14th Kentucky. In front of this regiment alone, about twenty dead rebels were found unburied. Their own loss, it will be remembered, was but eight killed.

All the rebel wounded had been carried away. One man was found under a tree dreadfully bruised and crushed, and upon looking into the tree above him, traces of blood were discovered on a limb, where he had evidently posted himself to pick off our men at his leisure.

QUIET DURING THE DAY.

After the first slight advance in the morning, the Corps lay quiet throughout the day, content to forego the perilous sport of picket-firing and seek in the shade, some relief from the scorching rays of the sun. A single
battery in General Geary's Division, was called into requisition to assist the 4th Corps, and with this exception the right wing maintained a dignified silence. On the extreme right a portion of the 3d Division was refused to assist the "dismounted" in repelling any attempt that might be made by guerrillas upon our populous and ponderous train in that vicinity; but all apprehension of attack, in that quarter proved, groundless.

THE POSITION.

The extreme of the right wing extends Southward to the latitude of Neal Dow, a station on the railroad about three miles below Marietta, and in the morning the sun rises directly on our front. How desperately the rebels cling to Kenesaw, with this long line on their flank, may be seen from this statement. But they can scarcely be blamed. With Kenesaw, they abandon the last peak of the great mountain ranges through which they have struggled so long, and where, it was supposed, we would find the key and heart of their strength, and go down into the thick woods of Georgia, where they can no longer see their foe, but must grope in the dark for their *Via Dolorosa* to the Gulf.

The work of our army to-day amounted to just nothing; during the entire day the contending armies rested in their rifle-pits and beneath their "pup tents," contenting themselves with an occasional shot to remind each other that they were still there, and had not evacuated their works. No more noise was caused by the entire army than would be produced by a dozen sportsmen in a forest where game was plenty. Our skirmishers, I understand, were ordered to fire but occasionally, and the enemy manifested no desire to provoke a severe skirmish along the line. Why this order was given I know not, but knowing ones assert that it was to give the enemy an impression that we were short of ammunition, and thereby induce them to come out of their works and attack us. If this was the object, it failed, for no attack was made. At seven
P. M., six or eight shots were fired at Kenesaw by McPherson's artillery, but they called forth no response.

During the night, however, the quietude was broken by pretty sharp skirmishing, lasting from ten o'clock until reveille this morning. The loss, however, was very light. The rest to-day has been fully appreciated by the over-taxed surgeons at the hospitals, who for many days have been on duty night and day, dressing the wounds of and caring for the sufferers under their charge.

In the absence of skirmishing, both armies have occupied the day in erecting new, and strengthening their old works. The lines are now so close before the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps that the skirmishers in the rifle-pits keep up a lively conversation with each other.

**RIGHT WING—"NOTHING FRESH."**

The intense heat which begins to prevail at this season of the year in this latitude, was, on the 24th, well nigh at its maximum. Staff officers lay in their marqueses or booths, endeavoring to kill time with such vile "commissary" as could be got, and ancient newspapers, and the pickets only occasionally roused themselves from a comfortable nap in their little trenches, peered out over the small heaps of dirt which lay between their heads and rebel bullets, and fired off a gun at random to keep up appearances, and again subsided. Has it never occurred to any one that this campaign is a very slow one? To those who are uninitiated and have not the key to strategies and policies, the reasons for this slowness does not appear. The heated term is already inaugurated, and active operations are weekly becoming more tedious by reason of the heat. Rebel prisoners almost unanimously say there is very little to offer a substantial resistance to our march into Atlanta, after getting to the banks of the river, and the men are eager for a battle to end the campaign. Are we waiting for something to turn up?
REBEL PRISONERS.

These have not been taken in any considerable numbers of late, but representatives from all States and regiments are found in the small squads that are picked up now and then. They all present the same general appearance. An observer can not but be struck with the listless, jaded motions and sallow countenances with which these men come among us, as of those whose spirits are broken, whose hopes are few, and who have no heart for the fight. Prisoners and deserters alike wear the countenances and speak the words of men who have been over-worked, of men who have been duped by fair speeches, into a service which promised great things and yielded nothing but disappointment, of men whose minds and muscle have been goaded by a lavish use of stimulants to a feverish activity, and who are now suffering the inevitable reaction and languor which follow unnatural elevation.

They act like men who are thoroughly tired, worn out and disgusted. We have as little to hope from the deserters as the rebels, nor have the latter much to hope from the prisoners we may return to them by exchange, for, in the rough phrase of both alike, "they don't care a cuss, so they can get out of it and get home." A very unpromising confession from those who are looked to as the material out of which to erect new and thriving States.

OPERATIONS OF JULY 4TH.

Late in the afternoon of the 3d, the skirmishers of General Smith's Division, after advancing out about two miles, became engaged briskly with those of the enemy, and driving them across Nickajack creek, and out of a few slight works, discovered that the rebels were occupying a fortified position in their front. They were prepared to make an assault next morning, but any considerable advance would have carried them quite beyond the supporting forces on the flank, and it must be delayed till later in the day. Meantime the
Twentieth Corps was slowly advancing, (forenoon of the 4th) skirmishing slightly and shelling, and at the same time moving to the right, so that it gradually came in front of the Twenty-Third Corps, leaving the latter in reserve. About the middle of the afternoon, General Hooker reported his right resting on Nickajack creek, by which movement only Colonel Swayne's Brigade, of the Twenty-Third Corps, was between the Twentieth and Fifteenth Corps. On the right of the Fifteenth were the two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, commanded by General Dodge, somewhat less advanced than the rest. The Seventeenth Corps had marched on down a road leading South to the river, and General Harrow's Division of the Fifteenth Corps, was in reserve yet.

The troops being formed in line ready to advance, about five o'clock, the skirmishers were thrown out preparatory to starting, to feel the enemy's position. Those in front of Fuller's Brigade, Veatch's Division, had advanced more nearly to the enemy's main line than any had hitherto done, and by them it was discovered that the enemy were very strongly entrenched behind masked breastworks, protected in front by abatis. So formidable were the works ascertained to be, that it was not considered prudent to assault them that evening with the forces then at command. A few shells were thrown into the position, and it was left for the night. On the left, three regiments, two of which were the 129th and 130th Indiana, were advancing toward the works, and appear to have been without skirmishers in front, when they were suddenly met by a severe volley coming from an unseen foe, which disabled from twelve to twenty men in each regiment. Falling flat on their faces after the first volley, they escaped further loss. This line had been formed fronting in the direction it did before the evacuation of Kenesaw, i. e., about South-east.

A BLACK FLAG.

On the 3d a portion of General Stoneman's command
captured from the 3d Texas Cavalry, a black flag, with a skeleton figured upon it, together with a death's head and cross-bones. This flag is no myth or creation of the wild fancy of some terrified trooper, but a reliable thing now in possession of a surgeon in the General's command, and seen and handled by the members of General Schofield's staff. They are said to have carried it from the first. What they expect to have understood by it is easily arrived at from the remark of a member of another Texas regiment, who was taken prisoner and brought to headquarters. When asked by a member of the staff if he belonged to the regiment which carried the black flag, he replied that he did not, else he should not have been brought there. It is, perhaps, needless to state that our men are reported to have taken no prisoners from the 3d Texas Cavalry.

WHAT THE REBELS ABANDONED.

I visited yesterday and inspected a portion of the works built by the rebels in the rear of Kenesaw. They were located about five miles, a little West of South, from the mountain, and in front of the left of the Twenty-Third Corps; and I have not seen, anywhere, fortifications built with more solidity, regularity and finish, in any portion of our system of defences in this campaign. Crowning the summits of two slight elevations in a cleared field, surrounded by woods and commanding a main road leading to Marietta, were two regular earth-forts, pierced for eight guns each. These forts stood a few rods in advance of a heavy line of breastworks crossing the road, and which were pierced within a space of four hundred yards, for nineteen guns. Thus within the space of four hundred yards, the rebels could have brought to bear upon an approaching force, thirty-five guns. No better evidence could be asked of the indomitable industry and resolution with which the rebels contest our advance into this country, and of the obstacles the army has to encounter in making the advance.
After falling back from Kenesaw, it was supposed the rebels would delay on this side the river no longer than was necessary to cover the transportation of their baggage and their retreat. Instead of that they have constructed another powerful line of breastworks, some sections of which can be plainly seen with a good glass on the crest of a hill, and seem determined to make still another fight and another flank movement necessary, this side of the river. This line appears to assume the general shape of a semi-circle, resting on the river, and curving around the railroad bridge as a centre, with its farther point Northward, about seven miles below Kenesaw. They are said to have employed in its construction, a large force of negroes; but our signal officers have seen white soldiers mainly, and speak of the alacrity and vigor with which the latter throw dirt, and heave huge logs as evincing a very commendable development of the instinct of self-preservation at least, if not a lively enthusiasm in promoting their cause. The rebels have learned at last, as well as ourselves, by bitter experience, that it is a most desirable thing to fight, if fight they must, behind a friendly wall. Yesterday our forces appear to have got into line after the confusion and changes in following the evacuation, and now invest a semi-circle in the following order from right to left: McPherson, Schofield and Thomas.

HAZARDS WHICH ARE PAST.

It is safe, at this date, to speak of the hazards undergone by certain portions of the army within a week past, of which, at the time, it would have been imprudent to make particular mention. Before the assault on Kenesaw, the right wing had already been greatly extended Southward, apparently with the purpose and hope of causing the enemy to evacuate the mountain. This movement failed of its object, simply because it was not prosecuted far enough. This is proven by the
fact that after the assault in front had been made, and failed, and the original flank movement was resumed and continued, the rebels were compelled to withdraw, by a simple continuation of that which was the strategy at first, but abandoned too soon. If the perils of this prolongation of the right wing were considerable before the evacuation of Kenesaw, (and they were evidently sufficient to cause the further prosecution of the movement to be stopped) much more were they after the evacuation. While the rebels held their grasp upon the mountain, they could throw against our right wing only their cavalry and a small force of infantry, though if they had fully known how weak it was, they might, even with this force, have inflicted much more mischief than they did; but when they let go their hold upon it, they were at liberty to double back rapidly, and by massing heavily on our right before a force could be sent all the way around from our left to support the right, to strike a heavy blow in that quarter. Our line was long drawn out.

Our Generals were fully aware of the risks of the situation, but it seemed necessary that they should be incurred, since any considerable part of our forces in line before the rebels could not be spared by reason of the superior strength and inferiority of the rebel line, until the withdrawal of some portions of the enemy should liberate the men in their front; and, even then, the rebels could arrive first, going across a circle which we must go round. Nevertheless, the mingled audacity and caution which controlled the move, was destined to succeed, and without disaster. The stake was won. The rebels thought it safest not to make a bold push against our right, but secure to themselves a strong position on the river, and endeavor to cover a retreat. A division of the Fifteenth Corps arrived from the left, and presently the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps followed, and the Twenty-Third Corps breathed easier.

To one who has closely scanned the map of Northern Georgia, and familiarized himself with the news of the day since this campaign opened, it must be apparent
that in two months the army under General Sherman has accomplished a vast work. Marching over one hundred and twenty miles through a country unknown to them, skirmishing and fighting almost daily, butting up against works capable of resisting a force double the number under Johnston, only to gain some slight advantage, or meet with a temporary check, contesting every foot of ground from Ringgold to the Chattahoochie, without once having its lines broken, or a regiment stampeded, it challenges the world to show a better record. The secret of its great success lies in the superior material of which it is composed, and the foresight of the men who command. The same invincible host that under Rosecrans and Buell cut their way through Kentucky and Tennessee to Chattanooga, and, when broken and shattered at Chickamauga, reformed their lines, and held in check a vastly superior number, still carries the flag of their country forward through blood and fire.

Here we are at the Chattahoochie, within ten miles of the chief city of Georgia, looking down into its streets from the mountain heights that line the Northern bank.

**THE RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.**

This morning the division commanders of Howard's Corps, at three o'clock, discovered that the enemy had disappeared from their front, at Neil Dow, and were in full retreat. Breakfast was hurriedly eaten, camps broken, and at five, Howard's columns were in motion, Wood moving along the railway, Newton following, with the exception of one brigade that was sent along the road to the left, of the railway, in pursuit of a wagon train, and a battery of artillery guarded by rebel cavalry who brought up the rear, but which failed to overtake the train. Stanley moved through the woods on the left of the railway, and picked up a large number of rebel prisoners and deserters. Wood took fifty-eight, and Newton also gathered up a respectable number.
The Fourteenth Corps moved on a road running parallel with the railway on the right, Baird being in the advance. Skirmishing commenced about Fulton, one mile and a half North of the river, with the enemy's rear-guard, who retreated rapidly before our advance.

Hooker, who was on the right of Palmer, swung round his right and advanced toward the river, meeting with but little opposition as he marched rapidly to a position within about three miles of the river. Tonight, our line is an irregular one, conforming somewhat to the course of the river, the centre being two or three miles from it, and both flanks resting upon its banks. Howard's Corps on the left at this point, Pace's Ferry, and McPherson on the right, near where Nickajack creek empties its waters into the muddy waters of the Chattahoochee, some five miles from the railroad bridge.

A very large number of prisoners have been taken to-day by the army, but these are our only captures, as the enemy got over with every wagon. The Fourth Corps has taken about one hundred and fifty, and the other Corps have done equally well. I have no particulars of McPherson's and Schofield's movements on the flank, for the past two days, as they have been isolated from the rest of the command. They have had some severe fighting, however, and driven the enemy to the river.

SHELLING THE ENEMY'S REAR.

Arriving at Vining Station yesterday, it was discovered that the enemy's rear-guard was crossing at the ferry, one mile South-east of the station. At the right of the station are two very high mountains, from the summit of which a plain view of the road leading from the rebel pontoons to Atlanta, was obtained. Palmer promptly ordered the 5th Indiana Battery, Captain Morgan, to take a position on the mountain, and to open with one section. The shots were deposited into the road in splendid style, and exploding in the road, raised
quite a dust about the cavalry, who, for over an hour, could be distinctly seen with the naked eye, rushing out at the height of speed, and goading their horses forward. Never have I witnessed cavalry so thoroughly demoralized; many horses fell down exhausted beneath their cowardly riders, who flanked themselves out of the way with remarkable agility. When all had been driven across who were in Howard's front, the enemy fired his pontoons, which were burned. Hazen, who had the advance in driving the enemy across the river, inflicted considerable loss upon them, losing five men in his brigade.

VIEW FROM MOUNT LOOKOUT.

The view from the mountain at this point, from which our artillery to-day shelled the retreating enemy, is exceedingly interesting. Away off to the South-east, ten miles distant, can be distinctly seen the farm houses that nestle in the forests around Atlanta—the tall spires of the churches and public buildings, and the fortifications that guard the approaches to the "Gate City." Stretching away to the South, the eye beholds a vast forest, dotted by innumerable plantations and villages. Nearer, almost at the base of the mountain, the serpentine river can be seen through the thick growth of trees that line its banks, while the military, State and private roads to the East and South, remind the beholder of a huge spider's web, so numerous are they, and forming so many angles.

Captain Messenger and Lieutenant Burton, of General Howard's staff, have opened a signal station here, and daily take observations of the country around them, which, to the South-east and South-west, is quite level, but on other points of the compass quite mountainous and broken by ravines and ridges.

Yesterday the curiosity of the troops to see Atlanta, was so strong that stragglers left their regiments and climbed the side from which they viewed the Promised Land, to which they are "pilgrimage." Many of the poor fellows, I fear, will never live to obtain a nearer
view, as a desperate defense will be made ere Johnston evacuates it for another position, and by surrendering it, open the doors for greater Federal success beyond and on either side.

A SHOCKING SIGHT.

While on the mountain yesterday, the body of a man was found, mortified and rotten, suspended to a tree. To all appearances he had been dead three weeks. Papers were found in his pockets, identifying him as a railway employee named Ben Duncan, of Griggsville, Georgia. It is believed he committed suicide, as money was found on his person. The rebel citizens and soldiers taken by us profess to know nothing as to how he met his death.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS JULY 6, 9 A. M.

This morning Howard has guns in position commanding the roads leading from the river to Atlanta. The enemy is still on the South bank, but in what force is not known. Woods is now reconnoitering the river, for a point to throw down pontoons preparatory to the passage of this army. Schofield has just arrived from the right, and his Corps is now moving into position on Howard's left, which, for six days, has been covered by Garrard's and McCook's cavalry commands. The enemy has been shelled very vigorously since five this morning, but all is now quiet. Where his next line of defenses will be encountered, it is impossible to say. There is a fair chance of capturing the railway train, and the rebel force in the bend of the river, if our troops push them vigorously and give them no opportunity to escape upon pontoons, as they have on the left.

THE COMMUNICATIONS.

Our line of communications is open in the rear as far as Big Shanty. The road will be open to Marietta
in two days. The troops are well rationed and quite jubilant over the prospect of an early arrival at Atlanta. I must close in haste, as a courier is awaiting to carry this North.

It is amusing to witness the demonstration with which our boys receive rebel deserters into the lines on certain occasions. When the armies are lying very close together, as they often are, in battle lines, the disaffected rebels contrive to steal out unnoticed for a time, though they are generally discovered and fired on before reaching our lines. As soon as the soldiers see them coming, they appreciate the situation at once, and cannot resist the temptation to jump up from behind their works, though at the imminent risk of their heads, waving their hats and shouting, "Good boy! good boy!" "Come in out of the rain!" "You're our man!" "You're making good time!" &c. The first word of salutation is, "Got any tobacco, reb?" The returned prodigal, just escaped from the husks of the rebellion, is then treated to the fatted calf, the hard tack and coffee, which latter is to him a luxury indeed.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

I lately met Dr. Lucius Culver, of the 61st Ohio, under circumstances so creditable to himself, and so agreeable, in contrast to those investing the case of another member of the profession, which have been heretofore narrated in this correspondence, that I cannot forbear to mention it. The Doctor had been painfully ill for many days—much more fit to go to the hospital than the field—and yet, because his regiment would be left without medical attendance entirely, by his absence, he persisted in staying with it, sharing all the hardships of inclement weather, bad roads and bad fare, following it in the camp and into the line of battle, and giving personal attention to the wounded men as they were brought in, and before they were taken in the ambulances to the hospital in the rear. Though every one knows how important it is that a sur-
geon should have a sound mind in a sound body, in order to give the best energies of both to the relief of the patient, and how depressing an effect the clouded face of a physician—who may be soured with his own ills—often has on a sensitive sufferer; still every one who has seen, as I have, men bleed to death while being carried from the field to the hospital, from the lack of a surgeon close at hand, to twist a tight bandage around the limb as soon as possible, will be able to appreciate fully the worthy self-denial spoken of above.

All is still quiet along the line; to-day there is less firing than at any time since the week commenced. Both armies are improving the time by strengthening their works. The troops are still as hopeful as ever, and as anxious to meet the enemy in a general engagement as they were at the opening of the campaign. The weather is very warm, and the soldiers to-day are bathing in the cool streams that wander down the ravines of these populous old mountains. All is joy and hilarity to-day; but what of to-morrow? Many will sleep the final slumber, as all is now ready, and to-morrow will probably see the opening act of the most bloody struggle of the war.

I have occupied my time in copying from official returns made to Brigade Headquarters, the following very full returns of killed in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky regiments, the names of the wounded of which, have been forwarded to you.

I have no returns from the Fourteenth Corps, which in the last week had a total loss of but one hundred and forty-three.

*Killed in Wagner’s Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, Before Marietta, June 25th.*

26TH OHIO.

Lieutenant Samuel Platt; Corporal T. J. Simpson, C; H. C. Starrett, D; T. J. Mercer, D; C. E. Ellison, K.

40TH INDIANA.

T. Hamlin, C; D. Elvinger, D; John Jordan, D;
George Brant, E; S. Needham, G; Sergeant F. M. Fenlinger, I; Corporal Manwaring, I; Henry Wethwold, K; William Miller.

*Killed in Gross' Brigade, First Division, Fourth Army Corps, to June 25th*

**30TH INDIANA.**

Wm. Schlanghoff, D; James Durrow, A; Wm. Huckenburg, G; Fred. Freinfruk, H.

**36TH INDIANA.**

Lieutenant G. H. Bowman, I; ——Harrison, I; ——Vallet, H; Michael Smith, H; Daniel Paul, E; Lieutenant M. Hendricks, C; Sergeant J. A. Kern, D; Lew Allen, H.

**9TH INDIANA.**

R. F. Lawhorn, G; S. McKnight, E; Samuel S. Disbrow, E; Fred D. McNab, F; Hearn Herrold, B; Gus H. Edwards, B; ——Openshane, E.

*Killed in Whittaker's Brigade, First Division, Fourth Army Corps.*

**40TH OHIO.**

Isaac Taynor, D; John Crawford, B; J. E. Beckford, F; J. F. Steel, K; W. Q. Austin, B; James Spellman, F; J. S. Mason, F; W. Lucas, F; E. Carmick, K.

**5TH INDIANA.**

Ben Ferrold.

**99TH OHIO.**

Sergeant Buttles, B; Corporal J. Bell, I; Corporal Jehu John, E; Jerry Sullivan, E; Elias Hinton, F; Ben Custed, A; A. Karnly, A.

**84TH INDIANA.**

S. Cripe, C; Ben F. Newcomb, G; A. Edwards, B; R. Pittinger, D; Jacob Shrager, D; Michael Young,
35th Indiana.

Major Duffice; Ed Whalen, A; M. Castello, C; Sergeant Carmikle, D; John H. Elder, D; C. Bennett, F; G. N. Shilt, F; Jacob Vanscoyk, H; Lieutenant Wm. O'Donnell, I.

21st Kentucky.

J. H. Peters, C; Pat Welch, C; Wm. H. Lanham, D; W. C. F. Mayo, D; John Montgomery, E; John Aikin, G; I. M. Morton, G; Sergeant C. H. Hayes, H; C. D. Taylor, F.

51st Ohio.

Captain Samuel Stephens, H; F. Wingenried, H; Samuel Spears, C; N. Landis, C; Levi Williams, D; C. Parker, E; Wm. Hammond, E; L. Stallard, F; W. B. Shannon, G; Lieutenant Wm. C. Workman; Benson Pool, K; T. F. Weimer, H.

My last letter was written from the North side of Nose creek, since which time important changes have taken place in the lines of the whole right wing of the army.
CHAPTER X.

Progress of the Georgia Campaign.—The Movement on Atlanta.—Sherman's Marches.—The Terrible Battle of the 22d of July.—The Signal Victory of the Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps.—The Gallant Conduct of Leggett's and Smith's Divisions.—Sketch of General Leggett.—Death of General McPherson.

We are now on the eve of great actions. Neither army was willing to delay. A grand, decisive blow, was of infinite importance to each! to Hood, everything! to us, much. General Sherman has had to storm natural positions and intrenched places, in the Switzerland of America, which the rebels boastingly asserted should never be occupied by Federal troops. They have thus far been signally foiled, and now that Sherman has scaled mountain passes, taken eyries at the point of the bayonet, and held most successfully every foot of his advance, in material results and advantages, the possession of Atlanta will prove a greater triumph than the capture of Richmond—this latter city is comparatively desolate, and has to draw its supplies of food from other parts of the Confederacy; but Atlanta is the centre of a vast region, where plenty abounds, from whence the rebel armies have been supplied with provisions and munitions, and the importance of its occupation can not be exaggerated. Along the lines of the Etowah river are the richest iron works of the South. At Kingston are immense saltpetre works. The occupation of this region tends more to put the rebels hors du combat than the fall of Richmond. Because Sherman has always driven Johnston before him, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the rebel army is demoralized, and has no fight in it. We think differently, when we remember Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Adairsville, Cassville, Dallas and Kenesaw...
Mountain. Never before was the rebel army of the Tennessee so well handled; never was it so well clothed and fed, and under such discipline. The desertions from it, during the present campaign, have not been a tithe of those during the retreat of Bragg, last Summer, when he was driven across the Tennessee river, by Rosecrans. The long line of graves that mark the resting place of our own true soldiers, and more of the rebels from here to Tunnel Hill, the wounded in hospital, and thinned ranks of Hood's army, show the severity of the battles between these two armies. One hundred days ago we left Ringgold, and during this time several of the Corps of this army have had at least eighty days of severe skirmish fighting, and all of them have also been engaged in several desperate battles. It may interest our readers to know how this army got so far into the interior of Georgia. An army fighting an offensive battle, in the enemy's country, should have three men to the enemy's one. I doubt whether Sherman's army ever numbered over one-third more than Johnston's. Hence, the great difficulty he has experienced in following up the modern Fabius in his skillful retreat. Johnston certainly thought that he was drawing Sherman "just where he wanted him," as the rebel press has informed its Southern readers, but it has been anything but a draw game. He has lost what he played for. He has drawn him just a little too far. He had not the courage and dash, and his soldiers were not of the right sort to stop the encroaching Yankees. Had Hood been in command of the rebel army, and had he taken advantage of our many embarrassing situations, during the march after the fugacious Johnston, he would, in all probability, have struck a blow that would have stopped the army some way back of this point, or sent it back to Chattanooga to recruit. Now, it is too late for any such game. It is impossible for any army, the size of Sherman's, with its immense trains and paraphernalia, to move on one road, and the different Corps have been obliged to move on parallel, cross and converging roads, and through the woods and
open fields. Their movements, also, had to be so regulated that they might arrive at certain points at given times. There was always great danger of Johnston’s turning and striking one or more Corps of this army while so moving, and before other Corps could come to their support, and, if possible, then to whip us in detail. On several occasions he made feeble attempts to carry such tactics into execution, but he was always in too great a hurry to reach his new line of rifle-pits, to make a serious attack. He feared that some part of our army might move around him and first reach his defensive works. Often, the enemy has tried to drive our troops out of these, after they have been so captured, but they have always failed, sometimes with heavy loss. It is our deliberate opinion, as expressed above, that it was impossible for Sherman’s army to have taken at any time, by direct assault, any of the rebel works. They have all been laid out by skillful engineers, and are so arranged as to give the enemy a direct and cross artillery fire. In front of these works, are carefully prepared abatis, *chevaux de frise* and entanglements, and before a column of attack could get through such obstructions, it could be destroyed *in toto*.

The English press, in its criticisms on Sherman’s march through Northern Georgia, pronounced him slow in his movements. These trans-Atlantic gentlemen ought to remember, that their great, Wellington, took six years to drive Napoleon out of Spain, a country as large as Virginia, and then he was forced to retire because of disasters elsewhere.

Four of the most powerful nations of Europe consumed two years in occupying the Crimea, a country not as large as New Jersey. England, herself, required thirty months to squelch the Sepoy rebellion, an undertaking as great as to put down the uprising of the negroes of any of our Southern States. France has, in more than two years, succeeded in getting only about two hundred miles into Mexico.

On the 20th inst., the Army of the Tennessee ad-
vanced towards Atlanta, from near Decatur. The Fifteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Logan, on the line of the Augusta Railroad; the Seventeenth, commanded by General Blair, on the left of the railroad, and the Sixteenth, commanded by Dodge, in reserve. When the day closed, Logan's Corps, the Fifteenth, was near the enemy's main works, at Atlanta, Blair's was in front of a high hill, strongly occupied by the enemy. From citizens it was learned that the hill overlooked Atlanta, and was in short range of that much coveted city. The noble McPherson said: "We must have that hill." General Blair directed General M. D. Leggett, commanding Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, to adjust his troops so as to charge and take the hill in the morning. General Leggett did as commanded. At about six o'clock A.M., of the 21st, he made a magnificent charge in the face of a deadly fire of musketry and artillery, and took the hill with many prisoners. In a few minutes he had artillery in position, and was playing vigorously upon Atlanta. The rebels made several vigorous charges to retake the hill during the day but without success. General Leggett lost between three and four hundred men in the charge, and inflicted a still greater loss upon the enemy. The Fourth Division, commanded by General Giles A. Smith, attempted also to advance with General Leggett, but met such a murderous fire of musketry and artillery as to compel it to fall back under a sheltering ridge, after leaving many men in killed and wounded. During the day of the 21st, General Smith's Division was placed in position to the left of General Leggett, and both divisions thoroughly entrenched themselves, facing toward Atlanta. The enemy was discovered moving toward our extreme left, and the Sixteenth Army Corps, General Dodge, was directed to take up position so as to protect our left flank. The Sixteenth Corps was moving to their position, on the 22nd, but had not reached the left of General Smith by about three-fourths of a mile, when the enemy fell upon it, from the rear, in heavy force. General Dodge met
this unexpected onslaught with a resistance so vigorous and persistent as to cause the rebels soon to retire.

The enemy were as much surprised to find Dodge where he was, as was Dodge at being attacked. The rebels expected to meet no obstruction from the rear, excepting the pickets of the Seventeenth Corps, and did not meet any thing else in the gap of three-fourths of a mile between the left of the Seventeenth and right of the Sixteenth Corps. Through this gap the whole of Cleburne’s Division, of Hardee’s Corps, passed undiscovered; the ground being covered with a dense forest. The pickets, many of whom were killed or captured, and the balance followed so closely as to be able to give little alarm. The enemy rapidly advanced upon the rear of General Smith and Leggett. It was the advance of this force that shot the gallant and greatly beloved McPherson. The enemy first struck General Smith’s Division on his extreme left, but very soon were upon the rear of both Third and Fourth Divisions. Generals Leggett and Smith both put their men over their works, and met the enemy’s mad charge with a terrible volley of musketry. The enemy pushed, however, up to within a few feet of our works, but was finally repulsed with a slaughter almost unparalleled.

They fell back, reformed their lines and soon came up again in the same direction, and the conflict for some time was a hand to hand combat, the bayonet and the clubbed muskets were freely used, and the enemy again repulsed, leaving the ground literally carpeted with the dead and wounded. After a quiet of a few minutes, the enemy, a part of Hood’s old Corps, was discovered moving upon us from the front. Generals Smith and Leggett placed their men to the rear of their works, and met the charge with the same determined spirit that had characterized them in meeting the former onslaught. The enemy came with deafening yells, and were met with murderous volleys, and again successfully driven back. Again they rallied and forced their way up to our works, and again were repulsed with great slaughter. In the several attacks from the front
and rear, the enemy seemed fully impressed with the belief that they would not only repossess themselves of Leggett's hill, but would capture both his and Smith's Divisions, and thus wipe out the Seventeenth Corps. After the fourth repulse, the rebels seem to have concluded that Blair's command could not be captured, and so turned their attention to retaking the hill. For this purpose they brought on a fresh division, (Cheatham's) of Hardee's Corps, and massed on General Smith’s left flank. This of course compelled General Smith to change his front. General Blair several times sent word to General Leggett, that it was all important to hold the hill, and General Leggett as often replied: "That if the Third Division were driven from the hill, there would not be enough of it left to fight another battle." He was constantly passing up and down his line, cheering his men, and exhorting them to hold that hill at all hazards. He was always greeted with loud cheers, and had thousands of promises that the hill should be held. General Smith was no less vigilant, and though almost a stranger in his command, having been with the Division but two days, had already won the admiration of his officers and men, by his skill and bravery.

In the change of front it was necessary to take the whole of the Fourth Division and the Second Brigade of the Third Division out of their works, and though greatly fatigued with the previous fighting, they were obliged to meet the advancing column of the enemy's fresh troops.

All who witnessed the fighting at this time, pronounce it the most desperate they ever saw. The fight almost immediately became a hand to hand conflict. The officers became engaged with their swords, and the men with their bayonets, and in many cases even with their fists. The heaviest part of this engagement fell on the 68th, 78th, and 20th Ohio, and 17th Wisconsin, but they stood like rocks, determined to die or conquer. In the midst of this engagement, while to all others the fate of the day seemed to hang in the balance, General
Blair sent a messenger to General Leggett, to enquire whether he thought he could hold the hill; to which General Leggett coolly replied: "Tell General Blair, the hill is just as safe as if there was not a rebel within a thousand miles of it."

The rebels got off a large portion of their wounded during the fight. The next day the enemy sent in a flag of truce, desiring to get their dead.

The day's work seemed over. Our line to-night, would be that of last night. Men, separated in the heat of battle of the day, now chancing to meet, congratulated each other. "The rebels can't endure such another day, and we can," was the expressed conviction on all hands, and this statement epitomizes the situation at sunset. The sun went down red, the smoke of battle of over a hundred thousand men destroying each other with villainous saltpetre, through all the long hours of a long day, filled the valleys and rested upon the hills of all this country, hung in lurid haze all around the horizon, and built a dense canopy overhead, beneath which this grand Army of Freedom was preparing to rest, against the morrow. Quiet reigned, but during the reign of quiet, the enemy was forging a thunderbolt. Darkness and smoke were mingling in grim twilight, and fast deepening into thick gloom, when we were startled out of repose back into fierce excitement. The forged thunderbolt was sped, and by a master. A wild rebel yell away to the right—they had massed and were charging.

The enemy came down like a torrent, rolling and dashing in living waves, and flooding up against our lines. The thrilling description of Junius A. Brown, of another bloody battle, might be very appropriately applied to this terrible engagement.

Four o'clock P. M. was fixed by Hood, for the grand assault on the Fifteenth Corps, which held the right of the Army of the Tennessee, behind excellent breastworks. Meantime a feigned attack was made against our left, while Hood precipitated his fierce legions upon Logan, driving before him two regiments, and cap-
turing two guns. The fight continued with a ferocity on the part of the rebels, never before witnessed. The whole strength, nearly, of the entire rebel forces, were advancing on the centre, and all our available strength was required to prevent its being overwhelmed by the terrible onset of a desperate enemy. Lightburn, commanding a brigade in the Fifteenth Corps, was forced to retire, losing a twenty-pound Parrot, and four guns. A terrific volley of musketry and artillery mowed down our gallant boys as they steadily advanced. Morgan L. Smith's Division lost a thousand in the charge. Charge after charge was made upon the rebels, to regain the ground we had lost.

The balance of victory ever varied. It now inclined to this side, and now to that. Here Logan's men gained an advantage, there the Confederates. Advance was followed by retreat, success by repulse. Success was always shifting, but never settled. Hope and fear, joy and sorrow, seized the soul by turns, and every hour held a month of emotions. All consciousness of time ceased; all thought of the future, all recollection of the past, everything was absorbed in the sanguinary present, and external nature assumed the hue of blood. Men glared at each other as at wild beasts, and when a shell burst with fatal effect among a crowd of the advancing foe, and arms, legs and heads were torn off, a grim smile of pleasure lighted up the smoke-grimed faces of the transformed beings who witnessed the catastrophe. Soldiers were wounded and knew it not, so intense was their excitement, and often a mortal hurt was announced to the victim only by the cessation of vitality. Men with knitted brows and flushed cheeks, fought madly over ridges, along ravines, and up steep ascents, with blood and perspiration streaming down their faces. Men with shattered fingers changed their muskets to the left hands, and still fired their pieces as best they could. Everywhere was mad excitement, everywhere was horror. Commanders galloped wildly to the front of their regiments, and cheered them on, using their sabres on each and
every foe, and urging on their spirited troops wherever they were falling back.

A crisis had arrived. General Logan was busy in the midst of the terrible conflict. He rode up and down the lines, regardless of a storm of balls and shells, directing the movements of his Corps, inspiring and encouraging the men. His conduct was magnificent.

Sherman being present, near Colonel Howard’s house, ordered two batteries to a position commanding a flank fire upon the enemy. The Fifteenth Corps was then peremptorily ordered to regain the lost ground, and to retake the lost guns. General Charles R. Woods, with his division, came up, going into action at once, leading the charge. Woods himself dashed wildly into the hottest of the fight, cap in hand, cheering on the men. The charges of our men were stubbornly resisted, but the determination of the onset overwhelmed everything. The fight was terrific. Notwithstanding the frightful havoc in their ranks, the rebels pressed fiercely on—our boys rushed on their rifle-pits, bayoneting them in their works, cutting the lines and capturing hundreds of prisoners, careless of their own lives, as if they had a million souls to spare.

Captains, Majors, Colonels and Generals fought like common soldiers, and it was not uncommon to see a field officer firing a musket, or charging with his revolver upon the advancing foe.

There was no pause in the battle. The roar of the strife was ever heard. The artillery bellowed and thundered, and the dreadful echoes went sweeping down the valleys, and the paths were filled with the dying and the dead. The sound was deafening—the tumult indescribable. No life was worth a farthing; for he who lifted his musket this moment, fell the next, a stiffened corpse. Yonder, a fresh regiment rushed bravely forward, and ere they had gone twenty yards, a charge of grape sent the foremost men bleeding to the earth. Whole heaps of corpses lay upon the bloody ground, and fixed eyes stared at the surrounding strife, with the awful stare of death. Wild mockery, dreadful
vision. But who cared for it? Death was not to be thought of, but to be met with indifference, come what might. Death was in the air, and bloomed like a poison plant, on every foot of soil. The rebels fought with a fierceness seldom, if ever, equalled.

They stood firm as a rock, and though our artillery swept down their ranks, and left fearful gaps in their columns, they manifested no trepidation, nor did they waver for a moment. The living supplied the place of the dead. The musket that had fallen from a lifeless hand, was seized at once, and the horrid strife went on as before. The force of the enemy appeared increasing, and where the greatest havoc was made, there the strongest opposition was shown. Hand to hand contests were innumerable. Every struggle was for life. Quarter was asked on neither side, and the ground drank up the blood of hundreds of brave fellows everywhere. Men lost their semblance of humanity, and the spirit of the demon shone in their faces. There was but one desire, and that was to destroy. There was little shouting—the warriors were too much in earnest. They set their teeth firm, and strained their every nerve to its utmost tension. Death lost all its terrors, and men seemed to feast upon the sight of blood. The light of the sun was obscured by the clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the ground became moist and slippery with human gore. The atmosphere trembled with the shock of the armies, and the earth shook with the tramp of the thousands and tens of thousands of warring foes.

Now came the grand coup de main. The two lines came on exultant and sure of victory. All our artillery was opened upon them. Words cannot describe the awful effects of this discharge; seventeen thousand rifles, and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat, through which a tornado had passed. The assault continued, until the rebel column gave way before the long lines of cannon
and the desperate gallantry of as brave men as ever trod mother earth. This news was so inspiring, that a general jubilee of cheers, succeeded the announcement. It is estimated that our loss was three thousand seven hundred and twenty-two, killed, wounded and prisoners. The rebel loss was ten thousand, including three thousand killed, and three thousand prisoners. General Logan himself, buried over two thousand of the rebel dead. The enemy also lost eighteen stand of colors, and five thousand stand of arms. The Confederates fought desperately and bravely, but they could not withstand the fierce and overpowering onslaught of our men.

Thus ended the fearful and bloody struggle of the 22d of July.

Well may the land take up the refrain of Booker's magnificent hymn, for a Philadelphia regiment.

Help us Lord, our only trust,  
We are helpless, we are dust.  
All our homes are red with blood,  
Long our grief we have withstood;  
Every lintel, each door-post,  
Drips at tidings from the host;  
With the blood of some one lost.

Help us Lord, our only trust,  
We are helpless, we are dust.

Major General M. D. Leggett, whose noble Division was so conspicuously engaged in this memorable battle, is a citizen of Ohio, and brightly does his name shine among the brave thousands whom that State has furnished to the defense of the National cause. Leggett is one of the best and bravest soldiers of the Union army. When the war broke out, he was successfully and lucratively engaged in superintending the Public Schools of Zanesville, Ohio, and only embraced the profession of arms, because the Republic was in peril. He raised and commanded for a year, the 78th Ohio, when he was assigned to the command of a brigade. For gallant and distinguished conduct in the South-
west, he was appointed a Brigadier General. For enterprising and intrepid fighting in front of Atlanta, he was brevetted Major General. Leggett is a man that never sought a royal road to promotion. He had gone steadily through all the grades from a Captaincy up to a Major General. He distinguished himself as the successor of Logan, in the command of the old Third Division, of the Seventeenth Corps. He commanded his fine division in the great march through Georgia and the Carolinas. He is looked upon by Sherman, as an officer of tried talents and experience, an ornament to the profession, and calculated to render important services to the country. General Leggett is possessed of a robust person, dark complexion, is nearly six feet in height, and highly educated. In manners, he is remarkably quiet, modest and reserved.

The troops, in their tedious marches in, around and in rear of Atlanta, were animated by the prospect of soon entering the Gate City. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but theirs, brightening daily into fuller radiance, shed a ray of gladness over their tedious path. They knew and felt that every successive step was diminishing the distance which intervened between them and their heart's desire. And when at length the well-laid plans of the great Captain, at Jonesboro, flowered out in the most brilliant victory of the war, unbounded enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. Regiments, Brigades and Divisions, when they beheld the spires of the evacuated city—with one accord, in a voice loud as the sound of many waters, broke out into the most continuous and deafening cheers that ever came from mortal throats. When Oliver Cromwell stood upon the heights of Dunbar, looking to the contest of his Ironsides with the Scotch army, he declared: “I profess they begin to run.” The capture of Atlanta is an indication that the rebels are beginning to run—their ranks are being broken and destroyed.

And just as that great commander gave instructions to his hosts, that now is the time to complete the work. This was a great and brilliant victory. Verily, from
our great cities, forests, cataracts, and prairies, there
should go up to Jehovah, such a Psalm of praise as this
Western world never heard. Never, in the history of
generalship, has there been such unparalleled successes
as have followed each other in quick succession during
the past few months. The cry of freedom bursts from
the unfettered earth, and the banners of victory wave
in all the winds of Heaven. Awake, awake, from
frames of thankless sadness! Awake, psaltery and
harp. Oh, ye foreign nations, panting to be free, break
forth into singing! It is this victory which causes
every eye to glisten—and every heart to beat with rap-
ture. It is this grand success that strings every harp,
that harmonizes every sorrow for the patriot dead, that
swells every chorus, that perpetuates every ecstasy, and
provokes every joy.

Praise ye the Lord! Hark, how the nation rejoices,
and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the
sky. Sing with us, ye Heavens.

The death of General McPherson cast a profound
gloom over the troops he so long commanded. He
leaves behind him a splendid and spotless reputation.
Long will his name be remembered, as a chivalrous
soldier and conscientious patriot. General McPherson
was emphatically a soldier. This is his most ap-
propriate title. It was on the battle-field he earned
the chief of his laurels, and his name, through
all succeeding ages, will be associated with sanguinary
contests, and splendidly won victories. The elements
of his character were predominant and distinct, and
yet in all of the countless eulogies on him, these
elements are strangely omitted.

He gave himself thoroughly and devotedly to the
study of the work that he had to do. His early history
affords some striking illustrations of this. To his fore-
casting mind everything was anticipated! He became
great by a minute attention to little things! He never
talked about his “star” or his “destiny,” never calcu-
lated upon lucky chances in the chapter of accidents!
In a plain straight-forward way he calculated every
contingency and provided for it. He was always laying up stores of knowledge for future use. He depended upon the great laws of cause and effect, and not upon the possible exceptions to them. Another feature of McPherson's character was his uncompromising discharge of duty. Duty sat enthroned on his brow, and its supremacy was as manifest in General McPherson, the beloved commander of the Army of the Tennessee, as in Lieutenant McPherson of the Regular Army. He had a profound reverence for law, political and moral. While some Generals were emblazoning their dispatches with the rapture of glory, McPherson simply recorded in his the discharge of duty.

Other features of his character constituting and marking his greatness, some of them moral, some of them social, might easily be specified. For example: his manly uprightness, his pure and disinterested patriotism, his moderation and simplicity, his self-denial and truthfulness, his self-reliance and industry, and last, but not least, either in beauty or significance, his love of home, finding there delight and satisfaction. General McPherson was a model of a soldier. He was as gentlemanly as Chesterfield, and as chivalrous as Bayard. He was the brightest star in the constellation of genius, which Grant called about him in his brilliant career. He was a noble man, a fine scholar, and an exemplary Christian. Noble, glorious, patriot.

About ten o'clock, on the morning of the 22d of July, General McPherson rode up to the Headquarters of General Sherman—dismounting, the two Generals seated themselves beneath a tree near by, and were conversing on the subject of a speedy occupation of Atlanta. About twelve o'clock, mid-day, slight firing was heard on the left. The fire grew in volume, and McPherson, ever at the post of danger, threw himself into his saddle and dashed off in the threatened direction. Upon reaching the scene of the conflict, he found one of his Corps, the Sixteenth stoutly contesting a heavy column on its front. Failing here the enemy next massed in front
of Giles A. Smith's Division, which held the left of the Seventeenth Corps. At the time of the first attack there was a gap between the right of the Sixteenth and left of the Seventeenth Corps. Supposing the gap was clear, as it had been traversed but ten minutes before, the General started to ride across, it being the nearest route to the scene of the second attack. He was accompanied a portion of the way by his Inspector General, Lieutenant Colonel William E. Strong.

Upon reaching the point where the road entered the wood, the General halted, and after looking the ground over carefully, ordered Colonel Strong to direct General John A. Logan, of the Fifteenth Corps, to throw a brigade across the gap, East of the road, connecting with the right of the Sixteenth Corps, with instructions to join him at General Giles A. Smith's command. Colonel Strong rode off to obey his instructions, and the General, alone, dashed spiritedly down the road and into the woods. By this time the rebel skirmishers had reached the road. General McPherson had ridden within twenty yards of their line before they were seen. The rebel officer cried: "Halt." The General politely raised his hat, bowed, wheeled his horse to the right, and dashed into the wood. The enemy followed him with a volley. McPherson fell, and his horse soon came out of the woods alone, wounded in two places. The saddle and equipments exhibited bullet marks. The horse was discovered by Captain Howard, of the Signal Corps, who also heard the volley. It was hoped that the General was either wounded or captured. Private Joseph Sharland, of the 64th Illinois Infantry, returning from the skirmish line, followed by a straggler, entered the road, and had proceeded but a short distance when he heard a voice, about five rods distant, telling him it was safer there. This was done in order to attract his attention, and not to alarm the General. The soldier entered the woods, where he found a man severely wounded, whose name was George Reynolds, of the 15th Iowa Volunteers, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Corps, and by his side lay General McPherson, writhing in the most intense agony from a
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mortal wound. A Minnie ball had entered his right breast, passed near the heart, and made its exit near the left side, passing completely through the body. The soldier offered his general some cold water from his canteen, but he could not drink it. He then asked to bathe his temples. To this the General merely faintly nodded assent. During gleams of cessation from pain, the General would make an effort for his hat. Upon search, it was found that both this and his belt had been stolen. About five minutes after a rebel straggler came up and claimed the soldiers as his prisoners; but, the wounds of one and the blood on the pantaloons of the other, dissuaded him from carrying out his demand. Soon after, four more rebels came up, and two of our own stragglers passed near by, one of the rebels now extracted the papers from McPherson's pocket and secured his watch and marine-glass. They took nothing more, and asked no questions. While being rifled, the General sat up and faintly again asked for his hat. After this he lost all power of articulation. The rebels now ordered the two soldiers to follow them. They replied, if they wished to take them they would have to be carried, as they could not walk. With this information the rebels left. After they were out of sight, it was agreed that the unwounded soldier should go on in search of an ambulance, while the other should remain with the General. After walking about a fourth of a mile he struck the rebel skirmish line, and by dint of stout running, escaped and returned to the General. He had just died in great agony, from the effect of which his face and body were horribly distorted. McPherson being dead, the two soldiers fearing capture, determined to go in search of an ambulance. Before leaving they secured what was left about the General's person. An inventory was taken, and the whole placed in the hands of Reynolds, who being wounded, it was supposed would not be robbed if taken prisoner. The two soldiers now started on their errand in the direction of the trains and ambulances, which they could see moving at a distance. While arranging
for an ambulance, three officers rode up. The soldiers explained their object. The ambulance was at once ordered to the spot. The rebel skirmishers were advancing and bullets were flying in all directions. One of the soldiers now informed the staff officers of the danger, and all drew their revolvers. The General’s body was hastily carried out of the woods, and placed in the ambulance, and whirling around, the whole party dashed up the road, under a volley which was fired after them. Upon reaching Sherman’s Headquarters, the body was conveyed to a house. Private Reynolds, who remained faithfully by the side, and watched the last moments of his fallen commander, was taken to the nearest hospital where his wounds were carefully dressed.

He was wounded by a Minnie ball through the left arm, just above the elbow, and, though faint from the loss of blood, until the body of the General was safely cared for, he never gave a moment’s thought to himself. During all this the battle raged fearfully. The fierce Logan assumed command, and sounded the battle-cry: “McPherson and revenge.” That night the enemy’s dead summed up nearly four thousand, while ours was less than one-fifth of that number. Such was the revenge of McPherson’s enraged soldiers. Reynolds, as soon as sufficiently strong to undergo the excitement, was presented, in the presence of his regiment, under arms, with the “Medal of Honor,” instituted by McPherson for the heroes of the Seventeenth Corps. This act of devotion, which we have just narrated, not only secured to the country the remains of one of its best Generals, but has linked with the name of Major General McPherson the name of Private George Reynolds.
CHAPTER XI.

Rapid Movements of the Enemy.—The Exertions of both Armies.—Sherman Arranges his Army.—The Enemy divine his intentions and give Battle.—The Decisive Moment Approaches.—The Rebels Attack Energetically.—Progress of the Fight.—Logan's Corps is Victorious.—The Rebels Retreat.—The Miseries of War.—Hospital Scenes.—What a Chaplain saw.—The Battlefield Hospital.

The entire army had made a movement *en echelon* from left to right, by which the line was prolonged due South-east, facing East. General Howard, who had now succeeded the lamented McPherson in command of the Army of the Tennessee, defended the right, the Army of the Cumberland, General Thomas, holding the centre, and the Twenty-Third Corps was on the left. To protect Howard's column from any sudden dash of the enemy, Jefferson C. Davis' Division, of the Fourteenth Corps, was ordered to a position so as to aid Howard, if necessary. Davis' Division, by some mishap, not knowing the roads, probably, failed to report, and the Fifteenth Corps, unaided and alone, fought one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles of the war.

The enemy, divining Sherman's intentions, massed his troops, on the 28th of July, and swung round on the Macon railroad.

The 27th of July had been excessively hot. The march of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, from the extreme left to the extreme right, a distance of several miles, followed by one of the severest actions on record, had sorely tried the patience of our brave soldiers. Toward the evening of the 27th, however, a violent thunder storm mitigated the sultriness, but flooding the earth, converted the roads into mire.
Gratefully, then, the troops hailed the hour which found them *en bivouac* in the fields around Ezra Chapel and near Atlanta. Poor fellows, they were not destined to enjoy uninterrupted and refreshing repose, for the rain fell in torrents during the night, and frequent thunderclaps startled them from their slumbers. There was little to cheer and inspire the troops, as day broke on the morning of the memorable 28th of July. The rain had literally poured down, and the field offered but scanty cover. The men could hardly keep their bivouacs alight.

Like sacrifices, they

> "Sat patiently, and only ruminated
The morning's danger! and their gesture sad,
Investing lank, lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing morn,
So many horrid ghosts!"

Gloom did not long pervade the ranks of Howard's troops. The trumpet, the drum, the bugle, sounded an early *reveille*, and immediately the whole camp of the Fifteenth Corps was in motion. Soldiers brightening up their guns, aids and staff officers galloping from headquarters, announcing to subordinate commanders the position to be assumed by the respective brigades. The field where the battle occurred was very irregular, and extended from three to four miles from left to right. Logan's Corps occupied a range of undulations; Howard was busily engaged in arranging his troops in

> "Battle's magnificently stern array,"

And then rode along the ranks, escorted by a brilliant staff, in order to inspire his men for the contest. The bearing and skill of Howard, in this terribly contested battle, was worthy of the most glowing praise. He was everywhere throughout the action, and constantly under fire. He handled his troops splendidly.

At about twelve o'clock, the signal for the fight was given. Hardee's, Stewart's and Lee's Corps made a sudden and vigorous assault on Logan's Corps. Heavy and murderous volleys were hurled into our lines, but
the boys in blue waver not. The rebels had masssed in a dense piece of woods, and dashed in great force upon Logan. On, on came the rebels, in splendid style, their artillery tearing up the ridges, but the gallant Fifteenth remain rooted in its position. Now they move out in majestic order, under the personal guidance of Logan. They are within a hundred yards of the enemy’s line, pouring into their ranks an iron hail storm. The danger is imminent. Showers of balls saluted the rebels as they energetically pushed forward to the attack. The enemy seemed to grow, like Hydra’s heads, for, ever as they were repulsed, they returned reinforced, to sweep our braves from the field. But Logan’s gallant veterans held their position. They yielded not an inch of ground. After a breathing spell, the combatants renewed the fiery contest. A frightful cannonade opposed the advance of the daring and impetuous chivalry of the Army of the Tennessee. They bravely faced the hedge of bayonets, bristling from the guns of the proud and haughty foe.

For four dreadful hours the Fifteenth Corps nobly held the enemy at bay, and notwithstanding the frightful shower of shot and shell that plunged about them in every direction, the boldness and intrepidity of Logan’s soldiery, and the firmness and dashing heroism of the gifted leader, deterred the rebels from advancing. The quick perception of Howard dictated a tremendous attack upon the whole of the rebel line. This attack is extended to the Fifteenth Corps, the victors of Vicksburg, the reapers of military honors on a score of battle-fields. Logan forms his Corps into two columns, hastily arranging the gallant fragments of the divisions which had survived the murderous combat of the 22d of July. The boys moved steadily forward, in the face of a surging fire of artillery and musketry. The rebel line reels and wavers. The first rebel column is defeated—the second advanced to the rescue. Logan’s heroes, who had shown their metal at Resaca, pour upon the stubborn rebels with determined force. “Remember McPherson and revenge!” exclaimed the
exalted chief.—“let the whole line advance.” The command is obeyed with enthusiastic shouts.

The gallant Österhaus headed his splendid division, and fought where the battle raged the hottest. The other general officers, with the members of their staff, mingled with the soldiers on foot, and cheered them on in the bloody carnage. It is said a thousand rebels were hurried into eternity, by this single charge. The rebels fought with their accustomed gallantry, but human beings could not longer withstand the fierce and overpowering onslaught of our men, and finally their lines gave way at all points, and the whole force were in full retreat. In vain the daring Cleburne, who had led the rebel advance, urges it to rally and resist—in vain Hardee and Stewart launch their shattered troops upon our impregnable and conquering Fifteenth Corps. Humbled by the fierce impetuosity of our gallant men, not a single rebel remained on the field. They had lost the day. Hardee was quick to see that his cause was hopeless. The flower of his troops are panic-stricken—they abandon their arms and hasten to our ranks, begging for mercy.

Logan and Howard had several narrow escapes; the soldiers saluted them at the close of the battle with enthusiastic rejoicing.

Our loss was about six hundred, and the rebel’s five thousand. The sad scenes of the wounded and dying make impressions on the mind that will never be forgotten. Here is a poor rebel with both legs off below the knee, waving a small sprig to drive off the flies. Here is one with his nose and face shot off, moaning dreadfully. Here is a poor fellow, minus an arm. Among our wounded soldiers there are no angry words, not a word of complaint escaped their lips. They were resigned to their fate, bearing with sublime composure, their terrible wounds. One poor fellow snatched from his bosom a picture, exclaiming: “This is a glorious cause, and would be a glorious death, were it not for the thought of wife and children.” If women can bear severe wounds, sickness and anguish, more patiently
than did these victims of that battle, they must largely be compounded of angel and divinity. Worthy of a Nation's gratitude and tears, were the services of the brave men of the Army of the Tennessee, who fell and made no sign, on the 28th of July; their names and deeds ought to be perpetuated in shafts of spotless marble, with the inscription, "To the unrecorded and unrecognized brave."

The miseries of a battle-field are those which cannot be exaggerated. The lives of thousands, rich in all that makes life precious to the brave, who, if they perish, perish not alone, but in their fate, break the far-spreading tendrils that they had formed, and leave them nurtureless. Shoddy contractors and those belligerents who are invincible in peace, but invisible in war, are unable to form anything like a just notion of the horrors of war. And if, as a counter-poise to all these miseries, we are asked to look at the bright side of the picture, and to contemplate the splendor of military glory, and the joy of victory—to listen to the shouts of triumph, and the acclamations with which a grateful people welcome the returning conquerors to their homes—I would refer to the tears of widows and orphans, the groans of dying warriors, the murmurs of ruined citizens. That was a sweet and solemn truth uttered by Wellington, that "next to a defeat, the most dreadful of all calamities was a great victory."

What an awful scene is a battle-field? Thousands of men are engaged in the deadly strife of arms, and are hurrying each other, in murderous conflict, into the other world. Here there is no time for preparation; the bed of death is not smoothed by the tender assiduities of affection, and the sublime consolations of religion. There is no wife or sisters to minister, to relieve, to console. I forbear from describing the suffering of the wounded; in many cases noble fellows, they are spared from immediate death only for a prolonged period of pain and misery—their limbs shattered, their frames debilitated, their power of active usefulness destroyed. Then the shrieks of the dying.
No wife at hand to bind up the bleeding wound; no friend to close the dying eye; no mourner to perform the last duties to the departed; no parent to gather up the remains of the little ones. For the moment, victory has lost its charms—the wife is a widow—the children are orphans—parents are childless. Yet such must be.

HOSPITAL SCENES AT VINING'S.

The hospital and yard about it presented a spectacle which—how can I describe it? Stretchers, dripping with blood, stand in the pathway. Here comes four men, bringing on a blanket, a pale, bleeding form; in the grass lies a Lieutenant, with a great wound in his thigh, from a grape-shot, from which his life is ebbing; close by him, a man with a rifle ball in his back, and near by another with a ball through his shoulders; the grass plots are covered with just such scenes, and off in the corner of the yard is a blanket spread out, revealing the outline of a human form; we need not lift the covering, for we know instinctively that it hides a corpse.

On the grass are those whose wounds either do not need or do not encourage an immediate operation. Within doors are the surgeons. The floor and the tables are covered with blood. In a corner lies an arm; on the floor two surgeons are amputating the arm of a corporal, who is mercifully insensible from chloroform. In the next room is a man of stalwart form and noble stature. His right hand is shot through by a rifle ball, and the bones are protruding. His coat is drenched with blood. His right shoulder is torn to pieces by a grape-shot. By an almost superhuman effort he rises to his feet, with the help of others, and leaning on a fellow soldier, staggers toward the ambulance. In the out buildings are other just such scenes. I have heard of the horrors of the battle field; but they are nothing to the horrors of the hospital. The glare and excitement are absent, the wickedness of war is revealed.

I have said above that we were camped on the battle field. I have seen all there is to be seen about it.
Sometimes I think I have seen too intensely. Sleeping or waking, its pools of blood, its ghastly forms, its staring eyes, its heaps of dead, are before my mind. Its groans and horrid cries, and howling shells, smite ever on my ears.

Here in these woods where Logan's Corps was first engaged, there is not a rock or tree, or log, or leaf, but shows the desperate strife. One section of woods is literally cut off, torn down, scattered. Acres of this forest is topped by canister and grape-shot and shell almost as completely as our farmers top their cornfields with a sickle. At the corner of the cornfield where the Corps was engaged, there is a piece of oak rail fence, and part of a stone wall. In one length of that fence behind which the rebels were concealed, I count one hundred bullet holes. And along that field, and within the distance of eighty rods, we count sixteen hundred dead rebels, most of them lying on their backs, eyes open, faces black, hands folded on their breasts. Here lies one upon his side, eyes closed, feet slightly drawn up, his head resting easily upon his knapsack. He looks a weary soldier, sound asleep. I speak to him, he stirs not; put my hand upon him, he will not wake. Dead. Here is a soldier, a rebel Captain, sitting against this tree. His limbs were crossed, and his cap hangs naturally upon his knee. One hand, in the breast of his coat, the other hangs by his side. Dead. Here, leaning against this wall, is a rebel soldier with his leg broken below the knee, and a Union surgeon lying dead across his feet. They are both dead. The surgeon was evidently dressing his wound when he received his death shot, for there is the bandage wound twice around the limb, the other end of which is still in the dead surgeon's hand. The rebel soldier evidently bled to death.

Here is the great burying-ground. Buried in the long trenches, patriots by themselves, rebels by themselves. At the head of every trench a rough slab, or stick, or stone is erected, on which is written the number in the trench, and the army to which they belong.
Most of the Union dead are buried decently. The trench is dug six feet broad, and most of them four feet deep. Our dead are then brought to the edge of the trench, and placed in, one by one, shoulder to shoulder. The earth is thrown upon them, and the work is done. Sometimes the slab at the head of the trench gives many of the names of the dead. Dear mourning parents, stricken, heart-broken wives, I would not have these words encourage you to think that by coming to this, or any battle-field, you can find your dead. For of all the many hundred who have, for this purpose, visited this graveyard, but few have found their dear ones. Most have returned disappointed, with a new sorrow added to their limitless woe.

I have walked long weary hours with an aged mother, searching for her boy. We very probably stood at sometime, above his moldering dust. No voice was heard from the grave. No dust, responsive to a mother’s presence, settled at our approach. Even a mother’s boundless love did not declare his resting place. Poor, sorrowing mother! God pity thee, and teach thee how to wait. Without murmuring, trust Heaven, and the glory of the coming revelation shall be sufficient.

The manner in which the rebels bury their dead, proclaims the barbarism of their character. They are but half buried—buried in heaps—unburied. In that trench I count—four days after the battle—ten feet, four arms, and six heads, already above the earth in full sight. In some cases the whole body lies exposed. Beasts and buzzards are preying on them, and noisome worms creep and crawl about them. We wrote them down soulless, and without natural respect for their dead, or too lazy to throw a handful of earth upon their remains. Either, a barbarism.

Finally, in this connection, the things I see are not to be compared with the things which are not seen. The day of retribution, the angel of the resurrection, the great congregation, the throne, and Him that sits upon it, the open book, the final judgment, the sea of fire,
sounding lashes and dragging chains; those who inaugurated this rebellion on the left, those who put it down, on the right.

**HOW I FEEL AND WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.**

Any man who for a long year has been an inhabitant, an eye-witness of this war, finds himself possessed of feelings that no language can portray—new and strange class of emotions, never defined in the books. **How I feel!** I feel *every way*, any way, a thousand ways in as many hours. Most of the time I feel as you might imagine one to feel if the sun were blotted out of *Heaven*—the whole earth transformed into one dark iron mountain, and he, the one, lone, solitary man, standing on the top, wearily looking off into the sunless, moonless, starless blackness, hopeless, faithless, despairing. These sensations come upon me when I see *man* in the conduct of this war, and man only. Man planning these battles, man fighting them. Commanding as if he were *power*; acting as if place, honor, glory, gold, were all; and right and wrong, life, death, freedom or slavery, nothing! Then am I hopeless, faithless, despairing. Again, I feel as if from some high point of vision, I see a world of holiness, shining in glory; a world smiling beneath the love of *Heaven*, stamped with the intensity of peace. Then I see *God*, in the conduct of this war. God planning, God fighting these battles, worldly honor, glory, gold, are dross; freedom and slavery, life and death, right and wrong, *ALL*. Then I am neither hopeless, faithless, nor despairing.

"The echoes of the voice of God
Are sounding in my soul."

And the beginning of the end is clearly seen.

**SCENE IN A BATTLE-FIELD HOSPITAL.**

The rebels use no cannon, our guns drive out their skirmishers and advance lines from their works, and
our advance rush in and take possession. By such slow means, and by flanking, do we advance. Almost hourly, small squads of prisoners are thus taken and brought in, and there is a constant stream of our wounded coming in by ambulances. In the house on the hill, last referred to, is the surgery of the Fifteenth Corps. Six surgeons are in attendance; they receive and operate upon each case upon the instant. A wound is dressed in from two to fifteen minutes. Amputations are performed in a trice, chloroform being administered. Pools of blood upon the floor are mixed up with the mud that is tracked in. The house, family, dining table makes a good dissecting bench. Drawers from a bureau are laid upon the floor, bottom up, for a couch to be spread. In a bed in one small room lay three terribly wounded men, side by side, the family bedding saturated with their blood. A lieutenant lies in a corner, dead—died before his wound could be dressed. A private sits upon a table, naked to the hips, a musket ball having passed through his body, from side to side, three inches below his arm-pits—he talks, is very pale and ghastly, but will live. Another sits on a chair, his leg cut off below the knee with a shell, as clean as with a knife. A Kentucky Captain, shot through the thigh, is seized with a spasm of pain while being taken from the ambulance into the house. He catches the sleeve of his coat near the shoulder with his teeth, and bites, as would a mad-dog. Such scenes I witnessed during an hour—and our army was only skirmishing.

In the terrific charge of the Fifteenth Corps on the rebel works, many grotesque scenes occurred. A few may be interesting to the reader. A member of the Chicago Irish regiment, after the charge, was seen making vigorous efforts to force a cartridge into his rifle, which had become “fouled,” i.e., the orifice had, by constant firing, become coated with powder, rendering the passage of the ball impossible. Addressing his commanding officer in an imploring tone, he cried:

“Shure, Colonel, I can’t load my gun!”

“Try again,” replied the Colonel, “try hard.” He
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did try again and again, until the perspiration stood in beads on his face, and at last finding it impossible to force the cartridge home, drew himself up erect, and brought his piece to an "order arms," and with a defiant look, faced the enemy. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the astonished Colonel. "Faith," replied the soldier, desperately, "I'm jist waiting for a Johnny to come up, till I can knock his brains out with me musket." Whether his desire to annihilate the cerebral organ of some unfortunate "Greyback," was gratified, the Colonel did not remain to see.

Frequently the muskets of our men were swept from their grasp by the leaden rain which was poured upon them from the rebel line as they advanced, but, undaunted, they still pushed forward like a resistless torrent, using as their weapons, stones, broken guns, and every obtainable missile. Many who had no arms, were observed to scoop up handfuls of thick mud, and dash it into the faces of the men in the works, who, while endeavoring to remove it from their eyes, found themselves tightly grappled, and marching toward the rear. In surrendering, many of the rebel officers stood upon the punctilio of rank, arrogantly refusing to deliver their swords except to officers of equal rank. In the confusion and frenzy of the charge, but little attention was paid to these small matters of military etiquette, and rebel Captains, Majors and Colonels were frequently hurried unceremoniously to the rear by privates, half crazy with delight at their capture.

WE'LL RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

During one of these eventful nights, when the troops lay in line of battle behind their temporary fortifications of dirt, logs and rails, the continuous crack of the sharp-shooters' rifle rolled along our front, a solitary voice struck up the patriotic song, "Rally round the flag, boys," and almost instantly thousands of the men, who seemed to have been waiting for something to dissipate the gloom which thoughts of the day's car-
nage had engendered, were shouting in a chorus which
“shook the depth of the forest’s gloom.”

“The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, and up with the stars.”

As down the line it went, the refrain swelled into one
vast roar, exultant, triumphant, and breathing defiance
to the wary enemy,” whose only reply was the spiteful
whiz of extra bullets from their skirmish line, whistling
harmlessly by. This little episode tended greatly to
inspire our troops, and could not but have equally irri-
tated “Johnny Reb.”
CHAPTER XII:

The Grand Flank Movement.—Sherman's Strategy.—Hood Outwitted.—Battle of Jonesboro.—The Fighting of several Divisions.—Lost Guns Recovered by a Brigade of Davis'.—Atlanta Ours and Fairly Won.—The City.—Its Desolation.—Correspondence between Sherman and Hood.—The Pen Stronger than the Sword.—Scenes in the Hospitals.—The Negro Prayer-meeting and the Negro Parson.

It is not often that the history of nations records a more brilliant and successful movement than that which Sherman planned and executed in the capture of the city of Atlanta. Where shines with greater brilliancy the glorious results of military valor, the management of a more dangerous and complicated scheme, the masterly strategy and the splendid soldiership, which gave the nation the possession of one of the most important cities of the South? Where can we find so many and so striking examples of skill, of heroic endurance, than in the recorded actions of that man who is at once wise, discreet, liberal and patriotic, combining obedience to his superior officer, with devotion to his country's service? Great in adversity by his endurance; great in prosperity by his magnanimity to a conquered foe; great amid difficulties by his prudence, and great amid perils by his courage.

But in glancing over the events of his most splendid campaigning, we think that his military prowess shines forth with peculiar and commanding splendor in the grand flank movement in the rear of Atlanta. His triumphant march through Northern Georgia was similar in its advance to those active and hardy wild goats who spring from cliff to cliff; he is arrested neither by precipices or mountains. In all the great revolutions, which have changed the destinies of nations and the
politics of the world, the people have ever found a leader. Such a leader is Sherman. Advancing at first with an irresolute step, but still a bold one, he marched onward from victory to victory, from negotiation to negotiation, until at length, a nation struggling in the throes of a protracted rebellion, are thrilled with the terse, but inspiring, telegram: "Atlanta is ours and fairly won!"

We now approach the battle which crowned the loftiest aspirations of Sherman and his eager army.

Hood's line of battle extended from Decatur to East Point, a distance of sixteen miles. General Sherman now extended his line in the direction of the Macon road. The positions of the different Corps on the first of August, were as follows: The Army of the Tennessee, on the right of the line, between Fairborn and Jonesboro. Cox's Division, of Schofield's Corps, a mile below Utoy Creek. Here was fought a severe battle, our loss being four hundred. The next day Schofield advanced his line towards the West Point or Macon Railroad. The Army of the Cumberland, General Thomas, was between Schofield and Howard. The Army of the Tennessee, the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, and Kilpatrick's cavalry, had quite a brush with the rebels, drawing them over Flint River towards Jonesboro.

The Fourth Corps, General Stanley, drew out of its lines, and was ordered to a position below Proctor's Creek. On the night of the 26th, Howard moved toward Sandtown, Thomas was to move below Utoy Creek, Schofield remaining where he was. The next move brought Howard on the West Point Railroad, Thomas to Red Oak and Schofield near Digs and Mims. Several miles of railroad were here destroyed. A simultaneous movement of the whole army, on the 29th, was made towards Jonesboro. Howard on the right, Thomas in the centre, by Shoal Creek Church, on the Decatur road, and Schofield on the left, near Morrow's Mills. Here he and Stanley struck the railroad some five miles beyond the East Point Junction; Howard
crossed Flint River, halting within a mile of Jonesboro, where he found the rebels strongly entrenched. Hardee’s and Lee’s Corps made a ferocious attack on Howard’s position.

General Hazen, commanding the Second Division, of Logan’s Corps, secured a prominent hill, which was the key to the enemy’s position. General Hazen was conspicuous during this part of the day, in rallying his men. His famous division fought splendidly. The havoc made in the rebel ranks, at this time, is said to have been appalling. Hazen’s artillery and musketry belching with double charges of grape and canister. As the rebels were in a mass, the execution can be imagined. The other divisions of the Fifteenth Corps were deployed, and the Sixteenth and Seventeenth were disposed on its flanks. The rebels fought with most reckless courage. They were mainly Georgians, and were it not that their efforts were expended in the cause of treason, Georgia would have reason to remember with lasting pride, the day upon which her sons fought at Jonesboro.

The Fourteenth Corps during the night were engaged in strengthening their works, and preparing for a renewal of the combat, the next morning. Early on the following day, the enemy made a steady, determined, deadly assault on the Fifteenth Corps. It was begun by Hardee, whose troops, maddened by previous losses, and eager to retrieve lost prestige, advanced and delivered a galling fire into our ranks. Logan’s entire force responded with a charge, that is memorable even beyond those made by them, on other well fought fields. It was desperation against desperation. The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even above its clangor. They came on and on, while our troops, the Fifteenth, and a part of the Sixteenth Corps, splendidly handled, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire with which they did receive them was so rapid and so thick as to envelope the ranks of its deliverers with a pall that shut them out from sight during the battle. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the
conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves against it again and again in vain.

Back, as a ball hurled against a rock, these masses recoiled, and were reformed, to be hurled against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful, of carnage, as before. The rebels lost several general officers, including Major General Anderson, Colonel Williams and Barlow, killed; five Colonels wounded and taken prisoners, and a thousand of the rank and file. This splendid triumph, fought through six weary hours, belonged to the noble Army of the Tennessee.

Next morning, the 1st of September, the Fourteenth Corps, Jeff. C. Davis', moved out along the Macon road, tearing up the railroad for several miles, and late in the afternoon took up position on the left of Logan's Corps, which was then in line of battle. The rebels were strongly entrenched, and the Fourteenth Corps was ordered to dislodge them. Davis' column moved out in splendid order to the fearful work. It re-advanced in the face of a terrible raking fire of artillery. They steadily advanced until they came up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of the rebel infantry.

The First Division, of the Fourteenth Corps, Carlin commanding, was in the lead. Baird's Division supported Carlin, while Morgan's Division also advanced across a small creek, a branch of Flint River. The rebels opened a terribly destructive artillery fire on Morgan. The 5th Wisconsin Artillery did good execution, ably assisted by an Illinois battery. Our troops gradually gained on the enemy, till in many places a hand to hand contest raged for many minutes. Our artillery played upon the rebel columns with frightful result. The bravery of our men and the terror inspired by them were so great as to reduce numbers of the enemy to absolute cowardice. They fell upon their knees and faces, holding forward their guns, and begging for mercy, while their escaped comrades, panic stricken and utterly routed, rushed through the fields, over ditches.

Disordered, routed, whipped, confused, the whole rebel force retreated toward the Lovejoy Station. It
was now night, the battle ceased, and the stillness of death ensued. In this struggle fell Adjutant Reeves, of the 98th Ohio, a high toned gentleman and accomplished soldier, he died on the field of honor. But the battle pauses not for a hero slain.

The rebel loss was great. We retook two batteries, one of them being Loomis’ celebrated battery, which was lost at Chickamauga. The honor of the capture of these guns is justly due to the Second Brigade, Second Division, of the Fourteenth Corps. The regiments constituting the Brigade were the 78th Illinois, 98th, 121st, 113th Ohio, and 34th Illinois. Among the prisoners captured was General Given, of Pat Cleburne’s Division; General Cummings, of S. D. Lee’s Corps, was mortally wounded. Eight hundred and eighty commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates fell into our hands. On the morning of the 2nd of September, Sherman, finding that Hardee’s and Lee’s shattered remnants had left on the Macon road, put his whole army in motion, his object being to get between Hardee and Hood. Thomas pursued on the left of the railroad, Howard on the right, and Schofield two miles to the East. General Wood, of Stanley’s Corps, arrived at the new position of the rebels, and was soon engaged in a desperate, but unequal fight. Wood, while gallantly assaulting the rebel works, was wounded.

The position of the enemy appearing too formidable to carry without great sacrifice, Sherman issued orders for the army to fall back on Atlanta, where the weary troops might rest for a few weeks. The terrible rout of Hood’s decimated army, had a demoralizing effect on the remaining fragments. Hundreds of rebel soldiers and Joe Brown’s militia deserted the dwindling banner of the South. General Slocum, who was guarding the bridge over the Chattahoochee, heard the explosion of ammunition and rightly understood the cause. Slocum sent forward immediately detachments of Ward’s, Geary’s and Williams’ Divisions on a reconnoissance. These troops found the city deserted of rebel troops, and at about eleven o’clock, the Federal flag was float-
ing from the Court House. A deputation, composed of the Mayor, High Sheriff and citizens, made a surrender of the town to General Ward.

CAPITULATION OF ATLANTA, GA., SEPT. 2D, 1864.

Brigadier General Ward, Commanding Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps;

"SIR—The fortunes of war have placed the city of Atlanta in your hands. As Mayor of the city, I ask protection for non-combatants and private property."

(Signed,) JAMES M. CALHOUN,
Mayor of Atlanta.

(Attest.)
WILLIAM SCOTT, Captain A. D. C.
A. M. LEBBETTS, Captain A. D. C.
S. B. THOMPSON, Lieut. and Provost Marshal.

The required protection was cheerfully given. Slocum soon followed. Four engines, eleven pieces of artillery, chiefly sixty-four pounders, and a large share of Government property, came into our possession. The news of the capture of the Gate City caused universal joy among the loyal millions of the North, and President Lincoln issued a special congratulatory order, recommending that the 11th of September should be observed as a day of grateful thanksgiving to God for this brilliant victory.

SKETCH OF THE GATE CITY.

Atlanta is the county-seat of Fulton; population before the war, eight thousand. Four important railroads meet here, bringing an immense travel, and a heavy trade. It is also celebrated for its health, and the rapid increase of its population, commerce and manufactures. It had the largest and handsomest passenger depot in the South, and perhaps, in the country. It has a number of splendid churches and schools. It was laid out in 1845,—in 1860 it had a population of
over nine thousand. Four of the principal railroads of the State form a junction here, and as the centre of the cotton and grain trade, it is also a centre of military operations in the cotton States. Eastward it has the Georgia railroad, extending to Augusta, on the Savannah river; South-eastward, the Macon and Western railroad, leads to Macon, Milledgeville, and Savannah; and South-westward, the La Grange railroad, goes to West Point, seventy-two miles distant, on the Alabama frontier. Atlanta is one hundred and one miles North-west of Macon, and one hundred and seventy-one, West of Augusta. The city of Atlanta is looked upon, in Europe, as the most important place in the possession of the rebels.

On the entrance of Sherman's army into the city, they observed all along the sides of the several railroads, "bomb proofs," or gopher holes, dug into the ground, in which, for weeks, the inhabitants had dwelt. These holes were large enough, in many instances, for a fire-place or a stove, a table and beds. Many of the suburban residences were of palatial build and character, but nearly every one was riddled or perforated with shells and balls. The loss in stores and ammunition to the enemy was very heavy. Some twenty heavy guns were left.

As General Sherman was riding through the streets of the Gate City, he was pointed out to a company of blacks, gathered on the corner. "Lord, massa, is dat General Sherman?" said one of the old men. "Why, bless your soul, dey tell us he had long whiskers, way down to his knees. Dey told us he had big eyes and ears, and had horns. Why, Lord bless my heart, dat General Sherman? Why, all of us niggers used to run when dey holler Sherman. Why, all de white folks run. Lord, it made old Johnson run to hear of dat man. I'se glad I'se seen him, though I just wanted to see de man what made my old massa run."

Following the usages of war, Atlanta was given over to sack and pillage.
Byron's description of the capture of Imail, is forcibly called to mind:

The city's taken—only part by part,
    And death is drunk with gore; there's not a street,
Where fight's not to the last some desperate heart,
    For those for whom it soon will cease to beat.

Here war forgot his own destructive art,
    In more destroying nature; and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden clime,
    Engendered monstrous shapes of every crime.

The black population acted in the wildest disorder. They pillaged every house in the town, ransacking the whole from garret to cellar, smashing the windows, doors, and furniture of every description—and committing every possible species of outrage. They broke the china-ware, smashed the pianos, and annihilated the chairs, tables and bedsteads. They cut open the beds, and emptied the contents into the streets. They dashed into the cellars, and drank all the liquors, so that the whole of them became a drunken and furious mob. This infernal carnival was carried on during the first night after the arrival of the Federal troops.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERALS HOOD AND SHERMAN—IS THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD?

In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., Sept., 9, 1864.

General J. B. Hood, Commanding Army of Tennessee—Confederate Army.

General—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, at the hands of Messrs. Ball & Crew, consenting to the arrangements I had proposed to facilitate the removal South, of the people of Atlanta, who prefer to go in that direction. I enclose you a copy of my orders, which will, I am satisfied, accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the measure proposed "unprecedented," and appeal to the
dark history of war for a parallel, as an act of "studied and ingenious cruelty." It is not unprecedented, for General Johnston himself, very wisely and properly removed the families all the way from Dalton down, and I see no reason why Atlanta should be excepted.

Nor, is it necessary to appeal to the dark history of war, when recent and modern examples are so handy. You, yourself, burned houses along your parapet, and I have seen, to-day, fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabitable, because they have stood in the way of your forts and men. You defended Atlanta on a line so close to town that every cannon shot and many musket balls from our line of investment, that overshot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children. General Hardee did the same at Jonesboro, and General Johnston did the same last summer, at Jackson, Mississippi. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely instance these cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others, and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of a brave people.

I say that it is kindness to these families of Atlanta to remove them now, at once, from the scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and the "brave people" should scorn to commit their wives and children to the rude barbarians who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark history.

In the name of common sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God, in such a sacrilegious manner. You, who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into war, dark and cruel war, who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordnance sergeant, and seized and made prisoners of war, the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians

Long before any overt act was committed by the, to you, hateful Lincoln Government, you tried to force
Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion in spite of themselves, falsified the vote of Louisiana, turned loose your pirates to plunder unarmed ships, expelled Union families by thousands, burned their homes and declared, by an act of your Congress, the confiscation of all debts due Northern men, for goods had and received.

Talk thus to marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day, make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South, as the best born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it will be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a brave people at our backs, or to remove them in time, to places of safety among their own friends and people. I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] W. T. SHERRAM,

Official copy: Major General.

ETH. B. WADE, A. D. C.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,

September 12th, 1864.

Major General W. T. Sherman, Commander Military Division of the Mississippi.

GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, with its enclosure, in reference to the women, children, and others whom you have seen proper to expel from their homes in the city of Atlanta. Had you seen proper to let the matter rest there, I would gladly have allowed your letter to close this correspondence, and without your expressing it in words, would have been willing to believe that while "the interest of the United States," in your opinion, compelled you to an act of barbarous cruelty, you regretted the necessity, and we would have dropped the subject. But you have chosen to indulge in statements which I feel compelled to notice, at least so far as to
signify my dissent, and not allow silence in regard to them, to be construed as acquiescence. I see nothing in your communication which induces me to modify the language of condemnation, with which I characterized your order. It but strengthens me in the opinion that it stands "pre-eminent in the dark history of war, for studied and ingenious cruelty." Your original order was stripped of all pretense; you announced the edict for the sole reason that it was "to the interest of the United States." This alone, you offered to us and the civilized world, as an all-sufficient reason for disregarding the laws of God and man. You say that "General Johnston himself, very wisely and properly removed the families all the way from Dalton down." It is due to that gallant soldier and gentleman, to say that no act of his distinguished career gives the least color to your unfounded aspersion upon his conduct. He depopulated no villages nor towns, nor cities, either friendly or hostile. He offered and extended friendly aid to his unfortunate fellow-citizens, who desired to flee from your fraternal embrace.

You are unfortunate in your attempt to find a justification for this act of cruelty, either in the defense of Jonesboro by General Hardee, or of Atlanta by myself. General Hardee defended his position in front of Jonesboro at the expense of injury to the houses, an ordinary, proper, and justifiable act of war. I defended Atlanta at the same risk and cost. If there was any fault in either case, it was your own, in not giving notice, especially in the case of Atlanta, of your purpose to shell the town, which is usual in war, among civilized nations. No inhabitant of either town was expelled from his home and fireside, by either General Hardee or myself, and therefore, your recent order can find no support from the conduct of either of us. I feel no other emotion than pain, in reading that portion of your letter which attempts to justify your shelling of Atlanta, without notice, under the pretense that I defended Atlanta upon a line so close to town, that every cannon-shot, and many musket balls from your line of invest-
ment, that overshot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children. I made no complaint of your firing into Atlanta in any way you thought proper. I make none now, but there are a hundred thousand living witnesses, that you fired into the habitations of women and children for weeks, firing far above, and miles beyond my line of defense. I have too good an opinion, founded both upon observation and experience, of the skill of your artillerists, to credit the assertion that they, for several weeks, unintentionally fired too high for my modest field-works, and slaughtered women and children by accident and want of skill.

The residue of your letter is rather discursive. It opens a wide field for the discussion of questions, which I do not feel, are committed to me. I am only General of one of the armies of the Confederate States, charged with military operations in the field, under the direction of my superior officers, and I am not called upon to discuss with you the cause of the present war, or the political questions which led to or resulted from it. These grave and important questions have been committed to far abler hands than mine, and I shall only refer to them so far as to repel any unjust conclusion which might be drawn from my silence. You charge my country with "daring and badgering you to battle." The truth is, we sent commissioners to you, respectfully offering a peaceful separation, before the first gun was fired on either side. You say we insulted your flag. The truth is, we fired upon it and those who fought under it when you came to our doors upon the mission of subjugation. You say we seized upon your forts and arsenals, and made prisoners of the garrisons sent to protect us against negroes and Indians. The truth is, we expelled by force of arms insolent intruders, and took possession of our own forts and arsenals, to resist your claim to dominion over masters, slaves and Indians, all of whom are, to this day, with unanimity unexampled in the history of the world, warring against your attempts to become their masters. You say that we tried to force Missouri and Kentucky into the rebellion
in spite of themselves. The truth is, my Government, from the beginning of this struggle to this hour, has again and again offered, before the whole world, to leave it to the unbiased will of those States, and all others, to determine for themselves whether they will cast their destiny with your Government or ours; and your Government has resisted this fundamental principle of free institutions with the bayonet, and labors daily by force and fraud, to fasten its hateful tyranny upon the unfortunate freemen of these States. You say we falsified the vote of Louisiana. The truth is, Louisiana not only separated herself from your Government by nearly a unanimous vote of her people, but has vindicated the act upon every battle-field from Gettysburg to the Sabine, and has exhibited an heroic devotion to her decision, which challenges the admiration and respect of every man capable of feeling sympathy for the oppressed, or admiration for heroic valor. You say that we turned loose pirates to plunder your unarmed ships. The truth is, when you robbed us of our part of the navy, we built and bought a few vessels, hoisting the flag of our country, and swept the seas in defiance of your navy, around the whole circumference of the globe. You say we have expelled Union families by thousands. The truth is, not a single family has been expelled from the Confederate States, that I am aware of, but on the contrary, the moderation of our Government toward traitors has been a fruitless theme of denunciation by its enemies and many well-meaning friends of our cause. You say my Government, by acts of Congress, has confiscated “all debts due Northern men for goods, sold and delivered.” The truth is, Congress gave due and ample time to your merchants and traders to depart from our shores with their ships, goods and effects, and only sequestered the property of our enemies in retaliation for their acts, declaring us traitors, and confiscating our property, wherever their power extended, either in their country, or our own. Such are your accusations, and such are the facts known of all men to be true.

You order into exile the whole population of a city,
drive men, women and children from their houses at the point of the bayonet, under the plea that it is to the interest of your Government, and on the claim that this is an act of "kindness to these families of Atlanta." Butler only banished from New Orleans the registered enemies of his Government, and acknowledged that he did it as a punishment. You issue a sweeping edict covering all the inhabitants of a city and add insult to the injury heaped upon the defenseless, by assuming that you have done them a kindness. This you follow by the assertion that you will "make as much sacrifice for the peace and power of the South as the best born Southerns." And because I characterize what you call kindness, as being real cruelty, you presume to sit in judgment between me and my God, and you decide that my earnest prayer to the Almighty Father to save our women and children from what you call kindness, is a "sacrilegious, hypocritical appeal."

You come into our country with your army avowedly for the purpose of subjugating free white men, women and children; and not only intend to rule over them, but you make negroes your allies, and desire to place over us an inferior race, which we have raised from barbarism to its present position, which is the highest ever attained by that race in any country in all time. I must, therefore, decline to accept your statements in reference to your kindness toward the people of Atlanta, and your willingness to sacrifice every thing for the peace and honor of the South, and refuse to be governed by your decisions in regard to matters between myself, my country, and my God.

You say "let us fight it out like men." To this my reply is, for myself, and, I believe, for all true men, men and women and children, in my country, we will fight you to death. Better die a thousand deaths than to submit to live under you or your Government, and your negro allies.

Having answered the points forced upon me, by your letter of the 9th of September, I close this correspon-
dence with you, and notwithstanding your comments upon my appeal to God, in the case of humanity, I again humbly and reverently invoke His Almighty aid in defense of justice and right.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

[signed,] J. B. Hood, General.

[official copy,] F. H. Wigfall, A. D. C.

IMPORTANT PROCLAMATION FROM THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Milledgeville, September 10, 1864.

General J. B. Hood, Commanding Army of Tennessee:

GENERAL—As the militia of the State were called out for the defense of Atlanta during the campaign against it, which has terminated by the fall of the city into the hands of the enemy, and as many of them left their homes without preparation, expecting to be gone but a few weeks, who have remained in service over three months, (most of the time in the trenches,) justice requires that they be permitted, while the enemy are preparing for the winter campaign, to return to their homes and look, for a time, after important interests and prepare themselves for such service as may be required when another campaign commences against other important points in the State. I therefore, hereby withdraw said organization from your command, in the hope that I shall be able to return it with greater numbers and equal efficiency, when the interests of the public service requires it. In this connection, I beg leave to tender to you, General, my sincere thanks for your impartiality to the State troops, and for your uniform courtesy and kindness to me individually. With assurances of my high consideration and esteem, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JOSEPH E. BROWN.
ORDER FROM MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

HEADQUARTERS 15TH ARMY CORPS, }
EAST POINT, GA., September 11, 1864. }

Officers and Soldiers of the 15th Army Corps:

You have borne your part in the accomplishment of
the object of this campaign, a part well and faithfully
done.

On the 1st day of May, 1864, from Huntsville, Alabama, and its vicinity, you commenced the march. The marches and labors performed by you during the campaign will barely find a parallel in the history of the war. The proud name heretofore acquired by the Fifteenth Corps for soldierly bearing and daring deeds, remains untarnished, its luster undimmed. During the campaign you constituted the main portion of the flanking column of the whole army. Your first move against the enemy was around the right of the army at Resaca, where, by your gallantry, the enemy were driven from the hills and his works on the main road from Villanow to Resaca. On the retreat of the enemy, you moved on the right flank of the army by a circuitous route, to Adairsville; in the same manner, from there to Kingston and Dallas, where, on the 23d day of May you met the veteran corps of Hardee, and in a severe and bloody contest, you hurled it back, killing and wounding over two thousand, besides capturing a large number of prisoners. You then moved around to the left of the army by way of Ackworth, to Kenesaw Mountain, where again you met the enemy, driving him from three lines of works, capturing over three hundred prisoners. During your stay in front of Kenesaw Mountain, on the 27th of June, you made one of the most daring, bold, and heroic charges of the war, against the almost impregnable position of the enemy on the Little Kenesaw. You were then moved by way of Marietta, to Nickajack Creek, on the right of our army; thence back to the extreme left by way of Marietta and Roswell, to the Augusta Railroad, near Stone Mountain, a distance of fifty miles, and after effectually destroying the railroad
at this point you moved by way of Decatur to the immediate front of the rebel stronghold, Atlanta. Here, on the 22d day of July, you again performed your duty nobly, as patriots and soldiers, in one of the most severe and sanguinary conflicts of the campaign. With hardly time to recover your almost exhausted energies, you were moved again around to the right of the army, only to encounter the same troops against whom you had so recently contended; and the battle of the 28th of July, at Ezra Chapel, will long be remembered by the officers and soldiers of this command. In that day it was that the Fifteenth Corps, almost unaided and alone, for four hours contested the field against the Corps of Hardee and Lee. You drove them discomfited from the field; causing them to leave their dead and many of their wounded in your hands. The many noble and gallant deeds performed by you on this day will be remembered among the proudest acts of our nation's history. After pressing the enemy closely for several days, you again moved to the right of the army, to the West Point Railroad, near Fairburn. After completely destroying the road for some distance, you marched to Jonesboro, driving the enemy before you from Pond Creek, a distance of ten miles. At this point you again met the enemy, composed of Lee's and Hardee's Corps, on the 31st of August, and punished them severely, driving them in confusion from the field, with their dead and many wounded and prisoners left in your hands. Here again, by your skill and true courage, you kept sacred the reputation you have so long maintained, viz: "The Fifteenth Corps never meets the enemy, but to strike and defeat him." On the 1st of September the Fourteenth Corps attacked Hardee. You at once opened fire on him, and by your co-operation his defeat became a rout. Hood, hearing the news, blew up his ammunition trains, retreated, and Atlanta was ours.

You have marched during the campaign, in your windings, the distance of four hundred miles; have put hors de combat more of the enemy than your Corps numbers; have captured twelve thousand stand of arms, two
thousand four hundred and fifty prisoners, and two hun-
dred and ten deserters. The course of your march is
marked by the graves of patriotic heroes, who have
fallen by your side; but, at the same time, it is more
plainly marked by the blood of traitors, who have defied
the Constitution and laws, insulted and trampled under
foot the glorious flag of our country. We deeply sympa-
thize with the friends of those of our comrades in arms
who have fallen; our sorrows are only appeased by the
knowledge that they fell as brave men, battling for the
preservation and perpetuation of one of the best govern-
ments of earth. "Peace be to their ashes."

You now rest for a short time from your labors.
During the respite prepare for future action. Let the
country see, at all times, by your conduct, that you love
the cause you have espoused; that you have no sympa-
thy with any who would by word or deed assist vile
traitors in dismembering our mighty republic or trailing
in the dust the emblem of our national greatness and
glory. You are the defenders of a government that has
blessed you, heretofore, with peace, happiness and pros-
perity. Its perpetuity depends upon your heroism,
faithfulness and devotion.

When the time shall come to go forward again, let us
go with the determination to save our nation from
threatened wreck, and hopeless ruin, not forgetting the
appeal from widows and orphans that is borne to us
upon every breeze, to avenge the loss of their loved
ones, who have fallen in the defense of their country.
Be patient, obedient, and earnest, and the day is not
far distant, when you can return to your homes with the
proud consolation that you have assisted in causing the
old banner to again wave from every mountain-top, and
over every town and hamlet, of our once happy land, and
hear the shouts of triumph ascend from a grateful peo-
ple, proclaiming that once more we have one flag and
one country.

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Major-General Commanding.
Atlanta was ours at last, and never was conquest so dearly purchased. The loss of the Federal army in the siege amounted to several thousand men, among whom were many officers; for the field and line officers led the men to the deadly breaches, setting a noble example of personal gallantry. Among the officers slain, General Sherman had to lament Major General McPherson, the incomparable soldier and high-toned gentleman. The rebel loss, according to the statement of the rebel officers, amounted to thousands, the majority of whom were killed or wounded.

Our narrative of the magnificent campaign has reached a point where repose is necessary. We have followed the gifted chief and his matchless battalions from the cloud-capped summits of Lookout and Missionary Ridge—through the narrow defile of Snake Creek Gap; over the towering ridges of Resaca and the eagle cliffs of Kenesaw—over the fair and beautiful region of the Chattahoochie. Let us pause awhile ere accompanying him on his brilliant march through the far South, where we will behold the Confederacy prostrate at his feet.

SCENES IN THE ATLANTA HOSPITAL.

Perhaps my readers would like to visit, (those who have not personally visited) the hospitals in which the sick and wounded of our army are. If so, come with me to a hospital. This hospital contains about twenty wards, and is calculated to accommodate about two thousand patients. We find a general air of cleanliness and comfort, which is gratifying to the visitor, who has at heart the welfare of our brave wounded heroes, and also shows that the surgeon in command not only knows the value of these principles, but also sees that they are put in practice by those under him. Visitors are admitted from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. If visitors be of the softer sex, you will probably be prompted to shrink back from going farther than the threshold. On either side of the long, wide room before you, are
rows of single beds, about three feet apart, with the heads resting against the wall, leaving a space through the centre of the floor about six feet wide. These beds are neat and comfortable, with clean white spreads over each. The wards are well ventilated. While passing through, the thought occurs that most of those patients are more comfortable here than they would be at home, in their present state of health.

To a lady, there is at first a feeling of almost insurmountable repugnance to entering the hospital, which only a strong sense of duty will overcome. On the threshold, with that scene before you, of long rows of beds, with sick and wounded men, the newness of the scene is oppressive; you falter in your purpose; you lift up your thoughts for a moment to "Our Father" for strength and wisdom, that you may be enabled to say and do that which will comfort or soothe these sufferers. You will feel the propriety of wearing a cheerful face, though the pain is hard at your heart. You approach the first bed on your right; here lies a man with his arm swollen to twice its natural size, with every evidence of losing it, in prospect. Does he suffer much? Generally the answer is "yes, but I am fortunate in getting off so well; I might have been much worse." Next, the patient on the left; he had a bullet in the leg, which has not yet been extracted. The wound looks venomous. After a word of comfort, you pass to the next. He had recently suffered amputation, just above the ankle, and the poor stump is snugly bound up. It is all he had left of that, while a bad wound in the other leg makes it doubly painful and difficult for him to move. But, brave man, he moves the stump over to the other side of the bed, first, (preferring to do it himself,) and then turns his attention to the wounded one, in order to get that over also, and in answer to your expressions of sympathy, remarks with a grim smile, "I have patience enough with this stump, but this other one I have no patience with. I think it ought to behave itself, because it has a foot." In the course of your visit, you speak with a young hero who had quite re-
cently lost his arm, and in answer to your surprise at
finding him walking about cheerfully, he tells you that
he walked about after it was amputated, as soon as he
recovered from the effects of the ether. Another, who
has but slight prospect of living beyond a week or two,
exclaims, as he glances at the first line of prayer for
“Our soldiers on the Battle-Field,” “Yes, if we had
some one to pray for us; that’s what we want.” He is
assured that prayer is being offered up for them all
over the land, and he replies, “I am glad, for we
need it.”

He has tried to do his duty to his country, and wishes
he had tried to do his duty to his God, early in life. In
reply to your inquiry, he says that he wants to be a Chris-
tian, and that he has been trying for three weeks to become
one, exclaiming, “Oh, how foolish it is for people to put
this off to the last.” He is earnestly assured that even
at the eleventh hour, his desire to enter into the king-
dom is welcomed by the Father above; to try no longer,
but simply give himself, just as he is, to the Lamb of
God, who died for all—for him. After a space of deep
reflection, he replies, “I will try to do so—I do so.” In
all the wards you meet brave hearts, who bear intense
suffering patiently, and even cheerfully.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

We came at last to a cot, somewhat by itself, outside
the wards. Here, reposing at length, was a young
man, whose face bore slight traces of suffering. It was
flushed with a hue like that of health; the eyes were
undimmed, and only the position of his hands, which
were thrown over his head, and locked in almost spas-
modic tightness, told that he was in pain. He was
unusually noble in countenance. His brow was broad
and fair, and the thick locks that clustered back from
the temples curled like the ringlets of a boy. He knew
not why, but the chaplain experienced an unusual and
sudden sympathy for this young man, struck down in
his beauty; still he felt there was no immediate danger
in his case.
"How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as
the two approached the bed softly.
"In the right side, below the ribs," was the reply.
"Is he in danger?"
"Oh, no, that is, not at present. The case may take
a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well, now.
Charles," he added, addressing the sick man, familiarly,
"the chaplain is going the rounds; would you like to
see him."
"O, certainly!" exclaimed the young man, smiling.
"I am very glad to see him;" and he held out his hand.
His voice was strong and ringing, as with the highest
health; his clasp was vigorous.
"I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend," said
the chaplain.
"Oh, only the casualty of war; we must some of us
expect it, you know."
"Do you suffer much?"
"At times, sir, very severely; I feel so well, only the
distress here," and he pressed his hand to his side.
"You will be up soon, I hope."
"I trust so sir; the doctors say it is a bad wound, but
will yield with care. I only wish I had my mother
here. She has heard of it, and, doubtless, started before
this. It will seem so comfortable to see her; you don't
know how I long for her."

Ah! mothers, you are first thought of when the
hardy soldier feels the pang of pain. It is your name
he calls, your form he sees through the mists of delir-
ium, your voice he hears in every gentle word that is
spoken. He knows whose touch will be tenderest,
through the sympathy of suffering, he knows who has
borne the most for him; and on the tented field, the
holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of love
and beauty.

"I can imagine how you feel," said the chaplain, "and
I have no doubt you will see her soon. Meanwhile, you
know there is a Friend who will be to you more than
mother or father, sister or brother."

"I realize that, sir," said the young man; "I am a
professor of religion, and have been for years. When I was shot, ay, and before, I commended my soul to Him for life or death, but I confess I have much to live for. I am not brought yet where I am perfectly willing to die."

"It may be for the reason that you are not yet called to die," replied the chaplain, "but in life, you know, it is the one important thing to be prepared for death."

After a short prayer, the minister and the sick man parted. "He seems very strong and sanguine," he said, as he met the surgeon again, "and likely to recover."

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt," was the hasty reply of the surgeon, as he passed on.

The hour of midnight had struck from the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it knelled the departing moments, and its echo rolled through the halls, vibrating on many an ear that would never hear the sound of the striking hours again. The chaplain still sat up in his own room, writing letters for three or four of the wounded soldiers, and a strange stillness fell around him, as he closed the last sheet, and sat back with folded hands to think. He could not tell why, but do what, and go where he would, the face of the young volunteer, with whom he had spoken last, haunted him. He arose to move to the window where the breeze was cooler, when a knock was heard at the door, and a rapid voice called "Chaplain?"
He hurried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the dim moonlight that crept into the passage.

"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and more sorry still to give you an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Why, what is it?" was the quick rejoinder.

"The fine young fellow whom you talked with is going."

"What, you do not mean"——

"Won't live an hour or two at the most. I tried to tell him, but I couldn't; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it, you know."

A great shadow fell on the chaplain; for a moment
he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he made reply.

"It is a sad errand, but none the less my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, indeed I cannot. His voice was so strong; his manner so natural! I'll be there presently." And left alone, he threw himself upon his knees to wrestle for strength in prayer.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the strugglers with pain and disease. Going softly up to the couch at which he had stood before, the chaplain gazed upon the face before him. It looked as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, his eyes flew open, and rested in some surprise upon the chaplain.

"I felt as if I must see you again before I retired," said the latter, striving to steady his voice.

"How do you feel now?"

"Oh, better, I thank you; in fact almost well. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. I rather think the surgeon does, though he said nothing."

Again that fearful swelling in the chaplain's throat. How should he tell him of his danger—how prepare the mind so calmly resting on almost a certainty—the poor hopeful soul that would never look with earthly eyes on the mother he so longed for? Another moment, and the young man appeared to be struck with some peculiarity in the face or movements of the chaplain. The large eyes sought his with an intenseness that was pain, and he strove to interpret that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

"Your cares weary you, chaplain," he said, quietly; you must be very faithful, for it is past midnight."

"I was on the point of going to bed, when I was called to prepare a dying man for his last hour," was the tearful response.

"Indeed! what poor fellow goes next?" rejoined the young man, with a look of mournful inquiry.

There was no answer; for the wealth of the world the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger; that eye so full of sympathy!
Still a strange silence! What did it mean? The sick man's inquiring glance changed for a moment to one of intense terror. He raised both arms—let them fall heavily upon the coverlet at his side, and in a voice totally altered by emotion, he gasped—

“Great Heaven! you mean me?”

“My dear friend!” said the chaplain, unmanned.

“I am to die, then—and—how—long?” His eyes once more sought those of his chaplain.

“You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will, he will carry you over the river.”

“Yes; but this is awfully sudden! awfully sudden!” his lips quivered; he looked up grievingly—“and I shall not see my mother.”

“Christ is better than a mother,” murmured the chaplain.

“Yes.” The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steadier, and when the eyes were open again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from Heaven.

“I thank you for your courage,” he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain. “The bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother”—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—“tell her how I longed to see her, but if God will permit me I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father I am glad he gave me his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him that I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul; and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray for me?”
Oh! what emotions swelled the heart of that devoted man, as he kneeled by the bedside of that dying volunteer, the young soldier of Christ; and with tones so low that only the ear of God and that of him who was passing away could hear; besought God’s grace and presence. Never in all his experience had his heart been so powerfully wrought upon; never had a feeling of such unutterable tenderness taken possession of his soul. He seemed already in the presence of a glorified spirit; and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs, he bent down, and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So, perhaps, thought the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said, “Thank you! I won’t trouble you any longer; you are wearied out—go to your rest.”

“The Lord God be with you!” was the fervent response.

“Amen!” trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room. There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door; encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word—

“Gone!”

Christ’s soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

There is touching pathos in some of the marks attached to the blankets, shirts, handkerchiefs, and the like, sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers in camp and hospital. Thus, on a bed-quilt was printed a card having this tender inscription:

“My son is in the army; whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most of six nights, let him remember his own mother’s love!”

Who can doubt that these simple words have made some weak one strong again; filled some sad heart with
joy and hope? On a pillow sent to the Commission was written:

"This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it to the soldiers!"

On a box of beautiful lint was this inscription:

"Made in a sick-room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye, as they have gone to the war."

What a spirit of sacrifice and saintly heroism shines through this little sentence; sunshine, joy, sympathy, coming out of the shadow; the sick-room giving tender greeting to the camp-fire and the hospital. But the tenderest of all inscriptions we have seen is this, written on some eye-shades:

"Made by one who is blind. Oh! how I long to see the dear old flag you are fighting under!"

The following lines were found under the pillow of a Union soldier, who was lying dead in a hospital. They seem more like an inspiration than like a literary effort, and carry intrinsic evidence of their genuineness under the circumstances. There is something very touching in the perfect simplicity of this little poem. Unconsciously, the writer, in his artlessness, has reached the highest triumph of art.

I lay me down to sleep,
   With little thoughts of care
Whether my waking find
   Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
   That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
   A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
   Its cunning now—
To march the weary march
   I know not how.
I am not eager, bold.
Not strong, all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart—
And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after him.

Among the numerous wounded officers and soldiers whom I visited in the Hospitals at Vining Station, none seemed to bear their terrible sufferings with so much composure and cheerfulness as Captain John A. Norris of the 98th O. V. I. Captain Norris held a very distinguished place in the desperate battle of Peach Tree Creek—and of popularity for chivalrous daring, he has obtained a large share. This is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered, how gallantly, and promptly he dashed into that fight. In this engagement, he lost a leg and his glorified wounds attest that he was the "bravest of the brave." Captain Norris is esteemed both in private and public life as a ripe scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and an undaunted patriot.

A NEGRO PRAYER MEETING—THE NEGRO PREACHER.

While at Atlanta we strayed to an African church, and the post of honor was assigned to us white folks on the right of the desk. As we entered, a row of colored brethren were singing a monotonous tune, keeping time by the swaying of their bodies, and thus for nearly an hour one song after another was sung in the same dismal, weary strain. At length the regular exercises commenced. A jolly-looking full faced young man
preached, in which his main object was evidently to create an excitement. His voice was raised to an unnatural pitch, while he assumed the manner of a stage actor. In the course of his sermon he raised hands and eyes toward Heaven, and shrieked out, “I see Him now. I see Him on the Roman cross. I hear the driving of the nails into His blessed hands and feet! O, I hear those awful sounds. I hear them now!” Accompanying these remarks with acting out the driving of the hammer, moved the audience to an almost fearful excitement. One tall, gaunt, weird-like woman, rose from her seat, and bounding up and down, cried out, glory! glory! till almost exhausted, and then passed around among the sisters, most solemnly shaking hands, while the preacher, satisfied with this visible effect of his preaching, gradually subsided.

Then arose a thin, wiry, emaciated, old man, whose gray locks, wrinkled features, sunken eyes, were almost spectral, and leaning on the desk, seemed almost on the very verge of dissolution. In a weak and tremulous voice, he addressed his audience after this manner: “My children, I have not spoken to you before for a six month, and the Master will, I fear, allow me only this opportunity of addressing you again this side of the grave. I am old and feeble, and near the border land, but I want to tell you of Jesus.” Then for nearly half an hour he spoke in a spirit of impassioned eloquence, such as I have seldom heard surpassed. His frame expanded, and his voice was shrill and clear, while those deep set, cavernous eyes, gleamed and glistened and glared like coals of fire, and the listeners were held spellbound by the fiery eloquence and burning words of the patriarch. Said he: “My brethren, take up the cross and bear it manfully, take it up and hold it before you; do not attempt to drag it on the ground, for if you do, the devil will get on to the other end, and you will have to drag him too!” This was acted out by the representation of dragging the cross, so masterly, that one almost expected to see his Satanic Majesty rising up before him.
Again, said he, “The Bible no where tells us that we walk through the valley of death; it says we only pass through the shadows of it.”

The form of that emaciated old man, standing up like a prophet of old, is still before me, though ere this, he may be in the presence of Him who is no “respecter of persons.”

About half of the time in the meeting was taken up with singing. The leader repeated large portions of Bible history, or religious sentiment, and the congregation sang it after him. If the meter was short, or excessive in any part, it made no difference. At regular intervals they tacked on a chorus, which, at first, was pertinent to the subject, but which very soon was entirely foreign to the sense, yet the chorus must be had at all events. The excitement gradually grew intense. The women stood up and swayed to and fro to the sound of the music. The young men stood, and at each repetition of the chorus, rose up on tiptoe, and had it not been for the restraining influence of three or four delegates in attendance, they would very likely have had more or less dancing. But it was all the natural expression of deep, religious enthusiasm to those untutored minds, even as it might have been with David, who “danced before the Lord with all his might.”

Their prayers were the best part of the meeting, full of strong faith, earnest feeling and deep humility. One brother prayed for the army, for the Christian Commission, for the sick in the hospital, for the President and his own colored brethren; “and now Lord,” said he, “when you’s ‘membered all the rest, then come down and ‘member poor, unworthy me, who am less than the least of all saints, if I am anything at all!”

Another prayed that the Lord would save the unbelievers present from that fire that burns without any blowing!

The warm imaginations of the negro were continually shooting forth in tropical luxuriance. One prayed the Lord to bless all men as far as the winds blow and the waters run.
Another: "Lord you know brudder Sam. He's bery wicked. Please, Lord, take him by the collar, and shake him over hell till he turn to de Lord; but do Lord, be careful not to let him fall!"

Another: "Lord, get on your Great White Horse of Salvation, and ride through every impenitent heart in Atlanta," to which a response was duly made: "Yes, Lord, get on to de fastest!"

After all, that is not very different from a good white prayer, where He is besought to allow his chariot-wheels to make no tarrying. The image only differs, and is somewhat bolder.

At the commencement of the services prayer was duly offered for the leader, that God would please to douse his head in wisdom.

Their imaginations were certainly more developed than their theology, but even in their most erroneous conceptions, they evidently showed strong faith. One of them declared that he was not afraid of any misfortune. "I serve that Master who always is awake when everybody else is asleep, and when he can not attend to me himself, he sends two of his strongest angels to act in his stead."

The speaker told them that the Lord Jesus had been so watchful for their salvation, while he sat upon his Throne of Mercy, that he neither ate, drank, nor slept, but waited and watched for their repentance and conversion, but on the morning of the resurrection, "all this," said he, "will be over. He will get down from his Throne of Mercy, and will ascend upon one of justice, and then you will find that he will wait upon you no longer."

He drew on his imagination once more, while attempting to encourage Christians in view of death. "On the bright resurrection morning, the Lord Jesus will throw open all the windows and doors, and he will come down for you. He will send Death around to all your doors. Don't be afraid of him! He's only a coachman to bring you home to glory!"

At the close of the meeting he administered an exhor-
tation, the substance of which might be applied to the young people in many of our congregations, who, as they depart from the house of prayer, are very apt to destroy all the good impressions they have received by thoughtless levity as they retire to their homes. Should any clerical reader be disposed to imitate the example of his colored brother, it will probably be necessary to change the form of the exhortation.

"Now we has drove de devil out of dis meeting, and he is waiting for you out dar in de dark, agin you come out. Go 'long straight home, and don't trip up one 'nother's heels by de way, and den de devil won't trouble you."

I will only add that the more we become acquainted with negro character, both as men and Christians, the more we are compelled to respect them. The Power, which, through the instrumentality of external circumstances, has led them out to freedom, is likewise in their hearts, working there in harmony with his other working, for their good.
CHAPTER XIII.

Chaplains.—Their Trials and Discouragements.—Sketches of Chaplains Chittenden, Drake, Tracy, Coony, Fry, Springer, Sewell, Bennett, &c.

Those who have had the best opportunities for observing army life, pronounce emphatically in favor of the Chaplaincy. A set of reckless newspaper reporters and hypocritical legislators, have used every method to misrepresent and ignore the services of Clergymen in the field. Profligate and worthless officers, many of whom for the first time have been dressed in a little brief authority, have spoken with scorn and contempt of these worthy and useful men. One of the saddest mistakes of the war, is the legislation of the rulers in regard to Chaplains. Had the Chaplaincy been put on the same footing with the Medical and Pay Department, a very different result would have been attained. Had the Chaplain ranked as Major or Colonel, and been respected accordingly, immense good might have been done.

It is false, meanly false, to denounce all Chaplains as worthless. There is not a class of men in the army who commanded the respect, independent of rank, which the Chaplains did. How different is the practice of our legislators now in this respect, and that of Washington. An instance: A week or two after the treason of Arnold was discovered, a young Chaplain of the 4th Massachusetts Regiment, who, to fit him for the chaplaincy, had studied theology six weeks, and was licensed; preached a sermon on the Treason of Arnold, and the future Glory of America. This brought him into notice with the officers, and Washington placed the young Chaplain, then twenty-three years of age, on his right, and had Sterling, a Major-General, on his
left, and Washington called on him to ask a blessing. What a contrast is this to the wretched legislation on the chaplains, we have had in our days.

The upright and well-informed minister of the Gospel is highly esteemed in army circles, and his presence is everywhere hailed with warm expressions of delight. Let those who are sceptical as to the usefulness of this institution, visit the contested field, when the flames of battle have subsided, and they will find the worthy Chaplain bending over the prostrate form of the dying soldier, soothing his last moments with clusters of grapes from Heaven's own vineyard, and drops of myrrh from Jesus' own lips. In the Hospital he may be seen watching the sick, communicating to their physical wants, and receiving messages of love for the loved and absent ones at home. Then watch him as he visits from tent to tent, producing by his presence, a hushed impiety, and not unfrequently the willing tear that tells of a heart subdued by Christian hope.

Many a sabbath in the army has been observed and made tranquil, which, but for the Chaplain, might have been desecrated and devoted to Baal. The Bible class, the reverent congregation gathered round the preacher, with him, holding "communion with the skies," are scenes which cannot easily be forgotten.

It is true, and it is a pity that it is true, that there have been drones among the army Chaplains,—a class of uneducated impostors, who have easily yielded to the demoralization of camp life, associating with officers in their habits of profanity, drunkenness, and other like vices. But to measure the whole class by these exceptions, to deny all the good the order has performed, to detract from the benign influence, it radiates through the land, and to undermine the confidence of the people in these conservators of the public heart, is cruel, uncalled for, and iniquitous.

Among the courageous Chaplains who fell in the country's cause, none is deserving of more honorable mention than the Rev. John R. Eddy, who was killed in one of the engagements at Chattanooga. I wish it
were in my power to do full justice to the character of this valued Christian minister. It is not, however, easy to trace the intellectual and moral features, so that every characteristic shall be faithfully embodied; and this is the more difficult when the individual was distinguished not so much for any one virtue as a union of excellencies. Regarding our friend Eddy in his mental character, my own impression is, that his mind was distinguished for solidity rather than acuteness; the reasoning faculties were more developed than the imaginative; in him the predominant qualities were the sound, the good, the useful, not the brilliant.

Mr. Eddy was eminently the Christian. The graces of the spirit were as beautifully blended in his life as the primary colors of the rainbow. He was emphatically a good man, an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile. His moral excellencies could hardly be exaggerated—profoundly did he sympathize with the religiously true, the morally beautiful—he was indeed a choice specimen of Christian virtue—there seemed to be no deformity in his moral character, it was beautifully symmetrical. There was not the slightest tinge of envy in his nature, not even a taint of sectarian bigotry; he was remarkably free from selfishness, conscientious in the highest degree. It has been said of some, that they never wrote a line, which they needed to blush for, or wish to erase, so I might say of chaplain Eddy, he hardly ever uttered a word, he would wish to erase or desire to recall.

What Rogers said of Howe, may be applied to our friend. “It is not more evident that the sculptor intends those little strokes and delicate touches by which his chisel operates on the marble to the complete development of that image of beauty, which as yet only exists in his imagination, than it is that our friend intended to subordinate to the purposes of moral discipline all the occurrences of life.” As a patriot, Eddy was not a recluse; he had no sympathy with the foolish dogma, that ministers have nothing to do with politics. He was the foe of oppression, a true American,
and while he loved his country he regarded himself as a citizen of the world. Such men never die; it needs no spices to embalm, no monument to perpetuate their memory; their deeds live; their very names are fragrant as the morning breath, and sweet as the flowers of spring. A near relative pays the following touching tribute to the memory of this excellent man:

His brother pays this beautiful tribute to his memory:

Our brother, Rev. John R. Eddy, of the North-Western Indiana Conference, has fallen upon the field of battle. A short time since, he was appointed Chaplain of the 72d Indiana Volunteers. Scarcely a fortnight elapsed from the time of his leaving Indianapolis till he fell! A six-pound shot struck him in the breast, killing him instantly! It seems hard to realize it. He was so young, so full of promise, had so much of hope before him! Gone! Slain! We are joined in affliction to the host of mourners all over this broad land! How long shall it last? How long shall the noblest perish while cowards and treason-sympathizers remain at home to baffle their purposes and prevent their success?

"He was a Christian minister. He gave up a lucrative mercantile partnership that he might follow his convictions in devoting himself to the ministry of the Word. He left a pleasant charge to enter the service of the country—conscientious, full of Christian chivalry, he has fallen! We are sure he died well. He long ago gave up all, that he might follow the Master. He died in communion with God. He died for his country. He loved the starry flag of his country, and with him it was only below the Cross. For both, he lived and died. His aged parents are bowed beneath the stroke. This is the third adult child that has died without the privilege of their being with them. Yet they know in whom they have believed. He leaves, to the scanty heritage of an itinerant, his wife and four little ones. We can write no more. Bereaved readers, we will pray for and suffer with each other."
Father Tracey of the 4th Regular Cavalry, is one of the most noted and distinguished chaplains of the Army. He has served in the regular and volunteer service for many years. He was the constant companion of Rosecrans in all his campaigns. He now is on the staff of General Stanley of the Fourth Corps.

He was very popular with the troops, both as a Christian minister and true patriot.

On one occasion a rebel officer was lying wounded between our lines and the rebels. No one dare approach the poor fellow, as the rebels were sweeping the place with their fire. Despite all remonstrance, Father Tracy rode down to him and removed the poor fellow, whose leg was broken, to the shelter of some trees. The officer afterwards sent him a valuable gold cross, set with diamonds, as an acknowledgement of his Christian services in saving his life.

Rev. Chaplain Drake, of the 121st Ohio, was a model Chaplain.

"Ever was he seen a faithful pastor,
And he was eloquent as one instruct
With Heaven's own spirit. In admonition warm
Oft did he caution the too thoughtless tribes
Against each sin that easily besets the heart,
And oft, more anxious than their sires,
Taught the surrounding innocents, who loved
His friendly smile, the lesson to be good."

Chaplain Drake's greatest forte was in the Hospitals, among the sick, where he spent most of the time. The appearance of Mr. Drake in the pulpit is prepossessing. His figure and address are dignified. His voice is powerful, melodious and finely modulated. His action chaste and appropriate. His sermons abound with original observations, which are enforced in a style of fervid eloquence, assisted by the varied illustrations of a mind richly imbued with the knowledge of Christianity, of nature, and of general literature.

Benjamin James St. Fry of the 63rd, is extremely popular as a preacher, author, and newspaper reporter.
His general appearance is not remarkably prepossessing; his voice is somewhat inharmonious, and his action has but little dignity or grace. What Seneca says of the style of one of his contemporaries may be applied to Mr. Fry:

"He is a man of exact judgment, steady to his purpose, and of strong eloquence, not fervent in his words, but his sense is masculine and vehement." Indeed he has occasionally some very brilliant sentences and many powerful and eloquent appeals to the conscience and the heart. It is delightful to meet such men in the army; men who, while they are uncompromising in their reproof of army vices, can yet speak a word to the weary. Vigilance and zeal in the discharge of his duties as a chaplain, and an ardent affection for the soldiers, were prominent traits in his character.

Chaplain Coony, of the 35th Indiana, is one of the oldest army Chaplains. His regiment was among the earliest to leave Indiana for the field, and the good Priest never left his fighting boys. Father Coony is a splendid looking man. He is of the middle size and of handsome figure. His fine open countenance wears the glow of health. The withy Chaplain, in every battle, was in the thickest of the fight, signalizing himself by his exertions in behalf of the wounded and dying. Ireland, that ill-fated country, has not a more ardent or more staid friend than she has in Chaplain Coony. Sound in the doctrines of his character, he is a faithful and persuasive expounder of the same. In discussing on religious subjects, especially on the privileges of the Christian's reward, here his heart is enlarged; his speech tells of heaven, and having himself fed on "angel's food," he is anxious to impart to his hearers the same celestial gift. There it is, in strains as sweet

"As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

Chaplain Bennett, of the 32nd Ohio, is one of those fighting parsons who have won honors in the war. He entered his regiment originally as a private soldier, sacrificing a lucrative and pleasant position. He fought
himself up to a Chaplaincy. In every engagement he shouldered a rifle, fighting bravely with his comrades, and inspiring them by his own martial conduct. He has received at different times, several complimentary testimonials from his superior officers. Chaplain Bennett is a man of superior intelligence, sound judgment and varied information. In battle he is cool and calculating, always taking deliberate aim, and generally sure of his object. In personal appearance, Mr. Bennett is plain. He has nothing fashionable or affected about him. He is a fine specimen of a clever, generous, good-natured fellow. As a pulpit orator, his general strain is remarkably mild and persuasive—sincere and affectionate.

Among those Chaplains who have rendered efficient service to the country, the Rev. Chaplain Chittenden, is not the least zealous or successful. That Mr. Chittenden entered the service of the Republic from very decided impressions of Christian duty, and from a full conviction that he was specially called into this field of service—we think he has given abundant proof. The fidelity with which he discharged the various functions of an army minister, make it evident, that he was the right man in the right place. That such a preacher should be both popular and useful, is no matter of surprise. "I love," said the amiable Fenelon, "a serious preacher, who speaks for my sake, and not for his own, and seeks my salvation, and not his own glory." This praise is due to Mr. Chittenden. Bigotry seems to be his aversion—with a noble independence of sects and parties, he delights in the excellencies of all good men, and is on friendly terms with ministers of various communions.

CHAPLAIN SPRINGER.

The name of this heroic Chaplain will long live in the memories and affections of all who knew him. His regiment, the 3rd Wisconsin, being sorely pressed at the battle of Resaca, he shouldered his musket and fought with glorious gallantry, until literally covered
with wounds, he was borne to the Field Hospital, where he rounded his noble life in prayers for the success of Hooker's splendid corps, then busily engaged with the enemy. Thus died Chaplain Springer. His last words presented a beautiful and sublime finish to his memorable life. The deep drawn sigh, and copiously falling tears of his comrades in arms, thrillingly attested the veneration in which he was held.

As a Christian, Chaplain Springer was pre-eminent for piety. He walked in the truth, and was therefore, holy and happy. As a minister, he was devoted and diligent. His mind was peculiarly vigorous, capable of a comprehensive grasp, minutely discriminating, and of very considerable retentive power. His sermons were redolent of the Gospel theme. He did not deal in scholastic philosophy, nor in the efficacy of what men call the sacraments, nor in the icicle beauty of mere morality.

As a laborer and visitor among the members of his regiment, brother Springer will ever be embalmed in the heart of hearts' of his fellow soldiers. Faithfully did he unfold to them their privileges; kindly did he inculcate their duties, while his shepherd-like care of them, proved he performed one of the most difficult parts of a Christian's life.

As a fellow laborer, he was much beloved by his brethren in Sherman's army. His death, they feel, has removed from their midst, a burning and a shining light. Seldom did they meet without virtually, as with one voice exclaiming:

"Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here!"

A friend who saw him in his last hours writes: "I visited Chaplain Springer and found him dying. To a question of mine, he firmly, but sweetly rejoined, I have no triumph, but I am in peace. I feel I am moving slowly through the dark valley, but Christ's presence cheers me. He then expressed his gratitude that he was permitted to do, and dare, and die for his beloved country. We shook hands and wept together. Emotion for several seconds, checked utterance—"
founts of fraternal feeling were stirred to their depths in each bosom. At last, he broke the silence by saying: "It is all well," and again held out his pallid hand, giving to mine, a last pressure of ineffable tenderness. Speak, I could not, but gently withdrew, with my heart full of David's elegy on Jonathan."

"Oh! my brother, very pleasant hast thou been to me!"

We would have had much pleasure in extending our notice to the names of Sewell, Gardner, the McFarlands, Ross, Compton, Kliphart and other worthy and useful Chaplains.
CHAPTER XIV.

**Army Correspondents.**—J. B. McCullough, D. P. Conyngham, Volney Hickox A. J. Dougherty, &c.

It is one of the remarkable peculiarities of the war, that it called forth a class of men, who accomplished great and important results for the country, though occasionally marked for proscription or persecution in some form or other. These correspondents were in many instances, young men of talents, courage, patriotism, and of the brightest culture. Many of them had ample means at home, and had fine success in professional life. It was no mercenary or sordid motive that actuated them in the occupancy of their unpleasant position. No other nation has ever produced, in times of civil war, more generous or self-sacrificing spirits. Though indispensable parts of the machinery of war, yet how meanly and scandalously treated by certain commanding officers. What is peculiarly honorable in them, is the fine principle from which they entered the service, and the generous manner in which they have labored to make immortal, the gallant deeds of the armies. Placed by a combination of extraordinary circumstances in situations of extreme difficulty, responsibility and danger, the public have seen with a lively sense of pride and pleasure, these men playing their part in a series of great and rapid events, with a wisdom and discretion, and with a force and energy of character, that has been equalled by few, and surpassed by none. The army correspondence was, speaking generally, pure in spirit, while it abounded with important information to the friends at home, and was clothed with an eloquence which would charm a senate.
A person without experience in the field, can form no adequate idea of the multifarious labor performed by the correspondents, or of the heavy responsibility resting on their shoulders. They must not only be familiar with the rules and articles of war, with the legislation of Congress, as it affects the army, the orders and publications of the Secretary of War, but they must understand the organization of the army, the composition and strength of its several departments, the civil and military law as applied to troops in the field. Indeed there is no duty appertaining to any department of the army, of which they should not have a general, if not a specific knowledge, from the projecting of a campaign, the provisioning of an army, the fighting of a battle, and down to all the details of camp life.

J. B. M'Cullough, ("Mack") of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Few persons occupy so prominent a place in newspaper literature as the gentleman, whose name heads these biographical outlines. There is no city, or town, or scarcely a village in all this land, where his name is not known. This young man, so widely known, is a native of Ireland, and sailed for this country in his eighteenth year. He entered the Freeman's Journal office, New York, to learn the art of printing. All his leisure time he devoted to the science of phonography, which fairly won him from the types. His patience, industry, and steady perseverance, achieved everything for him that he has subsequently won. His example to young men is chiefly valuable in this regard. It may be safely said, that as a short hand writer, he has no superior. He stands at the head of his profession, and has devoted more time and study to it than any other man. While in New York, he wrote several articles for the leading journals, which were much admired. His friends augur great things from him, and, when it is remembered that he is only in his twenty-seventh year, his past success justifies their most sanguine expectations. He is well informed on American
politics; and is fortunate in turning his knowledge to good account. His intellectual resources are ample; few men can improvisate better; it does not appear to cost him an effort to write.

Two years after his arrival in New York, he came to the West, and was employed on the staff of the Cincinnatni Commercial. In 1861, he wrote a number of letters from Hallock's Army to his paper, which, for wit, nice description, sarcasm, keen insight into army life, raciness and brilliant illustration, have never been excelled. He was at the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, where he showed so much courage and heroic devotion that his efforts were highly commended by commanding officers. He happened to be the only individual in the Queen of the West, when she went down, who received no injury. A writer in Harper's Magazine pays a beautiful tribute to his gallantry and presence of mind, on this occasion. He accompanied Grant in his movements in Mississippi, and was present at the surrender of Vicksburg. In this campaign he discharged his duties with judgment and efficiency. He continued at intervals in the army.

"Mack" now resides in Washington, attracting the attention of statesmen and politicians by his accomplished, interesting and piquant articles for the Cincinnatni Commercial and other leading journals.

He devotes all his time and energies to the discussion and criticism of men and measures, frequently using ridicule and cutting sarcasm. He was recently offered the appointment of private phonographer to President Johnson.

Mack's personal appearance is quite boyish—fancy a person, rather under the middle size, squarely and finely built, shoulders low and neck short, forehead high, face sharp and angular, eyes small and of a greyish hue, countenance tranquil and intelligent, features regular.

This is a tolerably accurate idea of the man, whose Washington correspondence is read and admired by thousands in every State of the Union. He is one of
the smallest legged, smallest bodied and most attenuated figures of the human form divine, that one could meet in a crowded city, during a day's walk. One, ignorant of his splendid fame, who, for the first time sees him, has no very exalted opinion of the gentleman as he sits with his head drooping upon his shoulders, busily engaged in preparing his dispatches for the Associated Press. He is a young man of great decision of character, and of great determination of purpose.

As a writer, his style is simple, perspicuous, earnest and sincere. He is one of the most prolific, racy, original and versatile writers. His well known articles are characterized by directness, great fertility of illustration, caustic sarcasm. He very often indulges in sarcasm, which is generally very felicitous. He is plausible when most in error—when it suits himself, he can make points like the point of a diamond; when to evade that point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from it more widely. He knows the valuable secret of stopping when he is done. Should he turn his attention to book making he would display much elegant literature and an acute and critical mind. Mack's merit is only equalled by his modesty, and it may probably somewhat discompose the quiet of his shrinking spirit to find himself thus ensconced in our pages; but we are sure our readers will thank us for thus gratifying an innocent and rational curiosity to know something of the man of whom they have read and heard so much.

CAPTAIN D. P. CONNINGSHAM, NEW YORK HERALD.

The signal service rendered to the cause of the country by the splendid volumes of this gentleman, has much endeared his name to the gallant soldiers who made the grand march from Atlanta to the coast. It cannot, therefore, be uninteresting to my readers to know something of the man, who, as correspondent and soldier, performed his part bravely in the suppression of the rebellion. Captain Connyngham is a native of
Ireland, and, by birth, is connected with one of the most patriotic families of the Connemaras. He is related to Charles J. Kickham, a most accomplished and talented Irish poet.

Connyngham was placed at an early age in the academy of a celebrated teacher of the classics. Here he continued with great advantage, until he resolved to prepare himself for the more active duties of life. His literary career began very early, the peculiar bent of his mind, impelling him towards politics. Warmly espousing the Democratic side, he wrote a few carefully finished articles for the Dublin Irishman. He thoroughly understood and appreciated the terrible sufferings of his countrymen. Associating with peasants and laborers, partaking of their frugal fare, he knew their customs, habits and prejudices. In 1848, when the "Young Irelanders," Meagher, Mitchell, O'Brien, raised the banner of revolt, Connyngham, fired by the enthusiasm which then existed, shouldered his musket, and served in the famous fight of Ballengarry. James Stephens and John O'Mahoney, the celebrated Fenian leaders, were also engaged in this encounter with the British soldiers.

The London Government being victorious, and no concessions being made to the oppressed and unhappy people, our friend, disgusted with the state of things, resolved to abandon Ireland forever.

He came to this country in 1860, and was soon engaged on the staff of the New York Herald. Such an appointment is an incontestible evidence of the superiority of his talents, and the high reputation he had acquired, even then, for scholarship and ability. He made his first debut as war correspondent, with the Army of the Potomac. His letters, descriptive of the battles in Virginia, were sprightly and vigorous. For gallant conduct he was commissioned Captain by the Governor of New York, and appointed on the staff of General Meagher. He served in all the leading engagements of the Potomac Army, including the sanguinary battles of
Fredericksburg and Chancellorville, which he has so vividly described.

He also accompanied Sherman in his brilliant march through Georgia and the Carolinas. At the battle of Resaca, he acted as aid de camp to General Judah, receiving from him a complimentary order for patriotic and heroic daring.

In literary pursuits, Captain Connyngham has displayed taste and refinement. He has written several skillfully contrived stories, delineating the customs and habits of the Irish peasantry. His narrative of Sherman's campaign is a book of eloquent descriptions. He is now engaged in producing a history of "Meagher's Irish Brigade," and we have reason to know that he is the writer of some able reviews in the magazines, which reflect great credit upon his fancy and talents. He is at present editing a New York paper.

In personal appearance he scarcely reaches the middle height, is compactly built, and has a robust constitution. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. He is only thirty years of age, and a fine specimen of juvenescent health. His forehead is well developed. He is a pure Celt—with a true Milesian countenance—large, cheerful, winning, plump and ruddy, and as genial a companion as ever Lever painted in any of his novels.

Volney Hickox (V. H.) of the Cincinnati Commercial, is a very young looking man, and has decidedly, a literary appearance. The career of Mr. Hickox, affords an encouraging and commendable example of talent and energy, struggling triumphantly over opposing circumstances. It has always been a source of great satisfaction to the writer, to reflect on the character and success of self-made men. The majority of our public men have made themselves, and are emphatically self-made men. Volney Hickox owes little to colleges and universities. In early life, he learned the noble art of printing, winning his education, while engaged in setting type. He worked hard, studied diligently, and soon became known as a fluent and forcible writer. He is
pronounced by some of the best judges, as the most interesting and piquant correspondent, connected with the Western Press. He was all through the war, and his letters from the army, abounded with spirited and beautiful descriptions, and are highly graphic and readable. He is a thorough unionist in his feelings, principles, prejudices, and rejoices that he is such.

After the war, he traveled through the far South, writing a series of brilliant articles on Southern society. These letters were full of quaint humor and quiet satire. His satirical lash is keen, but not venomous. He has been more recently in Mexico, and his pictures of Mexican life, are not only well painted, but they are well drawn. These delightful letters have the charms of freshness, raciness, and naturalness. Hairbreadth escapes, disasters, successes, are depicted in a style remarkably clear, vivid, and picturesque. Hickox is a great satirist. Less genial than *Mack*, he is more true to human nature. He takes delight in using the *scalpel* on society, and in exposing the foibles of fashionable life. Never was there a man on better terms with himself. The sunshine of benevolence, always irradiates his globularly formed face; while his ruddy cheeks, shining teeth, flowing beard, winning smile, small bright eyes, peering triumphantly from under a broad-brimmed Quaker hat, and if one, adds to this figure, clothes that are neither fashionably cut, nor fastidiously adjusted, the reader will have a tolerably rough idea of Volney Hickox's outer man. Hickox is in the prime of life. His manliness, talents and courtesy, have secured for him, a wide circle of friends to whom he is endeared by his amenity and warm heartedness.

Andrew Jackson Daugherty, of the Louisville Journal and Cincinnati Gazette, is not the least amongst the most noted names of army correspondents. He is a vigorous and powerful writer, and a polished gentlemen. He is loved and respected by all who know the genial warmth of his heart, and his thorough devotion to the national cause. Whilst he was a mere boy, he
obtained a situation in the office of the Ohio State Journal, where he remained for several years.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, he had done but little in journalism, but that little indicated superior talents, and heralded a brilliant future. He was soon enrolled on the staff of reporters for the Louisville Journal, and subsequently was employed to write for the Cincinnati Gazette. During the war, offices of trust and honor were delegated to him by Commanding Generals, all of which he discharged with credit and fidelity. We do not propose to give all the details of his life, it is enough to say, that he is a charming and beautiful writer. The letters he wrote from the army for the Cincinnati Gazette, were graceful, thrilling, and sparkling. His forte is description, some of his battle pictures are fearfully distinct. The personal appearance of Mr. Daugherty, is plain, there is nothing foppish or affected about him. He has an open, generous, jolly looking face, and has a splendidly developed forehead. His manners are cordial, fresh, and affable.

J. P. Doyle, author of "Sixty days in the Carolinas," was born in Canada, and received his first knowledge of journalism, in the office of the Toronto Globe. As a newspaper writer, his character stands deservedly high, second indeed, to no one. Imbued with a true patriotic and American spirit, he came to this country in the first year of the war, and was employed on the Cincinnati Commercial. He is better known in the West, by his nom de plume: "Montrose." Doyle, as a war correspondent, takes his place in the first rank of the profession. He is distinguished for great energy of character, indefatigable industry, and earnestness. His brilliant narrative of the march through Georgia, is a masterly and vivid delineation of that glorious campaign. Captain Doyle is a frequent contributor to the Magazines and Reviews, whose pages he enriches by some of his finest productions.

It cannot be expected that in these hasty biographical outlines, we could have noticed all the clever "knights of the quill;" we might have included the
familiar and brilliant names of *Miller*, one of the ablest writers of the country; Turay, widely known and distinguished as a fine scholar; Westface, one of the most caustic writers of the day.

To the readers of war correspondence, it is almost unnecessary to do more than mention the names of Shelley, Smith, Boynton, Howe, Kelly, Murphy and Hayes. These gentlemen were connected with the leading newspapers of the country, and their career merits a more extended biography, than we can give of them in this hurried sketch.
CHAPTER XV.

McCook’s and Sherman's Great Raids.—Sherman’s Anxiety to Destroy the Macon Road.—McCook’s Daring Movements.—Surprises the Chivalry.—Stone-man’s Raid.—More Brilliant than Profitable.—Wheeler’s Demand for Dalton.—The Gallant Reply of Colonel Seibold.—Hood Demands the Surrender of Resaca.—Magnificent Heroism of Illinois, Iowa, and Ohio Regiments.—Pen Pictures of the Generals.

Sherman was desirous of reaching the Macon road, over which came the stores and provisions which maintained the rebel army in Atlanta. McCook’s force consisted of his own Division, the First Brigade containing the 4th Kentucky, 1st East Tennessee and 8th Iowa, commanded by Colonel Curtin, and the Second Brigade, containing the 1st Wisconsin, 2d Indiana and 4th Indiana, 2d Kentucky, 4th Tennessee and 5th Iowa, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Torry. The 9th Ohio, a splendid cavalry regiment, was left to guard the pontoon across the Chattahoochie. The entire column was not more than two thousand. The most of the troops were armed with the Spencer rifle. Picked men and horses were selected for this daring adventure. This raid on the part of our cavalry was characterized by honorable correctness, uprightness and the absence of outrages which had unhappily distinguished other expeditions.

The first town of any importance captured by McCook was Fayetteville. Noiselessly the long column of silent horsemen pursued their way through the drenching rain, over roads that never before resounded to the footfall of a Federal soldier. Nine miles from Palmetto, White-water Creek was crossed at several fords, and when the column passed over, the woods were found lined with the baggage trains of the rebel army. A scene set in that defies description. With admirable management
our advanced brigade kept straight on their way to Fayetteville, maintaining a profound silence, and not deigning to reply to the drowsy queries of the few teamsters. Not until every avenue of escape from Fayetteville was guarded, did our troops commence the work of destruction. Words cannot picture their astonishment and abject terror when they gradually became conscious of their situation. Some dragged ruthlessly from their slumbers, were disposed to show fight, at what they considered a very good joke. Others were altogether incredulous and nothing convinced them that they were really surprised until our men commenced destroying their trains.

The number of wagons destroyed was seven hundred. They apparently contained all the baggage of the rebel army, and also the valuables of citizens who had left at our approach. Rebel infantry was encountered near Newnan, a station on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad. On Saturday, at ten o’clock, our advance guard had reached within a mile of the town, when it was evident that a fight was imminent. Our men charged down the streets, and after a brisk little fight, our boys withdrew, because of overwhelming numbers. McCook being surrounded, he was obliged to cut his way out, with a loss of five hundred men. Major Purdy, of the 4th Indiana, rallied three hundred men, and by dint of sticking closely to the woods, and employing negro guides, he reached the Chattahoochie. During the night, with the aid of two frail dug-outs, he crossed every man and equipments, swimming the horses. On Sunday he traveled not less than seventy miles by obscure roads, the enemy hanging on his rear all day, and near dark, capturing four or five dismounted men, who were straggling in the rear. Sunday night the worn out detachment encamped at Sweetwater.

Stoneman’s raid, in penetrating the heart of an enemy’s country, will be regarded as one of the gallant feats of the war. Stoneman started on the 27th, and pushed immediately for the vicinity of Macon, ninety miles distant, where he arrived, a guard remaining at
Flat Rock to cover the command. Stoneman's force was well mounted, having abandoned all their broken down horses, and seized such fresh ones as they found on the route. They were unencumbered by artillery or baggage, and admirably fitted out for a flying expedition. But, notwithstanding these facilities for traveling and escaping, the rebel General Iverson was posted in Stoneman's designs. Following up, he overtook him on the 28th, at the junction of South and Yellow rivers, sixty miles North West of Macon. A short and desperate battle ensued. Kelley's and Hume's rebel cavalry were fighting the troops that Stoneman detached for the purpose of delaying pursuit. General Armstrong's rebel cavalry, comprising the 1st and 2nd Kentucky, were now assailing Stoneman's flank, and other rebel troops were in his rear, thus surrounding him. Stoneman now learned that Iverson was above Clinton, disputing his return. He decided to fight his way through. His command numbered twenty-five hundred. Iverson opened a heavy fire upon him and after several desperate efforts, Stoneman ordered his subordinate commanders to dash through the lines and escape. Stoneman, with three hundred men, was compelled to surrender. His loss was a thousand men and three guns. Stoneman is a free and easy, dashing and courageous officer, who at once wins the confidence of all under his command. Wherever he would lead they would follow. This expedition was more brilliant than successful.

Wheeler's raid was intended to destroy Sherman's lines of communications. He boasted that he had no fears of his ability to accomplish his object and to extricate his command, whenever necessary, from its dangerous position. Chattanooga, after the capture of Dalton, should be the next point of attack. He found a warmer reception awaited him than was expected. Dalton was only defended by four hundred men. To Wheeler's imperative demand for the surrender of the town. Colonel Siebold, the Post Commander, responded in this chivalrous style:
"I have been placed here to defend this post, but not to surrender it!"

B. SIEBOLD,
Commanding United States Forces."

Wheeler's men were splendidly equipped, and made a desperate effort to capture the place. The timely arrival of General Steedman, with reinforcements, soon decided the day.

Colonel Siebold displayed great daring in the skirmish with Wheeler. His fearless answer to the rebel leader, whose forces outnumbered him five to one, is worthy of the man. Colonel Siebold is a gallant soldier, brave, cool and determined, at least Wheeler thinks so, after leaving one hundred and seventy-two of his killed and wounded on the field. Siebold's force, when attacked, was three hundred and forty-five effective men, and Wheeler had two thousand three hundred. Colonel Morgan's colored troops behaved nobly on this occasion. They went in with a yell that struck terror into the hearts of the chivalry. This regiment, the 14th U. S. C., is a well drilled and splendid regiment. How cheap and crest-fallen these Southern bloods must feel when they have to give way and skedaddle before their own chattels. Dalton, before Wheeler's raid, was doing a flourishing sutler business. These sutlers were the bravest and most self-sacrificing men on earth—they would charge a soldier ten cents for a sheet of common letter paper, and everything else in proportion. But when the news of Wheeler's arrival had reached them, all their bravery forsook them, they cried to the hills and mountains to come and hide them. They ran up and down the streets calling upon the soldiers to take what they pleased. Three of these shining patriots, who never knew what danger was, until they were completely surrounded, donned each a suit of lady's garments, and wore an old, worn-out, dilapidated sun-bonnet, to cover their heads and faces. In this plight they advanced cautiously on Siebold's head-quarters, and when within about a hundred yards of the place they were hailed by soldiers.
who would not permit them to move an inch further. They cried out: "We are three sutlers, and have come to claim protection, and you take us in we will give you half of the stores." The guard was inexorable, yes, case-hardened! and, unluckily for them, he knew them too well. His only answer was, to their piteous whining: "Go to the d—l, you charged me a dollar for a wood pipe this morning, and now you have the impudence to come and ask me to protect your miserable avaricious carcasses!" At this moment a shell came booming along and burst over their heads. The trio, as if by electricity, fell flat on their faces, and did not move for two hours. After the firing had ceased, some of the boys went out to where they were lying, thinking from their stillness, that life was surely gone. One of the colored troops laid his hand gently on the head of one; no sooner did he do so, than he exclaimed in a paroxysm of despair: "O! General Wheeler, for God's sake don't kill me, for I am only a sutler and a Peace Democrat; you may have all the money I have got!"

HOOD'S DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF RESACA.

The first symptom of the enemy's approach, was the appearance of rebel cavalry, driving in our pickets. Their advance was stubbornly resisted by pickets, belonging to the Eightieth Ohio, Fifty-Sixth Illinois, and Seventh Kentucky. There was skirmishing for about an hour, but nothing to signify the strength of the enemy, till about three o'clock, when the Confederates, numbering from twelve to fifteen thousand, appeared in sight of town, and were making demonstrations. Instead of a few, as at first supposed, the woods soon became dense with butternuts planting their batteries in conspicuous positions. The rebel sharp-shooters fired with murderous aim into our very tents and forts.

POSITION OF THE CONFEDERATES.

Immediately west of Resaca, the hills are bold, and
rather bare of trees, but as the hills recede in their westward course from the Oostanaula River, they become lower, and are densely wooded, while low spurs, covered with copsewood, run down at right angles to the range of hills into the plain, behind and between which spurs, the rebel army was posted, stretching from west to south, and from west to east, for a distance of several miles. These positions possessed many advantages, and every Confederate, from the commander-in-chief, down to the drummer boy, appreciated the strength of the ground, and contemplated the coming shock of battle with confidence and composure. The enemy's forces were divided into three divisions, under Lee, Stewart, and Cleburne, all Major-Generals, and fiery soldiers. The corps de armee, was under the personal management of Lieutenant-General John B. Hood.

THE STRENGTH AND LOCATION OF THE UNION TROOPS.

There were only two complete infantry regiments, the Fifty-Sixth Illinois and the Eightieth Ohio, in Resaca, when the rebels made their presence known. Couriers were immediately sent out, and General Sherman ordered re-inforcements. Our only available force was eight hundred, including the artillerists. Think of the numbers, eight hundred against fifteen thousand! As regards the disposition of our troops, they occupied the forts, while a strong line was thrown out in front. The works were very strong, being protected by abatis, chevaux de frise, and batteries. For three nights the Eightieth Ohio, strengthened and increased the defenses.

If the rebel foe had assaulted these works, he would have been repulsed with terrible slaughter. Every ridge, hill, bluff, peak, was crowned with iron diadems and improvised palisades. Lieutenant Winsor had charge of the artillery, and finely managed this branch of the service. He was ably assisted by Coporal Thomas Dobson, who astonished all, by the precision with which he fired his shots into the enemy's ranks.
THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF RESACA.

About four o'clock on the 12th, a flag of truce was sent into head-quarters, in the name of General Hood, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender, accompanied with a threat, that in non-compliance, no prisoners would be taken. Colonel Neaver, of the 17th Iowa, commanding the post, an officer as modest as he is brave, returned the significant and gallant reply:

"I can hold this post; if you want it, come and take it."

In about twenty minutes, the rebels made an advance in all directions. By the way, during the flag of truce, the chivalry (!) had recourse to their usual arts of villainy. They took advantage of this usage to move and advance their lines.

THE OPENING OF THE FIGHT.

Active skirmishing was kept up by the pickets on both sides, and with a view of feeling the enemy's position, one of our Napoleons thundered across the intervening space, and was immediately answered by shells whistling over our heads, dropping among the teamsters, and producing some confusion. The skirmishers advanced a short distance, when the enemy made a desperate effort to dislodge them. It was in vain, for the gallant patriots rushed on them with a yell, capturing some, and killing not a few. Too much praise can not be awarded to General Watkins and his gallant cavalry for their efficiency, splendid heroism, and persistent zeal. Next morning, volleys of musketry awoke our wearied boys, and summoned them once more to the sweet task of vindicating the time-honored banner of beauty and glory. The rebels commenced now in terrible earnest to throw shells. They were answered pretty effectually by ours. The cannonading now became general along the whole line.

Such a scene is at once terrific and sublime. The thundering, bellowing roar of several pieces of artillery,
the bright jets of issuing flame, the screaming, whistling, hissing, shrieking projectiles, the wreaths of smoke, as shell after shell burst into the still air, the savage crash of round shot that fell among the trees! Volley replied to volley, crash succeeded crash, cheer answered cheer. A small squad of brave Pennsylvanians advanced boldly under a raking fire, and drove the audacious foe from a well selected position.

THE GALLANT DEFENSE OF TILTON.

The Seventeenth Iowa, a portion of our brigade, was placed here, and ordered to hold the place at all hazards. It only numbered two hundred and eighty men. On the morning of the 13th, General A. P. Stewart, with a force of fourteen thousand, advanced on the place, and sent in the following order:

"HEAD QUARTERS, STEWART'S CORPS, NEAR TILTON, OCTOBER 13."

To the Officer commanding United States Forces:

SIR:—I have ample force to take the garrison at Tilton. I demand its immediate and unconditional surrender. If this demand is complied with, all officers and white soldiers will be paroled. If refused, no prisoners will be taken."

To this imperative order, Lieutenant-Colonel Archer replied that he would not surrender. The signal was given, and the rebel batteries opened a destructive fire. The roar of the artillery was thunderous. The shells descended and burst over the block-house, shattering and tearing it to pieces.

The gallant Iowans poured into the ranks of the enemy, a destructive fire. Every son of Iowa was determined to hold the place, and the prospect of savage butchery, if they yielded, inspired the men with superhuman courage. The frequent discharges of their rifles thinned the columns of the proud and vaunting foe. The rebels would rush furiously at the block-house, only to be crippled and repulsed. Failing in this
movement, the fire slackening for a time, the enemy now posted twenty-four pounders two hundred yards west of the stockade. The artillery opened on the devoted crew on all sides. The precision of the cannonading was terrific, the iron-throated monsters belched their fiery hail on the very heads of the brave men, wounding a large number. After seven hours desperate fighting, the starry flag, being riddled with shot and shell, had to be furled and humiliated to the haughty Southron. After witnessing the gallantry and devotion of these men, we can remember their sublime courage, and regret their fate.

MAGNIFICENT CONDUCT OF A BRIGADE.

To the Second Brigade of the Fifteenth Corps, commanded by Brevet General Green B. Raum, was principally committed the difficult and dangerous task of holding the forts till the arrival of re-inforcements. This fine brigade is composed of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio regiments; the Fifty-Sixth Illinois and Eightieth Ohio, were the only regiments of the brigade present. The hills, thick with rebels, towered directly in their front, and despite a withering fire, these brave fellows dashed up a steep hill, and planted their tattered flags. These regiments occupied the post of danger, and were foremost on the ramparts, or in the charge upon the enemy's lines. The Fifty Sixth Illinois, though twenty-four miles distant, and divided into eighteen detachments, were on the spot, and eager for the fray. Colonel Hall, in command of this regiment, is a brave officer and an accomplished gentleman. A Kentuckian, he has all the dash and pluck of the sons of that grand old State. The Eightieth Ohio was under the command of the young and brilliant Metham, assisted by the energetic and courageous Major Skeelees. A brigade that so splendidly battled for the National cause at Corinth; that so grandly charged for the Constitution and the Laws at Jackson; that plunged into the very vortex of death at Iuka; that plucked victory
from the banners of the South, at Mission Ridge, needs no praise from my poor pen. The Eightieth Ohio is as brave a regiment as ever left the Buckeye State. It has rendered efficient service in nearly all the rebellious States. Its marches have been constant; its camps innumerable; its dead are scattered every-where. May the flowers of the "Sunny South" bloom over their honored graves! This decimated regiment has added new and glorious laurels to the sombre annals of this bloody war.

GALLANTRY OF AN IRISH COMPANY.

Midway between Resaca and Tilton, there were sixty men of the 10th Missouri, under Captain White. They were guarding a water tank. Four thousand rebels advanced on this band, and demanded their surrender. The time of these brave spirits had expired; they had served in the armies of the Republic for three years and a half. The rebels surrounded them on all sides. White and his glorious associates, held them gallantly at bay. For five long, dreadful hours, the heroic sixty directed against the enemy, an unslackened fire. This was an Irish company, and inspired by the martial bearing of their grand old race, they made a dozen frantic dashes at the almost impregnable foe. The bodies which lay dead around the water tank next morning, perforated with bullets, are the best evidence of what manner of men they were, who pressed on to death, with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields. Of whatever Ireland may be robbed by the malice of her foes, the bloody laurels that she has gathered on many a field of death constitutes one position of which envy can not deprive her. During the strange and sad vicissitudes of her story, there never was an hour when the bravery of her sons was called in question.
At General Raum's head-quarters, there were gathered together in consultation, a noble set of men, not unknown to fame. That one armed man, is the saintly Howard, the Havelock of our army. He is slender, quiet, exceedingly, in his aspect, with nothing whatever of personal bravado or vanity. There was not a glance that would betray the lurking ambition that would say, "I am the man who rode through a storm of shot and shell at Antietam, for which I received my second star." His face is almost feminine, his features small. He is full of courage, quiet and impassable, yet when occasion demands, he would spring into the saddle, at the summons of danger, and ride without one moment's hesitation into the very thickest of the fight. He is a shining example of the Christian religion. Long may he remain in command of this Department!

The well-dressed, superb-looking man, is David S. Stanley, the Bayard of our army. He has a most captivating personnel, a fair and ruddy complexion, flowing beard, dark, liquid eyes, glowing with the fires of patriotism. He is very handsome, and is possessed of military bearing. He is frank and easy in manners. He is not only a brave soldier, who splendidly defies the bullets of the enemy, but an accomplished Christian gentleman, with a heart full of the most generous impulses. I understand that he is a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and is so devoted to his Church, as to have a Chaplain always with him. Whatever may be his religious preferences, he is not offensively bigoted, for he is extremely friendly to Protestant Chaplains.

The man leaning against the wall, is Jeff. C. Davis, the hero of Pea Ridge. He has a keen eye, a cadaverous face, sunken cheeks, and looks care-worn. Were we to meet him in the dark, we would take him to be a vitalized ghost. He commands the 14th Corps, and has infused his own energy into the splendid battalions of that historic legion.
The scarred and war-worn veteran pacing outside, is the war-like Osterhaus. He hails from Germany, a country that has given us some of our most reliable and brilliant Generals.

The plain, scholarly-looking man, is Stoneman, just exchanged. He is a dashing cavalry officer, and stands high with Sherman. Poor fellow, he shows the traces of suffering!

The diminutive fellow yonder, enveloped in a huge pair of boots, is Fuller, commander of the Ohio Brigade.

That ugly, red-faced, red-haired man, is Belknap. He looks so leanish. He dresses badly, but fights like a tiger—that is better!

The fine, manly, sandy-haired man, is Schofield, commanding the Department of the Ohio. He has a West-Pointish carriage, and is nearly six feet high, possessing a piercing eye, looking right through a fellow. His popularity is of an enduring character.

That exact, neatly-dressed man, is General Cox.

There, too, is the noble Sherman. He towers above them all. General Sherman is very striking in his physiognomy, which is of the Corsair character. He is straight as an arrow, complexion fair, eyes dark, and very neat in his apparel. I conversed with him in relation to General Meagher, the eloquent orator and chivalrous soldier, for whom General Sherman entertains a very exalted opinion.

There were other Generals present, such as Barry, Woods, Riley, Leggett, M'Cook, Ransom and some others of lesser note.

THE REBEL LOSS.

It is estimated that the rebels lost in killed and wounded at Resaca, Tilton, Snake Creek Gap, over eight hundred. In front of our batteries, two Brigadier Generals, a Colonel, and several minor officers were killed. The citizens report that ambulances were going all the time, filled with the wounded.
The regiments assisting in the gallant defense of Resaca, were the 56th Illinois, 10th and 17th Iowa and 80th Ohio.

Two cavalry regiments under the command of Colonel Watkins, did good service. The following is a brief sketch of one of the regiments which nobly resisted the onset of Hood's army:

The Eightieth was organized and mustered into the United States service at Camp Meigs, in December, 1861. The men were recruited principally in Coshocton, Tuscarawas, Carroll, Guernsey and Columbiana counties. It was ordered to Paducah, where it reported to Major General Sherman, then in command of Kentucky. For several weeks it remained in that place, drilling and performing garrison duty. It was there that Colonel Bartilson, an accomplished soldier, put the regiment through those evolutions which has given it such a reputation for soldierly qualities, surpassed by none in the brave Army of the Tennessee, to which it has long been attached. From Paducah it proceeded to join Gen. Pope's command in front of Corinth. In this terrible contest, the regiment fought with a desperate courage, losing a hundred men, among them Major Lanning and Lieut. Robinson, two splendid soldiers, possessing the noblest attributes of patriots, and the highest qualities of manhood. In the battles of Raymond, Champion Hills and Jackson, the Eightieth took a prominent part, especially in the latter, where it lost very heavily in killed and wounded. It then marched to Vicksburg, where, for forty days and nights, it was under the incessant fire of the enemy. It had the proud satisfaction
of aiding in the reduction of that city, thereby opening up, and consecrating forever to civilization and commerce, the Mississippi. After a rest of some weeks, it was ordered to Chattanooga, via Memphis. This long march was made in exceedingly short time, the regiment reaching Chattanooga in time to take part in those magnificent battles which routed and depressed the fierce legions of Bragg.

In the fiery tempest which shook the earth at Mission Ridge, the stout hearts and strong arms of this gallant regiment did brilliant service in securing the glorious results. Here it lost one hundred and fifty officers and men. The loss of the regiment at this battle tells its glory better than gazettes and trumpets. When a number of other regiments had lost their colors, Sergeant Finley, with a manly courage, bore the regimental standard, the stars and stripes, through the iron storm, in triumph. For personal gallantry this young soldier was unanimously recommended for promotion, but Governor Brough, with a strange propriety, never commissioned him. The regiment displayed self-denial, heroic valor, calm fortitude, faithful obedience, in those subsequent movements which terminated in the capture of Atlanta.

The Eightieth was in the great march through Georgia and the two Carolinas, in every skirmish and battle, fighting with a hearty chivalry. In the fight at Salkehatchie the regiment dashed like a storm from the clouds upon Wheeler's cavalry, chasing and dispersing them. For distinguished gallantry at Cox's bridge, it was complimented by Gen. Logan. It was also engaged in the fight at Bentonville, the last battle of the war. At the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, the regiment was sent to Washington, thence to Louisville, where it received pay, and was then ordered to Arkansas. In four years many changes have come over it. Its honored dead sleep in nearly all of the revolted States.

The other regiments of this brigade, have equally a splendid record, and reflect credit on their States. They
sustained their high reputation, facing the foe at every point.

A UNION MAN IN GEORGIA.

The name of Thomas W. Skelley, the friend and correspondent of Stephen A. Douglas, is well and favorably known in Northern Georgia. He was an ardent and full-souled patriot, writing and speaking earnestly for the Union. Among his last political efforts, was to stump the State of Georgia for the lamented Douglas. In the performance of this duty, he met with serious opposition, his life being threatened frequently by the fiery secessionists.

He was finally conscripted into the rebel army, where he served reluctantly for over two years. Exhausted and reduced to a skeleton, through the influence of Secretary Toombs, he was discharged, and returned penniless, and shoeless to his charming home, Hibernia, near Resaca. His well known partialities for the Government at Washington, and his sacrifices in its defense, induced many prominent officers of the army to recommend him to the favorable notice of President Lincoln. He was on the eve of starting North, when by an unfortunate occurrence he was killed. Mr. Skelley was an orator of a high order—a finished scholar and a charming singer.

His splendid recitation of "Shamus O'Brien" and "Widow Machree," will long be remembered by the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee.

THE BATTLE OF ALATOONA.

The accounts have been so confused and inaccurate which we have seen of this battle, that I am glad to lay before my readers a correct narrative of the brilliant fight, which was so eminently honorable to the courage and conduct of our troops. In many respects this engagement at Alatoona by General Corse's division was among the most remarkable of the war. Of the sixteen
hundred men engaged, who held out for hours against an overwhelming force of the enemy, more than half were either killed or wounded. The heavy loss abundantly attests the cool courage and daring of the troops, and will stand the Thermopylae of this war. The place in which this battle was fought, embraces several miniature mountains, thickly studded with undergrowth, making it at some points utterly impassable. The country and people are rough, uncouth, and uncultivated. Whence did such a section as this obtain the name of beautiful? A region as dreary and comfortless I have never seen. Who but an intense Southron, could discover beauty in sandy deserts, dirty villages, and an ignorant and benighted people? Alatoona is a wretched and forlorn looking town of four or five houses on the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad. The country around it is entirely open; no fences to mark the separation of fields or farms. A beggarly looking house now and then appears to break the dull monotony of view. The people who live on and around the Alatoona mountains are deplorably and shockingly ignorant. They are servile and humiliating in their allegiance to their more wealthy neighbors. Certainly the serfs of Russia were never more obedient to the will of their lords than are the poor whites of this region to the rich planters.

THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF ALATOONA.

Hood in his reckless and disastrous attempt to destroy Sherman's communications, essayed to capture Alatoona Pass. Here was a vast amount of rations, and it is supposed that the hungry rebels had learned by some means of the abundance of good things in store for them should they succeed in taking the place. The indefatigable Sherman, seeing through Hood's movements, signalled from Kenesaw Mountain to General Corse who was in command of the troops at Rome. This fighting officer, by the assistance of General Raum, who furnished the transportation from Carters-
ville, succeeded in reaching the place, before the rebels had time to beleaguer and surround the splendid little force under the command of Colonel Tourtellotte.

The first symptom of the rebels' advance was the appearance of cavalrmen skirmishing with our pickets. There were several shots exchanged but nothing to indicate the strength of the enemy until about 7 o'clock of the eventful day, when an immense force of the rebels, numbering several thousand, commenced planting their batteries in conspicuous positions, and deploying a heavy line of skirmishers around the forts.

A flag of truce soon made its appearance with the following imperious demand upon General Corse for the surrender of the place and troops:

AROUND ALATOONA, Oct. 5.

"Commanding Officer U. S. A.

SIR:—I have placed the forces under my command in such positions that you are surrounded, and to avoid the unnecessary effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once, and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

S. G. FRENCH,
Major-General Commanding, C. S. A."

To this modest request, General Corse, an officer of splendid fighting reputation, replied in these curt and significant words:

"HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,
FIFTEENTH A. C., ALATOONA,
October 5."

Major-General French, C. S. A.:

Your communication, demanding the surrender of my command, I acknowledge the receipt of, and respectfully reply that we are prepared for the needless effusion of blood, whenever it is agreeable to you.

J. M. CORSE,
Brigadier General Commanding, U. S. A."
The garrison was composed of the following regiments: 93d Illinois, 18th Wisconsin, 4th Minnesota, 12th Wisconsin Battery, all under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Tourtellote. It was subsequently reinforced by General Corse's troops, the 39th Iowa, 7th and 50th Illinois.

These latter troops were veteran soldiers, having fought triumphantly at the terrible battle of Fort Donelson, where they swept through the solid masses of the rebel legions, like a flash of lightning. Corse's entire command did not amount to seventeen hundred.

The first assault of the enemy was made on the 39th Iowa and 7th Illinois—these gallant regiments drove the rebels from their positions at the point of the bayonet. A Texan brigade, commanded by General Young, gaining the West end of the ridge, fought with splendid courage. Up the hill they come, fighting with desperation, the rebel yell began to break on our lines. The conflict was raging. The rebels were reckless and jubilant, fighting for dear life and the rich spoils of war. The crisis had now come. Our brave forces had been attacked by four times their numbers. From every quarter death stormed upon their unsheltered bodies. Half of the officers and men of the 39th Iowa had fallen—their gifted Colonel Redfield fell, pierced by four mortal wounds. The rebel sharpshooters picked out our men with fatal precision. "The enemy's line of battle" says Corse, "swept us like chaff." In the meantime, Tourtellote was doing efficient service in striking a rebel division in its flank.

Corse, ever at his post, ordered his brave men to stand firm. The rebel columns steadily kept advancing and approached the forts, under a galling fire of shells and bullets from the determined force. Corse and the other commanding officers, with fine gallantry, led the troops in the final charge, and had the heavens rained down confederate bayonets, they couldn't have dampened the ardor of the beleaguered
garrison. At the blast of the bugle, that small but chivalrous band dashed on to meet the advancing foe.

The following well known lines, commemorative of British valor, at the Crimea, might be very appropriately applied to Corse's soldiers, whose persistent zeal, sublime courage, and impetuous heroism, plucked victory from the banners of the South, in this desperate battle.

"Forward! the Light Brigade!
No man was there dismayed,
Not, though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs, not to make reply,
Theirs, not to reason why,
Theirs, but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the the six hundred.

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they charged, and well—
Into the jaws of death
Rode the six hundred."

At twelve o'clock, the battle raged. Never was an engagement so severely disputed. But the persistent courage of Corse's matchless troops was soon to reap a victory. "We must conquer or perish," cried the patriot chief. A deadly vengeance steadied every musket; one more splendid charge and the rebel troops were in confusion and despair. French ordered his bugler to sound a retreat. The total Union loss was five hundred and twenty-three killed and wounded, and one hundred missing. The enemy's loss was six hundred killed and wounded, and two hundred prisoners, inclu-
SKETCH OF GENERAL CORSE.

Among those who have fought for the American Union, the gallant State of Iowa has furnished no braver or truer patriot, than the gifted soldier whose name is known throughout the land, as the "Victor of Alatoona." General Corse is a citizen of Iowa, where he was engaged in the law business when the war broke out. He spent some time at West Point. Here he acquired the knowledge of military science, which showed itself so conspicuously afterwards. He entered the service as Major in an Iowa regiment, and was afterwards placed on General Pope's staff, as Inspector General. He was in the siege of Corinth, taking an active part in the campaign. He accompanied Sherman in his expedition through Mississippi. In the fight at Jackson he had command of the skirmishers. By his skill and bravery in this engagement, he proved his competency for a higher command, and was recommended for and received a brigadiership. He was with Sherman in the Mission Ridge battle; having the advance in the attack, he handled his troops skilfully, receiving a severe wound, which disqualified him for active service for several weeks. He subsequently served as Inspector General on General Sherman's staff for a short time, and was subsequently appointed to the command of the Fourth Division, Fifteenth Army Corps.

General Corse seems to be about thirty years of age, is of low stature, finely built. He is not taller than the late Senator Douglas, though not as broad and corpulent. He has a good, steady, penetrating eye, indicative of great self-possession and courage. There is nothing whatever in his manner, appearance, or actions that would indicate that he considers himself superior to the
humblest soldier in the ranks. In the march through the Carolinas, General Corse was always at his post, inspiring the troops by his bravery in battle.

Colonel Tourtellote and all the officers and men of his command behaved splendidly, their conduct was worthy of all praise, and would have done honor to the bravest veteran of Napoleon.

And shall we not glance at the unnamed martyr heroes who fell in the dismal trenches in the defense of the Republic? Their sublime heroism will be applauded by all future ages, as eclipsing the renownd deeds of a Quintius, a Curtius or a Decius. It has been truly observed that the departure of the millions of mediocrity is a matter of not much concern to us, individually or collectively. The innumerable indifferentes pass away without a sigh of solicitude, or a second thought of the tender ties severed. The worthiest citizen, the wisest counsellor, the best of husbands, of fathers, of brothers, the brightest beauties, age, youth, golden-haired children depart unmourned. On the contrary, if their souls have been filled with patriotism, the best and truest natures in the Republic will mourn for them, the flag will float at half-mast, the streets of the city will echo to the tread of thousands, who commit their spirits to the hands of God, to the dwellers of the other worlds, with honor, with triumph, with benediction. The train of mourners for the dead champions of Alatoona Pass extend beyond the range of our vision. Their fame is the property of the country, around whose brow they have bound fillets of laurel immortalles, that their descendants might feel proud of. In the cabins, close by the woods, in the cottages beneath the hills, their memory shall remain green, be remembered, be spoken of proudly, grandly. The slain heroes of this fight, were true soldiers, true Americans, true patriots, they walked up to the citadels of death with a calmness, a grand enthusiasm, that good men feel in a good cause.

This is an impartial, and we believe, accurate account of the battle of Alatoona. For the time it lasted it was
short, sharp, bloody and decisive. The attack was made by French's Veteran Division, of Stewart's Corps. It numbered seven thousand.

The inhabitants of these parts are very illiterate, the most abject specimens of humanity we have ever seen. They voted for secession because the slaveholders did so; they gave as a reason for enlisting in the rebel army, that they were compelled to do it by the rich planters. If you ask them how far it is to the next town, they generally answer: "I don't know; I haven't got any larnin," or "I haven't any edication." The following love-letters, picked up by some of our soldiers, afford a correct idea of the deplorable ignorance of these unhappy people:

"i fele rite bad dear dik,
my hart feels like tu bust;
i hev cride till i'm ni on tu sik,
i luv you last i luv yu fust.

i pra fur you untu every nite,
that god will kepe yu wel,
and help yu tu fite fur rite,
and cend the yanks tu hel.

i hope yu will suna com back tu me,
it wud cure mi every pane
tu hav yu when our land is free,
in the arms uv yore luvin

JANE."

The next epistle is very devotional, and would do credit to the lovely "Widow Wilkins:"

"'Tis hard fur yu'ens tu live in camps,
'Tis hard fur yu'ens tu fite the Yanks,
'Tis hard fur yu'ens and we'ens tu part,
But yu'ens all kno yu'ens got we'ens harts."

Wherever slavery exists, we find the same detestable ignorance, the same degradation and stolidity, the same
dullness and opacity of understanding, the same disinclination and feebleness as to all the nobler employments of the mind; the same proneness and attachment to the mere sensual pursuits; habitual desires after mere animal indulgence. And thus the curse of slavery plucks the crown from the head, and strips the soul of its beams of glory, and sinks it to a lower and vulgar abyss, where it lies in the utter wreck of its nobility and perfection.
CHAPTER XVI.

The Great March.—The Movements of Howard's Column.—The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps.—A Description of the Country through which we marched.—The Poor Whites and the negroes.—How Sherman’s Soldiers Fared.—They Lived Sumptuously.—Battle of Fort McAlister.—A Glance at the Fort.—Strength of the Rebels.—The Battle Commences.—The Rebels Fight Bravely.—A Fruitless Struggle.—Severe Engagement.—Heroism of the different Corps.—The Decisive Charge.—Wounded Foes.—Genuine Intrepidity.—The First to Bring News to Sherman.—The Grandeur and Results of the March through Georgia.—What the London Times says of it.

A wonderful march has been made, and most substantial successes achieved. This great and unexampled expedition has added another laurel to the brilliant record of the armies of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and justified the hopes of its most ardent friends. The conception and execution of this stupendous military movement is the crowning glory of Sherman’s brilliant career, and places his name high on the roll of fame, as the most consummate General of the nation. The immense army is composed of the following Corps: the 14th, 15th, 17th, and 20th, commanded severally by Gens. Davis, Osterhaus, Blair, and Slocum—the whole Corps D’Arme under the immediate supervision of Gen. Sherman.

By way of recapitulation as to the peregrinations of our Corps, (the 15th): It left Marietta to the inspiring music of Hail Columbia. Bivouacked for a night at Atlanta. What American has not heard of Atlanta? and who does not feel his pulse beat high, his brow elevate, and his soul expand with conscious pride and exultation at the recollection of the glorious struggles which took place in front of this renowned city, when, after desperate battles the gallant army of patriots drove back the fierce legions of Hood? Atlanta is built on an elevated position, and is surrounded by splendid
fortifications. In other years its wide streets and scattered residences, in and around the city, with its ample yards and gardens, adorned with choicest flowers and shrubbery, gave it a most attractive appearance. Perhaps there was no city in the South of the same population, that affords so many evidences of wealth. Here are luxurious homes, now the scenes of no domestic joys; stately warehouses, where no wealthy merchants congregate; beautiful temples where resound no more the organ's swell or the notes of praise. All is solemnly desolate. The destruction caused by bombardment was great. Whole buildings were shattered by artillery. Clouds of smoke, as we passed through, were bursting from several princely mansions. Every house of importance was burned on Whitehall street. Railroad depots, rebel factories, foundries and mills were destroyed. This is the penalty of rebellion. Heaven and earth both agree in decreeing a terrible punishment to those perfidious wretches who concocted this wasting and desolating war.

There is one spot of sacred interest, the cemetery, a lovely city of the dead. Ay! these cemeteries are at last, earth's great cities! This is one of the sweetest spots of the kind, we ever visited. Here nature has her trees, her verdant slopes. Art has added beauty to the already beautiful walks of nature. Ah! how many brave sons of the Union sleep here. Here they lie, in every possible position—

"They sleep their last sleep! They have fought their last battle! No sound can awake them to glory again."

And so, with sorrow and pity, we pass the Gate City, breathing a prayer that the All-powerful will grant forgiveness to the miserable ingrates, whose love of slavery inaugurated this terrible rebellion. Once more the march. We adapt ourselves to circumstances, our baggage consisting of a towel, a cracker, a Testament, and a late Southern paper, announcing Sherman's retreat from Hood.
A change of linen is a superfluity, but hard-tack is indispensable. Thrice happy are ye, if ye have suspended from your shoulder a canteen of water. Well, then, we are ready. *Monsieur le General*, we follow you cheerfully, calmly. When a few miles from Atlanta we entered a sandy, sterile country. Every few miles we pass an occasional fine house. The face of the country is flat until near Jonesboro, a thriving town before the war of four thousand inhabitants. Here Kilpatrick, the wizard of the saddle, had a sharp skirmish with the enemy. In the solemn starlight we could see the billows of smoke rolling up from the city of Atlanta. Such clouds of smoke, and vast sheets of flame, mortal eye has seldom seen. The whole region for miles was lighted up with a strange and indescribable glare.

*Second Day.*—Marched sixteen miles, reaching camp earlier than the preceding night. The weather was mild and serene. As the vast army of liberation moved on with streaming banners and bright guns, to the strains of music, the sight was truly inspiring. We passed through a tolerable farming country, with ridges on either side. Portions of it are almost entirely uncultivated, and covered with thick growth of chestnut and small oak trees. McDonough, the seat of justice for Henry county, is contemptibly small and wretched.

*Third Day.*—Passing McDonough, we came into a level and well cultivated section. An order issued for the troops to forage. This was good news for the boys. We are now in Butler county, a county that has furnished over two thousand soldiers to the rebellion. The poor people looked surprised and begged us not to touch their scanty commissariat. Sherman’s order was to forage liberally off the rich, and it was rigidly observed.

*Fourth Day.*—This morning the wearied troops were aroused by the bugle from their sweet repose. This portion of the country is one of the best sections we have found. The soil is one of great fertility—the surface gently undulating; Jackson is the county seat. It has been a neat and elegant town.
it, is one delightful, wide-spread plain, studded with an occasional rich planter’s residence.

**Fifth Day.**—Marched fourteen miles to Hillsborough. Here we saw a primitive simplicity of manners, and a homely rusticity of customs. The houses along the road are like angels’ visits, few and far between. In all this country no trace of improvement is visible, save in one solitary place, might be seen the smoke rising from the field of some poor dweller in the swamps.

**Sixth Day.**—Sunday—What a crowd of thought suggested by this holy day—

“A day so calm, so bright, so fair,
The bride of the earth and sky.”

How different is its observance here and at home! In camp, the rumbling of wagons, the quick, sharp ring of the rifle, the martial music, and the usual profanity.

At home, the touchingly beautiful sound of the church bell, the solemn worship of the church, and the consecrated scenes of the domestic altar.

**Seventh Day.**— Reached Clinton, a town eighteen miles from Macon. The situation of Clinton is that of calm, quiet, peaceful solitude, embowered by trees, which add by their shade a degree of beauty and repose to the scene. The country round it presents a very fine aspect, being well cultivated and ornamented. A little hill, standing to the westward of the town, commands a pleasing view of a rich and cultivated valley. The farm houses are neat.

The squalid, poverty and extreme misery apparent elsewhere and so irksome to a benevolent mind, does not exist here. We passed the Church where Stoneman was captured. The citizens relate some singular tales in relation to this disgraceful affair.

**Eighth Day.**—The music of Kilpatrick’s cannon, the tramp of his steeds precedes us, and rings through the gorges of the passes and the hills. Kilpatrick successful in his movement, fights a battle with Wheeler, is victorious, and moves in the direction of the capital of the State. Milledgeville captured.
Ninth Day.—Again we hear the roar of artillery. The rebels had been found at Griswold, a station on the railroad a few miles from Macon. Here we suffered a loss of a hundred killed and wounded. The Confederates numbered five thousand under General Phillips. Our Cavalry behaved with distinguished gallantry.

Tenth Day.—At five o'clock this morning the drum beat. The reveille started all from their slumbers. It was a sharp cold wintry day. Overcoats and blankets are in demand. Marched seventeen miles to Gordon, a small, desolate place on the Central Georgia railroad. Here we remained for several days, destroying the railroad and waiting the co-operation of the different Corps. The day of Thanksgiving was observed at this place. A sermon, commemorative of National victories was pronounced. Strange, that in the very heart of the Confederacy such services should be held. Stranger still, that an abolition sermon should be preached. O tempora, O mores. Thank God, the great and guilty system of slavery is extinguished forever.

After a few days repose, the march is resumed. The next item of interest is the crossing of the Ocmulgee river. This is a famous stream. Macon, the city of palaces, is built on it. The scene at Seven Islands, where the army crossed, was profoundly imposing. The serried columns of Howard's brave corps marched to the river's edge in splendid style, their burnished arms reflecting the sunlight. The enchanting strains of music, the radiant patriotism that shone from the bronzed faces of the troops—the surrounding forests—the presence of the one-armed General inspiring the soldiers with a portion of his own chivalrous nature—and the serene loveliness of a cloudless sky, furnished a panorama of beauty and grandeur not often seen. Seven Islands derives its speciality from its large factory, where hundreds of young women were engaged in the manufacture of rebel uniforms. The people in this section are horribly ignorant. The poor whites are the most illiterate and depraved creatures I ever saw—mentally and morally. I don't remember of ever hav-
ing seen their equal. Their conception of God, of redemption, and of this war, are heathenish. In the small town of Irwington, there was a family who were so ignorant that they could not tell their ages. Captain Hill of the Eightieth Ohio, tells me that he conversed with an old woman of seventy years, who could not tell the ages of her children. She had never seen a shirt-collar. I talked with a family from North Carolina, who never saw a church, never heard a sermon, and had never heard of the Redeemer. The country is comparatively barren, and little inhabited. Edmund Kirke, in his work entitled "Down in Tennessee," avers, that the ignorance of the poor whites in the South is not so deep-seated and universal as that of the Irish and Dutch. I must express my surprise and indignation at such an avowal. I have seen the poorest, the most degraded subjects of Europe, and I must pronounce them superior to the imbecile looking creatures who eke out a miserable existence in the canebrakes of the Cotton States.

Who has not heard of the immense pine forests of Georgia? For days we march through groves of lofty pines. To the lovers of the forest such sights are superbly beautiful. The altitude of these pines, taken in connection with their vast extent, has a very pleasing effect, giving to the open ranges, that break the general regularity of vision, an appearance that is beautiful and majestic.

The roads are bad, execrable; swamps, creeks, and pathless marshes have to be bridged and crossed. If roads and mules could speak, what a willing testimony they would bear to the patience of that much abused race, teamsters. One remarks that they never visit chaplains, and it is too true that chaplains seldom, if ever, visit them. We are now at the Ogeechee. The Ogeechee river is one of the largest in the State. It flows in a broad and majestic volume to the sea. Several beautiful villages and extensive rice plantations adorn its margin. We cannot but feel astonishment
at the little benefit produced to Georgia by the eminent advantages of this noble river, where a bounteous Providence has scattered blessings with so liberal a hand, where nature has done so much, and man so little. We crossed the river on pontoons. We are fifteen miles from Savannah. The Third division, commanded by General John E. Smith, is ordered to advance towards the city, on the Canal road. Early in the day, the enemy opened with cannonading. The roar of artillery sent an electric thrill through the eager host. The hardy battalions of Smith advanced within a hundred yards of the rebel batteries, when a brief and spirited conflict ensued. In this engagement our loss was small. The bullets fell thick and fast around the Second Brigade, the gallant General Raum having a narrow escape.

Elsewhere, the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps were engaging the enemy. We anxiously wait the issue of the day, which may materially affect the immediate capture of the city.

We feel, however, that with an army under the admirable management of Howard and his Captains, the enemy will be shorn of his strength, and his columns so thoroughly scattered, that he will not gather his energy for defensive movements, during many months. We will not be defeated. The absolute necessity of a complete victory over the rebels, has been so intensely infused into our army, that they must conquer. How anxious we wait the blast that orders our brave veterans forward to the pursuit of the routed and distracted remnant of Hardee's Corps, and the cowardly militia of Georgia.

I have had an interesting conversation with Lieutenant William L. Reteley, an escaped prisoner from Columbia, South Carolina. The Lieutenant is a dash-ine officer of the Fifty-first Ohio, and was captured at the battle of Chicamauga. For fifteen months he has endured unparalleled hardships and privations, reducing him to a mere skeleton. He had been in Richmond, Danville, Macon, Savannah, Millen, Andersonville, Charleston and Columbia. He confirms the usual tales
of the inhumanity and brutal treatment of the rebel officers to our brave men, incarcerated in Southern dungeons. He left his prison on the 26th of November, reached our lines on the 13th of December, thus making the trip in seventeen days. He traveled by night, and lay concealed during the day in the swamps and woods. He found the much abused and despised negro to be a Samaritan, a friend indeed. The slaves gave him directions where to hide, what ferry to cross, when to travel, and replenished his scanty haversack with sweet potatoes, cereals, molasses and chickens. He came within nine miles of Augusta, supposing the army to be there; here again the trusty negro came to his aid, and piloted him through to our lines. The Lieutenant, though formerly prejudiced against the African, is now enthusiastic in his praises of the down-trodden, but soon to be emancipated slave. I only echo the feelings of thousands escaped Federals, when I say: God Almighty bless the African race.

For the present we are encamped in one of the most picturesque districts of the State. We are surrounded by a diversified and beautiful scenery. A noble prairie, the growth of ages, extends for an extent of several miles, and the trees often mingle their broad boughs with the palm in graceful beauty. There are several lordly mansions, tastefully ornamented. Mr. Chears, an Englishman, left his palatial residence in great haste, abandoning his magnificent library, and other valuables to the mercy of the Yankees. He owned three hundred human beings,—and was immensely rich. All the fine houses have been deserted.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE TEAMSTER.

A mule unfortunately getting mired in one of the rice swamps, on the march, the driver was slashing at it terribly. "Stop pounding that mule," said Sherman, to the unmerciful teamster. The soldier, not knowing the General, told him to mind his own business. "I tell you again to stop. I am General Sherman." "That's
played out,” said the soldier, “Every man who comes
along here with an old brown coat, and slouched hat,
claims to be general Sherman.”

The reception in this part of the States was not so
cordial as in the Northern States.

RESUME OF THE MARCH.

The whole distance traveled is estimated at about
two hundred and seventy miles, the march occupying
four weeks. This must be regarded as a rapid move-
ment, when the great size of the army, the length of
its wagon-trains, the rivers and swamps traversed, and
the work of destruction accomplished are all considered.
The face of the country is level, and, near the coast,
marshy; the soil is sandy and the timber chiefly pine.
Sweet potatoes, corn and cotton are grown in abun-
dance; and in the neighborhood of the coast, rice and
sugar-cane. Often did we bivouac or encamp in vast
forests of tall upright pines, perfectly free from under-
growth, carpeted with green, fragrant grass, and vocal
with birds, even in December. During the march we
have been favored with pleasant weather, and usually
dry roads. On some days the sun is almost uncomfort-
ably warm.

The smaller planters live in cheaper and less osten-
tatious dwellings than persons of the same means at
the North. At a distance the master's mansion is
sometimes hardly distinguishable from the cottages of
his slaves. About three-fourths of the families fled at
our approach, leaving home and farm in the care of
their negroes; and in such instances the buildings and
their contents seldom escaped the torch of straggling
troopers. Strict orders restrained, though they did not
entirely prevent, arson and pillage of dwellings. For-
aging parties scoured the country daily, bringing into
camp at night pork, beef, and sweet potatoes in abun-
dance, piled upon ox-carts or army wagons. In the
morning the carts were usually burned, and the oxen
added to our drove of beeves. The wholesale destruc-
tion which attended our progress was painful to behold, unless considered in its true light, namely, as a means of crippling the enemy's resources. The movements of the army gave evidence that our commander placed a high value upon promptness and rapidity of movement. No precious time was lost through needless delays or ill management; thus allowing the enemy to collect an opposing force, or place serious obstructions in our track. Whether railroads were to be burned, or the immense wagon train put over swamps and rivers upon pontoon bridges and corduroy roads, this vast multitude of men, horses and cattle was systematically pushed along at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles per day. If any part of the army or train failed to accomplish the required distance by daylight, the march was continued through the night. On several occasions did we follow through the darkness slow, halting, mud-delayed trains, longing for rest and a camp. This determined energy is one secret of General Sherman's success. He pushes onward—right onward. Houses, hastily abandoned, with the furniture half removed, and earth-works but partially finished, more than once gave evidence that we came sooner than was expected.

Hundreds of able-bodied negroes were collected, and armed with pick and shovel, are now doing Uncle Sam-uel good service. Thousands of good horses, mules and oxen were also brought in to replace poor and worn-out animals. Grist and saw mills, and cotton gins were burned wherever found, and millions in value of baled cotton consigned to the flames. From Atlanta eastward to Covington, from Gordon to Savannah, and from Millen northward toward Augusta, the railways were laid in ruins. Usually the work of destruction is accomplished by tearing the rails from the timbers and then heating and bending them. In other instances, however, the rail as it lies upon the sleepers is covered with dry wood. This being ignited, the heat expands and warps the iron beyond recovery. Thus a long line of blinding smoke would mark what had very recently formed part of a main thoroughfare of the South.
At Millen and Gordon the station houses were spacious, elegant and expensive; but neither cost nor beauty availed to save them. The windows were dashed out, the neat columns hacked in pieces, and soon the depot disappeared from sight in smoke and ashes.

Considerable quantities of property were often found concealed; and often, did the slaves reveal these secret deposits to our foragers. At one place an officer riding over a piece of plowed ground found his horse's feet sinking deep in the earth. Prospecting the cause, he dismounted and soon discovered under the surface an excavation about fifteen yards square, where were snugly deposited eighteen barrels of molasses, over four hundred bushels of corn, quantities of sweet potatoes, and about five hundred weight of cured meat. At only three or four points was any attempt made by the enemy to oppose the progress of our army. Between Gordon and Macon a part of the Fifteenth Corps repulsed the rebels with severe loss, and a Columbus General gained honorable mention. Here, and at other points referred to, our loss was very small and our march but slightly impeded. At a point about ten miles from Savannah, several of the First Alabama Cavalry were injured by the explosion of torpedoes concealed under the highway; whereupon General Sherman ordered that the rebel prisoners in our hands should search for and remove any preparations of this character that might remain yet undiscovered.

The army has already invested the city of Savannah, and a few skirmishes have occurred. After occupying a portion of the front line for two days, and driving the rebel skirmishers, our brigade was stationed on the canal to guard an important crossing. Here we lie under evergreen oaks and pines, beside the clear current, enjoying the warm and fragrant air. Provisions have been scanty for a few days, but we learn that communication is now open with the fleet, and hope soon to greet the arrival of rations, and of letters and papers from the North—a literal and intellectual feast.

By this expedition, the weak and penetrable nature
of the Confederacy, away from the vicinity of its two or three main armies, has been again proven. Our army has almost subsisted itself for a month; property of great value to the enemy has been destroyed, and one of their two main thoroughfares from east to west has been ruined for over a hundred miles, so that the labor of months will hardly repair the damage. This great army now lays siege to an important port, the capture of which will prove a heavy loss to the foe, and furnish a valuable base for the future operations of the Great Raider.

A TALK WITH A SLAVE.

Who are these slaves? I had a good long talk with a negro who has not yet attained even to the dignity of a “contraband,” but is under the yoke. When I spoke to him of liberty, he kindled and said, “That’s just all I ask for. Every man has a right to his own sweat, and not to be squandered like cattle, working all his life just for other people to live by. I’ve seen men and women chained together, driven in squads up this valley, just like cattle. All I ask is to have my own sweat; and if I could get that, I’d work for my wife and children, and never trouble nobody.”

I asked him why he didn’t escape with so many, when Stoneman came down the valley. “Well, de fact was, my wife lives away with another master; and it came so sudden, that before I could get word to her, the rebels got on my flank! But now I shall stick to the Federal army. I’m for the Union.” I advised him to be discreet and watchful, and bide his time; and gave him written directions how to apply to me in the future—for though he cannot read, he knows a man who can “spell mighty smart,” and who gets the news for his brother slaves. This man had already learned his rights and position, and takes a deal of comfort in the thought that while so many of his comrades are safe, their old masters, who “never had to get up for a drink of water, are getting a good turn of work in the rebel army, just to see how it feels.”
I found him a true Christian, full of faith and hope, yet having withal a touching resignation. For when I spoke of the prospects of his people, he said, "What's for us, we'll get; and what isn't for us, we can't have." Surely, it is my duty to rescue such men from the hands of the spoiler.

In the course of this narrative mentioned some circumstances to illustrate the character and habits of the Negro population of the South; and a little closer view of it may not be unpleasant. In this class of society, there is seen a perfect picture of nature. The African stands before us, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were, in his mother's nakedness. His docility and generosity of heart are his own, his errors and their consequences will not be registered against him. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and abuse lead him into scenes of tumult, which inflame his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature. The best, when corrupted and oppressed, become the worst.

The Negroes are remarkable for their ingenuity, docility, religious enthusiasm and quick conception. That they are not naturally lazy, is evident from the quantity of laborious work which they will perform, and perform well. In the beautiful city of Huntsville, a lady informed me, that the lordly mansion in which she dwelt, with all the inside furniture, was conceived and executed by the genius and handicraft of three slaves. The finest looking Negroes are to be found in North Carolina, and the most wretched and squalid in Georgia and in South Carolina. The instruction of this class of persons is in the lowest state of degradation. In many States it was made a crime to teach them to read and write. It is well known that pains and penalties of the severest character have been awarded those philanthropic individuals who left their Northern homes to instruct the poor of the South in the rudiments of education.

What proportion of morals and learning can flow
SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

from such a source into the mind of the untutored slave, can easily be imagined, but can not be reflected upon without serious concern. Gifted with more than ordinary intellect, more exercised than cultivated, the negroes have been kept in a frightful state of degradation, which is too well known, and which ought to call forth the immediate attention of the General Government. The aptness to learn and acquire knowledge is attested by thousands of instances of slaves who in an incredibly short period have mastered the usual branches of the common schools. A negro girl has been known to learn the Alphabet and to read the New Testament in three days. Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display, is remarkably great. The brother Negro's white visitor finds every man's hut open, and to walk in without ceremony and to partake of his humble fare is sure to give pleasure to every one of the Negroes.

The attachment of the slave mothers to their children is very great. To play with the child is her highest delight; and for this indulgence, she will, by an injudicious, but natural miscalculation of maternal duty, omit the care of herself and husband. Of the docility of the Negroes, when kindly treated there are many instances on record. In battle, on shore, and at sea, the Negro soldier and sailor have been remarkable for their valor, steadiness and subordination; it is said on good authority that over two hundred thousand of them have served in the Union army. Such is the character of the Southern Negro. I appeal not to the affections or humanity, but to the justice of every one to whom chance may direct these pages, whether men so constituted present no character which a wise government can mould to the great purpose of augmenting the prosperity of the country, and the happiness of society.

THE BATTLE OF FORT MCALESTER.

In order to have a clear understanding of this short and decisive battle, it is necessary to give in a general
way, an account of the fort. It was protected by co-
lumbiads, rifle guns, field artillery, a ditch twenty-eight
feet wide, and fifteen feet deep, sharpened timber pali-
sades, abatis and torpedoes buried all around. Fort
McAlister commanded the river and mounted twenty-
one large guns.

Sherman had made a careful reconnoissance of the
fort before attacking it. This fort is one of the strong-
est earth-works of the enemy. It completely protects
the rear of Savannah from the assaults of our gunboats
on the Ogeechee. In 1863, there had been two sharp
engagements for the possession of the fort, but our fleet
had to leave it uninjured and defiant.

The courage of the Fifteenth Corps has always borne
the impress of the same spirit, which it manifested in
the assault on Fort McAlister. Months had passed
away since this renowned Corps had been actively en-
gaged, but the sentiment of devotion to the cause of
their country was unchanged; and unchangeable we
are persuaded it will remain as long as one of Logan’s
veterans remains to tell the stories of the struggle. The
march through the fairest regions of Georgia, had
offered them much gratification. They were now on
the sacred soil—within a day’s march of the beautiful
Forest City. They had carried in triumph the Ameri-
can standard from Atlanta to the sea—and the capture
of the fort seemed to promise a consummation of the
object for which they had toiled and fought, and bled,
and suffered incredible hardships since 1861.

On the evening of the 12th, Hazen’s Division, of the
Fifteenth Corps, crossed the Little Ogeechee—King’s
bridge across the Big Ogeechee being destroyed by the
enemy. This famous bridge, which we repaired, was
not called in honor of any King of England, but was
so called because Roswell King, an energetic Yankee,
from Connecticut, found the inventive genius of Georgia,
baffled in presence of the bogs and quicksands of the
sluggish river. He offered his aid to the work, and he
succeeded in establishing a permanent thoroughfare
over this impassable stream.
The fight commenced about four o'clock, the enemy opening all his guns upon Hazen's Division. This was answered by our infantry. The roll of musketry was incessant. Theodore Jones pushed over the abatis—the Confederates bore down upon him steadily, threatening to annihilate the gallant Brigade. The fighting was bitter, bloody, well contested, and the woods rang with the defiant cheers of the combatants. Several officers and soldiers were struck down mortally wounded. Hazen's Division, infuriated, pressed the enemy, scaling the parapets, ten feet high. Evening was closing in. The fight raged on the center. Never was an action so fiercely disputed. Hazen becoming desperate, sent for a brigade he had in reserve—it was an unequal contest. Infantry against their terrible guns, belching forth destruction and death. But the steady endurance of the noble Second Division was to reap its reward.

A desperate sally made by the rebels, nearly put to flight a regiment of ours; but, having rallied, they became doubly anxious to reduce the fort. Now ensued one of those terrific events, in the annals of human warfare, at which the mind shudders. Our brave fellows were obliged to sustain nature on the smallest possible allowance of food, and seeing no prospect of replenishing their daily lessening store, came to the determination of making one last desperate effort to open up communications with the fleet. The rebel guns opened a terrible fire, not a piece was fired that did not make dreadful havoc, yet our gallant soldiers were not daunted, on the contrary, their ardent and enthusiastic spirits rose more buoyant than ever.

Sherman had now ordered the fort to be taken by storm. To cross the ditch, filled with spikes, was the work of a moment—the garrison now thoroughly aroused to a sense of their danger, thronged the crests and fought man to man. The rebels fought with the desperation of men resolved to die rather than yield. Our men, borne back by the press, again advanced like the tide of the ocean, gathering strength as it recedes, to sustain a fresh impetus. The rebels, unable to with-
stand such a determined and bloody resistance, were forced into the fort, where a terrible conflict ensued. The charge of our brave men was truly splendid, its rapid rush up into the enemy's works was as terrific in appearance, as it was destructive in its effect; for, although the confederates met the charge with firmness, they were unable to hold their ground. This brilliant and eminently successful charge gave us Savannah.

Sherman and Howard were spectators of the bloody fight, viewing it from the roof of Dr. Chever's rice mill, a mile from the fort, on the opposite side of the Ogeechee. During the progress of the assault Tecumseh looked agitated; the loss of so many brave men affected him keenly. At this junction, Hazen signaled: "I have invested the fort, and will assault immediately."

Sherman looks toward the fort and exclaims:
"How grandly they advance; not a waver!"

He looks again and exclaims:
"Look, Howard, look, magnificent! See that flag, how steadily it advances! Not a manfal ters! Grand! Sublimely grand!" He speaks to Howard once more:
"See, they are closing in! There is no faltering, no blundering! Stop! it has halted! they are wavering! No, heavens! it, the flag, is on the parapet! There they go, right over it! See! see! there is a flag, and another, and another, on the works! Hurrah! it is ours! The fort is taken!"

The following congratulatory order was issued immediately after the battle:
"General Field Order No. 13.

The General-in-Chief announces, with pleasure, that, to-day at four and a half o'clock, P. M., the Second Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, assaulted Fort McAlister, and carried the place, capturing the entire garrison and armament, giving full communication with the fleet and army of General Foster.

By order of

L. M. Dayton, A. A. G."
GENUINE INTREPIDITY.

One of the notable heroic incidents, that occurred in this fiery conflict, was the courage of Captain Grimes, of the 48th Illinois, who, inside of the fort, fought a sabre duel, with a rebel Captain, mortally wounding him. The confederate behaved very gallantly, absolutely refusing to surrender, until overpowered by wounds, when he said: "I shall now submit to my destiny; but, as brave men should surrender only to the brave, to you, my noble antagonist, I will resign my sword." The noble boldness, with which he expressed himself, charmed the Captain, he returned his sword to him with these words:

"Take, sir, a weapon which no man better deserves to wear! Forget that you are my prisoner, but ever remember that we are friends!"

THE HEROES OF THE FIGHT.

General Hazen is a native of Vermont, and graduated with honors at the West Point Academy. He entered the Regular Army as a Lieutenant, serving in the Mexican and Indian wars with distinction. He is a man of physical proportions, befitting an athlete. He stands nearly six feet high, with a proportionately broad, strong, muscular, well knit frame. General Hazen is the accomplished type of the Regular Army officer.

Colonel Theodore Jones, commanding a brigade, seems to have earned for himself great credit for his gallant and brave bearing on the field. His Brigade was composed of the following regiments: 6th Missouri, Lieutenant Colonel Van Dusen; 30th Ohio, 116th Illinois, Colonel Maddox.

Great credit is also due to Colonel W. S. Jones, who, undaunted, rushed ahead of his men when the bullets and grape flew fast and thick. This brigade was composed of the 47th Ohio, Colonel Parry; 111th Illinois, Colonel Martin, and 54th, Colonel ———.
Colonel Oliver, commanding the Third Brigade, was stationed in a most exposed position, and acted with gallantry through all the action. The 48th Illinois, Major Adams; 90th Illinois, (Irish Regiment,) Lieutenant Colonel Stewart, and 70th Ohio, Lieutenant Colonel Phillips. These regiments formed the Third Brigade.

After the fall of Fort McAlister, Sherman closed his lines around Savannah, the Twentieth Corps holding the extreme left, a Brigade of Geary's being on Hutchinson's Island. Sherman proceeded energetically with the siege. By the 19th, his base at King's Bridge, twenty-eight miles from Ossabaw Sound, was well established. The approaches to Savannah were well guarded and defended by entrenchments and redoubts, mounting several large guns. Sherman had transported the heavy siege guns, taken at Fort McAlister, and fixed them on the lines and the whole city was in danger. The line was thirty miles long. Slocum's wing, the Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps, held the left, on the Savannah; Howard's column, the Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps, the right, on the Ogeechee. On the 20th, Hardee's ironclads moved up the river, opening a furious bombardment on our lines. Hardee, at this time, was evacuating the city, transporting his men to Union Causeway, on rafts and steamboats. The Navy Yard and the two formidable rams, Georgia and Savannah, had been previously blown up. General John W. Geary, commanding the Second Division, Twentieth Corps, ever vigilant, hearing the explosion, ordered his men to get ready, and in a short time they entered the deserted city. Mayor Arnold met them, surrendering the place, requesting protection for property. A thousand prisoners were taken from the enemy, and, also a hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives, three steamers and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton.

Our loss was trifling, not reaching over six hundred. General Sherman sent the following dispatch to the President:
"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns, and, also twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen."

THE FIRST TO BRING NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

Captain William Duncan, Sergeant Myron J. Emenick, of the 15th Illinois Cavalry and George W. Quimby, of a Wisconsin regiment, were the first persons who brought intelligence to the coast, of success both in the case of the march upon Savannah and the movements upon Fayetteville and Goldsboro. They are members of an organization of great celebrity in the West, made up of the best men of Western regiments. These daring fellows are known as the scouts of the Army of the Tennessee. On December 8th, General Sherman desiring to communicate with the coast, held a personal interview with the men destined for the perilous undertaking, and explained his desire to inform the Government of his safety. Copies of the dispatches, in writing, were handed to each, and the substance also mentioned to them verbally. On the afternoon of the 9th, all being ready, the three men proceeded to King's Bridge, on the Gulf Railroad, where rested the right of General Howard's Corps. Embarking in a frail dug-out, which they found, they launched out on the rapid waters of the Ogeechee river, and with the assistance of paddles, made their way down stream as rapidly as possible. The same night they slept on shore. The next morning they continued on their voyage, making good time. On several occasions they were observed on the shore by negroes, who, supposing them to be escaped prisoners, did not detain them. On the same afternoon, they landed and proceeded to a house, near the stream, in quest of food. They had scarcely entered before a party of rebels rode up in search of them. The negroes, ever faithful friends of the Union soldiers, hid the scouts under the floor. The rebels surrounded the house, declaring if the three men were found they would hang them. The scouts
kept their cover, and the rebels disappointed in not finding them, soon left. The negroes now released the scouts from their hiding place, gave them food to eat and an ample supply for future use, escorted them to the river and saw them safely in the current, paddling away to their destination. During the night of the 10th, the little canoe glided noiselessly by a rebel gunboat, so close that its occupants could see the rebel sentinels on watch, and, as they passed, they heard the cry of "all's well."

Our gallant party being landsmen, were more accustomed to land navigation; and, consequently, experienced, upon their approaching the sea, much difficulty with the tides. However, a little care saved them from catastrophe. They had no trouble in passing Fort McAlister, and the tide now being in their favor, they were borne down Ossabaw Sound and out to sea. Their craft might be considered a staunch one for inland service, but for the rude and boisterous waves of the ocean, it was no match. As they were beating about at the mercy of the waves, expecting momentarily to founder, they caught sight of a vessel bearing the ensign of the United States. If they could reach this they were all safe; if not, and night should close in upon them, they were certainly lost, for every moment they were drifted farther and farther from the land. To reach the gunboat before dark, was therefore the impulse which nerved their energies to the greatest exertion. But all seemed useless; the wind and waves rose higher, and the little dug-out was cast about like a fleck of foam. Hope sank with the setting sun, and our heroes began to think of certain death, when suddenly they saw a boat push off from the ship. Steadily it came toward them, and so elated them that they waved their hats and shouted for joy. Scarcely had they done so, however, when they were capsized by a huge wave. There were strong arms in the coming boat; and in that boat there were noble hearts that caused the strong arms to pull more quickly now on the quivering oars.

Presently the scouts could hear the encouraging
shouts of their rescuers, bidding them to hope, to be strong of heart, to hold out to the last. And presently, as their eyes looked along the water, they saw in the fading evening light the ship’s boat poised high above them on the crest of a billow. “Here we are!” they shouted in one voice, “to the right!” “Ship starboard oars! Steady, stand by, steady, so!” shouted another voice, and the next moment the rescuers had swooped down the watery hill side with such precision as to almost strike the stern of the capsized boat. A rush of water, a quick order or two, a rounding to of the boat and a strong hand was on each scout—all was well. The boat belonged to the United States Gunboat, Flag. When the nature of our heroes’ errand was made known to the commander of the Flag, anchor was immediately weighed and the vessel steamed for Hilton Head. Here the three scouts took the steamer Dandilion, and proceeded to Washington. Having delivered their dispatches and passed a few weeks at the North, they rejoined General Sherman, who, by this time, was in possession of Savannah. The organization to which these dauntless heroes belong is uniformed in confederate clothing, and the men adopt the dialect of the poor people of the South. Being accepted by the inhabitants as straggling rebels, they are intrusted, without question, with the entire stock of information of military movements which they possess. Many of the scouts have even had the audacity to visit the headquarters of the rebel Generals, and in one instance, we remember one of them carried off the officer’s monthly return of the strength and equipment of his command.

THE REVIEW OF THE MARCH.

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A New El Dorado, too, was this heart of the South. Money—bright gold, shining silver, plucked from closets and stockings, and burial places by the roadside, enriched the invaders. The soldier has his whims—the tail feathers of peacocks drooped and scintillated along the moving columns from the crests of infantrymen and troopers. Jokes, laughter and songs, and the tasting of the sweets of honey and sorghum, relieved the weary tramp, tramping over fields, woods and bridges. The cavalry swept the pathway of guerrillas; the clang of their hoofs and sabres resounded through the glens to the right, to the left, and in the front. Swift and terrible, and not always just, were the strokes of their arms, and the works of their hands. Pioneers along a march of desolation forty miles in width and three hundred in length, their labor was too swift to be discriminating.

The great army—over the lands and into the dwellings of the poor and rich alike, through towns and cities—like a roaring wave, swept and paused, reveled, and surged on. In the daytime the splendor, the toil, the desolation, the gloom, the music, the joy and slumber of the camp. Memorable the music that marked the move of November on the soil of Georgia; sometimes a triumphant march, sometimes a waltz, again an old air, stirring the heart alike to recollection and hope. Floating out of throats of brass to the ears of soldiers in their blankets and Generals in their tents, these tunes hallowed the ears of all who listened.

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The General turned to one of his officers: "Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again."

A little while and the band received the word. The tune was "The Blue Juniata," with exquisite variations. The band played it again, even more beautiful than before. Again it ceased, and then off to the right, nearly a quarter of a mile away, the voices of some soldiers took up the words. The band, and still another played a low accompaniment; camp after camp began singing; the music of "The Blue Juniata" became for a few minutes the oratorio of half an army.

Back along the wide pathway of this grand march, from border to coast, the eye catches glimpses of scenes whose poetic images an American, five years ago, would have thought never could have been revived from the romantic past. Pictures swarm in fields and glens, and by the banks of rivers. A halt at high noon beside a village, a besieging of houses by the troops, soldiers emerging from the doorways and backyards, bearing quilts, plates, poultry, and pigs, beehives attacked, honey in the hands and besmearing the faces of the boys, hundreds of soldiers poking hundreds of bayonets in the corners of yards and gardens, after concealed treasures; here and there a shining prize, and shouting and scrambling, and a merry division of the spoils. In the background women with praying hands and beseeching lips unheeded.

Night near a railroad depot.—A roar of fires, a shout of voices, thousands of men ripping up ties and rails, heating them, twisting them, casting them down; axes at work, the depot buildings and wood piles ablaze, a truly picturesque and tumultuous scene.

The march by day.—Winding columns, glittering muskets, glowing flags, General's calvacades, wagon trains, stragglers, and thousands of negroes in the rear, stretching over miles, a country of level fields, crossed by streams, broken occasionally by swamps and patches of forest, the distant smoke of fires, ragged villages and ragged hovels by the way; at intervals a woman's head peeping out from a door or a window, quickly
closed; at times a colored family, voluble with ques-
tions, thanking God for the advent, and joining in the
march with their kind in the rear.

The Camp by night.—A bright glow of camp fires
through miles of darkness, the cooking of suppers
everywhere, laughter and talk, card playing, smoking,
music and the sounds of horses' hoofs near and far; mess
tents, a murmur with a good cheer, growing silence, a
fainter glow of fires, a tumbling into blankets, slumber
in all the field. Clank, clank, through the dark, through
the forest, go the cavalrmen's sabres. Their marches
cease not night or day! They go forth to discover, re-
pair, or surprise. Before the day they have sent a
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and nobody knew how an invading army might fare. The great States of Georgia and South Carolina had never felt the war; Alabama had been scarcely touched by it, and the immense territory offered a secure retreat if they should determine to abandon Virginia, and retire upon the resources of the interior. Now all this is changed. Before Grant took Richmond, Sherman had accounted for all the country behind it, and had dissipated the illusions prevailing on the subject. He had marched through these remote regions from end to end without encountering resistance or falling short of supplies, and had led his victorious army, by a prodigious circuit from the borders of Tennessee, through the heart of Georgia, up to the southern frontier of Virginia itself."
stand such a determined and bloody resistance, were forced into the fort, where a terrible conflict ensued. The charge of our brave men was truly splendid, its rapid rush up into the enemy's works was as terrific in appearance, as it was destructive in its effect; for, although the confederates met the charge with firmness, they were unable to hold their ground. This brilliant and eminently successful charge gave us Savannah.

Sherman and Howard were spectators of the bloody fight, viewing it from the roof of Dr. Chever's rice mill, a mile from the fort, on the opposite side of the Ogeechee. During the progress of the assault Tecumseh looked agitated; the loss of so many brave men affected him keenly. At this junction, Hazen signaled: "I have invested the fort, and will assault immediately."

Sherman looks toward the fort and exclaims:
"How grandly they advance; not a waver!"

He looks again and exclaims:
"Look, Howard, look, magnificent! See that flag, how steadily it advances! Not a man falters! Grand! Sublimely grand!" He speaks to Howard once more:
"See, they are closing in! There is no faltering, no blundering! Stop! it has halted! they are wavering! No, heavens! it, the flag, is on the parapet! There they go, right over it! See! see! there is a flag, and another, and another, on the works! Hurrah! it is ours! The fort is taken!"

The following congratulatory order was issued immediately after the battle:
"General Field Order No. 13.

The General-in-Chief announces, with pleasure, that, to-day at four and a half o'clock, P. M., the Second Division, of the Fifteenth Army Corps, assaulted Fort McAlister, and carried the place, capturing the entire garrison and armament, giving full communication with the fleet and army of General Foster.

By order of
MAJ. GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. Dayton, A. A. G."
SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

GENUINE INTREPIDITY.

One of the notable heroic incidents, that occurred in this fiery conflict, was the courage of Captain Grimes, of the 48th Illinois, who, inside of the fort, fought a sabre duel, with a rebel Captain, mortally wounding him. The confederate behaved very gallantly, absolutely refusing to surrender, until overpowered by wounds, when he said: "I shall now submit to my destiny; but, as brave men should surrender only to the brave, to you, my noble antagonist, I will resign my sword." The noble boldness, with which he expressed himself, charmed the Captain, he returned his sword to him with these words:

"Take, sir, a weapon which no man better deserves to wear! Forget that you are my prisoner, but ever remember that we are friends!"

THE HEROES OF THE FIGHT.

General Hazen is a native of Vermont, and graduated with honors at the West Point Academy. He entered the Regular Army as a Lieutenant, serving in the Mexican and Indian wars with distinction. He is a man of physical proportions, befitting an athlete. He stands nearly six feet high, with a proportionately broad, strong, muscular, well knit frame. General Hazen is the accomplished type of the Regular Army officer.

Colonel Theodore Jones, commanding a brigade, seems to have earned for himself great credit for his gallant and brave bearing on the field. His Brigade was composed of the following regiments: 6th Missouri, Lieutenant Colonel Van Dusen; 30th Ohio, ———— 116th Illinois, Colonel Maddox.

Great credit is also due to Colonel W. S. Jones, who, undaunted, rushed ahead of his men when the bullets and grape flew fast and thick. This brigade was composed of the 47th Ohio, Colonel Parry; 111th Illinois, Colonel Martin, and 54th, Colonel ————.
Colonel Oliver, commanding the Third Brigade, was stationed in a most exposed position, and acted with gallantry through all the action. The 48th Illinois, Major Adams; 90th Illinois, (Irish Regiment,) Lieutenant Colonel Stewart, and 70th Ohio, Lieutenant Colonel Phillips. These regiments formed the Third Brigade.

After the fall of Fort McAlister, Sherman closed his lines around Savannah, the Twentieth Corps holding the extreme left, a Brigade of Geary's being on Hutchinson's Island. Sherman proceeded energetically with the siege. By the 19th, his base at King's Bridge, twenty-eight miles from Ossabaw Sound, was well established. The approaches to Savannah were well guarded and defended by entrenchments and redoubts, mounting several large guns. Sherman had transported the heavy siege guns, taken at Fort McAlister, and fixed them on the lines and the whole city was in danger. The line was thirty miles long. Slocum's wing, the Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps, held the left, on the Savannah; Howard's column, the Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps, the right, on the Ogeechee. On the 20th, Hardee's iron clads moved up the river, opening a furious bombardment on our lines. Hardee, at this time, was evacuating the city, transporting his men to Union Causeway, on rafts and steamboats. The Navy Yard and the two formidable rams, Georgia and Savannah, had been previously blown up. General John W. Geary, commanding the Second Division, Twentieth Corps, ever vigilant, hearing the explosion, ordered his men to get ready, and in a short time they entered the deserted city. Mayor Arnold met them, surrendering the place, requesting protection for property. A thousand prisoners were taken from the enemy; and, also a hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives, three steamers and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton.

Our loss was trifling, not reaching over six hundred. General Sherman sent the following dispatch to the President:
“I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns, and, also twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.”

THE FIRST TO BRING NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

Captain William Duncan, Sergeant Myron J. Emenick, of the 15th Illinois Cavalry and George W. Quimby, of a Wisconsin regiment, were the first persons who brought intelligence to the coast, of success, both in the case of the march upon Savannah and the movements upon Fayetteville and Goldsboro. They are members of an organization of great celebrity in the West, made up of the best men of Western regiments. These daring fellows are known as the scouts of the Army of the Tennessee. On December 8th, General Sherman desiring to communicate with the coast, held a personal interview with the men destined for the perilous undertaking, and explained his desire to inform the Government of his safety. Copies of the dispatches, in writing, were handed to each, and the substance also mentioned to them verbally. On the afternoon of the 9th, all being ready, the three men proceeded to King’s Bridge, on the Gulf Railroad, where rested the right of General Howard’s Corps. Embarking in a frail dug-out, which they found, they launched out on the rapid waters of the Ogeechee river, and with the assistance of paddles, made their way down stream as rapidly as possible. The same night they slept on shore. The next morning they continued on their voyage, making good time. On several occasions they were observed on the shore by negroes, who, supposing them to be escaped prisoners, did not detain them. On the same afternoon, they landed and proceeded to a house, near the stream, in quest of food. They had scarcely entered before a party of rebels rode up in search of them. The negroes, ever faithful friends of the Union soldiers, hid the scouts under the floor. The rebels surrounded the house, declaring if the three men were found they would hang them. The scouts
kept their cover, and the rebels disappointed in not finding them, soon left. The negroes now released the scouts from their hiding place, gave them food to eat and an ample supply for future use, escorted them to the river and saw them safely in the current, paddling away to their destination. During the night of the 10th, the little canoe glided noiselessly by a rebel gunboat, so close that its occupants could see the rebel sentinels on watch, and, as they passed, they heard the cry of "all's well."

Our gallant party being landsmen, were more accustomed to land navigation; and, consequently, experienced, upon their approaching the sea, much difficulty with the tides. However, a little care saved them from catastrophe. They had no trouble in passing Fort McAlister, and the tide now being in their favor, they were borne down Ossabaw Sound and out to sea. Their craft might be considered a staunch one for inland service, but for the rude and boisterous waves of the ocean, it was no match. As they were beating about at the mercy of the waves, expecting momentarily to founder, they caught sight of a vessel bearing the ensign of the United States. If they could reach this they were all safe; if not, and night should close in upon them, they were certainly lost, for every moment they were drifted farther and farther from the land. To reach the gunboat before dark, was therefore the impulse which nerved their energies to the greatest exertion. But all seemed useless; the wind and waves rose higher, and the little dug-out was cast about like a fleck of foam. Hope sank with the setting sun, and our heroes began to think of certain death, when suddenly they saw a boat push off from the ship. Steadily it came toward them, and so elated them that they waved their hats and shouted for joy. Scarcely had they done so, however, when they were capsized by a huge wave. There were strong arms in the coming boat; and in that boat there were noble hearts that caused the strong arms to pull more quickly now on the quivering oars.

Presently the scouts could hear the encouraging
shouts of their rescuers, bidding them to hope, to be strong of heart, to hold out to the last. And presently, as their eyes looked along the water, they saw in the fading evening light the ship's boat poised high above them on the crest of a billow. "Here we are!" they shouted in one voice, "to the right!" "Ship starboard oars! Steady, stand by, steady, so!" shouted another voice, and the next moment the rescuers had swooped down the watery hill side with such precision as to almost strike the stern of the capsized boat. A rush of water, a quick order or two, a rounding to of the boat and a strong hand was on each scout—all was well. The boat belonged to the United States Gunboat, Flag. When the nature of our heroes' errand was made known to the commander of the Flag, anchor was immediately weighed and the vessel steamed for Hilton Head. Here the three scouts took the steamer Dandilion, and proceeded to Washington. Having delivered their dispatches and passed a few weeks at the North, they rejoined General Sherman, who, by this time, was in possession of Savannah. The organization to which these dauntless heroes belong is uniformed in confederate clothing, and the men adopt the dialect of the poor people of the South. Being accepted by the inhabitants as straggling rebels, they are intrusted, without question, with the entire stock of information of military movements which they possess. Many of the scouts have even had the audacity to visit the head-quarters of the rebel Generals, and in one instance, we remember one of them carried off the officer's monthly return of the strength and equipment of his command.

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Considered as a spectacle, the march of General Sherman's Army surpassed in some respects, all marches in history. The flames of a city lighted its beginning; desolation, which in one sense is sublime, marked its progress to the sea. Its end was a beautiful possession—a city spared from doom. Underneath smiling skies, cooled by airs balmy as the breath of a
Northern summer, the Army of the West, slowly transforming into an Army of the East, moved from sunset to sunrise, through a territory rich in all things wherein the themes of Statesmen have declared it poor. Food in gardens, food in cellars, stock in fields, stock in barns, poultry everywhere, appeared in the distance, disappeared in the presence, and was borne away upon the knapsacks and bayonets of thousands of soldiers.

A New El Dorado, too, was this heart of the South. Money—bright gold, shining silver, plucked from closets and stockings, and burial places by the roadside, enriched the invaders. The soldier has his whims—the tail feathers of peacocks drooped and scintillated along the moving columns from the crests of infantrymen and troopers. Jokes, laughter and songs, and the tasting of the sweets of honey and sorghum, relieved the weary tramp, tramping over fields, woods and bridges. The cavalry swept the pathway of guerrillas; the clang of their hoofs and sabres resounded through the glens to the right, to the left, and in the front. Swift and terrible, and not always just, were the strokes of their arms and the works of their hands. Pioneers along a march of desolation forty miles in width and three hundred in length, their labor was too swift to be discriminating.

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closed; at times, a colored family, voluble with questions, thanking God for the advent, and joining in the march with their kind in the rear.

The Camp by night.—A bright glow of camp fires through miles of darkness, the cooking of suppers everywhere, laughter and talk, card playing, smoking, music and the sounds of horses' hoofs near and far; mess tents, a murmur with a good cheer, growing silence, a fainter glow of fires, a tumbling into blankets, slumber in all the field. Clank, clank, through the dark, through the forest, go the cavalrymen's sabres. Their marches cease not night or day! They go forth to discover, repair, or surprise. Before the day they have sent a guerrilla party headlong, or have anticipated the dawn with an illumination.

The streams are cool and clear by many a cliff and wood. Here, "naked and not ashamed," a hundred soldiers bathe within the waters. Their clothes and guns flung upon the banks, their bodies gleam and splash among the ripples; their laughter rings harsh and loud, low and musical, while moving ranks upon the bridge above go by. Down, by towns, and cities, and plantations, to the sea, the pageant and the wraith move to the new conquest, which at last is ours, and the curtain falls upon another act of a drama which finds us in the rich and beautiful city of Savannah.

The services rendered by General Sherman's command, in penetrating the interior of the Southern Confederacy, and destroying all chance for further resistance on the part of the rebels is thus described by the London Times:

"Until May last, the interior of the Confederacy was an unknown or inaccessible country. No Federal force had burst through the frontier armies of the South, or penetrated into the territory beyond. True, there were men in the councils of the North who had recommended such tactics, and who had described the Confederacy as an egg, hard only on its shell or circumference, and utterly unsubstantial within. But until Sherman proved the truth of these views, they passed only for speculations,
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CHAPTER XVII.

The Campaign to the Sea.—Splendor of the March.—Movements of the Left Wing.—Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps.—The Corps and Divisions which Participated in the Memorable March—The First Day's Journey.—Stone Mountain.—A Natural Curiosity.—Third Day, Reach Madison.—A Handsome Town.—The Residence of Joshua Hill, the Staunch Unionist.—The Miserable Condition of the People.—Milledgeville Reached.—Flight of the Governor and the Legislators.—Pressing on the Capital.—Ludicrous Scenes.—The Jew and the General.—Where is Sherman going?—Savannah the Objective Point.—The Bummers.

Sherman's triumphal march to the sea is the most stupendous movement of this or any other age. Never, perhaps, did the name of any one of our great Generals so widely and deeply stir the public mind. The wheels of commerce, hard to stay as the sun upon his march, stood still; the strifes of party, restless as the sea, and unmanageable as the winds, were calmed; people of all countries and tongues were drawn to one spot.

The spectacle was most inspiring, as the stream of the long, long procession came flowing out of the Gate City with their flags waving in the winds of Heaven, and swords and bayonets glistening in the sun. The splendid regiments of Slocum's column, moved as if on parade, with waving banners and strains of martial music. The whole programme comprised a magnificent pageant, beautiful to behold. The bronzed countenances of the men who carried muskets, were suffused with one expression and the thoughts and feelings were so much alike, that it might be said the hearts of thousands were as the heart of one man.

The order for the expedition was issued on the 8th of November from Kingston, northwest from Atlanta, around which place the army was again concentrated. In this order Sherman says: "It is sufficient for you to
know that it involves a departure from our present base, and a long and difficult march to a new one. All the chances of war have been considered and provided for as far as human sagacity can."

On the 9th of November, the following order was issued for the guidance of the army in foraging:

"For the purpose of military operations this army is divided into two wings, viz.: The right wing, Major General O. O. Howard commanding, the 15th and 17th Corps; the left wing, Major General H. W. Slocum commanding, the 14th and 20th Corps. The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end each brigade commander will organize a good and efficient foraging party, under command of one or more discreet officers. To regular foraging parties must be entrusted the gathering of provisions and forage at any distance from the road traveled. As for horses, mules, wagons, the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely and without limit."

Sherman, starting out from Atlanta with his army at this season of the year, is an event of the largest suggestiveness. He proposed, after gathering sufficient supplies at Atlanta, to abandon the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and start with a movable column on a winter tour of the Cotton States. Two of his army corps will be left at Chattanooga to watch Hood's movements, while the rest of the corps will cut loose from all lines of supply and push across the States of Georgia, and the Carolinas. He will take with him such supplies as can be carried conveniently, and when these are exhausted, will live upon the country. Of his destination nothing is known. Before him lies the broad expanse of the Gulf and Atlantic States, and he can shape his march to suit his own inclinations. To his right is Mobile, around which the Gulf forces are concentrating; to his left is Andersonville, a pen in which are rotting thousands of gallant soldiers; and not an immeasurable distance to the South, and East, are Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, and Richmond.
On the 15th, Atlanta was evacuated, and the campaign begins. The hills which had been white with tents were made desolate, and nothing save the smouldering fires of the doomed city remained to mark the course of the advancing hosts. It begins to be seen that Sherman means business. The two distinguishing qualities, Conception and Execution, are found to exist in an eminent degree in the great leader. The General commanding, the staff, and the private soldiers fare alike. The broad canopy of Heaven, the great blue tent which God first spread out over the Garden of Eden, is the only one they know by night, and the forward movement which strikes into the very vitals of the rebellion is the feature of the coming day. More action and less waiting, is the motto of their never wearied leader, and endeared to them from the fact that he participates in all their hardships. The soldiers go cheerfully to the accomplishment of their mission. This suspicious opening—the terrible castigation given the fierce legions of Hood, in and around Atlanta, maintains well the ever hopeful confidence of the army, and gives assurance of the glorious triumphs that awaits our arms in the coming struggles.

The following is a full list of the Corps and Division Commanders of the four corps which made the march to the sea:

**FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS—Gen. Jeff. C. Davis.**

1st Division—Gen. Charles C. Walcott.  
2d Division—Gen. James Morgan.  
3d Division—Gen. A. Baird.

**FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS—Gen. P. J. Osterhaus.**

1st Division—Gen. Charles R. Woods.  
2d Division—Gen. William B. Hazen.  
4th Division—Gen. J. M. Corse.

1st Division—Gen. Manning F. Force.
3d Division—Gen. M. D. Leggett.
4th Division—Gen. Giles A. Smith.


1st Division—Gen. A. S. Williams.
2d Division—Gen. John W. Geary.

Stone Mountain, which we passed on the Decatur road, has an adventurous interest from its extraordinary height. It is two thousand feet high, and seven miles in circumference. This being the greatest elevation, almost the entire surrounding country is brought under the eye. Far to the west, mountain rises beyond mountain until it presents an ocean-like appearance—a vast verdant sea frilled into ten thousand billows. It is said by some travellers to be of a conical—by others, more of an oval shape. It is of gradual and easy ascent; and, while to one looking from its base, it seems to terminate in a point, its summit is in reality broad, and covered with fortifications of very great antiquity.

This mountain, whose prevailing characteristic is the sublime and terrible, is distinguished at the same time by the greatest variety of aspect—presenting scenes of savage grandeur and wildness, such as Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint; and others of the most sweet and placid beauty, fitted for the pencil of a Claude to copy—whilst in other spots they are combined. Fissures, caves, bold projecting crags, patches of verdant pasture, gaps and ravines—all these are grouped and scattered as if in luxuriance—in the wildest and most sportive luxuriance—by the hand of God. From the summit is presented a view of extent and grandeur unexampled and inconceivable; the immensity of the vision is such that one's mind is completely lost in it. The eye embraces within its extensive range, scenes of terrific grandeur and richest loveliness.
It is said that an Irish Colonel once clambered up to the top of this mountain, with a few boon companions, and after gazing for some time upon the fearfully grand and sublime scenery, he stretched himself to his utmost height and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"Attention, the universe! by Empires, to the right about, wheel."

I defy any mortal man to look on this scene without feeling the power of its grandeur. Each object in itself is rich in beauty, and not less full of individual interest; all conspire to form a panorama, unrivalled for the beauty and grouping, and perfection of its elements.

On the third day we reached Madison, a very fine town, which, in the days of peace and prosperity, must have been a delightful place for a residence. It is situated on the Augusta line, and is the Capital of Morgan County. The extensive stores, public buildings, and plantations, which form its environs, give it the appearance of beauty, wealth and comfort. One is forcibly struck with the appearance and situation of this handsomely built, neat, and respectably inhabited town, and with the fine plantations surrounding it, all which contrast so strongly with the bleak tract just travelled through. There are several splendid churches in the place. The soil around Madison is rich, and the land well cultivated.

This region of country before the war was peopled with a numerous population, simple in their habits, industrious and active, and not less happy in their associations. There were a few Union men in this town. I cannot forbear mentioning the name of the good and tried Joshua H. Hill. He was once arrested by the rebels for his fealty to the Union. The devils incarnate told him they would sweat the Lincoln fever out of him. Hill was always an old line Whig, and continued a staunch Unionist, when it was very dangerous to avow such sentiments. If we are not mistaken, he was among the two or three Representatives of the extreme South who still continued to linger in Washington, when the rest of their colleagues had packed off to
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Dixie, to serve in the cause of Jeff. Davis and his experimental Confederacy.

In the Georgia Convention, recently held at Milledgeville, Hill delivered a noble speech, in vindication of his Union sentiments and his conduct to the Davis regime, during the war. We insert the closing sentence of this magnificent speech:

"In standing by the Union of the States, I risked more than the loss of goods or political preferment. For sooner than raise my hand against the Government, I would have thought it happiness to die."

The language of Milton may be aptly applied to this fearless defender of the Union:

"Faithful friend,
Among the faithless, faithful he and his,
Among innumerable false, unmove,
Unshaken, unshaken, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept—his love—his zeal—
Nor numbers, nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from duty, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amid them forth be passed
Longway through hostile scorn, which he sustained,
Superior, nor of violence feared aught."

Resuming the march towards the Capital of the State, we pass through one of the richest and best farmed districts; and the appearance of many of the houses evidently shows that the occupants have had both skill and capital. The fine old plantations, prolific orchards, and the beauty, richness, and culture of the soil, has altogether a more respectable appearance than the generality of Southern territory. The citizens show their taste in their handsome dwelling houses, splendid churches, and neat school houses.

Hundreds of miserable looking men and women, negroes, and the lower class of whites, would flock to our ranks, telling tales of distress, and uttering savage imprecations on the authors of the rebellion. It was enough to puzzle a saint, or to bother Job. As to my deductions, there will be a thousand different opinions. The country in this section is rough, the houses and the
general appearance of the people, wretched, and only a small part of the soil seems to be under cultivation. The melancholy and terrible condition of the people was evinced by the large number of deserted mansions and cabins that we saw on the journey.

One of the most horrible effects of the war in the South is the sundering of family affections and social ties, which has taken place in all ages, in beleaguered cities and countries. In the course of our journey, we heard of many instances of this kind: and I saw many perpetrators of deeds of cruelty, which at ordinary times would have excited the universal horror of the community. At the present crisis, our feelings called forth are rather those of compassion than indignation: for we in the North can form no idea of the disruption of family associations in the South. A noted Unionist, whom we met here, had two sons and all his male relatives in the Rebel Army. He has devoted himself with great energy and eloquence to the Union. His personal and pecuniary sacrifices have been enormous. He described to us, in strong terms, the amount of tyranny displayed by the Davis Regime, and the difficulty of getting rid of it.

In accounting for this horrible condition of affairs, it is just and fair to ascribe it all to the mercenary slaveholders. They were haughty, improvident, intemperate and full of hate to the poor whites and blacks. One word as to the origin of this fell hate. Among the multitudes of profundities which distinguish the pages of Tacitus, there is not one more sagacious or pertinent to the present case, than his declaration that "men hate those whom they have injured." This is the utmost stretch of philosophy on the point—it reaches the bottom at once. (The quenchless hatred of the slaveholders to the blacks is founded solely in their boundless injuries toward them. The fires of their Pandemonium hate are always fed by the remembered cruelties they have perpetrated and do still perpetrate on millions of the helpless. Walking in so fierce an atmosphere of crime,
the hearts of evil doers are reduced to an alternative—
they must either burn against themselves or their vic-
tims.
They resembled the images of a frightful dream, rather
than living men, women and children. Their voice is
peculiar. They speak in a low, puling, whining tone,
that is most distressing to hear. In fact, the poor of
this section are as ignorant, filthy and wretched as can
be found anywhere in the world. They are the dirtiest
people I ever saw. The hands and faces of many of
them were positively loathsome and thick—with dirt.
This indifference to cleanliness may be ascribed in part
to the war; but, I am persuaded that they never had
great love for soap or—water at any time. Throughout
the whole route there seemed to be much destitution
and misery.
The state of the habitations of the poor in many parts
of Georgia, is a libel on the humanity of their more
wealthy superiors. A fine dressed lawn, surrounded
with miserable cabins and hovels of the poor, nothing
can reflect more discredit on the character of the dom-
inant class, than such a contrast. The lordly mansion
and park want their most beautiful appendages, when
filthy and unwholesome huts are substituted for clean
and comfortable cabins; and pleasure grounds are nick-
named, when at every step of your progress, and at each
opening of the prospect, your eyes are pained by dwell-
ings for laborers not half so convenient as the wigwam
of the savage.
As we drew nigh to the first town, we were met by a
party of the most miserable looking beings I ever be-
held. Bare-footed and bare-legged, with scarcely as
many tatters hung round them as covered their naked
limbs; some of them, in fact, sans cullotes, with misery
and wretchedness pictured on their countenances, these
“sons of the sod, poor white trash,” deserters, many of
them, from the rebel army, trudged along their weary
way, having more the appearance of a set of malefac-
tors, going to execution, than men returning to their
wives and families.
THE CAPTURE OF MILLEDGVILLE.

Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, was occupied on the 20th of November, by a small detachment of the left wing, under General Slocum. Milledgeville is a rather pleasant city, and is situated on one of the numerous eminences which are scattered throughout this devious region of country. It is refreshed by the Oconee river. The town is irregularly built and can boast of only one good street; but, on some of the squares, which branch off in various directions, there are many fine buildings. The hills, adjacent to the town, attain a considerable elevation, and afford good views of the surrounding country and rivers. The capital is a picturesque edifice of stone—encircled by a ten acre square, containing in the more sheltered places, some handsome trees, together with two neat churches.

Governor Brown, after urging the citizens to seize muskets and defend their homes, fled to parts unknown. He was in such haste to run from the detested Yankees, that the carpets were cut from the floors of his house. In the hospitals we found over two hundred sick and wounded rebels. Five hundred stand of arms and scores of pikes were seized. The Penitentiary was set on fire by some negro or soldier, and twenty convicts, all in striped uniform, made their escape. Tuesday afternoon was employed by the working men of the army, in preparing for a grand advance, but thousands of the troops pushed their investigations into the utmost recesses of the city; every house was liberally patronized. Pursuant to notice, four hundred citizens of Georgia, dressed in blue, met in the State House, for the purpose of reconstructing the sovereign State of Georgia. Committees were appointed to draft resolutions, and after an exciting discussion, Georgia was restored and reinstated in the Union.

THE JEW AND THE GENERAL.

Near Milledgeville, a Jew, who saw a pile of cotton about to be given to the flames, hurried to the General, exclaiming:
“General, you don’t mean to say that you are going to burn that there pile of cotton?”
“Certainly!”
“Ah, mein Gott! what a pity! three hundred bales!”
“Four hundred, friend Isaac,” said the General, amusing himself at the poor Jew’s expense.
“An de cotton as high as fifty cents a pound?”
“Sixty-five in New York,” replied the general, piling up the agony still higher.
“O, mein Gott! mein Gott!” exclaimed the Jew, wringing his hands and looking most affectionately at the tempting pile, which his avaricious mind had already converted into a regular mint of gold dollars.
“Come, men, fire it!” exclaimed the General, and the men snatched up the brands from the fire, and were about thrusting them into the pile. This was too much for the Jew; was all his anticipated wealth thus to end in smoke? and raising his hands he exclaimed:
“Don’t fire dat! don’t fire dat!”
The men stood with the brands raised. The Jew ran over to the General, and taking him confidentially by the coat, whispered in his ear:
“What will I give you for de whole lot?”
The General thought he would keep up the joke.
“Well, taking the risks and every thing into account, I should think fifty thousand dollars enough for it.”
“Fifty thousand! the risks are great, General!”
“True,” says the General, “then give me forty.”
“Oh, dat too much too!”
“What do you say to thirty thousand?”
“De rebel cavalry might come and burn it.”
“Well, what do you say yourself?”
“General,” he whispered in his ear, “I’ll give you ten thousand gold dollars, and let de cotton be, and no one be de wiser.”
“It won’t do, fire the cotton!”
“No! no! General, I’ll make it de twenty!”
The General shook his head; the cotton was beginning to blaze up.
“Stop dem, General! I’ll make it de thirty!”

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The pile was in a blaze.

"It is too late now," said the General, and the bewildered Jew looked on in horror.

"Look here," said the General, tapping the Jew on the shoulder, and giving him a look that made him quail, "I want thirty thousand dollars from you."

"Mein Gott! for what!" exclaimed the affrighted Jew; "de cotton is all burned now!"

"Exactly so, you are a rebel agent; otherwise, you would not pay such a sum for the cotton."

"O, no, mein Gott! I hate de rebels; but I wanted to make one little money; me no agent!"

"Well, well, you would buy the cotton from the rebels if it was left here. Are you a Union man?"

"O, mein Gott, yes! I always for de Union!"

"You would do as much for the Union as for the Confederacy?"

"Mein Gott, much more!"

"Then you were ready to pay thirty thousand dollars for that cotton, which would fall into the rebels' hands? now I demand the same amount for the Union cause."

The poor Jew was in a trap; he had baited a snare for himself. It was amusing to see how he wriggled and shivered, between the fear of being strung upon a tree and the dread of losing his thirty thousand dollars. The General kept him in a state of suspense for some time, during which he swore by Jacob, Abraham, Isaac, Moses, Solomon and all the prophets of the Old Law, that he was a strict Union man, and had not thirty thousand dollars in the world. "Why did you offer, then, or how did you mean to pay for it?"

"O, mein Gott! General; I knew ye would not ax de money until I sell de cotton in New York."

The subterfuge so pleased the General that he dismissed the Jew, who, I am sure, never tried to buy cotton from Yankee Generals again.

SAVANNAH THE OBJECTIVE POINT.

Savannah is the grand point in the present campaign. Other cities secure but a cursory glance, and the mind's
eye turns almost instinctively toward this beautiful Forest City. It is well known to the soldiers whither Sherman is leading them, for, despite his well known reticence, his course has been too clearly marked out. It appears to have been General Sherman's plan when he set out to strike effectively the most vital points in Georgia; and, as rapidly as possible, inflict the necessary damage and gain a place of safety. Permanent occupation of the country does not seem to have been a part of his plan. He proposed to do all the damage possible to the road over which he moved and the cities and the towns through which he passed, and gain with his army, a point on the sea-board where it would be disembarked for future operations. His purpose as indicated in his order of march, was to destroy all the public material which could be of use to the enemy; and to forage on the country, sparing only such property as he could have no military excuse for destroying.

The other day a woman with a child in her arms was working her way along among the teams and crowds of cattle and horsemen; a staff officer called to her kindly:

"Where are you going, Aunty?"

She looked up to his face, with hopeful, beseeching earnestness, and replied:

"I'se gwine whar you's gwine, Massa."

THE HANGERS-ON OF THE ARMY.

I have used the word "bummer" in my accounts, and it has been suggested that many of your readers do not know the meaning of the term. It has now a recognized position in the army lexicon. Any man who has seen the object that it applies to will acknowledge that it was admirably selected. Fancy a ragged man, blackened by the smoke of many a pine knot fire, mounted on a scrawny mule, without a saddle, with a gun, a knapsack, a butcher knife and a plug hat, stealing his way through the pine forests far out on the flanks of a column. Keen on the scent of rebels, or
bacon, or silver spoons, or corn, or anything valuable, and you have him in your mind. Think how you would admire him if you were a lone woman, with a family of small children, far from help, when he blandly inquired where you kept your valuables. Think how you would smile when he pryed open your chests with his bayonet or knocked to pieces your tables, pianos and chairs; tore your bed clothing in three inch strips, and scattered the strips about the yard. The "bummers" say it takes too much time to use keys. Color is no protection from these rough-riders. They go through a negro cabin in search of diamonds and gold watches with just as much freedom and vivacity as they "loot" the dwelling of a wealthy planter. They appear to be possessed of a spirit of "pure cussedness." One incident of many will illustrate. A "bummer" stepped into a house and inquired for sorghum. The lady of the house presented a jug, which he said was too heavy, so he merely filled his canteen. Then taking a huge wad of tobacco from his mouth he thrust it into the jug. The lady inquired, in wonder, why he spoiled that which he did not want. "Oh, some feller'll come along and taste that sorghum, think you've poisoned him; then he'll burn your damn-ed old house." There are hundreds of these mounted men with the column, and they go everywhere. Some of them are loaded down with silverware, gold coin and other valuables. I hazard nothing in saying that three-fifths (in value) of the personal property of the country we passed through was taken.

At a negro shanty, some miles distant from Milledgeville, we found an old Negro and his wife, both of them over sixty years old. In the talk which ensued, nothing was said which led us to believe that either of them were anxious to leave their mistress, who, by the way, was a sullen, cruel looking woman, when all at once the old Negress straightened herself up, and her face, which a moment before was almost stupid in expression, assumed a fierce, almost fiendish aspect. Pointing her shining black finger at the old man crouched in the corner of the fire-place, she screamed out:
“What for you set dar? You spose I wait sixty years for nuthen? Don’t yer see de door open? I se follow my chile! I not stay. Yes, nodder day I goes along wid people; yes sar, I walks till I drap in my tracks.”

A more terrible sight I never beheld. I can think of nothing to compare with it, except Charlotte Cushman’s “Meg Merrilles.” Rembrandt only could have painted the scene with its dramatic surroundings.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

At one of the stations near Millen, we came across an old man named Wells, who was a most peculiar character. He was depot master in the days when there was a railroad here. He is a shrewd old man, and seemed to understand the merits of the war question perfectly. He said:

“They say you are retreating, but it is the strangest retreat I ever saw. Why, dog bite ’em, the newspapers have been lying in this way, all along. They are always whipping the Federal armies, and they always fall back after the battle is over. It was that ’ere idea that first opened my eyes. Our army always whipping the Federals, and we always fell back. I always told them that it was a d—d humbug, and now I know it, for here you are right on old John Wells’ place; hogs, potatoes, corn, fences all gone. I don’t find any fault. I expected it all. Jeff. Davis and the rest talk about splittin’ the Union. Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splittin’ the Union! Why, the State of Georgia is being split through from end to end. It’s these rich fellers who are making this war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm’s way. There’s John Franklin went through here the other day, running from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat tail. There’s my poor brother, sick with the small pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month and
hasn’t got a cent of the stuff for a year—’leven dollars a month, and ’leven thousand bullets a minute—I don’t believe in it.

“I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up country; and burnt the bridges! Why, (dog bite their hides,) one of you Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, top and all; and there’s that bridge you put across the river in less than two hours—they might as well try to stop the Ogeechee as you Yankees. The blasted rascals who burnt this ere bridge thought they did a big thing; a natural born fool cut in two, has more sense in either end than any of them.”

A UNION WOMAN TRUE TO THE FLAG.

After we left Millen, and were traveling in the direction of Savannah, we met a Mrs. Jameson, the widow of an eminent Georgian. She is connected with the leading families of the State. This Union woman, whom we will call Mrs. Jameson, is an earnest Christian and a splendid patriot. She did everything in her power to prevent the secession of Georgia, writing hundreds of letters to prominent politicians and using her personal influence to prevent the consummation of the horrible deed. She has always preserved the stars and stripes in her house, and when we reached her beautiful mansion there was flying to the breeze the banner of Beauty and Glory. Herself and two accomplished daughters did everything in their power to make our weary boys as comfortable as possible. Several months before, when Iverson captured one of the flags from Stoneman’s party, some of his men were trailing it in the dust, near the residence of this model patriot. The column halting, Mrs. Jameson put on her bonnet and going up to the flag, she knelt down exclaiming:

“Flag of my Fathers and of my Country,” and she kissed it and bathed it with her sorrowful tears, then rose up and returned home.

She generously threw open her granaries, furnishing forage for the stock, and with her own hands carried
buckets of water to relieve the thirst of the brave men, whose hearts were gladdened by this exhibition of womanly patriotism. She has an abiding faith that the rebellion will be utterly subdued, and that the Stars and Stripes will yet triumphantly wave over all the land—this is her constant prayer.

From Atlanta to Savannah there was presented to the eye one vast sheet of misery. The fugitives from ruined villages or desolated fields, seek shelter in caves and dens. Cities sacked, towns burnt, population decimated are so many evidences of the desolations of war. I saw enough of this part of Georgia to get a vivid and painful impression of the horrors of civil strife. This is a beautiful country, exclaimed a friend. How beautiful in the brightness and warmth of summer, teeming with fruits and grain, and waving with groves that grow to forests in the distance. In every town the more public buildings and residences were destroyed. In some instances Churches have not escaped, they have been stripped for fire wood. Fences were demolished, and here and there a lordly mansion stands an unsightly ruin. A beautiful country! but woe to it, when slavery brought upon it the curse of rebellion. A beautiful country it shall be, when re-peopled by manly, free labor.
CHAPTER XVIII.

Savannah, the Forest City.—The Edifices and Monuments.—Revolutionary Relics.—Review of the Fifteenth Corps.—More Jottings about Savannah.—The Advance of Sherman's Army into the Palmetto State.—South Carolina, The Proper Battle-field.

A flag of truce was sent in to General Hardee, demanding the surrender of the city of Savannah. To this Hardee replied, that he could hold Savannah for some time; that he was in constant communication with his Government, and that Sherman was not near enough to the city to justify its surrender. That very day the last of the rebel army was crossing to the Carolina shore on pontoons. When our troopers entered, the rebels had barely escaped, some of them, in fact, were captured. The different corps entered the city with great joy and rapture. Three hours after the Confederates had left, the Stars and Stripes were floating all over Savannah.

Savannah is situated on the river of the same name, eighteen miles from the sea, and ninety-six miles Southeast of Charleston. It is the largest and most commercial city of the State, and a great cotton and rice point. It ranks in many respects as the most important city of the Confederacy, and contained, by the last census, a population of thirty thousand, fifteen thousand of whom were foreigners. It is universally admitted that few cities can boast of such environs as the metropolis of Georgia. The natural features are of the most varied and agreeable character; for while to the north the level plantations of rice stretch luxuriantly forth, to the South and East the landscape rises in gentle undulations, gradually swelling into hills, until at length bursts into view the river, the beautiful river, flowing in a broad
and majestic volume to the sea, with all its ever changing, never ending, never tiring succession of enchanting scenery.

Still the beauties of nature are not the only charms of the environs of Savannah. Man, noble man, lord of the creation, has also done his part; and taking advantage of every circumstance favorable to his views, has gradually increased his dominion and reared his habitation, thus giving life to inanimation, and ornamenting the entire scene with splendid tokens of his taste, industry, and perseverance. I have been informed that a great portion of the improvements now visible, are the growth of the last few years; nor are they confined to the country—even the city has within twelve years, advanced far beyond its former bounds, and nearly doubled its circumference. All over the city the eye is fatigued with the endless succession of new and splendid residences. Here may be discerned every description of edifice, from the castellated mansion to the modest cottage. Were the spirit of Oglethorpe free once more to revisit this nether world, the house of his fathers, he would be surprised at the prosperity of what was known in his day as an obscure village.

Savannah stands on elevated ground. It is constructed with regularity and taste; many rich and beautiful trees lend their charms. Its streets are wide, sandy, and handsome. Congress is the principal business street. Broad is a beautiful street, one hundred and sixty feet wide. It is finely shaded by rows of live oaks. On this street are a number of fine residences; warehouses tastefully laid out, and in other days richly furnished, line these streets, while others diverge to the right and left, which are chiefly occupied by the merchant princes. At every opening salubrious breezes from the noble river, inspire health and vigor, and a walk to the harbor is amply compensated by the view of the splendid steamers which are coming up the river. Here a ship, laden with provisions, lies quietly at an-
chor, while before us a number of vessels, gaily decked in their many colored streamers, call forth our unbounded admiration. The scene was beautiful.

A more superb city view can hardly be presented than that from the cupola of the Court House. From this point you can count the palatial residences of the aristocracy, the market-houses, the banks, the asylums, the large and splendid hotels, the view of the Savannah river, the railroad depots, Fort Jackson, and the collegiate buildings.

Savannah, ere the war, was the market and emporium for the States of Tennessee, Alabama and North Carolina. Its foreign commerce was extensive and profitable. Vast quantities of cotton were annually exported from this city to European markets. Many magnificent enterprises had their origin in this venerable city. Here, in 1819, the first steamship that ever ploughed the ocean, was constructed. There have been here iron foundries, steam engine shops, rice mills, and steam lighters, once in flourishing operation.

The houses of the rich are noted for their splendor and elegance. Many of them are of stone, adorned with steps and basements of white marble. In their construction, beauty and taste seem rather to have been studied than comfort. The abodes of the lordly planters are perfectly enchanting. Bull street is one of the most beautiful and improved in the city. It is one delightful plain studded with elegant mansions. Among the private residences worthy of special note, as well for horticultural as architectural elegance, are those of Charles Greene, now occupied as the headquarters of General Sherman; the British Consul, Molyneaux, now occupied by General Howard, and the magnificent residence of one Lorrell, whose son is a Brigadier in the Confederate service. Greene's place is well arranged and admirably built. Every modern improvement and convenience are found in the house, while all the materials of workmanship are of the best character. It is indeed one of the finest structures in the land.
Judging by these superb houses, and scores just like them, there has been much private wealth in the city and its vicinity.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The public buildings also indicate the wealth, spirit, and generosity of the people. The bank buildings are grand and costly; the Marine bank will compare favorably with anything of the kind in the country. The hotels are large, commodious, and splendid. The Pulaski House is now in running order. The Court House building is handsome and substantial. It has recently been renovated. The public squares are neatly enclosed with palings. There are here, also a number of parks, laid out with much taste and beauty, shaded by trees and adorned with beautiful works, and other appropriate ornaments. Much credit is due those who planned and executed these tasteful improvements. The passenger depot is the finest I have ever seen in any country.

THE CHURCHES.

The churches are splendid specimens of architecture. The Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Roman Catholics, all have houses for religious service; and there are several churches for colored persons. Christ Church, Episcopal, is a very beautiful building. It has been destroyed four times by fire and hurricanes. The rector of this church is Bishop Elliott, a virulent secessionist. He is an excellent expounder of the Gospel of Jefferson Davis, having pronounced a number of discourses in favor of the slaveholding despotism. Apprehending the penalty due to his traitorous conduct, he left with his friend Hardee, and is now somewhere in South Carolina. Generals Sherman, Howard and Slocum attended Divine service yesterday at St. John's, where the prayer for the President was purposely omitted. One officer was so indignant at the intentional
slight to the Government, that he immediately left in no very amiable mood. It is reported that General Sherman gave permission for the omission. I hope, for the honor and dignity of the country, that this report is not true.

The Independent Presbyterian Church is the grandest of the denomination to be found in the South. The building is large and magnificently ornamented. Its situation is in the very heart of the city. Dr Axson, the pastor, is rather ancient in his style of oratory; it is acceptable, however, to his auditors, many of whom are in the sere and yellow leaf of their history. The Catholic Cathedral, although inferior in grandeur and dimensions to many similar structures in the North, is an extensive, a commanding and an interesting building. The Bishop, on Christmas, preached a rather novel sermon. Addressing the Yankees, he greeted them, hailed their advent, and commended them and their cause to the benediction of Almighty God. The Methodists have a neat, substantial church. It has a large membership and an eloquent pastor. The vicinity of the Methodist Church is rich in historical associations. A few yards distant is the spot where Wesley first preached on American soil the glorious Gospel. The site where he preached is now occupied as a livery stable.

The Methodist Church is a plain building, located in a pleasant portion of the city. This church has been built for a number of years, has a large membership and an able pastor. A few paces from the church is the site of the old temple where the sainted Wesley first preached the Gospel. The old temple has been displaced by a livery stable. There is something that overpowers the heart as we look and gaze on that spot, where Wesley initiated the great religious movement of the age. A thousand reflections dash at once across our brain, and in the intensity of feeling we cannot but exclaim: "What hath God wrought?" When the brave preacher commenced his mission of Wesleyism, the nobles and Parliament of England frowned on him, and
yet his system spread, until to-day his disciples are numbered by thousands. We can account for this wonderful prosperity in the last recorded utterances of the dying patriarch, "The best of all, God is with us." The first families of Savannah still retain the old prejudice against Wesley and his cause.

PULASKI’S MONUMENT.

Who has not heard of Pulaski, the gallant Pole, who fell, fighting for American Independence? Nothing can exceed in grandeur and beauty the stately monument erected to the memory of that heroic Pole. It was built about thirteen years ago. The hero is represented on the monument as being mortally wounded. He is in complete armor, from crown to feet, and belted with his trusty sword. The sides and edges are beautifully sculptured. On the South side of the monument is this inscription:

"Pulaski, the heroic Pole, who fell mortally wounded, fighting for American Liberty, at the Siege of Savannah, 9th October, 1779."

I love to contemplate these magnificent shafts of moral marble—this memorial of departed worth. Whatever flings the mind forward to futurity, or makes it revert to "the deeds of other years," improves at once the understanding and the heart. That man says Johnson "is not much to be envied for his stoicism, whose patriotism would not be warmed upon the field of Marathon, or his piety exalted and inflamed amid the ruins of Iona."

The prospect is that a portion of this army will enter on another campaign. The Twentieth Corps will probably remain here. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth will go somewhere. The troops are eager for the march.

A loyal paper has been started in this place call the "Loyal Georgian." The people are generally Union. The Irish and Germans, without a solitary exception, are loyal to the core. They hailed our arrival with
tears of joy. To them the old flag is an emblem of hope and a signal of salvation. The real natives have a thorough contempt for the Irish, and wish they were in the bottom of the sea, or in some other place.

I have devoted time and attention to an examination of all that could interest in the shape of public and charitable institutions. Certainly Savannah is deservedly placed in the front rank of cities for intelligence, learning, splendor and all the graces that go to make a people great.

The spacious streets, the superb residences splendidly decorated, the stately churches, the venerable cemetery, the charming fountain sparkling in the sunshine—these are a few of the attributes of this beautiful sea-board city. Could James Oglethorpe awake from his distant tomb, and revisit his beloved city, what emotions would arise, when he beheld the noble river crowded with splendid steamers, the bay thronged with capacious store-houses, filled with rations, and all the activities of a growing city. Could the founder of that poplar creed, Methodism, also revisit the sacred spot of his once arduous labors, and behold the beautiful temples dedicated to his Divine Master, filled every Sabbath with large and devout congregations of soldiers and citizens, verily, he would exclaim, “Nunc Dimittas.”—“My cup of joy is full, let me depart in peace.

The custom-house is a large and commodious building, with some pretensions to architectural grandeur. The Pulaski Monument is a grand specimen of architecture, devised by the patriotism and munificence of the city corporation. This monument is equal to any in the famed Abbey of Westminster. The Whitfield Orphan Asylum is a compact and neat structure. The Marine Hospital is a large building with wings, surrounded by a noble plain. The grounds are tastefully laid out and planted with trees.

THE CEMETERIES.

Savannah, among other things, is distinguished for the variety and splendor of its cities of the dead. The
oldest one is situated in the center of the city, and is surrounded by a large stone wall. The vaults, many of which are still entire, merit the particular notice of the traveler, both on account of their size and extraordinary construction. The most costly monuments, which once were the glory of the people, are now fast falling into decay. The remains of some of these ancient memorials, are at present unimposing. In the days of the revolution, and long before it, this was the favorite burying-ground for the citizens of Savannah. It fills one with melancholy ideas of departed grandeur, to see the stately monument gradually crumbling beneath the touch of time; and everywhere can be seen the sad evidences of neglect and sacrilege.

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The moralist may find a pleasing object of contemplation, the painter a glowing subject for his pencil, but here, where the ruins are not sufficiently old for this—where time has not wrought the entire destruction of the noble and venerable memorials of the past—yet one cannot but deplore the dilapidated condition of the "City of the Dead," where repose the remains of the gallant Pole, Pulaski. As I strolled alone, meditating among the tombs, I felt as if the ground was holy. Here is the vault containing the remains of General McIntosh, a revolutionary officer. He was interred with all the honors of war. Near by is a beautiful cenotaph to a lovely girl, who was lost in a storm at sea. A short distance from this, is a superb monument to the Rev. Dr. Kollock, for a number of years an eloquent orator, and pastor of the Independent Presbyterian Church in Savannah. This memorial was erected by his congregation. Here, also, in a family enclosure, lies Sir Patrick Houghton, President of his Majesty's Council in Georgia. He came over to this
country with Oglethorpe. I might mention the names of several distinguished orators, statesmen, divines and heroes. 

The new cemetery is situated about half a mile from the city. It occupies an area of several acres, and is full of rural and picturesque beauty. It is diversified with hill and dale, adorned with forest and floral charms; and intersected with shady and meandering walks. The more elevated portions of the grounds are nearly level, and laid out as places of interment; but taste and fancy have frequently led to other locations of a wilder, more sequestered and more romantic character, for the repose of the cherished dead. Around, and in it, are several cypresses and weeping willows. Carriage-ways, foot-walks and broad avenues are laid, wherever necessary. Many of the lots are enclosed with iron, and hansomely improved with monuments and the most choice shrubbery, making it emphatically a “garden of graves.” Most of the cemetery is thickly wooded by a young and thrifty growth, interspersed with the towering poplar, giant oaks, graceful cypress, beech, sycamore, cedar, juniper, silver firs, and with flowers. These, with the improvements and diversified landscape, cannot fail to attract the attention and leave deep impressions on every visitor. The beauties of the scene disarm death of half its terrors.

The Catholics have a charming cemetery on the road to Fort Sherman. The monuments are of the richest and most improved character. Some sacrilegious hands have despoiled this lovely spot of many of its ornaments.

REVIEW OF THE FIFTEENTH CORPS.

The review of the renowned Fifteenth Corps on Saturday was everything that heart could wish, and the most brilliant auguries of its admirers were fully realized. The morning was clear and beautiful. Several of the finest streets were lined with veteran regiments, and the procession as it marched along Bay street,
seemed like a huge caterpillar of gorgeous colors slowly moving on innumerable legs, keeping pace to the strains of martial music. The matchless battalions composing this Corps are mostly veterans, and were among the first to respond to the call of the country. The flags with which they started out have been raised aloft on many battle-fields; most of them have been soiled and stained, and riddled in the hurricane of fire and iron, to which they have been exposed. A braver, nobler, set of men never left their native States to battle for the right. Nobody, we will venture to say, who looked upon that sea of heads, will dispute this statement. As this historic Corps marched with soldierly step through the streets, a single impulse seemed to animate all—a determination to rise to the grandeur and full emergency of the crisis that is now upon us. This review of the veteran regiments was great, emphatically; great in numbers, great in enthusiasm, great in patriotism, great in devotion, great in character, great, sublime, in object. The triumphal movement of this Corps, with all the splendor of glorious war, recalls old history and reminds us of the Crusaders. Every State of the Union and every nationality under Heaven, is represented in Logan's command. They have flocked to his standard from the green hills of the East, from the rich States of the imperial centre, and from the distant shores of Golden California. I noticed several Irish regiments, carrying the green banners, which were shot through and through. The Nineteenth Illinois (Irish Legion) number only one hundred muskets. In the gallant charge at Fort McAlister they lost eight killed, and twenty wounded. The arrival of the gallant Logan, and the desire to see him, had collected an immense assemblage of citizens and soldiers of other Corps.

A NEGRO MEETING.

The colored population, to the number of several thousand are corralled here, preparatory to some final
disposition. These Africans are moral and intelligent. They understand and thoroughly appreciate their present condition and prospects. Two thousand recently went to Beaufort. I attended a meeting of colored people in the Baptist Church a few days ago. The building was packed to its utmost capacity, and hundreds stood during the whole evening, while hundreds of others came and went away, being unable to find even a place to stand. The meeting was opened by one of the brethren in a prayer of great pathos and rare power. He paused in the midst of his supplications and offered up a thrilling supplication for the great army that had delivered them. In a strain of rude but hearty eloquence, he thanked God that the black people were free, and forever free. The whole congregation here gave vent to their joyous emotions, in bursts of: Glory to God! Hallelujah! Praise his name!

The following hymn was read and sang with wonderful power:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know
The year of jubilee has come."

The effect of this stirring poetry on the assembly was thrilling. The elder, who read the hymn, when he came to the words: The year of jubilee is come! was so overwhelmed with emotion, that it was impossible for him to proceed. The audience caught the magical influence, and then a scene ensued which baffles description. All classes, black and white, old slave owners, and the soldiers of the army were alike affected.

That staunch patriot and eloquent minister, Mansfield French, well known in Ohio, as the friend of the negro, was the principal speaker. He called the attention of the emancipated to the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them in their present position. He recommended them to cultivate habits of honesty, purity, thrift and enterprise; admonishing them of
the necessity of industry on their part; advising them to love their old masters, and not cherish feelings of revenge.

At every mention of the Union, and Liberty, and the names of Lincoln and Sherman, the walls almost trembled beneath the thunder which followed. When the orator declared the re-election of Mr. Lincoln as the guarantee of their freedom for all time, the vast gathering rose to their feet, and with shouts and tears, returned thanks to Almighty God. Never did the painter find a nobler sight for his pencil than the spontaneous uprising of that liberated people. What a lofty ambition for one man to be the emancipator of the oppressed! History, who keeps a record of events, will hand down the name of Abraham Lincoln to posterity on her brightest page. Our hearts yearn to thee, noble patriot. We are lifted up in wonder and admiration; when we see thy cheerful endurance, thy uncomplaining spirit; we respect and honor thee. Brother French electrified the multitude by earnest outbursts of glowing patriotism, which was received with cheer upon cheer. But it is useless to attempt to convey any adequate idea of the great meeting held in the Baptist Church. The colored population of Savannah send greeting, a solid, enthusiastic greeting to their brethren in other States and cities throughout the length and breadth of the land, and ere long, we trust and expect similar meetings will be held everywhere.

REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY.

This long expected equestrian sight took place today, on South Broad and Bay streets. It was witnessed by a very large concourse of the citizens, who were anxious to see the great wizard of the saddle—the man who always whipped their Wheeler. General Sherman, in reviewing this splendid Corps, was accompanied by several distinguished officers. I noticed Secretary Stanton, Generals Meigs and Barnard. At the conclusion of the review some one in the crowd called for three
cheers for Stanton. He made a graceful acknowledgment, and asked in return three cheers for Sherman, Kilpatrick, and the President. These cheers were given with great eclat. The Secretary looks hale and hearty. If he succeeds in getting more rations to this army his visit will be of some use.

The Christian Commission have formed a Society here, and opened extensive rooms for the sole benefit of the soldier. There is no organization that is doing so much good to the army as the Christian Commission. This very day I witnessed scores of our brave boys being furnished with paper, envelopes, pens and stamps. The generous people at home cannot apply their funds to a more worthy cause than that of the Christian Commission.

The Sanitary Association contemplate establishing a branch society as soon as practicable. When this Commission apply the stores at their disposal to the sole benefit of the soldiers, it does much good, when, as is often the case, the gifts of a generous people are monopolized by certain hospital loafers, then, the institution becomes a nuisance.

SHERMAN'S ARMY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The veteran army of Sherman is actually in the Palmetto State of South Carolina. It was in this factious State that the atrocious rebellion of the slaveholders, fired the first gun at the nation's life, imperiling the noblest government that was ever instituted to secure to men their property, liberties, and rights.

We are at present on the Savannah and Charleston railroad, forty miles from the latter place and twenty miles east of Beaufort. We took our departure from the Forest City with the most pleasing recollections of its beauty, hospitality, and grandeur. With many reminiscences of hours of enjoyment, spent in the society of kindred spirits, whose grand devotion to the Union, during the sad years of Confederate rule, entitle
them to the love and admiration of every loyal man. The privations and sufferings these simple, noble-hearted people underwent for the sake of the old banner, sounds more like fiction than fact. Many of them were reduced to beggary and utter ruin, because they could not chant the litany of slavery, or bow the suppliant knee to the Davis despotism.

The advent of the matchless battalions of the Union into this city, was hailed by these patriots with the most tumultuous orisons. Such enthusiasm could not be expected in the extreme New England States. In some portions of Georgia, the women could be seen in the windows of their elegant mansions, casting a significant and scornful smile at the conquering heroes of the country; but no sooner had we gained the beautiful sea-board city, than shout after shout went up from joyful hearts in response to the waving of the flag by our soldiers. At the corner of every square we would see brave men and fair women pressing forward, in order to give some token of their gladness at our advance. Honor and glory be decreed to those uncomplaining, unyielding Unionists of Savannah, who, in the darkest hours of slavery, stood forth the advocates, and, if need be, the martyrs, of United America. A grateful people shall ever hold them in remembrance.

MORE ABOUT THE CITY AND ITS SUBURBS

Savannah is indeed a most captivating city, and its attractions have left imprints on the mind which are seldom forgotten. Let us give a hasty glance at a few of the public and private characters. There was the most elegant and superb residences I had seen in the Confederacy. There was the Custom House, a large and commodious building. There was the stately pile of the Post Office building, with its beautiful location on Bay street, fronting the noble river. There was South Broad street, the widest and richest street in the city. There was the Female Orphan Asylum, a compact and costly building, situated on what was, a few
years ago, the verge of the commons. Here thousands of fatherless children have been trained for immortality. There was the Medical College Institute, with its gardens, walks, splendid rooms, extensive library, and its examination hall, decorated with pictures of the most renowned savans of the Republic. There was Christ Church, a perfect gem of architecture. There was the Monument, in the form of an obelisk, to Nathaniel Greene, standing forth in simple sublimity. There was Forsyth Park, with its sweet inclosure of flowers and trees, with its crystal fountain shining in the sunlight.

There was the unique squares—St. James, Pulaski, Johnson, Chippewa, Wright, Calhoun, Monterey, Franklin, Madison—each as large as a village, and crowded by the elite of the city, soldiers, merchant princes and handsome women. There were the Exchange, the State Arsenal, Market-House, Lyceum Hall, Court House, Theater, Gymnasium, Masonic Hall—all superb buildings. There was the noble Church of the Presbyterians, by far the finest religious house I had seen. There was the splendid monument of Italian marble, to the patriot Pulaski, who fell mortally wounded but a few feet from the spot where his monument now stands. Its sides are carved with the ensigns of America and Poland, as well as a touching representation of the hero falling from his steed, wounded by the cursed British bullets.

The summit is crowned with the Angel of Liberty, holding in her hands Justice and Freedom. As I beheld this stately memorial, embowered in the most gorgeous trees, I could not refrain from taking off my hat before that once brave and chivalrous man.

The United States fortifications are worthy of notice. Fort Pulaski is situated on Cockspur Island, fourteen miles from the city. It is a massive structure of brick, of which about 13,000,000 were consumed. The entire cost of the building was a million of dollars, and took sixteen years to construct it. Fort Jackson, named after Governor James Jackson, is situated on the south
side of the river, about three miles from the city. It was projected some sixty years ago. It is situated on an important point for the defense of Savannah.

Jasper Springs, on the Augusta road, is memorable for the rescue of our prisoners from the British by the intrepid Jasper, a Sergeant in the revolutionary war. The remains of Whitfield Orphan Asylum are about nine miles from Savannah. It was erected in 1740, and sold in 1808 by the Legislature. Several relics of other by-gone days have been found amid the ruins of the Orphan-house, among them a sun dial of beautiful workmanship, and a medal, struck in memory of Whitfield. Gibbon's plantation derives its speciality from the battle fought there between General Wayne and a body of Creek Indians, commanded by Gunster Sigo. Branton's Hill was the place where the British landed preparatory to their attack on Savannah. Thunderbolt received its name, according to Oglethrope, from the fall of Thunderbolt.

Bonaventure is four miles from Savannah, known as the seat of Governor Tatnall, one among the lovely spots in the world. It is now called the "Ever-green Cemetery." It has an area of 70 acres. Its avenues are broad and arched by Spanish towers. And, oh! that splendid cemetery itself. I never before saw death in such beauty, in such grandeur of aspect.

THE MARCH INTO SOUTH CAROLINA.

Once more in the field. A new campaign of stupendous importance looms up grandly before us. The victorious hosts of Sherman are eager to tread the soil of South Carolina. On the morning of the ______ a trooper arrives with the order to be ready to move in twenty minutes. Haversacks are replenished, pistols are loaded, surplus baggage is given to the winds, and the Third Division of the Fifteenth Corps takes up the line of march for the "Queen City of the South." Owing to a regular Carolina flood, a part of our Corps
became detached, and was compelled to retire back to the city with the loss of their wagons. This unusual movement of the waters was very unexpected and sudden—seldom, if ever, happening before. From this untoward event the rebels in Savannah argued disaster to our Brigade, which had to thread its way through swamps, and sandy roads, to the point of concentration. The sequel will show the result.

The first night we bivouacked twelve miles from Savannah, near the pleasant town of Hardeeville. The route, for the first day, presents very little variety of scenery and of scene. The country was level; studded everywhere with extensive rice plantations. To describe the miserable roads would be impossible. The next day the march is resumed. What weather! The morning is extremely unpleasant, and the terrible rains of the night continue; scores of streams and creeks had to be forded, and corduroy bridges to be hastily improvised. The efficient pioneers soon repaired these roads and bridges.

The storm after a time ceases. The sun shines clear and mild. We pass a grand residence, owned by one of the rich bloods of the South. Its groves, trees, flowers, foot-walks, avenues, all having some beautiful floral name, render it a place of great loveliness. Colonel Weaver, of our command, was fortunate in finding the original deed, granted by the Duke of Beaufort and other Lords to Isaac Lowndes, for forty-eight thousand acres of land. This document was a curiosity, being nearly three hundred years old. The gallant Colonel designs presenting it to the State of Iowa or to the War Department. He says he would not take five hundred dollars for it. The signatures of the Duke and Baronet are in a full, bold hand. The present owner had hurriedly left on our approach. We took our leave of this Paradise of silence and beauty with feelings of an indescribable nature; feeling with Keates that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
The command, having traveled thirteen miles over such horrible roads, were anxious for the reign of night. They lay on the sandy soil, thoroughly soaked, and still they slept soundly and sweetly. In the morning we were startled by a drenching shower, a significant token of another miserable day. The clouds had been gathering and now drop their contents upon the wearied troops. For hours it poured, attended with thunder and lightning. The scene was awfully grand. Occasionally it appeared as though the flood-gates of the sky were fully opened upon us in incessant and overwhelming showers. Now for a flood. The boys dash furiously up to their knees in rivers—what care they for these unpropitious omens? They are in South Carolina, on their way to Charleston, and the utter destruction of that doomed city brightens every eye.

We have now marched seventeen miles, when General Smith ordered a halt. As the sun went down, hundreds of pine fires soon lit up the woods with a strange and singular splendor. The boys in blue were soon drinking their coffee, and eating the substantial hard tack. Getting warmed, they cuddle together and prepare for the luxury of sleep. Thus closed a most eventful day. The night was cold, bitter cold, which made us all more and more uncomfortable. The march, thus far, was wretched in the extreme. Nothing but the prospect of seeing Charleston could nerve the fatigued troops.

At five o'clock the next morning the drum beat, the reveille sounded, and in twenty minutes we were ready for the journey. The day, cold and misty, would still pester us with showers. All the way we passed objects reminding us of Hardee's speedy exit. Here is a gulch in the road, were we were jammed together,—infantry, artillery, ambulance trains—all mixed up in one wet, muddy mass of confusion. A short distance from here is a soldier's grave, doubtless a consecrated shrine in the heart of some mother or sister, or wife—the nameless grave, where fancy often roams, to drop soft silent tears of uncured grief. Would that I could
point the place to the searching spirit of the mourning one. Whoever laid him there, left no evidences of his name or regiment—

"They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

South Carolina was the proper battle-field; there treason had its stronghold, there the vile traitors live who first plotted this infamous conspiracy. For every reason South Carolina should be made the battle-field of the war. It is the one State where hatred to the Union, the Constitution, and the laws has infected nearly the whole population. With characteristic selfishness, the South Carolinians from the very beginning of the rebellion, showed their anxiety and determination at every hazard to keep the war out of their borders. Their intrigues precipitated poor Virginia into rebellion; their demands made Jeff. Davis hasten the insurgent army to its posts in the old Dominion; they were the first to march Northward, and the loudest to declare that their precious South Carolina must be defended on the Potomac. All the ruin which has befallen Virginia, those calculating traitors are responsible for; they see without a thought of regret, the fair fields of sister States given up to the ravages of war, and they only can be touched by bringing destruction to their own homes.
CHAPTER XIX.

The Army on the Sacred Soil of Carolina.—Howard's Wing.—The Grandeur and Significance of the Campaign.—A Sketch of the State.—The Battles and Skirmishes.—The Hangers-on of the Army.—The Capture and Destruction of the beautiful City of Columbia.—Who Burned It?—Sherman or Hampton—Frightful Scenes.—Union Soldiers Rescuing the Churches from the Conflagration—The Rebels Paying the Cost.—A Summary of the Expedition.—The Movements of the Left Wing.—Doyle's Account.—The Ravages of War.—Full Details of Slocum's Column.—Kilpatrick's Great Cavalry Battle.

THE STARTING OF THE EXPEDITION.

There was something grand in the spirit and bearing of Sherman's army when the line of march was resumed for the State of South Carolina. There has been no grander sight seen since the sailing of the expeditions from the Greek Republic. The march of the British troops for the Crimea was a solemn spectacle; but this expedition of the Western troops was sublime. Never did the country behold a finer spectacle. The march through Georgia was the key of this glorious consummation,—the triumphant Sherman did not rest upon his laurels:—the hosts of treason were confounded by the unprecedented movements in Georgia, and no time was allowed them to recover from the blow.

Never in the history of this war, has the mail gone North, freighted with news so grand, so startling, so suggestive of overwhelming emotions, of mingled hope and success to the Union cause.

It was much, that Sherman had, with the suddenness of thought, thrust forth his veteran hosts into the very heart of the South, and proclaimed the supremacy of law and order. The world was still gazing in wonder at the strange and unexpected march through Georgia, when another and grander movement bursts forth.
There is scarce a corner in Europe, where the hearts of the people will not bound in response to the splendid deeds of the Union army. How soon these victories will end this horrid rebellion, Heaven only knows. But the voice of earnest patriot soldiers, demanding the restoration of loyalty in the revolted States, and with a fierce earnestness thundering at the very gates of rebellion, is grand beyond all sounds that have yet reached the ears of earthly listeners. It is almost a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, to turn from the heroic battalions of the Union, to the people of the South, so panic stricken, so without counsel, so confounded, and so despondent. The charm of slavery and secession have faded forever from the minds of even the aristocratic slave owners. These prime patrons of rebellion have, at last, awakened to the knowledge that they have been merely enacting the delusion of the theatre.

The soldiers entered on this campaign with light hearts and exultant feelings. The very hope of treading the soil of the wretched State that inaugurated secession, fired every heart and brightened every eye. They looked forward anxiously to the issues of an expedition which would materially affect the interests of the whole country. They felt, however, that through the superb skill of Sherman and his Captains, the Confederacy would be shorn of its strength, and the rebel army so thoroughly broken that it would not be able again to regain its power. The absolute necessity of victory was so completely infused into our army that they must conquer—with what anxiety the brave boys awaited the blast, that ordered them forward!

THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.

The face of South Carolina is like a triangle, having the Atlantic coast for a base, and Georgia and North Carolina, along its southern and northern frontier. It has an area of twenty million acres, and is divided into thirty districts, corresponding to the counties in North-
ern States. In 1850 the census showed a population of six hundred and sixty-eight thousand. Topographically considered, the country is level. Mountains are rare, but rivers are in abundance. There are very few lakes, the only one of any importance is in Barnwell district, presenting a beautiful sheet of water. Swamps and bogs abound in the lower portions of the State. Savannas or plains cover a considerable extent of territory. The margins of the rivers are of great fertility, and make excellent plantations.

The State embraces little variety of soil; nor is it less rich and varied in its immense forests of timber. A considerable portion of the districts through which we passed consisted of pine lands. The soil may be enumerated in three kinds: the tide and inland swamps, where rice, cotton, corn, and peas are cultivated; the salt marsh and oak land, where long cotton and potatoes are raised; then there is what is called the pine barrens, appropriated to the production of vegetables and fruits. In the vicinity of rivers are found all kinds of timber, such as magnolia, bush pine, and willow. A large portion of the land is poor, and it requires careful culture to supply the emergencies of the husbandman. In the middle districts sand hills arise to a considerable height above the adjacent lands. This soil produces scarcely any grass. I have said that the form is like a triangle, generally level. These tracts of lowlands enclose multitudes of rich and fertile plantations, watered by the innumerable streams and creeks that form so many noble rivers. These plantations are covered mostly with corn and rice fields. Nothing can be imagined affording a more perfect picture of rustic sweetness than many of these plantations. In some districts we found large plains, the verdure of which is maintained by thousands of perennial springs.

Its climate is like that of the West Indies; there is scarcely any frost, and the period of vegetation comprehends seven months.

Its immense forests of turpentine trees constitute one of the attractive features of this State. How eagerly
did we look at these lordly pines, and were delighted at beholding the dark, gloomy, yet picturesque forests, interspersed by here and there a cypress swamp, decorated by the fragrant myrtle. Mountain ranges are grand and startling, but these vast plains, and piney woods of turpentine celebrity, are sublime; there is nothing monotonous in the sight, and the large bodies of wild land, and the well cultivated farms form a pleasing view, and this valuable land is chiefly owned by the wealthy and cultivated by the slaves. It is true, that scores of poor men own farms, numbering from two to four hundred acres, but, having no slaves, the most of it is uncultivated.

These natural advantages indicate that this State is capable, under the hands of honest labor, of supporting as dense a population as any State of equal size in the Union. Slavery, however, has left its blighting curse upon the State, and consequently it has as yet scarcely commenced developing its inexhaustible resources. The magnificent schemes of railroad enterprise which pervades the North, have not, to any great extent, penetrated into the borders of the Palmetto State. Her progress in manufactures, mechanical, educational and other improvements, is behind any other State. The abolition of slavery will, in a few years, add one hundred per cent. to the population and wealth of South Carolina.

THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The inhabitants of South Carolina are classed as follows: Planters, farmers, cottagers, and squatters. This fourfold division resembles the system of castes which exists in England, and other monarchical countries. The planters have large incomes, live easy, enjoy much, work little, are high minded, imperious and domineering. They have the same pride of birth, the same high and haughty bearing, the same contempt of the masses, and the same aversion to labor and mechanical employments, that distinguish the aris-
tocracies of Europe. Their manners are polished and courteous. Their morals are reckless and dissolute.

The virtues of the second class, the farmers, are less showy, but their vices are fewer than that of the planters. They are more active and industrious, depending on their own exertions, and are better able to bear the frowns of fortune. They own few slaves. This class is not very large, and since the war commenced, their numbers are getting fewer. They are generally intelligent and have tolerable experience in the politics of the country. The third class are called Cottagers; they constitute a large number of the people. They are in a depressed state, having no slaves of their own, and unwilling to work with those of the more wealthy neighbors, and not being able to procure the position of overseers, many of them, having no resources left them, engaged in some slight business, which did not afford suitable employment. The conscription, however, has swept them into the ranks.

The lowest grade are the squatters or the poor white trash. These are a lazy, thriftless, thoughtless set, unimproved in either mind or morals.

SKIRMISHES AND FIGHTS.

By the way of recapitulation of the right wing, Howard's column, especially the 15th Corps, I will hurriedly cite a few items.

General Hazen commands the second division, a command that has rendered splendid service to the country. The main fight in which this division was engaged, took place at the Edisto river. The rebels attempted to stop our crossing this river, because of its being an important position. The enemy displayed great energy and courage in holding us in check, but the active brain of the gallant Hazen soon discovered another crossing, over which he threw Colonel Jones, with a brigade of fighting soldiers. These boys, getting into the rear, charged the terrified rebels, compelling them to flee in every direction. Our loss was three wounded. Sixty
prisoners were captured. This movement of Hazen was bold and successful. His brave fellows dashed on the rebels like a storm from the clouds, and so panic-stricken were the rebels that they came forward with white flags, shouting "Don't shoot us." The rebels were soon dislodged. Running to the hills, our patriot soldiers followed them there, and in two hours the rebel cavalry were seen scampering in a confused condition towards Winsboro'. The flag of the Union was hoisted on the capitol immediately. This was a splendid little fight, and should rank this division with the bravest troops of our army.

A patriotic scene took place when our soldiers were crossing on the pontoons. The 15th Corps, with the noble Logan, had reached the crossing. The splendid city of Columbia was in full sight, and the troops were in high spirits. It was then that the splendid bands of music struck up patriotic airs. The nervous Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia, produced powerful and thrilling effect. The veterans sung these standard pieces with the spirit and the understanding. It sounded in the ears of the chivalrous Southrons like mighty thundering.

General John E. Smith's Division, the oldest in the Corps, gallantly charged and drove the enemy from a difficult and well-entrenched position on the Salkehatchie creek. The veterans of this noble command were in excellent plight, and were ready for the use of the bayonet or the musket. The creek where the rebels, to the number of two thousand, had entrenched themselves, was very wide and boggy. The gallant Smith directed the Second Brigade, Colonel Weaver commanding, to advance right into the swamp. The boys received the order with a cheer, and off they went in splendid style. A murderous fire was poured into their ranks. Nothing blanched, the sons of Illinois, Iowa and Ohio swept right on, shooting and charging, until a cheer was heard, announcing the flight of the enemy. They form in a bold and definite line on the other side of the creek; but the Eightieth Ohio, Col-
SHERMAN’S CAMPAIGN.

Oneel Wetburn, and Fifty-sixth Illinois, Colonel Hall, led by the chivalrous Weaver, again pursued and routed the audacious foe. The Charleston Courier, speaking of this fight, pays a very high compliment to the courage and perseverance of our troops. It admits a very heavy loss to have been suffered by the Forty-seventh Georgia. It records a stubborn fact, when it says of the brave fellows: “That they determinedly rushed upon our works, when they were up to their knees in water.” All honor to this gallant little brigade and its brave commander. The Division commander, General Smith, directed all the movements. He is a brave, generous, noble man, combining the generosity of both the gentleman and officer. Though in appearance austere, I am told that he is a very kind-hearted man.

The First Division, commanded by General Woods, of Ohio, had the honor of skirmishing and fighting the enemy at the Wateree river, culminating in the capture of Columbia. Colonel Stone’s brigade, impatient to meet the enemy on the other side of the river, did not wait the laying of the pontoons, but improvised rude crafts and hurried over, amid the cheers of thousands.

THE CITIES AND TOWNS.

Columbia, the capital of the State, is a very handsome place, situated near the river, in the midst of an undulating country. A splendid prospect meets the eye in every direction. It is regularly and tastefully laid off, and the wide streets are shaded by rows of trees. The private residences are elegantly fashioned, and uniformly built. They indicate wealth and refinement. The gardens and public walks, for beauty and variety of flowers and ornamental trees, are unequalled by any that we have ever seen. The mansion of General Preston, is a truly magnificent structure. It is a commodious and elegant dwelling, and is arranged with taste and display. When I visited it, it was grandly furnished, with splendid carpets, plate, mirrors, library, and sculptured paintings.
Our first attention was directed to the superb paintings, many of them yet remaining in the splendid rooms. These pictures rank decidedly among the most perfect and most choice. Some of them are truly fascinating. The owner of this princely dwelling is in the rebel army. He is a brother of the eloquent W. C. Preston, and is possessed of many of his brother's gifts. The next house of importance is that of the famous Wade Hampton. It is surrounded by a lofty wall, and an enclosure, beautifully sprinkled with flowers and trees. In its construction it is very similar to the castles of the English lords. Several officers and soldiers were promenading in the grounds. General Hammond's mansion is of the gorgeous order, and is surrounded by a colonnade. The city of Columbia is sixty-five years old. Its population before the war was eight thousand.

The State House is a superb pile, and is justly celebrated in the South as one of the foremost of architectural beauties. Though incomplete, it cost over six millions of dollars. It was almost finished when the war broke out; the workmen, being from the North, left the city when the State seceded.

The Lunatic Asylum, the Methodist Female College, the State College, and the churches are splendid gems of architecture. They are indications of the wealth, elegance, and fine taste of the people. The eloquent and violent divine, Dr. Palmer, preaches here. He fled at the approach of our troops. His house was burned. Three noted rebel Generals have resided here—Gregg, Hampton, and Hood. The view of Columbia from the cupola of the Asylum, is enchanting. The morning was serene and lovely, and in the general aspect of the surrounding scenery, as well as in the brightness and purity of the heavens, the scenes became associated, in my mind, with the sacredness and quietude of the Sabbath.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

In the evening of the 17th of February, before our troops entered the town, several bales of cotton were set
on fire, it was supposed, by some rebel citizen. The wind blowing very heavily at the time, it spread with great rapidity, and in a few hours a whole block of large buildings, in Richardson street, was in flames. From these it caught to the extensive rebel store rooms, to the Episcopal church, thence to the Ursuline Convent, and thence to nearly every street in the city. Vast quantities of corn, flour, sugar, etc., were destroyed. The passenger depots, used as store houses, and filled with blankets and various other articles, were burned. Had it not been for the activity and magnanimous conduct of our troops, there would not be left one house as a shelter for those who fled from the smoking ruins of their burning dwellings.

I shall never forget the terrible scenes of that night. The sight was heart-rending; men, women and children rushed into the streets, from the showers of ashes and burning brands, that were falling in all directions. The houses were soon emptied. Half-eaten suppers remained on splendid tables. The infuriated negroes dashed four abreast through the deserted mansions, soon to be in flames. They glut their eyes on trunks and wardrobes. A few drunken soldiers push their bayonets into beds and tapestry. The cushioned carpets and splendidly gilt books are scattered everywhere. The mob spare nothing; ticks are ripped open, and rich laces lie in tatters. Chandeliers and crimson hangings are utterly destroyed. Silk dresses, just imported, costing ten thousand dollars, in long strips, stream out of the windows, and the negroes below catch them, and make apron strings of them.

Among the many instances which took place during that dreadful night, this one is most touching. A lady who had just removed her trunks to a place of safety, suddenly remembered that one of her little children was missing from the family circle. She came up to the spot where the beautiful house once stood, sobbing as if her heart would break, and commenced searching for the lost one. In her phrensy, she thought the child to be burnt; she looked wildly agonizing. Perceiving a
crowd of people, she rushed toward it, and beholding
the sweet little fellow in the arms of a soldier, she cried:
"It is my boy, it is my Charlie!" Then she paused,
and drawing herself up to her full height, a prayer of
gratitude breaks from her lips, and she beseeches
the benediction of the God of Heaven on the gallant
soldier, the savior of her child, and upon the holy cause
in which we are engaged. Grasping the dear child, she
called out, "Speak to me, Charlie." There was scarce
an eye in the crowd, that was not moistened with
tears.

Down into cellars and vaults the sable mob rushes,
and bring up mouldy-topped bottles of wine. Sitting
on the fragments of pianos they drink confusion to their
runaway masters. The scene beggars all description.
Timid and frantic women, in all the corners of the
streets—they have flung themselves from their burning
dwellings, and with their frightened little ones are gazing
at the smouldering remains of their former elegant
homes. The storm increases. At eleven o'clock it
begins to blow from the south-west, and the fire spreads
over the city in the opposite direction. The next morn-
ing, at two o'clock, every street was burning, and the
whole city was awfully and solemnly illuminated. The
turn out on the streets was immense, and the utmost
excitement prevailed. Thousands of soldiers did their
best endeavors to stop the terrible display of fire. In
vain! The streets through which the fire raged were
the principal ones of the place. Old men pronounced
it the most terrible scene they had ever beheld. Think
of twenty thousand, including all classes, suddenly
turned out of doors. Scores who rose that morning
with their thousands, are now penniless, homeless!
Refined and cultivated ladies are seen, in beseeching
attitudes, calling for help. They convulsively clasp
their little ones to their bosoms, and then utter a pierc-
ing prayer to Heaven for deliverance. Few who were
present, were unmoved at these scenes, and tears could
be seen on many a soldier's cheek.
Hark! what a tremendous crash! The very earth quakes. It is the explosion of a vast quantity of powder in the arsenal. What a gigantic fire—it blazes on all the adjacent squares! Thousands gather around it. The engines are dashing hither and thither.

The grand conflagration which destroyed the city, commenced about dark. The fire started near the rear of the jail. A high wind prevailed, and in a short time the flames were in full and unconquerable progress. The sky was one broad sheet of flame, above which, amid the lurid smoke, drifted in eddying circles, a myriad of sparks. These falling, scattered the seeds of conflagration on every side. The monotone of the hissing, waving, leaping tongues of flame, as they careered on their wild course, alone filled hearts with dismay. The air was like that of a furnace. The arsenal was burned to the ground. This vast and magnificent building, was wrapt in flame and smoke. As the wind swept the dense volumes away to the north-east, the southern slope of the roof, appeared composed of molten gold, instinct with life and motion. It soon fell with a tremendous crash, and immediately, as if with fiendish joy, the destructive element in a huge column of mingled fire and smoke, leaped unto the very skies. Morning revealed to some extent, the broad sweep of destruction. Eighty-five blocks in the city were burned, and Columbia is the Palmyra in the desert. Five thousand citizens were houseless. From the State House to Cottontown, nothing but blackened ruins remained. The beautiful city of Columbia no longer existed. It is a mass of charred ruins—Herculaneum buried in ashes.

A SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

On the 16th of February, the army of General Sherman met on the right bank of the Congaree River, opposite Columbia. In uniting, the right came into position on the left. The bridge over the Congaree and those over the Saluda and Broad Rivers, which unite
and form the former about one mile above Columbia, had been burned. (The latter streams are about as large, and the former perhaps twice as large as the Miami at this point.) To facilitate the crossing and to get into proper position, the Army of the Cumberland marched by the left flank, to a position about five miles, and the 15th Army Corps (Army of the Tennessee) about one mile up the Saluda from its junction with the Broad.

The 17th Army Corps, Army of Tennessee, went into camp on the bank of the Congaree within less than one mile from the center of the town. From our camp the whole city was in plain view. No troops, save a few skirmishers along the river, or citizens could be seen on the streets or about the town. I had never seen so much carelessness in exposing camps and troops, in plain view of a place occupied by rebels, and remarked to a captain of artillery that they could make us scatter by opening a battery on our camp, and the columns of troops marching on the road within musket shot of the town. "So they could; and I hope they will fire at us. We wish for a good excuse to blow the infernal town to the devil, and will do so on the first provocation. They know better, however, and will not disturb our sleep to-night." A few shots were exchanged between the pickets of the two armies across the Congaree and Saluda. Near our camp, and close by the road on which the 15th Army Corps was marching, were the remains of Camp Sorghum, where Federal officers had been kept as prisoners of war.

This camp, though occupying less space than is sufficient for that of 500 men, was crowded with 1,300 officers during the months of September and October, 1864, without huts, or shelter of any kind. Of late they had been supplied with some half dozen axes and shovels, with which they had dug cellars and constructed wigwams covered with earth. Streets and alleys had not been allowed for want of room, and these dog-houses were crowded together without any order whatever. As stories about the starvation of prisoners, sick, dying
for want of attention, in the burning sun—and another, which, for brutality, exceeds anything ever charged to Wirz, of a Lieutenant being hunted, mangled by bloodhounds while trying to escape, brought back and allowed to die without any aid being given to him by his captors, or allowed to be given by his friends—were related by the escaped prisoners to the crowds of soldiers visiting this camp, they became furious with rage against Columbia. The feeling of the Army of Tennessee is well illustrated by a profane and ferocious doggerel, which was sung by hundreds in the 15th Army Corps.

"Hail Columbia, happy land,
If I don’t burn you I’ll be d——d!"

This effusion was said to have been uttered by a Major General as he was crossing the Saluda. (It was not Sherman.) The doom of Columbia was decided at Camp Sorghum, and neither General Sherman nor any other man could have saved it from severe treatment, even had no other circumstances occurred. The 15th Army Corps crossed the Saluda with but little opposition, and encamped on the tongue of land between it and the Broad. Next morning (17th) about 8 A. M., loud and repeated explosions in the city were heard. At 9 A. M., an extensive fire was seen in the neighborhood of Charlotte railroad depot. From this to 11 A. M., cotton was seen burning in the streets. About this time brisk skirmishing was heard to the north of the city. Immediately a squad of soldiers from the 13th Iowa sprang into two small boats and paddled across the Congaree. On landing they started for the State House, in order to have the honor of raising the flag of their regiment on the building in advance of the 15th Army Corps. White flags were now seen on most of the houses and in the hands of citizens on the streets.

Just then the bugles of our division sounded strike tents, and we were in a few minutes on the route taken by the 15th Army Corps. As the route was encum-
bered with the trains of these troops, and some five miles in length, we did not reach Columbia until about 8 P.M. As we marched through the town there was no sign or appearance of fire anywhere. Crowds of intoxicated soldiers were on the streets crying: “here’s your whisky, here’s your tobacco.”

At 9 P.M., we reached our camp on the plantation of ex-Governor Adams, of slave trade revival notoriety. Scarcely had we gone into camp, when almost every other man came in with a box of Madeira wine on his shoulder, and a “high old time” was inaugurated.

It was reported that there were ten thousand bottles of the article in the ex-Governor's house, and a still larger quantity in that of Secretary Tenholm (pronounced Trennem). As to the amount, I can not say, but there was wine enough obtained from their houses to make more men in our division drunk than I ever saw in two years before. About 10 P.M. fire began to spread all over the city, and a noise from the grand revel could be heard.

About midnight an intimate friend who had been in the place from three o'clock in the afternoon, returned to the regiment and reported as follows: “The whole city is in flames, and the whole army is drunk. The place is swimming with liquor, brought from Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington by the blockade-runners, and abandoned. The citizens, in their desire to please the soldiers, deluged them with it, and men, women and children were on the streets handing liquor to every blue-coat that came along. The guards have been changed three times already. As fast as they are changed they get drunk. The fire companies brought out their engines and our men cut the hose to pieces. No one, or scarcely any, will try to stay the spread of the flames. General Sherman has been burned out once, and General Howard three times. It is the biggest drunk and the greatest fire I ever heard of.”

Next morning, in company with this same officer, I started to visit the ruins. On our way we met crowds of soldiers, “who were yelling, singing, waving gold
watches, handfuls of gold, jewelry and rebel shinplasters in the air, and boasting of having burned the town." One was staggering under the weight of a huge basket filled high with silver plate. As we passed by the Lunatic Asylum we were surrounded by hundreds of men, women and children, begging for protection. On the grounds attached to this building were thousands whom the fire had rendered houseless and homeless, congregated at the only place of refuge left in the city. "Near by, a crowd of soldiers, accompanied by a performer seated at a piano, were singing Brown." Arriving at Main street, we saw a grand and true picture of war in all its grandeur and horrors. Three divisions of the Army of the Tennessee were marching down this street "in all the pomp and glorious circumstance" of holiday parade.

Each brigade was headed by a brass band, as if in mockery of the name and people of the city, playing such airs as "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue." In the intervals of their performance, the drummers would strike up, "We'll Rally Round the Flag," and "Kingdom Coming." Flags were flying on which were inscribed the name of every battle-field from Wilson's Creek, on the West, and Fort Donaldson, on the East, to Vicksburg, from Memphis to Chattanooga, and from Chickamauga to Savannah. Beneath these flags, and to this music, the men from the Northwest, physically larger and stronger than any troops in the service on either side, bronzed by exposure, and blackened by the smoke from fires of pine, their clothes ragged, were marching with the firm step and steady tramp of veterans, entirely indifferent to the scenes around them. On this street, for near one mile, there was not a single house standing, and on a space as large as this city there were not twenty.

The streets throughout this district were covered with the broken and burned remains of furniture of every variety. Near the new State House a large bonfire of tobacco, nearly two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide
and five feet high, was burning, and wasting its fragrance on the air. A number of Jews were standing by, weeping and exclaiming: “Me poor, me starb, starb, starb. Your mens come in mine house, kicks me out, sets fire to mine house. Me carry mine topaccy out on the street. Your mens puts wood on him and purns all mine topaccy.” Around the new State House, however, were stronger evidences of the rage and hate of the soldiers toward every thing belonging to, or connected with, the State of South Carolina, than even the general appearance of the town. This building was unfinished. Most of the ornamental portion had not been removed from the boxes in which it had been brought there. “There were the remains of fluted columns, capitals, entablatures, friezes and cornices of the finest Italian marble, that had been destroyed by fire, defaced by blows from muskets, and mashed by axes and hammers.”

Even the monument erected by the State to the gallant dead of the Palmetto Regiment (1st South Carolina) in the Mexican war, had not been spared. It consisted of four iron columns, resting on a foundation of stone, and supporting an iron platform surmounted by a Palmetto tree of the same material, twenty feet high and painted green, a true copy from nature. On brass panels, between the iron columns below, were inscribed the names, residences, cause, and date of death of all the dead of the regiment. One of these panels has been battered to pieces.

At noon I returned to my regiment, engaged in destroying railroad near the city. Close at hand was a vacant building containing a fine library belonging to the Rhett, Barnwell, Heywood, and Middleton families. It was fired and burned in the presence, and without a word of remonstrance, of an officer commanding a brigade, who has since been a candidate on the Democratic State Ticket in a Western State. Late in the afternoon we went into camp some five miles from Columbia. There my friend joined the regiment and related a conversation that he heard between a committee of ladies
from Columbia and General Sherman. To their request for protection he replied: "Do not ask me for protection, I am an enemy and a destroyer." "Well, who will we go to?" "Go to Davis, Lee, Beauregard and Hampton." They can not protect us." "Then go to Wheeler. You made war on our government, declared us enemies, fired on our flag, and can now only look to those whom you chose for protectors, for protection." "Why, General Sherman," said one, "you took tea at my father's when you were stationed at Fort Moultrie?" "I do not remember of doing so, but it is quite likely I did. I often did so, but you were a friend then and you had not fired on Fort Sumpter?" "Well, General, did you not say at Savannah that you intended to let your army loose when you got into our State." "No, I did not say so." "Why then did you burn our town, or allow your army to do so?" "I did not burn your town, nor did my army. Your brothers, sons, husbands and fathers set fire to every city, town and village in the land when they fired on Fort Sumpter. That fire kindled then and there by them has been burning ever since, and reached your houses last night. Neither I, nor my army, nor Government, made this war. It was begun by your own friends." "Well, were you not in command of the army last night?" "I did not command my army last night, and can not command my men when they are drunk. The people of Columbia made them drunk. I saw well-dressed ladies handing them liquor by the bucketfull." "Will you allow us to go to Charleston?" "You have my full consent to go wherever you wish, but do not go there. If my army should go there, and it may do so, they will not leave one stone on another in that city."

It is due to General Sherman to say that the people of Columbia could never forget about their rights under the constitution. The correctness of this report was confirmed by one of the ladies on the committee. About nine P. M., the bugles of our brigade sounded "strike tents," and in a short time the brigade was under arms ready to march. An order was read to the men from
General Howard to General Blair to send the best disciplined and most reliable brigade in the Seventeenth Army Corps back to Columbia for guard duty, and that ours had been selected accordingly. We arrived there about eleven P.M., and guards were placed on duty over the town. Next day I strolled over the place and talked with a number of citizens. The report of G. W. Howe, D. D., whom many in the North will remember as Professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Columbia, on treatment received from friend and foe, was as follows: "I went to General Hampton, on hearing that he intended to destroy the bridge over the Congaree River, which was mainly owned by the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and begged him not to do so. I stated to him that his forces were entirely insufficient to oppose the army of General Sherman, that burning the bridge would only exasperate his (Sherman's) army; and would probably be used as a pretext for pillaging the city; that, at most, it would only delay their progress for a few hours, and that the bridge was owned by a charitable institution. He became very angry at me, bade me go—and threatened to hang me—using many abusive epithets. I was seized, hustled, and my life threatened by some of your men during the night of the 17th. My house was fired three times by the pillagers, and was put out by myself, assisted by a few of your men. I appealed to many officers and men for protection, but most of them laughed at me. I stated that I was a minister of the gospel; and was told in reply that preachers were the greatest rascals and meanest rebels in the South, and the very fellows they were after. Even when I asked for assistance in saving my house, they coolly informed that they owned no property in the town." The Doctor was really of the opinion that he had experienced rough treatment on all sides. A lady who was on the Committee that waited on General Sherman gave her opinion of that individual and Wheeler as follows: "He is very unfeeling and unkind. He spoke so very disrespectfully of our President, Mr. Davis—
calling him Jeff. Davis, and even Old Jeff. He insulted the first ladies of the place by referring them to General Wheeler for protection. General Wheeler is a Christian and a gentleman, but his men are terrible ruffians, and unfit to be the protectors of ladies. I have heard of greater outrages perpetrated by Tennesseans and Georgians in his command than I ever heard charged against the Yankees. The troops from those States hate the people of South Carolina more bitterly than they do the North. South Carolina seems to be forsaken by the Lord and hated by the troops on both sides."

A Catholic priest gave the following account of matters and things before and after our entry into the place on the 17th: "Every thing was terribly mismanaged by Wade Hampton and the citizens. The former refused to allow the Mayor to start to meet General Sherman, and surrender the place in form; even after his rear guard had left their position along the Congaree and were retreating, "he still continued to talk about fighting from street to street, and from house to house, and making a Saragossa of the place." After the depot and cotton on the streets had been fired by his orders, he called on the citizens to imitate the conduct of the inhabitants of Numantia—and of the Russians at Moscow, and on the ladies to imitate the example of the wife of Arsdrobel at the destruction of Carthage. The Charlotte depot was full of ammunition and provision, and a crowd of women and children collecting to get the provision—the explosion that occurred hours before your forces came into the town, killed and wounded nearly a hundred of them. In consequence of his refusal to allow the Mayor to meet General Sherman, your forces came into the place before he met any officer at all. The troops, that entered first, behaved very well and assisted the citizens in putting out the fire that was threatening the whole place. "The citizens had abundance of liquor that had been abandoned by the owners, and to secure the good will of your soldiers, deluged them with it." Most of the guards became
drunk. A general rush was then made by the soldiers for the houses and stores of blockade-runners, where they found large quantities of the same article. About nine P. M., a number of soldiers and escaped prisoners set fire to the houses of a number of citizens, who had been prominent in inaugurating secession and made themselves obnoxious to your men who had been our prisoners. "Though but few soldiers seemed to take any part in setting fire to houses, all favored the burning of the city. Scarcely any tried to stay or prevent it."

The Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum said that hundreds of soldiers came on the grounds attached to the institution, with torches in their hands to burn the buildings, but on his informing them of their character, retired, saying, "Lunatics had nothing to do with getting up the rebellion. We are not after lunatics." Different from these was the account of Mrs. ——, wife of Lieutenant Colonel ——, United States Army, who died at San Francisco in 1864, and was a brother of the gallant Major ——, killed at Palo Alto in the Mexican war. When the war begun her husband remained true to his flag, and she continued to live at Charleston until the great fire in 1861. Since then her home has been in Columbia. Though a native of South Carolina, her sympathies were well known to be in favor of the Union, and it was also known that she kept the old flag in her house. True to her feelings, no sooner had the rebel rear guard passed by her house than she hung out the stars and stripes. The bummers of the Fifteenth Army Corps, who had stolen away from their officers, came galloping by and halted to inquire its meaning. She came to the door and remarked, "I am glad to see you, boys." One of them replied, "Glad to see us—you, secesh are glad to see us. You want to save your house." "No," replied she, "my husband died in your army, and my brother was killed at Palo Alto. I was always a Union woman." "Your husband died in our army, and you a Unionist, in the State of South Carolina?"
SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

Just then her little girl came to the door and exclaimed: “Oh, here are our boys!” “Why,” said some one of the bummers, “I declare, here is one Unionist in the State of South Carolina. Three cheers for the only Union lady in the State.” Another said, “We must leave a guard here.” Four went on guard. As the crowd started on, one of the guards called out: “Tell the boys not to set fire to any of the houses near here.”

At one time during the night of the 17th, when the fire threatened that quarter of the town, one and all of the soldiers went to work and stopped its spread. Not only was this done, but the guard protected the houses of her neighbors at her request. The fire broke out simultaneously in three different places—the prison, where Union soldiers had been confined as prisoners of war; Wade Hampton’s former residence and the Congaree House. Wade Hampton, however, had sold this residence some time previous; it was still called the Hampton Mansion, and he had lately bought the residence of General Preston. This was not burned. His residence is on his plantation, near Columbia, but burned by a band of marauders, who left notice that they intended to leave no vestige of the Hampton’s property or family. This took place previous to Sherman’s army entering the State. My informant supposed that they were a band of Abolition emissaries. It may have been the work of escaped prisoners, but it is more than likely that it was done by deserters from the rebel army, who plundered and burned the houses of those who had been prominent in getting up the rebellion throughout the confederacy, during the last six months of its existence. On the 19th, hundreds of men were engaged in destroying the last vestige of everything that had been or could be used for military purposes. Houses that had been used for that purpose, were burned and battered down under the superintendence of General Sherman. Fires repeatedly occurred where houses were found to contain cotton, tar or turpentine. The guard declared they were cases of “spon-
taneous combustion,” the “heart of King Cotton becoming fired at the sight of the stars and stripes.” At 5 P.M., the large arsenal was blown up. The standing order on the march to the sea, to destroy Government property “in a manner more devilish than can be dreamed of,” was fully carried out. Next morning our brigade, the last of Sherman’s army, left the ruins of what had been a city of thirty thousand inhabitants in ruins.

The next place of interest is the handsome and snug little village of Liberty Hill. In this portion of the State many things are attractive to the traveler’s eyes. For days accustomed to swamps, bogs, pathless roads, creeks, and corduroy bridges, makes one believe and feel as if he had compassed the globe, or jumped the long blank in his history. The bewitching town of Liberty Hill is situated on an elevated plateau. The beautiful river which meanders by it, like a belt of silver, furnishes irrigation to the gardens and plantations. The spacious church, with its heaven-pointing spire; the splendid academy, the smiling and handsome women, all conspire to invest it with interest. To me, foot-sore and weary, it was like a magical creation. Aladdin's lamp could not have conjured up a brighter or more unexpected scene. It is an old place revised, enlarged and modernized. It is the Eschol of Cardina.

A few hours march from Liberty Hill, brought us to the country known down in Dixie, as Flat Rock. In this region, nature seems to struggle with herself; extremes meet; here, for the first time in the State, we have alternations of valley and mountain—rich and poor land—sterile wastes, and then bright, sparkling streams, with verdant banks. The prospect from this rock, is one of the finest and most extensive in the State, having the calmly-flowing Wateree on the right, and the mountains of North Carolina in the distance, with a vast range of luxuriant and rich country intervening. The setting of a February sun, was now added to the enchanting loveliness of the scene. I entered fully into
the enthusiasm of the poet, when, of a similar scene, he exclaims—

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spread all around,
Of hills and dales, and woods and rocks,
And towns and golden streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays."

Orangeburg has been a neat and enterprising city. It is situated on the North Edisto, seventy-nine miles north-west of Charleston. The first settlers of the place were German Moravians. The Cherokee and Cahawba Indians had preceded them. The town is built on a hill overlooking the river. From the rear of the place the land recedes slightly in alternate successions of beautiful prairie and choice timber, comprising magnolia, birch and willow. The Seventeenth Corps captured the town. A portion of it was destroyed by fire; caused by a rebel citizen who set fire to his cotton, rather than let it fall into our hands. The residences are fitted up with reference to durability and comfort, and are surrounded by a profusion of flowers and shrubbery, which add very much to their beauty and attractiveness. The only clergyman of the place, is a Methodist elder, named Chreisberg. I conversed freely with him on the war and kindred theories. He acknowledged the hopelessness of the rebel cause, and said that peace on any terms would be acceptable to the great majority of the people. He spoke highly of the good conduct of our troops. The only public institution of note in the place is the Orphan Asylum, where almost four hundred orphans, who would otherwise grow up in poverty and ignorance, are clothed and fed at the public expense. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and ornamented for the comfort of the children. The neatness and cheerfulness of these helpless ones, and the accuracy and the readiness with which they go through their appointed tasks, speak well for the fidelity of their teachers. They sung for us, several touchingly sweet hymns. The well known
one, commencing with the words "I want to be an angel," produced a thrilling effect.

Cheraw, on the Pedee river; is a beautiful town. The public buildings are substantial and handsome. For an old town, it presents a neat and elegant appearance. The squares have been finely improved. The residence of Mr. Lynch, the father of the Archbishop of Charleston, exhibits exquisite taste, combining both elegance and comfort. The town is over a hundred years old. The Episcopal church is a monument of revolutionary memories. This place was originally settled by Welsh emigrants, and they called it Chatham. It was afterwards changed to its present name. The place itself is associated with much that is glorious in the annals of the State. The dullest heart cannot fail to be roused by the traditions of this time-honored town. The citizens are weary and sick of the war, and earnestly desire its end. There are three rebel hospitals in the place, filled with sick and wounded. These poor fellows want the rebel authorities to lay down their arms and quit the infamous work of slaughter.

Reverend Doctor Brown, formerly of Virginia, is the Episcopal clergyman. He is a gentleman of fine mind and accomplished gifts. He studied in Gambier, many years ago, and spoke tenderly of Bronson, Badger, Blake, and a host of old friends. Three years ago, he was a fierce war man; now he assures me, he goes with all his heart for peace, on the basis of universal liberty. Though, he says, his beautiful church at Centreville was destroyed, and his dwelling burnt over his head at Fairfax, yet he loves the old Government. He was fortunate in meeting a nephew, Captain Buell, of General Howard's staff. A friend in need is a friend indeed. Doctor Brown corroborates the testimony of other leading ministers, in stating the approaching end of the rebellion. In the churchyard, there is a short inscription on a plain slab, which has excited the curiosity of more than one generation. Whether the deceased was a carpenter, a smith, a tinker, or, perhaps, an amateur
geologist; what his nativity, his age, his time of death, no record informs us.

FAYETTEVILLE.

Fayetteville is a city of magnificent residences, one of the oldest in the South. It was taken by the 17th and 14th Corps simultaneously. The army is in good spirits, and will move to-morrow, somewhere. The health of the troops thus far, has been excellent. The rebel troops are gathering at Raleigh. We may go there or to Goldsboro; perhaps to Richmond. I write these last lines in a very great hurry, as the boat is leaving. A courier volunteers his offices to take this communication through.

SUMMARY OF THE CAMPAIGN—STRENGTH AND EQUIPMENT OF THE ARMY.

It is next to an impossibility to state in exact figures the numerical strength of Sherman's army; but competent judges estimate the forces in round numbers, to have been, on leaving Savannah, sixty thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and five thousand artillerymen, pontoniers, engineers, &c. One hundred guns were about the amount of cannon at the service of General Sherman. Each of the four corps had with it a wagon and ambulance train of about one hundred vehicles; the cavalry, three hundred, and pontoniers and engineers two hundred more—making, in all, a train for the entire army of not less than four thousand five hundred vehicles. Army transportation, in moving, generally occupies a length of road in the proportion of one hundred wagons per mile. General Sherman's train, upon this moderate estimate, would fill a road forty-five miles in length.

The transportation was divided in four parts; each moved with its command on a separate road, thus avoiding the difficulty of campaigning with so great an incumbrance as a baggage and supply train nearly fifty miles in length. Each corps transportation was about ten
miles in length. The extent of country, front and rear, occupied by each column in moving through the country, was commensurate with the length of train.

**EXTENT AND DURATION OF THE CAMPAIGN.**

When we consider the duration of time that the army remained independent of its base, and the distance traveled, General Sherman's campaign through the Carolinas, stands prominent among the most wonderful feats of armies recorded in history.

The right wing left its communication with Beaufort, South Carolina, January 19, and marching nearly, if not quite five hundred miles, arrived at Goldsboro, North Carolina, March 25, thus being away from a base for the space of sixty-four days.

The left wing abandoned their base at Sister's Ferry, South Carolina, February 4, and reached Goldsboro March 5, after an interim of fifty days.

**MANNER OF SUBSISTING.**

During all this period, excepting fifteen days, for which rations were carried in the wagons, the corps subsisted on the country through which they passed. In order to accomplish this, each regiment, brigade, or separate command, organized foraging parties, which, under command of energetic officers, scoured the country on the flanks, and on by-roads, gathering in supplies of forage, flour, meal, chickens, bacon, &c., with which the rich plantations of Carolina abounded.

Fayetteville, on Cape Fear river, was made the means of landing a limited amount of rations for the army; but it was insufficient to supply its demand for one day. No actual base was reached until the corps arrived at Goldsboro.

**TOWNS VISITED.**

The following named districts and towns were entered. Everything found in them which could benefit the rebel cause, was taken or destroyed.
Beaufort District—Beaufort.
Barnwell—The towns of Barnwell, Midway, Hamburg, Blackville and Aiken, all wealthy communities of from one thousand to two thousand people—were visited by portions of the right and left wings.

Orangeburg—Orangeburg; population, one thousand five hundred.

Lexington—Lexington; population eight hundred.

Richland—In this district, Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, is located. Prior to its occupation by Sherman's army, it contained twenty thousand inhabitants. Before the war its population was not quite twelve thousand.

Kershaw—Contains Camden—the scene of a battle during the revolution—containing a population of about five thousand.

Chesterfield—Chesterfield Court House and Cheraw. The latter contains two thousand inhabitants, and was the scene of revolutionary strife.

Fairfield—Winnsboro; population two thousand.

Lancaster—Lancaster; population one thousand.

In North Carolina, the important towns of Winnsboro, Rockingham and Fayetteville were visited. Fayetteville contains five thousand people.

PROPERTY DESTROYED.

In all of the places above named, and in many others along the route, wherever public property could be found, or property of any description that would aid the forces opposing us, it was destroyed. Depots, car-shops, and manufactories were burned. In Columbia, Cheraw and Fayetteville, the demolition of this kind of property was immense. The Confederate Government had extensive establishments in all these towns. At Columbia and Fayetteville the arsenals were torn down; their contents made use of or destroyed. The Fayetteville Arsenal of construction, was one of the main sources from which the enemy drew his supply of munitions of war. The loss is undoubtedly as severe as any the rebel cause has yet felt.
The following railroads were crossed by Sherman’s columns; their culverts and bridges were more or less torn up and the rails twisted:
- Savannah and Charleston Railroad.
- South Carolina Railroad.
- Columbia Branch, South Carolina Railroad.
- Greenville and Columbia Railroad.
- Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad.
- Florence and Cheraw Railroad.
- Camden and Branch South Carolina Railroad.
- Wilmington, Rutherfordton and Charlotte Railroad.
- Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, (in use.)
- Newbern and Raleigh Railroad, (in use.)

The extent to which these railroads have been demolished, will render their repairs by the confederates a matter of improbability. The amount of material necessary for the work, is hardly to be found in the South. The two last roads in order are now employed in forwarding supplies to General Sherman’s new base near Goldsboro.

RIVERS CROSSED.

A glance at the map of the Carolinas, will illustrate to the most casual observer, the difficulties with which General Sherman in penetrating the country, had to contend. The many rivers and creeks which cross the country in every direction, form obstacles such as are seldom met with in the movement of our armies.

The passage of the following rivers was safely effected by means of pontoons: Savannah river was crossed at Savannah; Saluda and Broad rivers, at or near Columbia; the Cahawba, at Rocky Mount; the Pedee, at Cheraw; Cape Fear river, at Fayetteville, North Carolina, and the Neuse river near Cox’s Bridge, three miles from Goldsboro.

The principal bridges constructed by the engineers were at the north and south forks of the Edisto, at Lynch’s Creek, and over the Black and Lumber rivers in North Carolina.
SWAMPS AND QUICKSANDS.

The territory of South Carolina, except the country lying north and west of Columbia, and the region extending from Cape Fear river to the Neuse, in North Carolina, is very low and swampy. Swamps, extending miles in extent, occupy a great portion of the country, while the other portions seem to be filled with dangerous quicksands, over which men must pass carefully, and animals, with loaded teams, cannot pass at all, save over bridges or corduroy roads. In order to pass our trains in safety over these difficult places, it was necessary to lay rails or timber transversely on the roads, thus rebuilding them sometimes for miles. Very many days were occupied by the command in this kind of work—a necessary occupation, unless the abandonment of the entire train were preferred. It is calculated that the army laid two hundred miles of corduroy road.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Although there were very few hours when some divisions was not in contact with the enemy, the noteworthy engagements were very few. The principal fights are as follows:

Pocotaligo—Fought by the right wing at the inauguration of the campaign. The enemy driven in confusion.

Edisto—A brigade of Hood’s army contested the crossing of the North Fork of the Edisto, with the Twentieth Corps. Union loss fifteen killed and wounded.

Aiken—Feb. 12—Kilpatrick’s cavalry repulsed, but subsequently reinforced and victorious. Union loss reported fifty-six killed and wounded.

Columbia—The Fifteenth Corps became engaged with the enemy, Feb. 16th, before the city. Hampton evacuated on the 17th of February.

Fayetteville, N. C.—General Kilpatrick’s camp charged by Wade Hampton’s command, about ten miles
west of Fayetteville. The camp was surprised and captured, but was subsequently recaptured.

Black River—March 16.—An engagement between two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, under General Slocum, and the enemy under Hardee. Three lines of rebel works carried by assault, with a Union loss of 1,050.

Mill Creek—Battles of the 19th, 20th, and 21st, between General Sherman’s army and the combined forces of the enemy under General Johnston. The latter defeated and driven from the field. General Sherman’s loss about 3,000 killed and wounded.

CAPTURES.

Independently of the enormous trophies found in Charleston and Wilmington, direct fruits of Sherman’s victories, the army which marched in the interior captured about sixty pieces of artillery, five thousand prisoners, and almost fifteen thousand stand of arms, besides ammunition and ordnance stores in profusion. All that could not be carried was rendered useless and abandoned.

SUPPLIES AND FORAGE.

The animals employed in Sherman’s army numbered at the least thirty thousand. They were fed exclusively from the granaries and corn-fields of the country through which they passed.

Estimating the subsistence captured by the army from a knowledge of its wants, which all concede were fully supplied during the campaign, the following calculations of the amount taken from the country and consumed will be found nearly correct.

Fifteen thousand head of beef cattle, five hundred thousand pounds of bacon and pork, three million pounds of flour and meal, one million bushels of corn, five thousand horses and mules.

In addition to the foregoing may be added a countless variety of articles of food or general utility. The only
want which is at the present moment unsupplied, is that of clothing. Of course none that would be captured from the enemy could be of service to our men. Their uniforms and shoes are worn out. But the railroad is being used to its utmost capacity in equipping the Corps and refitting them preparatory to a new campaign.

General Schofield’s command is performing the duty necessary at the depots, while General Sherman’s veteran campaigners are resting from their late arduous march.

South Carolina is reaping at last the consequences of her treason. Though the chief instigator of the rebellion, her people have yet, until very recently, almost entirely escaped the evils which have fallen upon the sister States which she hurried into a participancy in her mad crime. While the war of her creation has depopulated other sections, ravaging the fields, obliterating towns and cities, and filling whole communities with suffering and death, disaster has not come near her doors; her fields have not been devastated; her people have only now and then felt the pressure of calamity. But at last, to her lips also, the chalice is presented. The danger she has defied is upon her in fatal earnest. A hostile and irresistible army treads her soil, laying waste her luxuriant plantations, arresting her cultivation, breaking down her haughty pride, and inflicting upon her people, with fullest measure, the losses and pains which they have braved and scorned through all the years of conflict. Now, if never before, South Carolinians will learn what it is to have a great army, stirred and moved by memories of the part they have played in precipitating the nation into the bloody struggle, sweeping with unpitying purpose over peaceful fields, and through affrighted and defenceless towns. Now, following the desolate track of Sherman’s majestic columns, and witnessing everywhere the wreck and ruin they have left as memorials of their presence, these rebel cavaliers who claim to be better stuff than Puritan mudsills, and boast a purer blood than flows in
Northern veins, may see how fearful is the crime they have committed, how terrible the punishment it has invoked, and how false all their pretensions of superiority, and all their hopes of defense against aroused national law.

Nor will she find sympathy in her sufferings. She has sowed the wind; now when the whirlwind is come, prostrating all her vaunted strength, and carrying desolation everywhere, she must be content to sit, unpitied, among the ruins. The thousands of homes she has filled with mourning, the unnumbered hearts she has wrung with anguish, are all witnesses of the justice of her punishment. Let her drink the cup she has brewed, and lie on the bed she has made. The law of compensations enforces inexorably its own fulfillment; and the projectors of this rebellion can not escape its inevitable power. Some perception of this truth seems to have dawned even in the minds of the South Carolina conspirators, and now flashes out through all their frantic appeals for help.

RAVAGES OF WAR.

The negroes were the most fearful in their ravages. I do not speak of ordinary foraging in an enemy’s country, for the purpose of living as you pass through it, nor of taking horses and mules to supply the place of those falling out by exhaustion; this is right, necessary, in the system of warfare we have been compelled to wage. Nor of the wholesale destruction of public property, railroads, mills, canals, &c.; this is also justified by the laws of civilized warfare. Nor of the burning of houses from which shots have been fired upon our advancing troops; this is perhaps a necessity. Nor even of the wholesale destruction of every thing which could be destroyed in the Shenandoah valley by Sheridan, under command of a superior; this was an exceptional case, and may have been—from the peculiar location of that valley, as the gate of entrance to the North, and from the deceitful character of its people—a military necessity. Let these pass unquestioned.
But there is another class of devastations widely different from these, which have been perpetrated to an extent of which the North has little conception. These may be classified, as first, "deliberate and systematic robbery for the sake of gain." Thousands of soldiers have gathered by violence hundreds of dollars each, some of them thousands, by sheer robbery. When they come to a house where an old man may be found whom the most rigid conscription had not taken, they assume that he has gold and silver hidden, and demand it. If he gives up the treasure cheerfully he escapes personal violence. If he denies the possession of treasure and they believe him, he escapes. If they do not believe him they resort to violent means to compel its surrender. With a rope they will hang him until he is nearly gone, then let him down and demand the money—and this is repeated until he or they give up. Again, they will compel a man to "double-quick" for one, two or three miles, until he sinks from exhaustion, and then threaten him with death unless he reveals the hiding place of his riches. Again, they prepare the torch, and threaten to burn his house and all it contains, unless the money is forthcoming.

This robbery extends to other valuables in addition to money. Plate and silver spoons, silk dresses, elegant articles of the toilet, pistols, indeed whatever the soldier can take away and hopes to sell; these are gathered up and carried off to the extent sometimes of loading a wagon at one mansion. "What is done with these?" How many of them finally reach the North "by hook or crook," I will not affirm; some through the soldier's mail, some wrapped up in the baggage of furloughed officers, some passed through the hands of the regular official, having the permit of the government.

A second form of devastation practiced by some of our soldiers, consisted in the "wanton destruction of property which they could not use or carry away." Of this I have the evidence of sight, in some cases, of undoubted testimony in others.
Pianos cut to pieces with axes, elegant sofas broken and the fragments scattered about the grounds, paintings and engravings pierced with bayonets or slashed with swords, rosewood centre-tables, chairs, &c., broken to pieces and burned for fuel in cooking the food taken from the cellar or meat house—these are the subjects of bitter complaint from hundreds of non-combatants, many of them undoubted, true, original, Union men.

"But would our soldiers wantonly destroy property of Union men?" Not surely because they were Union men. But the claim of being such was often made untruly, and was therefore generally disbelieved by the soldier. If the claim was well founded, then the boldness and persistency with which it would be urged was taken as an offence, and the weaker party generally lost his money and had his property destroyed. The amount of property thus destroyed during the last year of the rebellion no one can tell. I have heard it estimated at hundreds of millions.

This robbery and wanton waste were specially trying to the people, not only because contrary to right and the laws of war, but because it completed their utter and almost hopeless impoverishment. The depth of their losses and present want can hardly be overstated. In the proclamation of freedom to the slaves, their laborers, they lost what at the lowest figures they valued at two thousand millions of dollars. This might have been borne if the able bodied men of the white families had been at home to take the place of the absent or idle freedmen, but they had been drawn into the war, many of them by a merciless conscription, and were now dead or hopelessly disabled for valuable labor on the farm. Further, four years of exhausting war had reduced the entire people to the barest necessities of life.—ladies of former wealth declared to me that they had lived on bread and water for two months at a time—others that they had seen meat but once per week, no tea or coffee or sugar for months; the demands of the army, and the less efficient labor of the slaves during the war having cleaned out the granaries and meat-
houses of the entire population. Still more, the people are absolutely without money. The gold and silver have gone to Europe or the North, the State banks have ceased, the Confederate money is worthless, and men of large wealth formerly—hundreds of thousands—have not had a dollar for months. Now add to this accumulation of deprivations, robbery and wanton destruction of what little is left them, and you can easily see how bitter their reproaches. I am persuaded that all other causes of estrangement will pass away and be forgotten long before this one is forgiven, and because it has neither justification nor palliation.

THE BUMMERS.

About this time the foragers began to spread over the country, and in irregular and regular parties went skirmishing over the country. These enterprising characters were known by the names of "Bummers," "Smokehouse Rangers," and "Do-Boys." A bummer is an individual who, by favor of a wagon-master becomes possessed of a broken down mule, or else starts, if need be, on foot, in either case, of course, armed with his musket. He makes his way into the enemy's country, finds horses in numbers by help of the negroes, hitches a team to a wagon, loads on it all the stores and supplies he can find in the nearest house, mounts his negroes on the rest of the horses, and returns with the spoils. He never objects to gold watches or silver plate if he can find them in a swamp a mile from any house." These men were stragglers, not in rear, but in front of the army, and they went before it like a cloud, being often twenty to thirty miles in advance of the head of the column. They would fight anything.

Three "bummers" together would at any time attack a company of rebel cavalry, and in favorable circumstances would disperse them and capture their booty. With the exception of Columbia alone, every town in South Carolina through which the army passed was first entered by the bummers. At Chesterfield they were
two days and a half ahead of the army, the whole corps having congregated at this point. They rigged up two logs for cannon, sent a flag ahead to the town, which was occupied by a detachment of Butler's Division of cavalry, demanded its surrender, frightened off the rebel cavalry, and entered the town in grand procession of broken down mules, ragged "bummers," and the "Quaker guns." The coat tails of the rebels disappeared at the end of the town as the "Do Boys" entered at the other.

When the army was marching toward Midway, as above described, a smoke-house ranger was seen rushing toward the front, with an old bit of carpet on his mule for a blanket, and a couple of ropes with nooses for stirrups, in which his feet rested. This hero came rushing up to General Howard, and shouted out: "General, the bums have taken the railroad, and are in line of battle, fighting to hold it, and if you'll only hurry up I think they'll hold it." The General did hurry up, and found the railroad, as the smoke-house ranger had said, in possession of about seven bums, who were busily engaged skirmishing at long range with a detachment of Wheeler's cavalry.

**THE INVASION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.**

The left wing of the Army of Georgia invaded South Carolina on the twentieth of January, thirty days after its triumphal entry into Savannah. General Howard's wing moved around to Beaufort somewhat earlier than that date. Your correspondent with that column will detail its movements. The divisions—Jackson's and Ward's—of the Twentieth Corps, crossed the Savannah river at the city on the twentieth, and plunged into the swamps of South Carolina. General Geary's division was ordered to go to Sister's Ferry, sixty miles above Savannah, by the Georgia road. Williams traveled up the South Carolina shore, the others up the Georgia bank, without incident, but laboriously, till Saturday, January twenty-eight, when Jeff. C. Davis reached the
ferry. Steamboats with supplies were sent up the river to that point, so that, after concentration, the left wing might cut loose from civilization again with plenty of provisions. There was plenty of water in the river, and vast piles of stores were soon accumulated at Sister's Ferry.

Here is a week of unremitting toil—when soldiers waded about in mud up to their waists, chopping, lifting and treading on torpedoes—passed before the road over which the troops were to march was in condition. General Williams with his two divisions, had come up to Robertsville meanwhile, and was waiting to open communication. Kilpatrick's command crossed the pontoon into South Carolina on the third of February, and succeeded in reaching dry South Carolina space in the direction of Aiken. General Slocum who had labored day and night to get his two corps together, drew a long breath of relief when Geary's division took the bridge, Saturday morning, February fourth.

BEAUFORT DISTRICT.

General Williams moved from Robertsville, through Lawtonville, two days before Geary's division of his corps had crossed, and on the fourth, was thirty-five miles in the heart of Beaufort district, L. M. Keitt's old stamping ground. Geary had the trains of the corps moved with considerable difficulty over roads where the mud averaged two and a half feet in depth, where I saw in several places, animals standing in the middle of the road, literally imbedded to the ears in mud. Many miles of corduroy were built and sunk, and built again. Coosawhatchie swamp and river, swollen by the heavy rains, were successfully crossed, although three-quarters of a mile of waist deep wading was required to do it. The Salkehatchie, (Siltkatcher, in South Carolina vernacular,) was crossed at Beaufort bridge, and Williams' corps finally concentrated at Blackville, a little town on the Charleston and Augusta railroad, on February ninth.
Our first impressions in regard to the country we had invaded, gave us no very exalted opinion of the State of South Carolina. Vast swamps, or barrens, where nothing but pine will grow, houses few and far between, no fence rails to burn, no living things in the fields to kill and eat, it was pretty generally conceded that we had not struck a very fine lead. The soil is treacherous, like the people who own it. A thin crust of earth and fine cane, cover four or five feet of quicksand; and wo to the unlucky horseman or muleteer who leaves the beaten path for a short cut through the fields or woods. Heavy bodies were only safe on the corduroy. More than one thousand wagons of the Twentieth Corps alone were brought over these roads to Blackville, by General Geary, in four days.

THE YIELD OF SUPPLIES.

As we entered Barnwell district, the country was richer. Foragers roamed at will, twenty miles on either flank and in front of the column, and brought in large amounts of new bacon and corn. There was no longer anxiety for the stomach's sake. Two hundred head of cattle, were brought in by Captain Gillette, Geary's commissary. "Thousands of bushels of corn were left by the roadside for want of transportation." Kilpatrick having been through the country before us, with fifteen thousand dismounted men, explained the scarcity of horses and mules along the route. Chickens, turkeys and sorghum were as abundant as in Georgia.

DEVASTATION AND DESTRUCTION.

During the first part of the march, houses were burned as they were found. Whenever a view could be had from high ground, black columns of smoke were seen rising here and there within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles. Solid built chimneys were the only relics
of plantation houses after the fearful blast had swept by. The destruction of houses, barns, mills, &c., was almost universal. Families who remained at home, occasionally kept the roof over their heads. "Refugeeing," as our soldiers termed fleeing from the wrath to come, was taken as evidence that the refugees were rebels, and the property they had left was destroyed. Think of this black swath extending from Barnwell to the coast, and figure upon the value of South-eastern South Carolina at the present day.

TERROR OF THE PEOPLE.

Even the negroes were wary—afraid in some instances to trust themselves among the men who made this fearful work on the country; while table cloths were suspended from the windows with "Have mercy on me!" for a legend, and the fiery spirit of South Carolina was tamed effectually. Occasionally, in Georgia, a man could be found who had the courage to say that he voted for secession; but these abject men were afraid to own that they lived in a seceded State.

NO FIGHTING.

General Williams scattered a small force of rebel cavalry at Robertsville, and his foragers drove them beyond Rockville. At Robertsville one man was killed and nine wounded. Other than this, no organized body of rebels bothered the Twelfth Corps column.

BLACKVILLE:

The little village of Blackville had been visited by Kilpatrick's cavalry before the infantry column came up. The real estate had not suffered much; personal property suffered. General Slocum ordered the destruction of the railroad buildings, and set Ward's division, of Williams' corps, at work upon the railroad. Eight or ten miles of track were destroyed, till Ward joined
with the Fourteenth Corps, which had come up on the left of the Twentieth. Thus the rebels at Augusta were cut off from Charleston. No private dwellings were burned at Blackville.

HEAD WATERS OF THE EDISTO.

Saturday, February eleventh, the Twentieth corps marched to the Edisto river. Nine distinct streams, flowing sluggishly through a swamp half a mile in width where the road crossed, were the obstacles to be surmounted here. Two hundred rebel cavalrymen disputed the crossing for a while, but a strong skirmish line, plunging through the swamp, dispersed them or drove them away in a body, and the corps crossed. General Williams' corps was now between the two forks which form the Edisto river. The balance of General Slocum's command was well up on the left, with Kilpatrick further on the flank. The road across the point formed by the two branches, was fourteen miles long. The corps marched to the north fork before night on the twelfth, and went into camp. The two hundred rebels who had been driven away from the lower Edisto had concentrated here; their force was augmented somewhat, and with the assistance of four pieces of cannon they made considerable noise. Skirmishing was kept up all that Sunday night, the pioneers working upon the bridge meanwhile. Monday morning the enemy were gone. General Ward's division being in advance, that General mounted his kicking stallion, took two companies for skirmishers, and advanced toward Lexington and Columbia at a rattling pace.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.

All day Tuesday the regiment of rebels skirmished with our advance, but they were easily brushed away. Once they made a dash behind the advance and captured Captain Reynolds, Inspector of General Robinson's brigade, and chased Captain Ward four miles or
more. The enemy appeared in blue clothes, and were frequently hailed as Union soldiers.

CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON COURT HOUSE.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, February fifteenth, General Barnum's brigade, of Geary's division, was at Two Notch road, two miles from Lexington and twelve from Columbia. General Slocum had calculated upon Davis' corps being in the town at that hour; but the rains and vile roads had prevented even that swift traveling corps from coming up. General Barnum's brigade was pushed into town, but arrived there just too late to strike a blow at the rear of the rebel cavalry column, which had been pouring through all day towards Columbia. Only a dozen shots were fired. Barnum's brigade was withdrawn, and the Fourteenth corps marched up on a line with the Twentieth. General Slocum's wing of the grand army of invasion was concentrated for action, Wednesday night, ten miles from Columbia, facing towards that town, and he issued the order for an advance on the capital early next morning, with the expectation of a fight. Ward's division of the Twentieth corps, closely followed by Jackson's, moved down the road parallel with Jeff. C. Davis' corps, who had "gone through" Lexington, and struck the Seventeenth corps on the banks of the Congaree, opposite Columbia, shortly after noon. By having the shortest line of march, the right wing had reached Columbia first. De Grass' battery of twenty-pounder Parrotts was firing shots at the great white marble front of the new Capitol building; sharpshooters chaffed each other across the Congaree; Sherman, Slocum, Howard, Frank Blair, and other general officers gossiped on the banks during the balance of the day, waiting for the pontoon train to come up. The rebels did not reply to the artillery fire, and it was plainly to be seen that they did not intend to fight much for Columbia. Of the subsequent capture of that city by the right wing, I will say nothing, leaving the
description for your correspondent with that wing. I will simply observe that the night of Friday, February seventeenth, in Columbia, would have cracked Alaric's brain if he had witnessed it.

TO FAIRFIELD DISTRICT.

From the front of Columbia, General Slocum's command moved to the left, across the Saluda and Broad rivers, to the Greenville and Columbia railroad, and destroyed that for thirty miles. Cheatham and S. D. Lee, with twenty thousand men from Hood's army, were reported by Kilpatrick as crossing the river at Newberry, and General Slocum's idea was to prevent a junction between them and Hardee's Charleston troops. We pushed rapidly on to Winnsboro, the capital of Fairfield district, where it was expected the rebel cavalry would give us a fight. They were known to outnumber Kilpatrick's command two to one. Wade Hampton, Wheeler and Butler were in command. Fairfield district is wealthy. Forage began to roll in; more meat and breadstuffs than I saw at any one time during the Georgia campaign was brought to the roadside day by day.

GENERAL SLOCUM SAVES WINNSBORO.

General Slocum double-quicked the advance of his column into the village of Winnsboro to save the town from the torch of his foragers. General Pardee's brigade, of Geary's division, was in advance, and every effort was made to beat the stragglers from the grand army into town. They were not successful. The town was pillaged and set on fire before any organized body of troops got in. All officers turned their attention to the fire, and arrested the progress of the flames. Generals Slocum, Williams, Geary, Pardee, Barnum and all, worked with their hands, burned their whiskers and scorched their clothes, to prevent the repetition of
Columbia scenes. Nine or ten buildings were burned on the main street before the fire was stopped—at the house of a Mrs. Prope, said to be the property of a man in New York city. Guards were posted at every house in town, and other fires were quenched as they burst out. Unfortunately the church building of the Episcopal society was destroyed.

**ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.**

Citizens of Winnsboro told us that Mrs. Lunderdale, a rabid secession woman, set fire to her own property rather than have it fall into the Yankee's hands, and so destroyed the property of her neighbors.

**OVER REVOLUTIONARY GROUND.**

From Winnsboro, the left wing marched to the Cahawba river, striking it at Rocky Mount ford, the scene of one of the South Carolina skirmishes during the Revolution. Rocky Mount was one of Cornwallis' line of outposts. The Cahawba here is about a thousand feet wide, and runs through a very hilly country. A pontoon was thrown across, and the Twentieth corps hurried over. The rain, we feared, cut off Geary’s division, and the troubles increased. The red clay made heavy mud and plenty of it. No idea can be formed by outsiders, of the difficulties of the Cahawba crossing. Wagons were hauled down the steep hill to the pontoon, dragging loads of mud by the axles, the wheels not moving; artillery horses floundered, and cannon were stuck fast. Virginia campaigners said it eclipsed Stafford Court House. When the crossing was made, the ascension of the hill was just as difficult. Two days were spent by the Twentieth corps in this labor through the mud. The history of the troubles of the Fourteenth corps would fill a volume.

**CHESTERFIELD COURT HOUSE.**

Tracy's creek and other streams were crossed in rapid succession, and the Twentieth corps reached the town of
Chesterfield on Friday, the third of March. A brigade of rebels were driven out by General Jackson's skirmish line, and possession taken of the paltry town. A brick court house and six houses comprise the village. From Chesterfield the left wing marched to the Great Pedee river, near the State line. Howard's wing was already in Cheraw. The Great Pedee, or Yadkin of North Carolina, is quite a formidable stream to an army depending on pontoon boats; and we were delayed on its banks two days. Crossing the cavalry and the Fourteenth corps, General Slocum plunged into the State of North Carolina.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

Of course it would be necessary to take of whatever food was needed for army consumption, even from the people of North Carolina; but I think the general feeling of the command was more favorable to the people of North Carolina than to those of the State we had just left. There are many men who carry muskets in Sherman's army who believe North Carolina could be made a thoroughly loyal State with a little persuasion. Men who had made sacrifices for the Union, were to be found on every road, and they should be protected from their friends. Acting with this in view, General Slocum issued the following order:

General Orders—No. 8.

HEADQUARTERS, LEFT WING, ARMY OF GEORGIA,
NEAR SNEEDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA,
MARCH 7TH, 1865.

All officers and soldiers of this command are reminded that the State of North Carolina was one of the last States that passed the ordinance of secession, and that from the commencement of the war, there has been in the State a strong Union party. Her action on the question of secession was undoubtedly brought about by the traitorous acts of other States, and by intrigue and dishonesty on the part of a few of her own citizens.
The act even never met the approval of the great mass of her citizens.

It should not be assumed that the inhabitants are enemies to our government, and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to prevent any wanton destruction of property, or any unkind treatment of citizens.

By command of

Major General H. W. Slocum

Robert P. Dechert, Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

FAYETTEVILLE CAPTURED.

The left wing crossed the path of Hardee, who retreated from Cheraw to Rockingham, and advanced on Fayetteville without let or hindrance, except from a small force of cavalry. Baird’s division, of the Fourteenth corps, skirmished into town without a halt for a line of battle, and Colonel Morrow, Ninety-second Ohio, hoisted his flag over the Court House in the second city of North Carolina. Guards were posted at every house in town, and at the time I write everything is going on as quietly as ever under the rebel rule. The last Union flag that floated over the Fayetteville Hotel has been brought out, and now swings across the street in front of General Slocum’s headquarters. The office of the Observer newspaper has been burned by order. Nothing else has suffered. The arsenal here contained no great amount of ammunition. In fact, the captures of rebel property at Fayetteville, were far below those at Columbia and Cheraw.

The bridge across the Cape Fear is gone. But two cannon were left by the rebels on this side, when Lieutenant H. W. Howgate and Wm. Ludlow, with a party of foragers, drove them across. These Lieutenants, both of Slocum’s staff, struggled manfully, with washtubs full of water, to save the bridge, exhorting the “bummers” to help and drive the rebels from the opposite bank, but the thing could not be done.
The left wing has traveled something like four hundred miles, skirmished when occasion demanded it, and did not decline a fight at Fayetteville. General Slocum has lost but few men by sickness or otherwise, and his wing of the army is in as good condition as when it left Savannah. The interesting part of the campaign in the Carolinas is yet to come, if we attempt to join the Army of the Potomac at the opening of the spring campaign.

At last the crisis is passed; the freshet in the river has abated and we are now safely over in South Carolina.

Kilpatrick commenced crossing the river on Friday afternoon, and by daylight on Saturday morning he and a portion of Geary's division had struck terra firma on the soil of South Carolina. A few hours were consumed in loading their wagons at this point, when they pushed rapidly forward—Kilpatrick to raid upon the enemy's country, Geary to join the other two divisions of Williams' corps, which had two days the start of him. Hobart's brigade, of Carlin's division, crossed on Saturday, and are now acting as a temporary garrison at this landing.

This morning at daylight the Fourteenth corps commenced crossing as soon as the Fifteenth corps' train, that had been on the pontoons all night, had passed out of the way. Miles' Brigade of Carlin's division had the advance, followed by Buell's brigade. Then came Baird's division and a part of Morgan's, which have arrived here and gone into camp.

A LONG CORDUROY ROAD.

These corduroy roads are a great institution, the friend of the army mule and the dismounted men, as it lightens their burdens, and the horror of horses, which are compelled to carry two hundred pound bipeds over them upon their backs. The moment a wagon train strikes one of these roads the sure footed
mule is in his glory, as his load is a feather compared with the hauling of loaded wagons in ruts and mud holes. Not so with the horse. The wagon passing over the wood renders the logs wet and slippery, and the instant a horseman touches them his animal begins to stagger like a drunken man to retain his footing upon the logs.

The Fourth division of the Fifteenth corps and Kilpatrick's supply train did not get the road clear until about ten o'clock, when Carlin's division struck tents and moved forward, Hobart's brigade in the advance, Buell's next, and Miles' bringing up the rear. The column moved in the direction of Robertsville (a hamlet of about ten houses), distant from the ferry, about five miles. The first mile we found an excellent sandy road through high level land, put down on the early maps of the State as "Pulichucola Savanna." Descending again into a swamp, we struck the much dreaded corduroy, about a mile long. Another mile of excellent sandy road, dry and level, brought us to the east branch of the Cypress Swamp creek, where another corduroy was encountered. A mile and a half further we found the smouldering ashes of

ROBERTSVILLE,

which, I learn, is the property of Captain Roberts, of the Engineer Department of the United States Army. Not a building was saved from the flames.

At Robertsville we struck the Savannah and Augusta Railroad, and, in obedience to the "file left" order, turned towards Augusta. Half a mile out I noticed the smouldering ruins of Colonel Lawton's fine plantation, the fence and negro shanties alone remaining undisturbed. The plantation hands were all at home, but before the column had disappeared but one or two of Lawton's blacks remained to tell the tale of devastation, when the rebel lord returned to his desert grounds.
One mile further on the column struck a large, fertile plantation, upon which were a fine two story farmhouse and a village of negro huts. The gardens and walks were of the most elegant kind, and supplied with the rarest varieties of shrubbery and flower plants, fit indeed for a sovereign to while away his weary hour in.

The interior of the mansion exhibited a confused scene. The most elegant description of furniture was found scattered about and broken, pianos and melodeons, a telescope, centre tables, costly chairs, ottomans, carpets, a fine collection of books and pictures and paintings, all scattered about in confusion and disorder. The troops, after satisfying their curiosity and helping themselves to a book or a picture from the deserted plantation, departed, and a few minutes after, the grand homestead of Dr. Bostwick, together with its deserted contents, was in ashes, the chimneys alone remaining to mark another mile of "country subjugated."

THE ROAD BLOCKADED.

Near Bostwick's place the advance encountered, at the head-waters of Cypress creek, obstructions in the road, and evidences of a recent cavalry encampment a little beyond. The pioneers were sent to the front, and in a few minutes the felled timber was all removed.

No cavalry scouts were encountered, although our advance was the first Union troops that had passed, the other corps having debouched to the right at Roberts-ville. At dark the column encamped near the point where the Augusta road intersects that running from Barnwell to the Savannah river, having marched about ten miles during the six hours we were upon the road.

PORK AND POTATOES ONCE MORE

To-night the men went into camp with an abundance of fresh pork, mutton, sweet potatoes and turkeys, which they had confiscated without reserve along the
route. After subsisting for nearly two months on army rations of hard bread and salt meat, this foretaste of South Carolina's first fruits were devoured with great gusto, and their mouths, you may be certain, watered for more. To-morrow regularly organized foraging parties will be sent out, who will, no doubt, make a clean sweep of everything on the plantations.

Last night, shortly after going into camp, rain began to fall in torrents, and continued without abating until daylight. General Carlin waited half an hour beyond the time appointed to move, for the rain to abate; but it still poured down, and the command moved on, clearing the road before them of trees that had been felled across it at every point where it crossed low, swampy ground. The work of clearing out the road was so effectual that the column was delayed but a few moments. The road upon which we moved, ran from Brighton to Orangeburg, which was selected on account of the difficulty encountered on the direct Augusta road. This road at Lawtonville intersects another road which runs across to the road we left at a point higher up and beyond the main swamps setting in from the Savannah river. By taking this route, the General hoped to avoid much of the swamps and blockaded roads without going far out of his way.

The country over which we passed to-day abounded in abandoned plantations, upon which an abundance of potatoes, hogs, turkeys, &c., were found by the foragers, and to-night the men are celebrating the occasion by a feast of fat things.

LAWTONVILLE

was a small town of ten or twenty buildings; but nothing remains now but the church to mark the spot. Our troops are encamped upon the ashes of the burned town. It was destroyed some time ago by our forces, who passed through it to join their corps (Twentieth and Fifteenth). Kilpatrick's cavalry also passed through it, and are now far in advance of this wing, hunting for
Wheeler's cavalry, who have not yet shown even a corporal's guard.

**NO GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS**

have been reported as yet. All the male citizens, with their families, have departed, and there is nobody here to bushwack the foragers, who go out in small parties from five to eight miles on either flank. Probably the residents anticipated that South Carolina would be purged with fire and sword; hence their hurried flight. In their conclusions I must say that they were not far wrong, for I do not believe there is an uninhabited building standing between here and Sister's Ferry. We have marched to-day through a pouring rain fourteen miles, in a thickly settled district, and only found one occupied house.

Yesterday morning, when we were in the act of breaking camp to go forward, an order came from General Davis to remain in camp until the corps, the Second division of which was at Sister's Ferry, could concentrate. We passed a very pleasant day in camp at Lawtonville, on the plantation of a rebel captain named Peopler, whose residence, said to be the best in South Carolina, had been razed to the ground.  

**LARGE HAUL OF HORSES, ETC.**

Foraging parties were sent out in all directions, but none paid so well as that of Prescott's Illinois cavalry, which penetrated a dense swamp and came upon four men with five horses, twenty mules, and, it is said, $2,000 in gold. The property belonged to a man named Kittie, who kept bloodhounds for the capture of prisoners and negroes, and three of his neighbors who are notorious rebels. They fired upon the foraging party, but nobody was hurt.

Baird encamped last night at Brighton, where General Davis also made his headquarters. Baird's train was sent up to Lawtonville, to be placed under the
charge of Carlin's division, who moved on a road more suitable for the passage of trains than the one upon which he moved near the Savannah river.

To-day we have marched nearly seventeen miles: Leaving Lawtonville at seven o'clock, Carlin moved out in a northeasterly direction toward Orangeburgh, and when out six miles turned to the left, in obedience to instructions from Davis, with a view of changing the course of the corps toward Augusta. This was owing to the receipt by Slocum of a dispatch from Sherman that the right wing had flanked Branchville and cut the railroad, and ordering the left wing to demonstrate toward Augusta. At three o'clock Carlin struck the Savannah and Augusta Railroad, and found that Baird had already passed. Moving upon the Augusta road a mile, he struck the road running northeast to Barnwell, and filed to the right. At dark we arrived at our present encampment.

Baird and Morgan are moving upon Barnwell, the county seat, where the corps will be concentrated, and from which point it will move on Blackville, a station on the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, which the Twentieth Corps reached a few days ago.

The advance of the corps arrived at Barnwell Court House late last evening, and went into camp for the night, General Baird detailing a regiment as provost guard to prevent the destruction of the place.

Morgan's division, which brought up the rear, arrived about eleven this morning.

Carlin reached town at nine A.M., and halted until one P.M., while Baird turned over his train to Morgan, who also took charge of Carlin's, and moved towards the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, on the Williston road.

Baird encamped to-night three miles from White's Pond, and two miles in advance of this point. Carlin has made about eighteen miles to-day, and Morgan sixteen miles. Baird during the afternoon marched about eleven miles.
The first town of any importance that we have encountered is the county seat of Barnwell township, which contains about one hundred houses and other buildings. It boasted the possession of a superb Court House, which was burned a few days ago, together with the only hotel in the place and several other buildings. The residences are of wood, substantially built, and very neatly ornamented with shade trees and evergreens. Many of the citizens remained, and were not molested by the troops, who, however, deprived them of their winter's provisions and such other things as they were in need of.

SUPERABUNDANCE OF PROVISIONS.

The country through which we have traveled the last two days was rich in pork, bacon, vegetables, corn and forage of all kinds, and to-night the men came into camp with provisions sufficient to last them a week. The people to-day have realized what war is, for the first time; and while some saw their subsistence walking off on the shoulders of the foragers without murmuring, others piteously implored the men to leave them a sufficiency for their immediate wants. Since we have left the line of the Savannah river and struck into the interior, we have found most of the families at home, and in all such cases their houses were saved from destruction.

KILPATRICK SKIRMISHING.

Intelligence reached us to-night that Kilpatrick's cavalry, which had struck the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, torn up several miles, and moved on fifteen miles towards Augusta, had met the enemy in force, and had been skirmishing all day. We have heard cannonading all day in that direction, and there is little doubt that General Kilpatrick has a strong force confronting him.
THE FORCE IN OUR FRONT.

It has been pretty accurately ascertained that Wheeler’s cavalry is the only force in the breastworks confronting Kilpatrick; but a part of Hood’s old army, all scouts agree, are at and near Augusta, under command of Hill and Joe Johnson, and another force of about fifteen thousand confronting our right wing near Branchville. Lee is reported to be here, exercising a general supervision over matters; and I am inclined to believe the reports, as the source from which they are derived entitles them to credence.

THE CHARLOTTE AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD CUT.

The column moved at daylight this morning, Baird in the advance, Carlin following, and Morgan, on a road to the right, bringing up the rear. Three miles from camp the roads forked, the left running to Windsor station, and the right to White’s Pond station. Baird took the left, and Carlin the right, both striking the railroad at the same hour—about twelve o’clock—which we found already cut by Kilpatrick at Windsor and this place, where he had also burned the depots and all the unoccupied buildings in their vicinity. The entire afternoon was spent in burning the railroad from this place to Johnston’s station, some six miles. At night Baird encamped at Windsor, Carlin at this place, and Morgan at Williston, four miles nearer Branchville.

A REBEL SPY KILLED.

Riding to the front of Baird’s column this morning, I noticed some men engaged in burying a dead rebel, and on inquiry of the men I learned that the foraging and detail parties, who were in advance, encountered at the forks of the road a man dressed as a Union staff Captain, who ordered them to turn to the left, as the road in front was impassable. The fact that he was on
foot, and other circumstances led the men to believe him to be a spy, and they informed him that they would be compelled to arrest him. The pretended Captain instantly started to run, when a bullet through the head killed him almost instantly. On stripping him they found beneath the Union uniform a full suit of rebel uniform, with a first lieutenant's bars upon his coat collar. He was buried by the roadside in his rebel uniform.

Yesterday morning we got an early start, and, moving through a fine neighborhood, arrived at the South Edisto river at noon, where we found, at Davis' bridge, General Morgan's division, in charge of corps trains. Giving over the train to Carlin, Morgan crossed, and moved up to where he struck the road leading to Columbia, the capital of the Palmetto State, and well known to the public as the prison pen for the confinement and starvation of Union officers. Taking this road, he moved until dark, when he encamped.

Spencer's brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalry crossed next, and, under cover of night, moved out on Morgan's left flank.

Carlin crossed before sunset, and made a night march of seven miles, following Morgan.

Baird, to whom Carlin turned over the trains, crossed the same night, and encamped a little in Carlin's rear.

Yesterday morning the column moved at daylight, on the road leading to Lexington, the county seat of Lexington district. We found several fine roads. Consequently the divisions moved on parallels, with the cavalry on the left flank. At ten o'clock the command reached Clark's Mills Post Office, where our flanks were attacked by a guerilla gang,

of one hundred and fifty bushwhackers, under a leader named Hucklesby, and were repulsed by the foragers.
SLIGHT SIGNS OF A FIGHT.

A few minutes later, General Carlin was moving along in advance of the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania, Major M. H. Locher commanding, when a number of mounted men, considerably demoralized, who, as they rushed wildly past the advance, reported to General Carlin, "A regiment of cavalry are charging down upon you." I happened to be by the General's side at the moment, and, turning my eyes to the Seventy-ninth, I found that the Major, comprehending the situation, had ordered the old Pennsylvania veterans into line before the General had time to give the command. Skirmishers were deployed. Colonel Miles threw forward his brigade with a bold front, and they pushed on in search of Wheeler. But he didn't come; this time he found there was something besides cavalry on his front, and he retreated.

Miles' brigade formed and resumed the march for about half a mile, the Seventy-ninth skirmishing with the cavalry. Arriving at a small stream four miles from Lexington, it was reported to the General that a brigade of cavalry was forming on the edge of the field for a charge. Miles again formed in line of battle and awaited the coming of the enemy. Not showing himself, the brigade pushed forward, with skirmishers deployed, but passed the woods where the cavalry had formed, and found them not; still they pushed on through swamps, fields and thickets—now in line of battle, and a few minutes later through dense thickets, by right of companies, for three or four miles, without exchanging a shot. At last mounted men were seen moving in the woods beyond, and away went the brigade after them. This time the "enemy" did not retreat. Still on, the brigade pushed, and just as the skirmishers were prepared to give them a leaden _ballet doux_, they espied the white star of the Twentieth Corps. A few minutes later they had surrounded the supposed enemy, who proved to be a mounted party of foragers who had come in on our front after Wheeler retreated.
Two miles from Lexington the advance halted and opened communication with the Twentieth Corps on a road one mile to the right. This was at two o'clock. At five the bugle sounded the advance, and Carlin's division moved into town, where they arrived at seven, to find it occupied by General Barnum's brigade, of the Twentieth Corps. Carlin encamped in the town for the night. The brigade of General Barnum acted as provost guard, and maintained excellent order in the place, and protected it from destruction.

MOVING ON THE CAPITAL.

This morning Morgan's and Baird's divisions arrived in town at an early hour, and halted until Barnum had moved out, when Hobart's brigade of the First Division was detailed as provost guard.

Morgan's division, at nine A. M., moved out on the direct Columbia road, in rear of the Twentieth Corps, and Carlin soon after followed.

The Fourteenth Corps countermarched to Hart's, or Zion Church Ferry, where Carlin crossed to-night, with a view of making a flank movement upon the rear of Columbia, and cutting the railroads in rear of the city, connecting it with North Carolina and Virginia.

The other divisions will cross the ferry to-morrow morning.

Leaving Hart's Ferry, on the Saluda, at daylight this morning, Carlin and Morgan arrived at this point to-day at two P. M., and encamped, having marched about fourteen miles through fearfully muddy roads, in a clayey soil that does not quickly dry after a rain. The soil between Edisto and the Saluda is sandy, and never are the roads seriously affected by rains. The moment we crossed the Saluda, we struck the red clay, which has caused more than one mule driver to damn South Carolina roads forever.
Carlin has been lying still at this place all day, awaiting the arrival up of the other two divisions at Freshley's Ferry, where the corps crossed to the north side of the river.

Morgan arrived at the ferry last night, and during the night threw across his division in pontoon boats. Baird, who had charge of the corps trains, to-day moved up from the Saluda, and to-night will cross his division and train if the pontoniers get the bridge done in time.

SPENCER'S CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE.

Colonel Spencer's brigade, of Kilpatrick's cavalry, moved out this afternoon to within a mile of the bridge, and formed line of battle. Colonel Spencer reports Cheatham's corps now moving on his flank in the direction of the railway bridge. This is Cheatham's only chance of crossing, as he has no pontoon train with him. What his object is no one knows; but he is probably endeavoring to form a junction with Beauregard's forces below.

ACROSS BROAD RIVER.

Yesterday morning the rear of Morgan's and Baird's divisions crossed Broad River at Freshley's ferry, and were followed at ten A. M. by Carlin, who was relieved at Spring Hill by Ward's division, of the Twentieth Army Corps. The Broad river is broad and shallow, and very easily pontooned, as the current is not rapid and the approaches from the banks are all that could be wished.

The left wing finished crossing Little river last evening, and this morning Williams' and Davis' corps moved upon Winnsboro, the county seat of Fairfield district—the former taking the road to the right, and the latter the left. Carlin and Geary had the advance of their respective corps.

About eleven o'clock Carlin's and Geary's advance guards ran together a few yards from town, when Gen-
eral Geary, by order of General Slocum, assumed command, and placed guards upon every house to prevent pillaging and incendiary fires. Generals Geary and Carlin were met by a deputation of citizens, who asked that private property be protected.

Yesterday our march was a little varied from what it has been for some time. Marching on the road parallel with the railroad, at Youngsville a halt was made by the corps, wagons and pack mules parked, and a general assault made upon the railroad, six miles of which was torn up and burned by Davis' corps, completing its utter destruction from Columbia to Blackstock, a distance of fifty-four miles.

Halting for the night near Blackstock, the divisions encamped in close proximity, and at daylight turned to the right in a northeasterly direction, with a view of joining the right wing at the crossing of the Cahawba river, which Howard crossed yesterday, and Williams (Twenty-fifth corps) last night and to-day.

PONTOON BOATS SWEPT AWAY.

We have been lying here on the south side of the ferry for three days. On the 23d, Morgan's division crossed the pontoon during a heavy rain, that fearfully swelled the river, and that same night twelve pontoon boats were carried away. There was a pretty state of things—Baird's and Carlin's divisions on the south side of the angry river, and the rest of the army on the other, moving on, and no more pontoons to cross! The right wing (Howard's) had just crossed eight miles below, at Play's ferry, and had moved on one days march. The flood has somewhat subsided, and it is believed that we will cross to-morrow.

MILES' BRIGADE ATTACKED.

This morning a large number of mounted foragers went out for fodder for the stock in the direction of our old camp. They had not been out long when about five
hundred of Butler's rebel cavalry brigade, left on this
side of the river, swooped down upon them, capturing
some and stampeding the rest.

Yesterday morning the rain somewhat subsided, and
shortly after one o'clock in the morning Baird com-

menced crossing the Cahawba. By daylight his di-
vision was on the north side. The entire day was
spent in crossing the trains until two P. M., when Car-
lin's division took the pontoons.

THE REBELS ATTACK THE REAR GUARD.

The train and troops moved safely over at sundown,
and the pontoons were removed under cover of details
from Buell's brigade. While the boats were being lift-
ed, about one hundred rebel cavalry attacked the Sixty-
ninth Ohio, who were out as skirmishers, and who held
them in check until the work was accomplished, when a
few shells were thrown into the enemy from battery
C, First Illinois artillery, posted on the northern bank,
and the enemy dispersed. The pontoonists worked all
night getting their loaded wagons up the bank and by
daylight all was ready for a forward movement. To-day
the column moved at daylight, Morgan in advance,
Baird, Carter and Carlin in the rear. The first eight
miles of road were continuous corduroy, built by Mor-
gan and the Twentieth corps which had preceded him.
After this we struck the sandy soil, and the trains
moved along without difficulty. About fifteen miles
were made by the divisions.

CROSSING OF HANGING ROCK CREEK.

The trains moved at the usual hour this morning,
but the crossing of Hanging Rock creek was so bad
that the trains did not get over until noon. Neverthe-
less twelve miles were made to-day. The rain that has
constantly poured down for nine days ceased to-night,
and, as the soil is sandy, we have very passable roads
before us.
The command has made a fine march to-day, Morgan covering twenty-six miles, and Baird and Carlin about fourteen each. To-night Morgan is near Chesterfield Court House. The roads, as far as the line of Lancaster and Chesterfield, were very bad; but after crossing Lynch’s creek we struck sandy soil and found excellent roads.

HARD MARCHING.

To-day has been one of the hardest upon the men and animals we have yet experienced. We moved at the usual hour over the worst road I have ever seen, and at Thompson’s creek encamped at eleven P. M., after pulling out of the mud the whole division trains, which stuck fast and baffled all the attempts of the mules to extricate them. Our advance to-night is in North Carolina, near Sneedsboro.

On the 5th, the whole wing encamped at Sneedsboro, and Kilpatrick’s cavalry also. General Buell’s pontoon brigade the same evening commenced throwing the pontoons, after the Thirteenth Michigan had crossed the river, and it was believed that the cavalry would commence crossing at midnight. Kilpatrick accordingly marched his command to the river and awaited the moment to cross. Midnight of the 5th and daylight of the 6th found the bridge not yet completed; and what made the matter worse, was that Carlin had been ordered to cross at daylight, after the cavalry, but, by some delay on the part of somebody, he was not informed of the non-completion of the bridge, and at daylight moved down expecting to cross at once. Here the position was at once manifest. His whole division stacked arms upon the low, wet bottom, where it lay for hours. Noon arrived, darkness followed, and ten o’clock P. M. at last found the bridge “finished.” Kilpatrick at once crossed, and in his rear, at midnight, Carlin followed, Hobart’s brigade leading. The two brigades encamped two miles from the river, and the tired officers and men looked in vain for the arrival of their wagons.
THE BRIDGE BROKEN.

Only a half dozen trains had crossed the bridge, when it broke, and was not repaired until nine this morning. During the whole night we lay upon the ground, supperless and hungry, but when the train arrived over to-day we refreshed our stomachs and resumed the march. While the pontoons were being laid Williams' corps marched to Cheraw, where it, yesterday, crossed, and, taking its position on the left centre, resumed the advance upon Fayetteville.

Carlin is now on the right of Rockingham, encamped for the night in the turpentine forests of North Carolina. Morgan is a few miles in the rear, and Baird still further back.

FORAGERS CAPTURE ROCKINGHAM.

Kilpatrick started early this morning for Rockingham, where a rebel brigade of five hundred men were encamped; but he failed to get ahead of the mounted foragers of the Fourteenth corps, who skirmished into town, drove out the rebels, and devoured the subsistence before the cavalry got up.

We got an early start this morning, and found the roads through this turpentine and rosin forest beyond our expectations. The trains moved along on the double quick, and before we halted for dinner thirteen miles had been made through a heavy rain that poured down upon us in torrents.

Yesterday and to-day we have found the sandy roads of North Carolina covered with minature rivulets, from the torrents of rain that have fallen steadily during the whole time, drenching the troops to the skin and leaving not a dry thread in their garments. Yesterday eighteen miles were easily made, Baird taking the advance, and encamped twenty-one miles from the city.

To-day the column moved up, the advance to the ten mile post, where we encamped to await the arrival up of the Twentieth corps on our right, when an advance will be made on Fayetteville.
Another city to inscribe upon the banners of Sherman's victorious army. Fayetteville is ours. And this without a fight. The price we paid for it was a few rounds of ammunition and the lives of nine reckless men, foragers, who entered the town early in the morning, were captured, shot in detail and their bodies thrown out upon the street as a terror to all who should come after.

A BOLD RUSH FOR THE CITY.

Baird last night was encamped ten miles from the city, on the plank road, Carlin fifteen miles and Morgan seventeen miles. Baird got an early start, before the first glance of the sun was on the road, pushing rapidly for the city. General Slocum and staff had joined the General's column eight miles out, and at the seven mile post the sharp report of the muskets announced that the enemy was in front.

SKIRMISHING COMMENCED

immediately between the enemy and a company of the Seventy-fifth Indiana, which was the advance guard, and the rebels were driven back to a small creek six miles from town, where they had cut the bridge away and erected a barricade across the road, the fire from which covered the men who attempted to repair it.

Baird promptly deployed several companies of skirmishers, and formed Davis' brigade in line of battle within supporting distance. A few shots from the skirmishers cleaned out the barricade, and a moment later it was in our possession.

Thirty minutes delay was caused in repairing the bridge for the crossing of horses; meanwhile the skirmishers pushed on up and over the hill, and beyond the ground on which still smoked the unfinished breakfasts of "Johnny Reb." Crossing my horse among the first staff officers, I joined several of General Slocum's staff, and we rode forward to the skirmish line expecting
momentarily to witness a gray mass of life swooping down upon the thin skirmish line to crush it into dust.

None of the party, in whose company I was seemed inclined to "turn out," in compliance with the General’s invitation; but on the contrary, spurred their horses to gallop, and were soon two hundred yards in advance of the skirmish line, eager to have the start of the mounted men in entering the town. Four miles from the town the firing had entirely ceased, and not a rebel could be seen. At the moment when we were tightening our reins and adjusting ourselves in the saddle for a charge into town, three bummers in our advance wheeled their horses and came riding back. Instantly we turned our eyes to the front, and a great battle line appeared across the road, their colors flaunting in the breeze and bayonets fixed, ready to guard the door to Fayetteville and Goldsboro.

For a moment we sat speechless within hailing distance of the gray mass of steel and muscle, when they began to move slowly down upon us.

The movement was so strange and mysterious that I instantly recalled the tragedy on the 20th of June last, at Peachtree creek, when Hood suddenly launched his columns of steel upon our unsuspecting troops as they hurried forward for the prize of Atlanta, to find many of them a soldier’s grave and a gory winding sheet. I was, however, fortunately deceived in my conclusion. A yell from our line of skirmishers, which had come up, soon dispelled the battle line that confronted them. We saw them no more.

THE CAVALRY BATTLES.

On the 28th day of January, from the banks of the Little Ogeechee river, Kilpatrick moved to the main, Savannah and Louisville road, going into camp, after a march of twelve miles. On the morning of the 20th he moved on the Springfield and Sister’s Ferry road, going into camp about four miles from the ferry, and
remained in camp at this point until the third of February, when the pontoon bridge, which had been very difficult to lay, was completed. Nothing of the enemy was seen, until the cavalry struck the Little Hatchie river, near Barnwell. The stream being very swampy, a small force of the enemy held them in check about three-quarters of an hour. That night, the 6th instant, they reached Barnwell Court House.

The next morning Kilpatrick moved for Blackwell, on the line of the Augusta and Charleston Railroad, and met a small force of the enemy's cavalry; but found no difficulty in driving them through and beyond the town. Here the command destroyed about two miles of the railroad.

In the meantime our infantry had struck the railroad toward Charleston; and while engaged in destroying the same, the cavalry moved towards Augusta, for the purpose of creating a diversion in favor of our infantry, and hold at that point whatever force the enemy might have. By this move they were, as desired, completely deceived as to the intentions of General Sherman, and a concentration of their army prevented.

From the best information derived from persons and scouts, General Kilpatrick learned that General Wheeler, with his corps of cavalry, and Cheatham, with a corps of infantry, were cut off from the main rebel army at Barnwell, having been deceived by our movements towards Augusta. He continued to march up the railroad through Williston and Windsor to Johnston's station. Colonel Spencer, with the Third brigade, having the advance, met a force of the enemy, composed of six regiments, which he attacked and completely routed, capturing three battle flags. The rebels were under command of General Hagan. The road for miles was strewn with guns, sabres, blankets, &c., abandoned by the enemy in their flight. The pursuit continued for about nine miles, but only a few men were captured and a few wounded. Four were found dead on the field. Altogether it was a very brilliant affair and reflects great credit upon Colonel Spencer.
On the morning of the eleventh instant the Second brigade, under General Atkins, moved out of camp towards Aiken for the purpose of developing what force of the enemy was in his front, it being supposed that the enemy had discovered our real intentions and was moving toward the South Edisto, with the intention of crossing. Arriving before Aiken, General Atkins found a small force of the enemy's cavalry on picket, which gave but slight resistance. Feeling, however, that it might be a movement on the part of the enemy to draw us into a snare, two regiments were deployed—the Ninety-second Illinois mounted infantry on the right, and Ninth Michigan cavalry on the left—while the Scouts, under Captain Northrop and Lieutenant Griffin, moved down the road followed by the General and staff. We had nearly reached the centre of the town, skirmishing quite briskly, giving occasionally a few shots from a section of artillery of Beebe's battery (Tenth Wisconsin), when the enemy charged in force. They were met with stubborn resistance by the Ninety-second Illinois; but, owing to their far superior numbers, they finally were compelled to retire. At about the same time they charged again, going entirely through the Ninety-second, and dashed on toward the second line of defence. At this point they were repulsed and held in check until the remainder of the command was drawn in, preparatory to falling back, it being evident that Wheeler's entire command was opposed to us.

The brigade retired in good order to Johnston's station, going into position with the First and Third, awaiting the attack of the enemy, which was made at about four P. M., and he was handsomely repulsed. Our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was thirty-one. Lieutenant Newton, of the staff, was seriously wounded, and Lieutenant Oliver captured, the following afternoon, while reconnoitering the rear.
The Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry is a splendid regiment and has done effectual service in all the great raids of the indefatigable Kilpatrick. We present a brief sketch of the regiment:

First Battalion organized December sixth, 1862, Major Wm. D. Hamilton commanding, ordered into Eastern Kentucky, where it did duty until August 17, 1863, when it formed part of General Burnside's cavalry force during his advance into East Tennessee and capture of Knoxville, and Cumberland Gap. Did out-post duty around the city during the siege of Knoxville. Regiment filled up and organized December 16th, 1863. W. D. Hamilton appointed Colonel, T. P. Cook Lieutenant-Colonel, Wm. Sims, John Williamson and H. Plessner, Majors. A. T. Hamilton, Adjutant; John Fry, Quartermaster; S. M. Minor, Commissary; C. M. Finch, Surgeon; McMullen, First Assistant, and Pinney, Second Assistant; B. S. Houghland Chaplain. Ordered to duty on the Tennessee river in March 1864, and had frequent skirmishes with the enemy along the river until May 8th, when a battle occurred at Decatur, Alabama, in which the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry repulsed the rebel cavalry under General Roddy. Colonel Hamilton was wounded; remained on duty at that point until July 10th, when the regiment was selected to form part of General Rousseau's command in his expedition through the interior of Alabama, by order of General Sherman, to destroy the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, in order to cut off the rebel General Johnson from his ordnance supplies at Selma, Alabama. Regiment destroyed twelve miles of railroad in one day, fighting the enemy during the time for which great credit was given it in General Rousseau's official report. It formed part of General Ed. McCook's command in his raid around Atlanta, July 28th. Did good service at the battle of Jonesboro, September 26th. Formed part of General Rousseau's command in his campaign against General Forrest’s command in his attempt to
invade Tennessee, to destroy Sherman's communication with Nashville during the latter part of October, in which Forrest was repulsed and driven beyond the Tennessee. Selected by General Sherman to form part of his cavalry force under General Kilpatrick; it started from Atlanta in advance of the infantry November 17; gallantly met Wheeler's rebel cavalry November 20, and daily encounters occurred during the march. December 4th, battle of Waynesboro; enemy repulsed and driven back, in which the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry made a successful charge, breaking his lines. The regiment arrived in front of Savannah December 16th; captured by the infantry December 23rd; and crossed the Savannah into South Carolina February 3rd; Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry forming Kilpatrick's advance, drove the enemy from a swamp near Barnwell Court House February 6; battle of Aiken February 11th; enemy repulsed and held in check for near a half day by a daring charge and continued obstinate resistance of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, in which Adjutant A. T. Hamilton, a gallant officer, was killed. In the battle of Averysboro March 16th, the Ninth Ohio Cavalry supported the right flank of the infantry; was also engaged in the battle of Bentonville. It led the advance of Sherman's army into Raleigh, North Carolina. This fine regiment has the honor of fighting the last engagement with the enemy prior to Johnston's surrender. This occurred near Chapel Hill, North Carolina, at a swamp on the extreme left of Sherman's lines, with the rear of Wheeler's cavalry, upon the morning of the day upon which General Johnston asked General Sherman for a suspension of hostilities with a view of agreeing upon terms of surrender. In this engagement General Wheeler left a Chaplain of his staff and three men killed, on the ground. This was the last blood spilt from the surrender of the rebel armies east of the Mississippi; for this and for acknowledgement of the gallant services of the regiment, W. D. Hamilton was, by recommendation of General Grant, breveted a Brigadier General, to date from said action.
This cavalry regiment is one of the most moral and best disciplined regiments in the service. Governor Patton, of Alabama, on whose plantation it was encamped, bears testimony to its morality and good conduct.

General Hamilton, the popular commander of this regiment, is a native of Ohio, and was employed in a lucrative profession when the war broke out. He at once abandoned the congenial pursuits of civil life and devoted all his energies to the service of the Government. He raised a noble company of young men for the Third Ohio, serving with that regiment in Western Virginia. In every engagement he behaved with such gallantry, that he was promoted to the Colonelscy of the above regiment. His bravery and heroism were conspicuously displayed in nearly all the skirmishes and battles of the cavalry in Sherman's army. General Hamilton takes great care of his soldiers. He does not let them suffer. General Hamilton is about forty years of age. He is a man of excellent character, quiet in manner, and a plain, modest gentleman.

Colonel Stough of this same command, is well known as the fighting soldier; when in action he and Hamilton were almost invariably in the front where the fight was hottest.

Among the line officers, Captain Irvine has a fine reputation. He commanded the Sixteenth Ohio in the beginning of the war. He makes a fine appearance, and has a noble voice to command troops.

The command remained in camp until the thirteenth, moving at eleven A. M., toward the south fork of the Edisto river, crossing that night and going into camp about four miles from the river.

**INTERVIEW BETWEEN KILPATRICK AND WHEELER.**

Nothing of great interest occurred until the twenty-seventh instant, save crossing the north fork of the Edisto river, and the Saluda river. On that day, owing to the many reports concerning the capture and murder
of men belonging to his command, General Kilpatrick arranged for an interview with General Wheeler at Lancaster, in regard to an order from General Sherman, that prisoners in our possession should be shot in retaliation for the murder of our men by Wheeler. This answered a double purpose; first, giving an opportunity for a more perfect understanding relative to the alleged atrocities; second, causing the enemy to believe our point of attack to be at Charleston.

The interview was very pleasant, considering the circumstances, and had the desired effect. Nothing was known of the murders by General Wheeler, and he positively asserted that no such thing had been committed by any organization of his command, and, furthermore, would endeavor to learn if there were any truth in it.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT GRIFFIN.

From Lancaster Kilpatrick moved east, toward Chesterfield. On the third instant, Captain Northrop and Lieutenant Griffin, with the scouts, went to Wallerboro, where they found a force of the enemy about eighty strong. They attacked and drove them from the town, killing three, wounding five, and capturing about twenty prisoners. In the skirmish Lieutenant Griffin was mortally wounded, and died in about one hour after. His remains were brought into camp, and on the fourth instant, buried with the honors of war. The loss of Lieutenant Griffin was most serious and was deeply felt by the entire command.

Owing to the extremely bad condition of the road the command did not move until about noon. General Atkins, on the right, while preparing, was attacked by the enemy in considerable force. The attack spread to the First brigade, Colonel Jordan, and for a time it was hardly known what was the real intention of the enemy. It turned out, however, it was but a mere feint or feeling of our lines, in order to ascertain Kilpatrick’s true position. They finally drew off without making any further demonstrations.
Nothing of importance occurred from this point, save the grand advance of our army upon Fayetteville, in which occurred one of the most stubbornly contested cavalry battles of the war, and in which less than two brigades of our cavalry held, and finally drove from their camp in confusion, Wade Hampton's entire cavalry corps. It was discovered on the morning of the ninth instant, that Hardee was making forced marches to reach Fayetteville in advance of the infantry of Sherman. General Kilpatrick at once put his column in motion to strike Hardee in the flank, or intercept Wade Hampton, who was following in the rear with his cavalry. General Kilpatrick reached Coleman's Grove just after Hardee's rear had passed. Hampton was a few hours behind.

Our cavalry had not all come up, owing to the bad state of the roads; Colonel Spencer's brigade, and Colonel Way's command, were at once placed in position and waited the attack of the rebel cavalry. Just before day-break on the morning of the tenth instant, and before the brigade of General Atkins and Colonel Jordan had arrived, Hampton came in front of Kilpatrick's position and massed his troops, consisting of three divisions, under Hume, Allen and Butler. The attack was made in three columns, Wheeler led the right, Hampton the centre, and Butler the left, and was perfectly irresistible. Kilpatrick's first line, under Lieutenant Colonel Way, was actually ridden over, headquarters and artillery captured, and at one time, the entire camp, including the entire staff, and Colonel Spencer, commanding the Third brigade, were in the enemy's possession. But General Kilpatrick made his escape, joined the brigade of Colonel Spencer, which was falling back on foot, stubbornly disputing every inch of ground. A large portion of the enemy halted in and about the camp for a moment, to plunder. "This was fatal to him." Little Kil's brave cavalrymen rallied under the leadership of their tried commander,
retook the hills upon the left, and then, with one wild shout, swept down upon the rebels, who were swarming about the captured artillery and Kilpatrick's former headquarters. In a moment the artillery was in their possession, and turned upon the enemy. At this moment the General's red battle flag, recaptured from the enemy, floated out in the presence of friend and foe. At this sight, the men were perfectly wild with excitement, and when the General rode along the lines and shouted to the men that the day was theirs, the men could not be restrained, but dashed forward, drove the enemy from every quarter, and eventually from the field. Our loss does not exceed one hundred in killed and wounded. The enemy left upon the field a large number of officers and seventy-six soldiers dead, besides many wounded, and at the lowest estimate could not have lost less than six hundred killed and wounded. The whole affair was indeed most brilliant, and reflects great credit upon the cavalry, and adds yet another laurel to the many won by them since leaving the hills of Georgia.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE CAROLINA CAMPAIGN.

JANUARY.

16th—Right wing (Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps) transferred from Savannah to Beaufort.

20th—Left wing left Savannah, marching on either side of the Savannah river towards Augusta.

23d—General Sherman transferred headquarters from Savannah to Beaufort.

25th—Left wing delayed by rains in camp, seven miles from Savannah.

26th—Left wing at Springfield.

27th—Advance of the left wing reached Sister's Ferry.

29th—Right wing moved from Pocotaligo towards the Combahee river. Left wing in camp at Sister's Ferry delayed by rains and high water.
30th—Right wing moving along Savannah and Charleston Railroad; and between the railroad and McPhersonville, encountering small parties of the rebel cavalry. Left wing still at Sister's Ferry.

31st—Right wing at McPhersonville. Left wing at Sister's Ferry.

FEBRUARY.

1st—Right wing moved from McPhersonville towards Hickory Hill. Left wing still water- and mud-bound at Sister's Ferry.

3d—Right wing moved to Brighton's bridge, over the Saltkehatchie where the enemy made resistance to the passage of the stream and burned the bridge.

4th—Right wing effected passage of the Saltkehatchie. Left wing moved across the Savannah.

5th—Right wing crossed Whippy swamp. Left wing moved to Brighton, which had been burned by the rebel cavalry.

6th—Advance of the right wing fought Wheeler at Orange church on the Little Saltkehatchie.

7th—Right wing at Bambury, and Midway, on Charleston and Augusta Railroad. Left wing moved to Lawtonville, which was burned by the Twentieth corps.

8th—Right wing crossed the South Edisto river. Left wing in camp at Lawtonville.

9th—Right wing at Grahamsville. Left wing reached Allendale.

10th—Right wing crossed North Edisto river. Left wing reached Fiddle Point, near Barnwell.

11th—Right wing captured Orangeburg. Left wing marched through Barnwell, which was left in ashes, and encamped three miles from White Pond station.

17th—Right wing made a rapid march from Orangeburg towards the Congaree and Columbia. The left wing tore up ten miles of the Augusta and Charleston Railroad.
13th—Left wing crossed the South Edisto river.
14th—Left wing crossed the North Edisto river.
16th—Right wing effected the passage of the Congaree, and began shelling Columbia. General Carlin, in the advance of the left wing, skirmished with the rebels near Lexington, capturing and burning the town.
16th—The right wing confronting Columbia. Left wing marched to Hart's Ferry, on the Saluda river, and crossed.
17th—Right wing occupied Columbia. Same night Columbia was burned. Left wing reached the Broad river.
18th—Right wing in camp at Columbia, and left wing in camp on Broad river.
19th—Left wing crossed and destroyed Greenville and Columbia Railroad, camping near Alston.
20th—Right wing left Columbia, destroyed railroad to Winnsboro. Left wing moved to and crossed Little river.
21st—The whole army was concentrated at Winnsboro, thus leading Johnston to suppose that it was Sherman's intention to push upon Charlotte.
22d—Right engaged in passage of the Wateree river at Pay's Ferry. Left wing tore up the railroad above Winnsboro and moved to Youngsville.
23d—Right wing on Lynch creek. Left wing reached Rocky Mount, Cahawba river.
24th—Part of the left wing crossed the Cahawba (or Wateree) river.
25th—Right wing captured Camden; left wing passing Cahawba river.
27th—Left wing still engaged in difficult passage of the Cahawba. General Carlin had a fight with Wheeler's cavalry.
28th—Right wing moved from Camden towards Cheraw, encamping on Lynch's creek and halting for three days, waiting for the left wing, delayed at the Cahawba river to get up.
1st—Left wing moved to Hanging rock.
2d—Left wing marched to Horton’s ferry or Lynch’s creek.
3d—The left wing being up, the whole army crossed Lynch’s creek.
4th—Right wing captured Cheraw. Left wing crossed Thompson’s creek.
5th—Right wing and part of the left crossed the Great Pedee river.
Davis’ corps of the left wing moved up to Sneedsboro.
6th—Davis crossed the Great Pedee and the whole army was massed to move on Fayetteville.
7th—Left wing moved to near Downing river.
8th—Right wing at Laurel Hill.
9th—The whole army marched on the several roads converging at Fayetteville to within twenty-miles of the place.
10th—Marched to within ten miles of Fayetteville in line of battle, anticipating an engagement with Hardee. Kilpatrick’s cavalry struck the rear of Hardee’s retreating forces near Fayetteville, and engaged Hampton in one of the finest cavalry battles of the war.
11th—The whole army entered Fayetteville, having been engaged in the campaign for fifty-four days, and having marched four hundred and forty-three miles.
CHAPTER XX.

The Army enters North Carolina.—A Sketch of the State.—The Cape Fear Region.—State of Affairs.—Disorganized Condition of Johnston's Army.—Sherman's Indefatigable Pursuit.—The Great Battles of Averysboro and Bentonville.—Johnston Attacks Slocum.—Severe Fighting.—Howard comes to the Rescue.—The Federals Fight Splendidly.—Johnston obliged to yield.—A Brilliant Victory.—A Review of the Casualties.—Goldsboro.—The Army Reviewed.

A SKETCH OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The history of this State is less known, than that of any other of the States. The most authentic accounts state that the first permanent settlement was made in 1710 by a number of Palatines from Germany, who had been reduced to circumstances of great indigence by a calamitous war. Sir Walter Raleigh had settled there in 1585, but left it the following year. In July, 1729, George II. purchased the Carolinas, and established the two separate governments of North and South Carolina. In 1769 the Assembly declared against the right of England to tax the Colony. The citizens of Mecklenburg county on May 21st, 1775, formally declared their independence, by which, North Carolina was among the foremost of the colonies in bringing about the Revolution. Geographically, North Carolina is divided into three principal sections. The west section is an elevated table-land, traversed by the Alleghanies, which here have several of their highest peaks. This part of the State is fertile, full of springs and rivulets of pure water. Eastward is a belt of undulating country, extending to the lower falls of the rivers, watered by fresh and rapid streams, with fertile soil. To this succeeds the seaward section, which is a low plain traversed by sluggish streams, and near the coast
abounding with marshes and extensive swamps. The chief crops of North Carolina are corn, tobacco, rice and sweet potatoes.

The rivers are the Roanoke, Tar, Neuse, and Cape Fear; these rivers, though of large volume, are navigable only for small vessels; have shallow bars, are frequently interrupted, and in their upper courses frequently supply great water power.

Pine forests are numerous. The climate is very pleasant; the winters are so mild in some years, that autumn may be said to continue till spring. The western part of the State was chiefly settled by emigrants from the North of Ireland, and are a very loyal and industrious people. There is as much truth as poetry in the oft quoted sentence from an old writer, that "God sifted out the wheat of the Old World that he might sow the new land with a goodly seed."

The Cape Fear region in North Carolina was first settled from Connecticut, and the common provincialisms may be heard there to this day. To be reckoned with those in point of influence for good, are the Scotch-Irish, approaching this country in two ways: a part directly from Charleston, and holding their distinctive name. After the Irish rebellion of 1798 there were large numbers of those more or less implicated, who found it safe to seek a refuge in South Carolina and Georgia. Among these was the father of the Rev. Dr. Adger, the famous Presbyterian divine of the South, and many of his relatives. But the greater number drifted down the Piedmont country, following the Alleghany range, and are universally known as Pennsylvania Irish. Of these, was the idol of the South, John C. Calhoun. Of other settlers in numbers there were Highlanders banished from Scotland for participation in the wild schemes of the Pretender. One whole clan of McIntoshes, from Inverness, settled on the Altamaha river. And among many others was Flora McDonald, who located herself near Coosa creek, near Fayetteville, North Carolina.
The campaign of Sherman has been brilliant and triumphant. If the renown of splendid courage, stern devotion to the cause, and marches almost without a parallel, are evidences of soldiership, then Sherman's army is the finest in the world. From all parts of the country, from Europe, from the rebels themselves will come the grateful tribute of admiration. When the record of this war is written the admiration will beam deeper and stronger, for the veil which has covered the movements of Sherman will be drawn away, and disclose a picture of patriotism, of self-sacrifice, of wise and firm administration, which can be seen now only indistinctly. The details of that grand expedition into the heart of the South, which led to the evacuation of Savannah, Columbia, Charleston and Goldsboro, will then become clearly known to the world, and whatever may be the subsequent claims of Sherman's army to the respect of mankind, it will assuredly sustain its present reputation for genuine endurance and valor, which the most famous veterans might envy.

The army left Fayetteville for Goldsboro on the 14th of March—Howard commanding the right wing and Slocum the left—the two columns taking different roads, but crossing at a certain point. The citizens who turned out to witness the Yankee army, were quiet and respectful. In some places much enthusiasm was manifested, and the warm grasp of the hand told how cordially the Union soldiers were welcome in North Carolina. Were it not for the despotism of Davis, these sons of the old North State would rally to the Union cause with the promptness and alacrity of the clans of Scotland, when they heard the bugles of their Highland chiefs. Scores of her people greeted us with shouts of rapture. Plunder and pillage were strictly prohibited. The occasional acts of madness, committed by our troops in South Carolina, was not tolerated here. Many of the people seemed anxious to furnish forage and rations to our wearied and gallant boys.
The battle for the possession of the rebel capital was fought, not at Petersburg, but at Bentonville N. C. To Johnson and Lee there was one single chance of success remaining—to prevent the junction of General Sherman and Schofield. This chance is gone. It might have been possible for the rebels, by attacking one of the separate columns which subsequently united at Goldsboro, to have crushed it before the arrival of the other. If Johnson had an army worthy of the name, he ought to have been able to defeat Schofield at Kenton; but he tried with half his force and failed. Then he tried the rear of one of Sherman’s columns at Averysboro, March 16th, and failed there. He tried again at Bentonville, March 19th, and failed there. He tried again at Mount Olive, and failed there. Then he retreated to Smithfield, while Sherman, victorious in every engagement, marched on to join Schofield and Terry near Goldsboro, and the three armies of the Union merged into one at the very point which Sherman had fixed upon before he started from Savannah. General Sherman’s whole loss since leaving Savannah, is less than three thousand, and against that he has to show two thousand rebel prisoners, plus an estimated loss of three or four thousand, while they have failed in the object for which they fought, whilst he has succeeded in every plan and battle.

A French paper, the *Opinione Nationale*, Prince Napoleon’s organ, thus speaks of the campaign in Carolina:

“The wild despair which induced the Carolinians to set fire to their metropolis, will not win for them the sympathies of the civilized world, for they have never been more than rebels against a great government. Their cause has never been that of liberty, their watchword is, slaves and slavery. The line of conduct adopted by Sherman, is well calculated to force the South to return to the path of duty. The General has baffled the plans of his enemy by the skill of his tactics and the energy of his movements, while, by his moderation and justice, he has aroused in the insurgent
population a love of the Federal flag. The progress of
the liberating army toward the north, will decide the
fate of the rebel capital. Richmond will be the last
retreat of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the last rampart
beneath which rebel slavery will find shelter."

General Sherman after leaving Fayetteville, decided
to form a junction with Schofield and Terry near Golds-
boro. Hardee’s force, twelve thousand men, in retreating
from Fayetteville, moved in the direction of Ral-
eigh, halting between Cape Fear and South rivers,
hoping to check Sherman so that Johnston might be
able to unite his entire army at Raleigh or Smithfield.
General Johnston’s plan was to strike one of Slocum’s
corps, and crush it while Wade Hampton held the
others off. General Slocum was to be decoyed into
Bentonville and met by a small force of cavalry, when
the infantry was to spring on him. The indefatigable
Kilpatrick moved to Averysboro, demonstrating and
feigning well toward Raleigh, when the “Bummers,”
who had been four miles beyond, announced that the
rebels were advancing in force. The Ninth and Fifth
Michigan Cavalry were immediately deployed, and after
severe fighting succeeded in drawing the enemy across
a ravine, which the next day became the line of battle.

The position chosen by Johnston was a splendid one.
His left rested upon the Neuse, his right on Hannah’s
creek. This creek empties into the river at some dis-
tance below the point that constitutes Johnston’s rear,
the intervening ground forming a cul de sac. The
Neuse is deep and rapid here, and Hannah’s creek is
also an unfordable stream. Above the scene of battle,
it is fed by Mill creek and Stone creek, and the three
united streams guarded Johnston’s right. The ground
is undulating, but there are no hills of any height. The
woods are open, and clear fields stretch away in the
immediate front of what were Johnston’s defensive
works. Mr. Moore, whose farm was over-run by Union
troops, lives three miles from Bentonville, and twelve
from Cox’s bridge over the Neuse. A short distance
from Moore lives his neighbor Willis Cole. Near his
house, running through the cleared fields, facing west and covering the forks of the road at Averysboro, the rebel line was formed. Their line was something like a segment of a circle, though irregular, fashioned on the scoop net principle.

The left wing of our Army, Slocum's column, had proceeded only five miles on their Sunday walk, when they neared Johnston's force, and were suddenly attacked. Williams' and Ward's divisions of the Twentieth corps, composed of Coggeswell's and Jackson's brigades and Morgan's and Carlin's divisions, Fourteenth corps, had the lead. The rebel General massed his entire army, and hurled them at once upon these divisions, but all sudden and fierce as it was, the left stood firm. Seven times during the day the rebels dashed up in great waves of fire and steel, and seven times they dashed themselves to pieces against Slocum's adamantine lines. The first one of these attempts was directed against Coggeswell's and Mitchell's brigades. Hardee and Hoke led the charge in person. They became desperately ambitious, these rebels dashing into death, succeeding at one time in getting in the rear of Mitchell. The fighting here was terrific, old soldiers say it was never surpassed. A regiment or two yielded to the pressure of overwhelming numbers. The rebels swept like an avalanche upon the loyal troops and the shock had its effect. The enemy succeeded in capturing three guns belonging to Battery C 1st Illinois. After taking these guns, they could not get them to their lines. These guns remained between the two armies, neither being willing to pay the price of blood, that their possession would have cost. Coggeswell's brigade lay in the water and fired at the rebels. The enemy passed around Mitchell and struck Vancleave's and Fearing's brigades in the rear, pressing them so hard that our boys were forced to jump over their breastworks to repel the assaults in their rear. In one of these assaults Colonel Drummond of the Fourteenth Michigan captured an officer who gave his name as General Hoke. He subsequently made his escape.
The gallant Morgan had a narrow escape. While the fighting was going on, he had been consulting with Jeff. C. Davis, and had started for his post with Colonel McCleary, Chief of Staff, when he was fired at a dozen of times, and he actually went through a whole division of rebels. General Morgan is one of the fighting Generals. There are some amusing anecdotes told of him, one of which we will give:

Morgan in his dress looks more like a wagon-master than a General. On a certain occasion a new recruit, who had just arrived in camp, lost a few articles and was inquiring for them among the veterans in hopes of finding them. An old soldier, fond of his sport, told the new recruit that the only thief in the brigade was in Jim Morgan’s tent. The recruit immediately started for Jim’s quarters, and poking his head in, asked:

“Does Jim Morgan live here?”

“Yes,” was the reply. “My name is James Morgan.”

“Then I want you to hand over those books you stole from me!”

“I have none of your books, my man.”

“It is an infernal lie,” exclaimed the recruit. “The boys say you are the only thief in camp! turn out them books, or I’ll grind your carcass into apple sass.”

The General relished the joke very much, but seeing the sinewy recruit peeling off his coat, he informed him of his relations to the brigade, and the recruit walked off, merely remarking: “Wall, blast me, if I’d take you for a Brigadier. Excuse me, General, I don’t know the ropes yet.”

The rebels fought with splendid gallantry. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, they pressed splendidly on, pushing some of our troops back, but not breaking our line of battle. They massed for a final effort, emerging from the woods in front of Carlin and Jackson, just as the sun went down. They came into Mower’s open field silently, marching steadily on towards Robinson and the five batteries. They were received with a terrible volley of musketry, Robinson, Jordan and Slocum giving them no time to
recover their good order. Slocum ordered a charge and the brave fellows dashed rapidly forward. The rebels fought bravely and desperately. It was a critical moment. Slocum stood motionless and speechless near the batteries, intently watching Robinson’s thin lines. Williams looked on, confident as ever in the tenacity of the red star division. Jeff. C. Davis pugnacious as at Chickamauga, watched the woods and listened for sounds from Carlin and Morgan; Kilpatrick, who was a visitor, showed all his splendid teeth in smiles of admiration at the way those men fought, and slapped his thighs excitedly when the rebels were checked. The five batteries then opened at a distance less than seven hundred yards, throwing canister and spherical case into the wavering mass of rebels, the discharges being as rapid as the ticks of a lever watch. Smoke settled down over the guns as it grew dark, and the flashes seemed like a steady burning fire, and powder and peach blossoms perfumed the air. The fighting on all parts of the line was now at that range, and we were holding on by the skin of our teeth only. It was known that Howard’s column was sent for and anxious and watchful were the glances sent to the rear. Our loss in the battle of Averysboro was eight hundred.

The battle of Bentonville was the great battle that the Richmond papers said was to astonish the world. The rebels fought well and desperately and with great heroism. They had brought their whole army here, and were splendidly fortified. They selected their own ground, but with all their privileges, they were unable to withstand Sherman’s hosts. Bentonville is a wretched village of five or six mud hovels, in Johnston county, North Carolina. It is five miles South of the Neuse river, and twenty miles West of Goldsboro. Mill creek is a small, shallow, stream of water, hardly reaching the dignity of a creek. It is skirted generally by lowlands and considerable swamps. The enemy’s line of battle extended between Mill creek and Hannah’s, resting here and there on a very crooked swamp.
Our line of battle was nearly opposite that of the enemy, and stretched irregularly along the border of a swamp; Blair commanding on the right, Logan on the left.

The first indications of the battle was the driving in of the enemy’s out-posts and skirmishers. For three hours on Monday afternoon, twentieth instant, the skirmishing was carried on, without any effect, save the wounding of a few citizens. Towards evening we sent forward a large body of skirmishers, and shortly after McLaw’s division was hurled against our pickets. The fire became rapid and incessant; what were at first distinct notes, clear and consecutive, merged into a tumultuous chorus. The discharge of musketry sounds upon the ear like the rolling of a thousand distant drums.

Logan’s veterans entered into a glorious revelry. Their fierce battle cry rung out above the roar and din of battle, the trumpet note of victory to our arms and the knell of defeat to the enemy. With several advantages, gained, the fight closed for the first day. Hickox’s splendid Wisconsin battery, announced the next morning that the battle was begun. Logan had intended the attack; Blair had arrived the preceding night and was in position on the extreme right. Logan’s Fifteenth corps, splendidly handled, swept on like a wave, its columns falling fast and heavy upon the audacious rebels.

Johnston had massed a heavy force on the right, and maintained his position with so much stubbornness that Blair ordered a division forward. It moved forward in superb style, and fell upon the enemy like a thunderbolt. The shock was terrible. The enemy halted, hesitated, then staggered backward from their first line of works.

Late at night a simultaneous attack was ordered on the whole right. The effect of the combined attack, was to force the rebels to abandon their principal works and to seek a position in the more open space. The lines being formed, the men were ordered to assault the rebel works. Here a terrible struggle ensued. The
conduct of our soldiers was grand. They faced the whirlwind of iron and lead with the steadiness and composure of a summer’s rain. Then came charge after charge, the gaps in our lines being immediately closed up, and with the triumphant shout, “The Battle Cry of Freedom” ran far above the roar of artillery and musketry, while the stricken foe fell back aghast as our braves mounted and carried their works. In half an hour the enemy were in full retreat; our gallant soldiers slept the balance of the night on the enemy’s ground, with the wreath of victory crowning their brows.

General John E. Smith, commanding third division Fifteenth corps, gave orders to Colonel Clark R. Weaver, to take his brigade of seven hundred muskets and prevent the enemy from crossing Cox’s bridge, compelling them if possible to burn it. This was a perilous job. The safety of the army demanded it. It was a matter of such importance, that Logan issued a special order, to burn the bridge at all hazards. Weaver moved forward with his three skeleton regiments. A strong column of the enemy with two sections of artillery advanced upon them. They were received with a destructive fire: were charged and driven back in confusion. The Fifty-sixth Illinois, Tenth Iowa and the Eightieth Ohio, charged so rapidly, loading and firing as they went, that the rebels surprised and routed, burned the bridge and fled in confusion. Cheer after cheer announced the victory from our gallant men. Colonel Metham’s regiment behaved with unquestioned bravery, so did the other two regiments.

Hoke’s North Carolinians, Cheatham’s and S. D. Lee’s Tennesseans, and Hardee’s Charlestonians all fought us, and were estimated at forty thousand men. In the charges, thousands of our men were bare-footed, and some were even without pantaloons, fighting in their drawers, others again were clad in rebel gray, picked up and darned to replace their worn out blue uniforms, thus reversing the general rule of the war—it is the rebels who generally appear in our clothes.
Shoeless and "sans culottes" though many of them were, they fought with all their wonted elan. Throughout these two battles, there occurred many instances of personal bravery on the part of both officers and men. Colonel Pearce, commanding the Ninety-eighth Ohio, fought like a Saladin. All reports concur in stating the same of Mitchell, Fearing, and Jackson.

An overwhelming force of the enemy gained a trifling advantage over General Corse's division, he who defended Allatoona so gallantly. This roused Corse's blood, and five times he charged the strong lines in his front, making valiant endeavors to recapture his men.

Worthy of most glowing numbers were the deeds of the Forty-sixth Ohio; armed with the seven-shooter, Spencer rifle, they engaged an entire brigade of rebels, stormed their entrenchments and put them to utter rout. Mower's division of Blair's corps, attacked and carried a couple of lines on the right—a storm of iron and lead was hurled on the foe that literally mowed them down. The rebels halted in amazement, but still they fought bravely.

General Sherman has issued the following congratulatory order to his army:

**Head-Quarters Military Division of the Miss.**

In the Field, near Bentonville, N. C.,

March 22, 1865,

"The General commanding announces to the army that yesterday it beat, on its own ground, the concentrated armies of our enemy, who has fled in disorder, leaving his dead, wounded, and prisoners in our hands, and burning his bridges on his retreat.

"On the same day, Major-General Schofield, from Newberne, entered and occupied Goldsboro, and Major-General Terry, from Wilmington, secured Cox's Bridge Crossing, and laid a pontoon bridge across the Neuse River, so that our campaign has resulted in glorious successes. After a march of most extraordinary character of nearly five hundred miles, over swamps and rivers, deemed impassable by others, at the most
inclement season of the year, and drawing our chief supplies from a poor and wasted country, we reached our destination in good health and condition."

On the 22nd, Schofield went to Cox's Bridge on the Neuse river, six miles beyond Goldsboro, where Terry's forces were discovered laying a pontoon to cross the river, having marched all the way from Wilmington. In a few moments Sherman's trains were seen moving from Bentonville to Cox's bridge, and the junction of the left wing of Sherman's army with Terry's and Schofield's forces, was effected. Sherman's staff had entered Goldsboro on the 22nd, and the left wing of the army followed the next day, where it passed in review before Sherman, Terry and others. Thousands of the men were bare-footed, and but few complete pairs of trousers were exhibited. No army however was ever in more magnificent spirits. Every man seemed to be endowed with intuitive power to understand the full significance of the mighty events that had been enacting. It was a complete triumph. As the army passed in review, it cheered Sherman and Terry, greeting them with shouts of triumph. The scene brought vividly to mind those early days of Napoleon's Italian campaign, since when, we have had no such manifestations of military Generals, as to-day has furnished us.

The splendid tactical skill displayed by Sherman in this campaign, the world now sees. How he beguiled and deceived his old antagonist Johnston, how he flanked, and how completely he was master of the situation from the first down to the last, maps and diagrams will show, but they will not show how splendidly the troops were handled in the field by Howard and Slocum, and Logan and Blair and Davis. There was no botch, no mistake. Every corps, every division, every brigade was promptly on time at the appointed moment. Orders from Sherman down, were clear, decisive, and not to be mistaken or misunderstood. It has been a time too, where strategy and tactics have won the field, and not murder, and in this respect, as in all others, it has been the most wonderful scene in our history.
Sherman's army was reviewed at Goldsboro. It was a picturesque sight in personal attire. The spectacle presented as they were drawn up in line, necessarily formed an arabesque pattern of the most parti-colored crowd of people, upon which human eyes ever rested. Some were in black, full citizen's dress with beaver hats and frock coats, some in Confederate uniform, some in gray, blue and streaked, some in nothing but blue shirts, pants and no shoes, some have banners floating from their "outer walls" in the rear;

"Some are in rags,
Some are in jags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Take them all in all, they reveal those fantastic shapes that hang upon the walls of memory. Aside from the dress, the personnel of a majority of the men was remarkable. They were rough, brown-faced fellows, who looked as if in a fight they might weigh a ton a piece, or whip their weight in wild cats. The health of the boys was good, yet none have suffered more hardships, encountered more perils, or been more deprived of the necessaries of life.

Sherman's columns moved from Goldsboro on the 10th inst. Early on Monday morning the advance was sounded, and the grand divisions moved forward simultaneously. The right wing under General Howard, taking the Fosterville road, and the left wing under General Slocum, the road leading to Smithville; the army of the Ohio, under Schofield, marched up the north bank of the Neuse river. The cavalry, General Kilpatrick, covered the advance, and fought the retreating enemy. The army was in splendid spirits, confident of being able to achieve an overwhelming victory over Johnston. Sherman pressing his front, and a formidable body of infantry and cavalry closing in upon his rear, there is no chance of escape, but by retreating rapidly toward Columbia, and thence into Georgia by the way of Augusta.
The city of Raleigh was surrendered to Kilpatrick on the 13th, by the Mayor and Council. A regiment was immediately detailed to act as guards to the frightened and bewildered citizens. Kilpatrick came near losing his life as he entered the city, a rebel straggler fired upon him, sending a bullet in close proximity to his ear; the villain was caught and hung.

When Schofield's column arrived at Raleigh, Kilpatrick's guards were relieved by the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, Major-General Cox's Corps. Sherman had issued an order before entering the city, that if no resistance was offered, all public and private property would be protected. The order was rigidly obeyed. The soldiers behaved finely. Governor Vance, a bitter and violent rebel, left the city. The Secretary of State, Auditor, and Surgeon General, and the most of the citizens remained. General Stiles, as Post commander, and Colonel Warner as Provost Marshal, gave good satisfaction.
CHAPTER XXI.

Another Campaign.—Sherman Advances on Raleigh.—How the Views of his Generals were received.—His Army enters the City without opposition.—The Citizens are Loyal.—How Grant was made a General.—Laughable flight of a Rebel Senator.

THE CITY OF RALEIGH.

The attractions of this handsome capital are extensively and favorably known. Situated in the midst of a rich and fertile country, now wearing the rich livery of summer, an enchanting prospect meets the eye in all directions. The wide and commodious streets are shaded by rows of elms. The magnificent dwellings in and around the city, with their ample yards and gardens, adorned with choicest flowers and shrubbery, give the city a most attractive appearance. Perhaps there is no town of the same population in the South that affords so many evidences of wealth, elegance and social refinement.

The city of Raleigh is not a very old place. The first house was built sixty years ago, by one Lane, the progenitor of General Lane, of Kansas notoriety; it is regularly and tastefully laid out in the form of a basin, surrounded by a belt of hills. The population of the city is about five thousand. There are very few foreigners. The wealth of Raleigh, as it has been observed of Nashville, is of the genuine, slowly formed description, that does not take to itself wings and fly away, just when it is wanted most. The North Carolinians are a much hardier, sturdier, and nobler race of people than the South Carolinians. They are less polished and pompous than their neighbors of the Palmetto State; but more dignified, industrious and patriotic.

Beautiful Raleigh! It was laid out in the good old English Southern manner. The spacious Fayetteville
street is lined with stores so solid and elegant that they would not look out of place in New York, whose stores are palaces. The suburbs of the place abound in elegant mansions, gardens and ornamental trees, where the wealthy enjoy a delightful retreat from the bustle and exciting scenes of politics and business. Raleigh is a railroad centre, from which there are several highly important radiations. The people are very intelligent and hospitable. The ladies are handsome and dress elegantly. Their conduct to our troops is polite, courteous and Christian. The significant and derisive contempt exhibited by the flippant ladies of Nashville and other cities does not exist here.

Among the private residences worthy of special note for splendor and architectural elegance, are the mansions of Grimes, Mordecai, Boyland, Tucker, and Kin ner, a Baptist minister, now traveling in Europe. The different denominations, including the Africans, have neat and costly churches. The Baptist denomination have the finest religious edifice in the State. It is truly a splendid gem of Church architecture. It is metropolitan in its character. The pastor himself gave fifteen thousand dollars toward its construction. He was originally from New York, coming South he married a lady of great wealth and hence his munificence. The Episcopal church is presided over by the Rev. Dr. Ma son, a man of cultivated mind and Union tendencies. The Methodists at present have as their minister the Rev. Mr. Pell, a courteous and venerable clergyman. He is the editor of the Methodist paper published here, and has been regarded as a Union man.

There are many public buildings in Raleigh. Among them are the Capitol, the Asylums, and the Episcopal Seminary. The Lunatic Asylum is a glorious structure, and reflects great credit upon Miss. Dix, who recommended, and upon the enterprising citizens who generously aided in its erection. The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum is large, tasteful and commodious. Through the courtesy of Mr. Palmer I visited this institution, and was highly gratified at the proficiency of the pupils.
What a splendid commentary such houses of charity are on the sublime principles of the Cross! The Capitol is a substantial building. From the dome of this edifice the stranger has a fine view of the city, and the smiling fields of the country. On the southern side of the Capitol stands a bronze statue of Washington, a conspicuous testimonial of the wealth and liberality of the people and a worthy monument of the architect.

One more spot of sacred interest is the cemetery—a lovely city of the dead. Here nature has her trees, her verdant slopes. Many of the lots are inclosed with iron paling, and handsomely improved with monuments and the most choice shrubbery, making it emphatically a garden of graves. The father of Andrew Johnson sleeps here. A movement is now in progress to erect a suitable memorial over his grave. The soldiers contribute liberally.

There are a large number of Unionists in Raleigh. The most conspicuous one is the gallant Holden, the able and fearless editor of the Standard. When his history is known, he will become one of the most popular men in the nation. Grandly, patriotically, has he deported himself since our troubles commenced, throwing into the Federal scale that immense influence which social position, personal popularity, and splendid talents gave him. We hope soon to see him Governor of North Carolina. He and Mr. Pennington, of the Progress, have in the last four years, spoke and wrote brave words for an undivided nationality in the darkest and most rampant times of rebellion. Pennington has been thoroughly Union, and out-spoken in his abhorrence of the Davis despotism. I have before me at this hour several copies of his paper, published a year ago, in which he deals terrible blows at the great rebel chief. His life, like Holden's has often been imperilled. Had he lived in any other southern State, his life would have paid the forfeit of his unswerving Union sentiments. He is a defiant and burly looking fellow, a match for half a dozen of the chivalry.

William A. Graham, of this State, will be remem-
bered as a Whig politician of sufficient standing and influence to gain him the nomination for Vice-President, on the ticket with General Scott, in 1852. They say that when the war broke out he proclaimed himself a Union man, but he didn’t stand fast in the faith very long; and in order to make a good convert of him, the rebel Legislature elected him to represent the old North State in the confederate States Senate. So he became one of the most violent advocates of every thing that he himself denounced four years ago.

Mr. Graham was a member of the delegation appointed to wait upon General Sherman, twenty miles from here, and formally surrender the city of Raleigh. Upon fulfilling this mission, he returned, arriving here a few hours ahead of the advance of our cavalry. Some of his friends advised him that he had better not remain, as the Yankees would surely arrest him as a person of much importance to the rebel government. He hastily made up his mind, having but little time for deliberation, and concluded that his personal safety demanded a vigorous retreat. He looked for his horse, but it was non est inventus, having been “gobbled” by some confederate trooper; and there was nothing left for him but to foot it, in the direction of the flying Southerners. His powers of endurance gave out before he had gone very far, and he sat down exhausted by the way-side. Pretty soon a straggler from Wheeler’s cavalry came along, and asked him who he was, and what was the matter with him; for he had upon his countenance the look of one sorely troubled. Mr. Graham replied that he was “Senator Graham.”

“Jerusalem!” said the cavalryman, “you’re in a bad fix for a Senator. The Yankees are within half a mile of you, coming like hell.”

Mr. Graham was horror-stricken at this intelligence, and didn’t know what on earth to do. Any man with a fleet horse and saddle to sell could have made a splendid bargain with him just then. The cavalryman was about to start off, when the confederate Senator appealed to him for God’s sake not to leave him there to fall
into the hands of the Yankees. While the soldier and
the statesman were discussing the predicament and the
best way out of it, crack, went the carbine of one of
Kilpatrick's horsemen, not shooting at them exactly,
but giving painful evidence of close proximity. The
rebel trooper said he must be going, and communicated
his desire to his horse by means of his spur. But just
as he was starting off, Mr. Graham, whom necessity had
made inventive in a time of hope and despair, suggest-
ed that the "d—d horse would ride double," and, at any
rate, he was willing to pay liberally for the privilege of
testing this question of equine capacity.

By this time the approach of the Yankees was mark-
ed in the horizon by a big cloud of dust, and it was ap-
parent that whatever was done must be done quickly.
The grave and reverend Senator "jumped on behind,"
according to the suggestion of the cavalryman, and
clasping the latter tightly round the waist, entreated
him to use his spurs and slacken his rein, to the end
that a short time might remove the equestrian duett
beyond the reach of Yankee carbines. He succeeded,
and is now within the lines of Johnston's army.

HOW GRANT WAS MADE A GENERAL.

Sitting round a blazing camp-fire, a few evenings
since, several officers related their experiences of Gene-
ral Grant in civil life. Here is, as nearly as I can
recollect it, what General John E. Smith said on the
subject:

"I don't believe any man in Illinois knew Grant bet-
ter than I did, and I think I had quite as much to do as
any other man with bringing him into the war. I lived
in Galena, at the time. Grant's place of business was
near mine. He kept a hardware and saddlery-store. I
used to drop in to see him very often, on my way home,
and he and I would generally smoke our pipes together,
in his office adjoining his store. He was a very poor
business man, and never liked to wait on customers. If
a customer called in the absence of the clerks, he would
tell him to wait a few minutes till one of the clerks re-
turned, and if he couldn't wait the General would go
behind the counter, very reluctantly, and drag down whatever was wanted; but hardly ever knew the price of it, and, in nine cases out of ten, he charged either too much or too little. He would rather talk about the Mexican war, than wait upon the best customer in the world.

"When the war broke out, I told him, one day, that I was going down to Springfield to see Governor Yates, who had sent for me. Grant merely remarked, in a quiet way, 'You can say to the Governor that if I can be of any use to him in the organization of these regiments, I will be glad to do what I can.' I went to Springfield, and made arrangements immediately for Grant to be sent for. He came right down, and went to work to organize ten regiments, called out as a sort of home guard, for thirty days at first, but afterward enlisted for three years. When he had done this, and was ready to go home, Governor Yates offered him the Colonelcy of the 21st Regiment, one of the ten. He accepted it, and immediately went to camp. I went with him, and I shall never forget the scene that occurred when his men first saw him. It was very laughable. Grant was dressed very clumsily, in citizens' clothes—an old coat, worn out at the elbows, and badly dinged plug hat. His men, though ragged and bare-footed themselves, had formed a high estimate of what a Colonel ought to be, and when Grant walked in among them they began making fun of him. They cried out in derision, "Look at our Colonel!" "What a Colonel!" "D—n such a Colonel," and made all sorts of fun of him. A few of them, to "show off" to the others, got behind his back and commenced sparring at him, and while one was doing this, another gave him such a push that made him hit Grant a terrible blow between the shoulders. The General soon showed them that they must not judge the officer by the uniform, and before he got through, the unruly fellows felt very much mortified. One of them generously confessed that it was all in fun, and hoped the new Colonel wouldn't get mad about it. But he did.
“Grant went to work immediately, and in a very short time had his men clothed and fixed up in good style.”

At this stage of the conversation General Logan joined in as follows:

“And I can tell you that Grant came very near going out of the service at the end of the thirty days for which his regiment was first called out. I met him on the streets of Springfield one day, looking very badly. He told me that he felt discouraged, because his regiment didn’t want to re-enlist for three years. His men were getting tired of soldiering, and wanted to go home. He asked me to go to the camp and make a speech to the boys, and I did it. I told them all about the glories in store for them, and how grand it would be for them to be coming home to their wives and sweethearts at the end of three years. Whether my speech was good or bad, it had the desired effect; for the men all enlisted for three years, and a few days afterward they started for Cairo, under Colonel Grant.”

General Logan then related how Grant came to be promoted to a Brigadier General:

“It was not for meritorious service, for he hadn’t had a chance to show himself meritorious. I was in Congress at the time. It was just before I resigned. Lincoln sent in a request to the Illinois delegation to nominate nine men for Brigadier Generals. We met in caucus to do this, and Grant received one more vote than any other of the nine. Among the nine were McClernand, Prentiss, Hurlbut, Palmer, and others whose names I have forgotten. Dick Richardson was among them, but he declined. Grant was in Cairo at the time, and he knew nothing about his promotion until it had been decided on. We all went for him.”

GENERAL GRANT REVIEWING SMITH’S DIVISION.

About two o’clock, the arrival of General Grant to our division was announced by strains of music and hearty cheers from the soldiers. As he rode up the
lines, and the men caught sight of his well-known figure, a wild and prolonged cheer, fraught with a feeling that thrilled all hearts, rang along the lines, and rose to the heavens. Hats were thrown high, and many persons became frantic with emotion. General John E. Smith shared fully in the excitement, and waved his hat in the most enthusiastic manner. It was then a grand sight to see General Grant ride forward, and uncovering his nobly modeled head, acknowledge with consummate grace and dignity, the greeting. He looked stouter and heartier than when he left us at Vicksburg. On all sides such expressions as, "what a splendid man," "what an honest face," "our destiny is in his hands." He is the best and greatest man on the continent. A brave and enthusiastic member of the 10th Iowa, threw his cap at him, exclaiming, "Saviour of the country, I fought under you at Vicksburg." Grant looks more like a country farmer than a General. On this occasion he was only tolerably dressed, wearing a common soldier's hat. His organs of benevolence and veneration are large, and his eye full and penetrating. Sherman has the decided advantage over him as far as appearance goes. Of the two, at first sight, I would prefer Sherman. Grant has more cautiousness, and I think, more determination; that is, Grant would never give up; would fight it out on his line, even against life. He would fight on, and fight forever. Sherman, having less cautiousness, I think, would make up the most daring moves, and the most rash charges; would create the greatest enthusiasm, and in a desperate charge succeed best. Both are able Generals, and our cause is safe in their hands.

Grant was accompanied by several Generals. The most conspicuous was the noble Sherman. He was superbly dressed, sporting a bran new hat, and seemed to be in splendid spirits. Next to Grant, Sherman is the popular idol of the war. The pictures of him, which have been scattered throughout the country, give a tolerable representation of him, except his eye. That can not be transferred to paper or metallic plates. He looks
like a General. He is easy in his manners, converses freely, and has none of the bluntness which we would expect to find in one who has spent so much of his life in camp, and amid the stern realities of war. Religiously, Sherman is of Roman Catholic proclivities. Last Sabbath I noticed him at preaching, and he seemed very respectful and devotional. I make this note because it has been represented that he was irreverent at Divine service.

General Howard, the one armed hero, looked as calm and pleasant as a May morning—suavity and politeness written in every line of his face. His carriage is marked with dignity, grace and gentleness, and every motion bespeaks the attitude and presence of the well-bred gentleman. Logan, the popular commander of the renowned Fifteenth Corps, was particularly noticeable. His appearance, especially when animated by battle, is exceedingly fine. He renews in fight the miracles of bravery and sang froid of the hero of Lodi and Rivosi, and his youngest soldiers have blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazards his own life with such invincible courage. He has been repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's guns, and re-appearing, as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke evaporated.

After the first instantaneous survey of Logan, your attention is particularly riveted by the forehead and eyes, and by the quick, constant, youthful play of his movements. The striking feature, however, are his eyes—dark, brilliant, finely penetrating, but without one spark of fierceness, anger, pride, or any tumultuous passions; nay, they are as sweet as they are strong, as mild as they are bright, radiant with inspiration. They are eyes which never blanched at danger, and it is the boast of his soldiers that he never looked unpityingly upon the sufferings of his followers.

Logan has infused his own energy into his staff officers. Most of them are clever and cultivated gentlemen. The names of a few occur to me at this moment. There is Hoover, all impulse and courage; Perry, a
tried and trusted soldier; Fred. Whitehead, the bravest of the brave, whose heroism is unquestioned; the careless and brilliant Woodhull, the youngest Colonel in the service; the immovable Yorke, whose rich uniform and gallant air symbolize the chivalrous soldier.

General Grant was also accompanied by General John E. Smith, an old friend and townsman. General Smith, up to the recent promotions, was the oldest Brigadier in this army. He is a marked specimen of a whole-souled gentleman, well informed, and a gallant soldier. Accessible to all, he is as kindly democratic with his soldiers as he is courtly with his equals. General Smith is an inflexible disciplinarian, and is highly praised for his military talents and activity. Among his peers he is regarded as the most modest officer in the field. In a fight he sets the example of freely exposing his person, and everywhere inspires the soldiers with his presence. In this crowd of Generals, there was also the burly and full-souled Wood—Ohio has produced no braver soldier and General—there was Hazen, his name will be forever associated with Fort McAllister—there was Clarke, genial, and slightly anxious.

The news of Grant’s victories culminating in the possession of Richmond and Lee’s army, was received here with the wildest enthusiasm. It was hoped that by this time, General Joseph Johnston would have imitated Lee, and saved the further effusion of human blood. He must capitulate. From General Sherman’s order published a week ago, the troops generally believed that their next march would be homeward. The capture of Johnston and his entire army is only a question of time.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

On Saturday morning, the 15th of April, at 20 minutes past ten o’clock, in the city of Washington, the noblest heart that ever beat in America—measured by the sphere of labors through which it moved—ceased to
beat. Fast and far as the electric wire dispatched the news of the death of President Lincoln his living spirit had, in its great Catholic sympathies, reached. The generous and liberal affections which warmed towards all mankind, remained serene and undimmed through every trial down to the last hour of his life. There was no other man equal and like to him, and there could not be, because there was no other whose breast was so ample, so fervid, and so fresh. For days and weeks the streets of Washington will be silent. The beauty that shone like the hues of the morning through the vision of freedom has vanished in the night that has come upon the land.

From every quarter of the Union, eyes will turn in the direction of that silent, solemn and desolate White House—and miss the great tower which lifted its head to the heavens, and in the midst of storm held up its lofty light of benignant influence and guidance to the contemplation of all his countrymen. By the hand of the accursed assassin, all that was perishable of Abraham Lincoln has passed away—but his principles, like the words of the holy man, shall endure forever. These are vital and invulnerable. They will remain glowing with the spirit from which they emanated, and clad with the vesture of beauty which neither the moth, nor mildew, nor the worm, nor the cowardly traitor can consume. I say cowardly traitor, for not all the tragic machinery of the globe, not all the instruments of civil rage and domestic murder, could produce so foul a demon. The common damned will pass him by and regard themselves as fiends less foul.

It is sad to contemplate the death of our patriot Chief at a time, when the banners of victory were waving in all the winds of heaven, and the cry of freedom was breaking from the unfettered earth; seldom has the roll of death received a purer name. The down-cast eyes, the throbbing hearts and saddened countenances of the army, tell too truthfully of the profound grief. The emotions of the whole people are almost tangible. A sublime silence that is reverential and awe-inspiring,
pervades the whole nation. It is said that the banners of Washington city drooped in the calm, balmy air. The sad solemn music had a sorrow in it that was celestial, it was hopeful, heavenly. The grand streets lined with people was an appropriate triumphal way leading to the grave of the dead patriot. The people were going up to the burial of their own son. They seemed to know how he had labored for them, how he had loved them, how true, how unselfish, how brave he was. There was no terror that he did not dare for them, there was no labor that he did not endure for their sakes, there was no duty that he left unfulfilled, there was no wrong that he saw, or knew, as far as his vision reached, that he did not scorn.

The most glorious act of his administration was the charter of universal emancipation. Millions have gazed upon it with devout joy and rapture. It has reverberated from empire to empire, from continent to continent. The Laplander has heard it amid the regions of eternal snow. The European has heard it amid the fields and crowded cities of a refined and civilized population. The Arab and the Hindoo have heard it amid the gardens and spicy plains of Arabia. The African has heard it amid the burning beams of an equinoctial sun. The peasantry in Wales, in England, in Ireland, in Germany, in Asia and Egypt, have kindled with delight as they heard the Anthem of the Free. What a glorious epoch will this constitute in the annals of the Republic. The President was called to a difficult and perilous position, his sway extending over a broader land than the Roman Eagle ever swept in all the magnificence of his flight, and never did any former President sanction a measure which at once put an end to so much misery, and secured so much happiness. It will be beautifully said of Lincoln as it was of Wilberforce, that he went to Heaven, bearing in his hands the broken shackles of four million slaves.

The following orders show the dispositions made for the homeward march of the troops:
Head-Quarters Military Division of the Miss., In the Field, near Raleigh, N. C., April 27, '65. Special Field Orders No. 65.

"The General commanding announces a further suspension of hostilities, and a final agreement with General Johnston, which terminates the war as to the armies under his command, and the country east of the Chattahoochie. Copies of the terms of convention will be furnished Major Generals Schofield, Gilmore and Wilson, who are specially charged with the execution of its details in the Department of North Carolina, Department of the South, and at Macon and Western Georgia. Captain Casper Myers, Ordnance Department, United States Army, is hereby designated to receive the arms, &c., at Greensboro, and any commanding officer of a post may receive the arms of any detachment, and see that they are properly stored and accounted for.

General Schofield will procure at once the necessary blanks and supply the other army commanders, that uniformity may prevail; and great care must be taken that all the terms and stipulations on our part are fulfilled with the most scrupulous fidelity, while those imposed on our hitherto enemies, be received in a spirit becoming a brave and generous army.

Army commanders may at once loan to the inhabitants such of the captured mules, horses, wagons and vehicles, as can be spared from immediate use, and the commanding Generals of armies may issue provisions, animals, or any public supplies that can be spared, to relieve present wants, and to encourage the inhabitants to renew their peaceful pursuits, and restore relations of friendship among our fellow-citizens and countrymen.

Foraging will forthwith cease, and when necessity or long marches compel the taking of forage, provisions, or any kind of private property, compensation will be made on the spot, or when the disbursing officers are not provided with funds, vouchers will be given in proper form, payable at the nearest Military Department.

By order of Major General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON, A. A. G.
Hostilities having ceased, the following changes and dispositions of troops in the field will be made with as little delay as practicable. The 10th and 23d corps will remain in the Department of North Carolina, and Major General J. M. Schofield will transfer back to Major General Gilmore, commanding Department of the South, the two brigades formerly belonging to the division of Brevet Major General Grover, at Savannah. The 3d Division of the Cavalry Corps, Brevet Major General Kilpatrick commanding, is hereby transferred to the Department of North Carolina, and General Kilpatrick will report in person to Major General Schofield for orders. The cavalry command of Major General Stoneman will return to East Tennessee, and that of Brevet Major General Wilson will be conducted back to the Tennessee River, in the neighborhood of Decatur, Alabama.

Major General Howard will conduct the Army of the Tennessee to Richmond, Virginia, following roads substantially by Louisburg, Warrentown, Lawrenceville and Petersburg, or to the right of that line. Major General Slocum will conduct the Army of Georgia to Richmond by roads to the left of the route indicated for General Howard, viz: By Oxford, Boydton and Nottoway Court-house. These armies will turn in, at this point, the contents of their ordnance trains, and use the wagons for extra forage and provisions. These columns will be conducted slowly, and in the best of order, and will aim to be at Richmond ready to resume the march by the middle of May. The Chief Quartermaster and Commissary of this military division, Generals Easton and Beckwith, after making the proper dispositions of their departments here, will proceed to Richmond, and make suitable preparations to receive these columns and to provide for their further journey.

By order of Major General W. T. SHERMAN.
The order to march was suddenly countermanded. Negotiations had once more been re-opened, and Sherman paid another visit to General Joseph E. Johnston. Day after day passed, and a thousand rumors were afloat. The original terms which Tecumseh had forwarded to Washington not being ratified, a new field of operations now opened up. I hear a shout in camp, followed by resounding cheers. Johnston has proposed to surrender his entire army—this is probably true.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE REBELLION.

So rapid and so glorious is the cause of victory for the Union, that no one who loves it can write in a temperate style. It is neither superstition or extravagance to say that Heaven has blessed the government, and scattered confusion and defeat among its enemies. A Government such as ours has always the support of the God of Heaven. The news of Johnston's surrender was received with the wildest and most enthusiastic cheerings. Peals of bells ushered in the morning of the 27th; salvos of cannon resounded, and the splendid bands of the different regiments played patriotic airs. We may now safely say that the unity of the nation is perpetual.

Where are now the malignant and confident prophecies of England? that the base, powerful treason of the South could never be suppressed; that the integrity of the Nation could never again be restored; that the democracy of America would prove themselves incapable of preserving and maintaining a Republican form of Government? Where are the declarations of Bulwer, that the land of Washington was about to be divided into petty sectional sovereignties? Bulwer writes eloquent romances, but fails as a prophet. Where is that powerful editorial in the London Times, gravely announcing that our government was only fit for fair weather, and not for the dark tempest? Where are the spiteful flings of Ramsden, Brougham, and Palmerston, uttered amid the resounding cheers of the British Parliament?
General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his entire army to General Sherman on the 26th of April, at Greensboro. The terms are about the same which Grant accorded to Lee. The rebel army is being paroled, and sent to their homes. I have conversed with scores of them; they are highly delighted with the fact of the capitulation, and declare themselves heartily sick of the Davis despotism. This is glorious news, and will be everywhere hailed as the closing act of the great rebellion. When it was announced to this Corps that Johnston had finally yielded, the news was received with the wildest and most enthusiastic shouts of joy.

The hateful vaticination has sunk back to the source from which it has issued—the foul heart of antagonism which Britain has ever had for the country which triumphed over its despotism. In the revolutionary war we shattered the minions of England to atoms, and in this war against this great rebellion, its detested forebodings we have dispelled like froth. Where then are the ten thousand ungenerous things said of us by that Christian nation? They are in the position of miserable falsehoods before the light of right and justice, and patriotism, put forward by a noble people, unsurpassed in all the departments of civic and military life. Where, too, are the boasts of the South? In the battles around Richmond, Lee's renowned army was reeled to the earth.

The unexampled movements of the indefatigable Sherman made the rebellion shake with despair; the seizure of Selma, Montgomery and Mobile deprives them of all future resources; the evacuation of Wilmington and Charleston proclaimed that they trembled in awe of the invincible Army of the Mississippi.

The masterly strategy of Grant places the remaining rebel country within the ponderous iron net of the United States. Where is the Confederacy? In fiction, where it ever was, with this awful difference: that where atrocious rebellion gave its fanciful establish-
ment, there is bloodshed enough to make rivers, and desolation that centuries will weep over! Wretched South! Awfully has Heaven punished thee for thy fratricidal strife. If the war has ruined the South, it has given splendid virtue to the North, in all the features of exalted nationality.

PEACE.

The news of General Johnston's surrender spread like magic from camp to camp among the soldiers. Then went up shout after shout, rockets blazed through the air; guns were fired, and other things that would explode with a noise, were improvised for the occasion. All seemed happy—rather more than happy—they were elated. A few hours have transformed the entire Federal army. They came in the sense of enemies—they came, if need be, to kill and destroy. Now they are friends—friends to protect both life and property—friends and brothers. They came in the grand panoply of war; they depart in the beautiful habiliments of peace. How strange and how mysterious is the human heart! one moment maddened with rage, insane with fury, and seeking only to wreak destruction upon all around and about it; the next, gentle as a lamb, tender as the angel of sympathy itself, and seeking only the happiness of others, deriving its greatest pleasure from contributing to the pleasure of others. Yesterday a demon; to-day an angel. The crystal dews of heaven, as they glide from the smooth, white wings of the dove of Peace, fall sparkling, radiating, melting into the obdurate heart, expelling evil and enthroning good in its stead. These God-sent drops are now falling and fulfilling their mission, and so great, so grand, so glorious is the change, that earth seems now almost a Paradise.

True, there are many a stricken heart, and many a desolate home. The dead cannot be recalled, but Time is a great soother of griefs, and though it may not entirely heal, it always softens our anguish, and we cherish the memory of the dead with a sweetly, mournful pleas-
They cannot come back to us, but we shall soon go to them. It is said of Wisdom that “her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.” This, then, is the day of Wisdom. The weather is pleasant—the news is pleasant—soldiers and citizens wear an air and bear themselves in a manner which plainly tells they feel pleasant. The dark hurricane of war which has swept over our land with all its blighting and destructive fury for the last four years, has died away; and in the wake of its expiring energies there breathes forth the soft lullaby of Peace, in a cadence thrilling every heart, murmuring low and sweet among our hills and mountains and lingering tunefully amid our valleys, and then rising as the sweetest of incense to the hallowed Throne of a just and merciful God.

As yet we can scarcely realize the change. But yesterday “grim visaged War” frowned terribly and deadly upon us; to-day the bright and cheering smiles of Peace are gladdening our souls with strange delicious sensations. May she ever smile upon our again united, happy, and prosperous people!
CHAPTER XXII.

The Conference between Johnston and Sherman.—The Rebellion Collapsing.—An Eye-Witness Describes how Breckenridge and Johnston looked during the Conference.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Peace and reunion, an undivided continent, and regenerated liberty! Such, at last, is my greeting. Sherman has met Johnston and Breckenridge in person. Pens, not swords were the weapons employed, and again, once for all, victory remains with the "invincible.

At this memorable conference, your correspondent with the cavalry, had the peculiar fortune to be present, and as he was the only correspondent present, his must be the only direct testimony as to the incidents of the meeting.

As all the interest of the entire pursuit, from the battle-flags of Bentonville up to the peace-flags of Durham, has centered with the cavalry, I shall resume my connected account, (presuming you to have received my former dispatch,) beginning where I left off on the morning of the 14th, when our skirmish lines had been checked by General Sherman's order to await the plan by which the army of Johnston, now so closely pressed, was to be intercepted and cut off from retreat.

The plan was as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISS.,

IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 14, '65.

Special Field Orders No. 55.

The next movement will be on Ashboro, to turn the position of the enemy at the Company's Shops, in the rear of Haw Run Bridge, and at Greensboro, and to
cut off his only available line of retreat by Salisbury and Charlotte.

I. General Kilpatrick will keep up a show of pursuit in the direction of Hillsboro and Graham, but be ready to cross the Haw River, on General Howard’s bridges near Pittsboro, and thence will operate toward Greensboro, on the right front of the right wing.

II. The right wing, Major General Howard commanding, will move out on the Chapel Hill Road, and send a light division up in the direction of Chapel Hill University, in connection with the cavalry, but the main columns and trains will move via Hackney’s Cross roads, and Trade’s Hill, Pittsboro, Saint Lawrence, &c., to be followed by the cavalry and light division, as soon as the bridge is laid over the Haw River.

III. The center, Major General Schofield commanding, will move via Holly Springs, New Hill, Haywood and Eoffitt’s Mills.

IV. The left wing, Major General Slocum commanding, will move rapidly by the Ayer’s Ferry Road, Carthage, Caledonia and Cox’s Mills.

All the troops will draw well out on the roads designated, during to-day and to-morrow, and on the following day will move with all possible rapidity to Ashboro. No further destruction of railroads, mills, cotton or produce, will be made without specific order of an army commander, and the inhabitants will be dealt with kindly, looking to an early reconciliation except in cases where hostility is manifested. The troops will be permitted to go gather forage and provisions as heretofore, only more care should be taken not to strip the poorer classes too closely.

By order of

Major General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant General.

During the day (Friday, April 14,) a letter, received under flag of truce, from Major McClellan, Assistant Adjutant General to Lieutenant General Wade Hampton, and directed to Major General W. T. Sherman,
was forwarded to Raleigh by Brevet Major General J. Kilpatrick, whose headquarters were then upon the Chapel Hill Road, twelve miles distant from the capital.

The next morning, before daylight, a dispatch from Major General Sherman arrived, inclosing a letter directed to General Johnston, which, it was significantly intimated in the accompanying note to Kilpatrick, related to "the beginning of the end."

General Kilpatrick then sent a truce letter by Lieutenant Colonel Godfrey, of the first Alabama Cavalry, to General Hampton, saying that during the pending of important correspondence between their chiefs, he in accordance with his instructions, should advance his force to Chapel Hill, but meanwhile would himself be upon the Hillsboro Road, on which, unless opposed, he should not attack, but should hold it sacred to the correspondence. General Hampton replied acquiescing, and thus the Hillsboro Road became the highway of truce.

Captain Day, of Kilpatrick's staff (Provost Marshal), was then sent with General Sherman's letter in reply to General Johnston, which was received by Captain Loundes, Assistant Adjutant General, of General Wade Hampton's staff. Reply was made that an answer from General Johnston could not be returned before four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. On the 16th a train came from Raleigh to Kilpatrick's headquarters, at Durham, repairing the telegraph on the way, with Charles Eddy, General Sherman's telegrapher aboard, in preparation for the answer from General Johnston, to be forwarded by telegraph to General Sherman — reply to be returned the same way. Captain Hayes, of Kilpatrick's staff, being dispatched to the picket line at the time appointed, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, returned with the following communication from Lieutenant General Wade Hampton, to Brevet Major General Judson Kilpatrick.

HEADQUARTERS, April 16, 1865.

GENERAL—The General commanding directs me to arrange for a meeting between himself and Major Gen-
eral Sherman. In accordance with these instructions, I beg to inquire when and where this meeting can most conveniently be had? I suggest ten o’clock A. M. to-morrow, as the time, and a point on the Hillsboro Road, equi-distant from the pickets of your command and my own, as the place for the proposed meeting.

I am respectfully yours,

WADE HAMPTON, Lieutenant General.

Major General J. KILPATRICK, U. S. A.

This communication having been forwarded, the following was returned:

I have just received and read your communication from Lieutenant General Wade Hampton, proposing a meeting between General Johnson and myself, at ten A. M. to-morrow. You can make all necessary arrangements with General Hampton for the proposed meeting. You had better defer the meeting till 12 o’clock, M. Also say to General Hampton that I should be pleased to see Generals Hardee und Bragg.

W. T. SHERMAN.

At 10:50 A. M., on the 17th instant, the train (two passenger cars, marked Raleigh and Gaston), arrived at Durham, with Major General Sherman and his staff, Major General Barry, Chief of Artillery; Colonel Poe, Chief Engineer; Colonel Gaston, Chief Quartermaster; Major Dayton. Assistant Adjutant General; Major Andenreid, Major Nichols, Major McCoy, Captain Bachtill and Lieutenant Howard. The General and his staff were received by Kilpatrick and conducted to his headquarters, while horses were being saddled.

At twenty minutes past 11 o’clock, A. M., the party set out—the two commanders, with their staffs, and an escort of two hundred men, accompanied by Colonel Curwin, of the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding Kilpatrick’s 3d Brigade.

The place of conference was “a convenient house half way between the picket lines,” and General John-
ston and Lieutenant General Hampton—neither Hardee nor Bragg being present—were found at the house of one James Bennet, some three and a half miles from Durham. Of General Johnston’s staff, but one officer was present, a son of Wade Hampton. Of Hampton’s staff were present a Major, Chief of Artillery, Major McClellan, and Captain Loundes, Assistant Adjutant General. Colonel Waring, of Cobb’s Legion, commanding a brigade, was also present in charge of the escort.

Johnston and Sherman retired into the house together. Wade Hampton and his son, of Johnston’s staff, reclined upon an old work-bench in the yard, the other rebel officers about them. They were well-dressed—indeed, dirty and villainous as the dress of the rebel private looks—sufficient blue mixed with the gray, together with lace, stars and cuffs, make a rebel officer’s appearance respectable. In addition, they were rather fine-looking fellows. Wade Hampton, though very slightly round-shouldered, is tall and broad-shouldered enough for figure, and his flush face is set off with a magnificent brown moustache and beard. His eyebrows, though very heavy, and regular enough to indicate good nature, only contracted over his nose by reason of his education, but he has an ugly habit of striking, and at the same time spasmodically knitting his forehead. His son’s face pleased me better. Of his staff, I liked best the look of Captain Loundes, who, together with Colonel Waring—a very wide awake and withy little officer—like sensible gentlemen, for the occasion at least, appropriately put aside hostility and reserve, and partook of the courtesies of conference.

I can not wonder at the bitterness displayed by Hampton in reply to Kilpatrick’s kindly-intended advances. Slavery was his nurse, from whose black dugs he has imbibed the poison to adulterate a generous and noble nature. Alas, that such spirits have been taught to call evil, good, and good, evil. It was his own crime that recoiled upon him, in the devastation of his own home. What can be done with such? The occasion
was a conference upon the subject of the surrender of his army—his cause having been already rendered hopeless by fate, and the unavoidable submission of Lee. "Yet," said he to Kilpatrick, "had I the writing of the terms of agreement, they should never be written, and"—(here there was a chance interruption, which continued long enough for him to have lost the thread of his remark, had he not clutched it just before its close), "I never could bring myself to live again with a people that have waged war as you have done." Our fiery cavalryman restrained himself to a simple allusion to the burning of Chambersburg, adding that the ruthless pillaging, and occasional darker outrages, were the unavoidable incidents of every invasion; that the predatory bitterness of Sherman's expedition was retaliatory. Hampton replied to the effect that he, too, had now learned the lesson, and should practice it on every occasion. Kilpatrick answered that he would not go out of his way to seek the chances, but would improve them as they were met. Hampton returned that he would look for opportunities. Kilpatrick curtly said he thought his own party were likely to do most of the burning now. It is due to Hampton, to say that his men are reputed to be under better discipline than Wheeler's. He denied that he was at all to blame for the firing upon Kilpatrick's advance into Raleigh, the other day. He had given strict injunctions that all his guard should be withdrawn in season, subject to the Mayor's surrender of the place. One remark of his, though, was very significant, as showing the feud already developing between the defeated and disappointed confederate soldier and the abused, plundered and repentant citizen. He claimed that the engine intercepted, together with the peace commissioners, by Kilpatrick, should have been allowed to pass back to Raleigh, as he had requested, he himself having first placed himself in their path to prevent a conference with Sherman. Kilpatrick judiciously answered that he had determined that confederate soldiers should not interfere with the citizens, in their laudable designs of com-
municating with an army whose office and purpose is
the restoration of peace and social reconstruction, ad-
ding, casually, that the engine and train, which it would
have been poor policy for him, under the circumstances,
to have passed to Raleigh, only to be run off or disa-
bled by the enemy, was a lawful capture, as, though it
had truce flags flying, he was forced to fire on it to
bring it to a halt. Then Hampton, with insidious and
ominous bitterness, replied to the effect that it was a
matter of perfect indifference to him, how much such
men as the Raleigh commissioners were fired upon;
evidently implying that he despised the peaceful and
public-spirited citizens, who refused, in the face of de-
spair, maddened with frenzy like his own, any longer
to countenance the utter ruin of the people, displaying
an abandoned recklessness of the sufferings of those
whom he had been professing to regard as his own kins-
men, that, to say the least, from the lips of a pampered
figure, gorgeously bedecked with the spoils of the poor
whom he had robbed and oppressed, and declared him-
self still resolved to rule with the brand of marauding
ruin, looked like the most selfish and disgraceful bru-
tality. Where is the bread for the helpless widows
and orphans made by him? Wade Hampton’s maw
fattens with it a vagabond and brigand appetite; and
the very last stitch of covering for the nakedness first
wrought by his own insatiableness, himself at the last
niche of wretchedness, twines in gold wreaths, silk
cuffs, tassels and gew-gaws upon his loafish person.
His words are full of loathsome meaning to me.

Confidentially informed, just before setting out to the
conference, of the assassination of our beloved Presi-
dent by a fanaticism not merely akin to, but incited by,
such men as Hampton, I tell you, such impolitic, out-
spoken “roughs as Wade Hampton tell the bitter truth
when they say the same land can not contain two an-
tagonisms. There is nothing for it but to hang or ex-
patriate all such reprobate spawn still remaining of the
exorcised “sum of villainies.”
About 2½ o'clock in the afternoon, the chiefs issued from the house together; General Johnston, venerable with intermingled gray, in close-cropped hair and beard, lifted his hat continually to the officers in blue, who admired his military bearing, with coat closely buttoned to his chin. For my part, I thought our own chieftain, ugly as he is called, a far better-looking man, taller, younger, and more commanding. At the word "to horse," the parties separated and the day's conference was ended.

"What was the result?" each inquired of the other, returning; for nothing could be gathered from the secret face of Sherman. In the evening, however, it transpired that the conference was continued to the following day. Johnston owning that, while he was himself prepared for surrender, he could not vouch for the obedience of his infatuated command. Accordingly, he should meanwhile submit to Davis and Breckinridge (who are supposed to be at Goldsboro), the following proposition from Sherman: A complete surrender, by State authority, of all right and claim of the so-called Southern confederacy, to the United States, which would itself assume the responsibility of taking care of the recusant rebel chiefs.

Sherman informed Johnson of the assassination of the President, who expressed great and sincere regret, acknowledging that nothing, just at this juncture, could have happened so deplorable. Sherman told him at once to notify his army of the event, at the same time publicly disclaiming any sympathy whatever with the deed, or he could not answer, if the contrary was suspected, for the forbearance of his own command.

Upon his return to Raleigh, the same evening, Sherman published Secretary Stanton's dispatch, informing him of the most awful tragedy in the nation's annals, together with the following order, which, with the Secretary's letter, appeared in the Raleigh papers—Standard and Progress—and were brought out by the train in the morning:
General Order, No. 50.

The General commanding announces with pain and sorrow, that on the evening of the 14th instant, at the theater, in Washington City, his Excellency, the President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, was assassinated by one who uttered the State motto of Virginia. At the same time, the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, while suffering from a broken arm, was stabbed by another murderer in his own house, but still survives, and his son was wounded, supposed fatally.

It is believed, by persons capable of judging, that other high officers were designed to share the same fate. Thus it seems that our enemy, despairing of meeting us in manly warfare, begins to resort to the assassin's tools. Your General does not wish you to infer that this is universal, for he knows that the great mass of the confederate army would scorn to sanction such acts; but he believes it the legitimate consequence of rebellion against rightful authority. We have met every phase which this war has assumed, and must now be prepared for it in its last and worst shape—that of assassins and guerrillas; but woe unto the people who seek to expend their wild passions in such a manner, for there is but one dread result. By order of

Major General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON, Major and A. A. G.

Together with the dispatch informing him of the murder of the President, General Sherman received another accompanying from the Secretary of War, quite as startling, that the deed was planned in Paris by a conspiracy, thus to cut off every prominent member of the Government, and that certain of the conspirators had already set out from New York to his army, and "are doubtless even now in your midst. I beseech you to beware, and heed that warning which the President neglected."
This letter contained a description of one of the conspirators; it is to be hoped sufficiently accurate to identify him. Detectives are on the track.

The next morning, the 18th, as bright and propitious as the preceding, smiled upon the continued conference. About the same hour, the train brought back our chieftain to a second and final meeting with the leaders of the Southern confederacy. General Sherman was received with that grace which belongs to our brave young cavalryman, Kilpatrick, who again conducted the distinguished General to his flag-draped quarters—the house of Dr. Blackwell—the flags, rebel captures, surrendered to Kilpatrick at Raleigh. While the chief rested, and his horse was being saddled, the band of the 3d Kentucky loaded the breeze with those strains that, like Tennyson's voice by the cedar tree, seem ever to chant only of martial death and honor that can not die.

An escort of two hundred men picked from the 8th Indiana, carried sabres, in two ranks, facing between headquarters and the railroad. Behind them, and on the opposite side of the track, thronging the fences, climbing every lookout, pressed the gay and dashing cavalrmen, to view the scene, and catch a glimpse of the grim Sherman, delighted to witness his marks of regard toward their own favorite leader, the bold young raider, whose signal enterprise was now reaping just reward; thus made host of the ceremonies of truce, toward the hastening on of which, his own vigor had not failed to contribute. The word is given to mount, and the General seats himself upon a white charger without belt, sabre or pistol—an old, low-crowned, round-topped, faded, black felt hat, clapped close upon his head—for all the world (except for his coat, which lay back in the breeze in very irregular abandon of its buttons), as if setting out once more "on circuit" from his law office at Leavenworth, to patch up some exceedingly aggravated divorce case. Kilpatrick rode beside him, upon a mettled brown steed, himself belted, sashed, and sabred, the handsomest figure on the field. "Pre-
sent sabers,” was the order to the escort as the General passed through with uncovered head, and soon the whole party are upon the road.

As this meeting proved memorable enough for history, a list of the principal individuals present would not be without interest.

Of Sherman’s staff: Major-General Barry, Chief of Artillery; Colonel Poe, Chief Engineer; Colonel Gaston, Chief Quartermaster; Major Hitchcock, Inspector General; Major Andenreid, A. D. C.; Major McCoy, A. D. C.; Major Nichols, A. D. C.; and Charles Eddy, Telegrapher; Brevet Major General Kilpatrick, and the following members of his staff: Major Estes, Assistant Adjutant General; Major Helm, Chief Surgeon; Major Dunbar, Quartermaster; Lieutenant Colonel Godfrey, A. D. C.; Captain Brink, Inspector General; Lieutenant Lewis, Chief of Ordnance; Lieutenant McRea, A. A. C. S.; Lieutenant Messenger, Signal Officer, and Lieutenant Fuller, A. D. C.

Captain Day, Provost Marshal, was absent attending to a department expanded daily by arrivals of Lee’s men and deserters from the army in our front. Captain Hayes was also absent. Besides, were present, Brigadier General Jordan, with his Assistant Adjutant General, Captain Ward, commandant of Kilpatrick’s 1st Brigade, from which were chosen the escort, and Colonel Jones, commanding the regiment, the 8th Indiana, part of which composed the escort. Colonel Jones has won a reputation for determined and skillful fighting which, together with his looks, formidable in spite of exceedingly reckless attire, made him a marked man for the rebels, who inquired the name of “yon-der fighting man,” and by General Sherman, who, on our ride back, called him to his side and held him in a few minutes galloping conversation.

Arrived at the house (James Bennett’s), a plain, one-storied frame, with, apparently but one room, that in which the conference was held—the out-house or kitchen detached, after the North Carolina style, and built of logs. These premises, which, however humble, this re-
markable conference has made illustrious, were chosen by Captain Hayes, Aid-de-camp to General Kilpatrick. Our party were received by Major McClellan, Assistant Adjutant General to Wade Hampton, who "did not see fit (so his staff officer informed the curious, with characteristic impressio, to be present to-day," and soon General Johnston rode up with two of his staff, Major Johnson, Chief Engineer, and Wade Hampton (son of the Lieutenant General), and accompanied by Davis, commanding the escort chosen from his regiment, one of Butler's old brigade, now Logan's, in Law's division; by the way, not only a brave officer, but, like Colonel Waring, who led the escort the day before, a gentleman of frank mien and genial temperament. Hampton's Colonels, at least those I have seen, seem to lack the bitterness and vengeful venom of the General. General Sherman and General Johnston again entered the eventful house together. Soon John C. Breckinridge himself entered, the rebel Secretary of War, his haughty form still unbent, but looking older from care—a tall commanding figure—and as his large, cold, gray eyes looked out from the portals of his lofty forehead, meeting, as if with the nerved sternness of defiance, the hundred questioning glances, I thought of Moloch, proud fallen angel—at last cast down by superior power, but yet, though seathed, undaunted. Apparently the conference was entirely between him and Sherman. Johnston sitting apart by no means a curious listener, but rather occupied with the spectacle outside, his eyes resting with interest upon the groups of officers gathered here and there at the corners of the out-house, and recumbent upon the green sward between. Very soon Sherman stepped to the door and called for his saddle-bags. Now, thought we, that means paper and proposition-documents and dialection, and all is going right; for if Johnson will stop to deliberate, our old Tycoon is not only an "invincible" General, but a consummate statesman, educated in both arts, dipped in the Styx all over, and defies the devil himself to cope with him in war or diplomacy. Soon Johnston disen-
gaged himself entirely from the proceedings within, and stepping into the yard, addressed with a kind expression a common soldier, and entertained both the man and himself with the inspection of a Spencer carbine. This little act spoke volumes. It was the act of a brave and noble heart, lately misguided, now chastened by age, defeat and conviction, willing to be a child again, ask pardon of God and submit himself, repentant, but serene, to the judgment of an injured but generous country. Poor old man! of so much better metal than the vile hands that made thee their tool, go thy way. But Hampton "did not see fit to be present to-day." His son was there, however, and how sorry I was to find his frank face, so much more genial than his father's, covering the same frantic principles of savage, Scotch-Highland inveteracy, and bloodthirsty, clannish hate, that ceases only in death, whose hope is despair, and whose grave is blood. "I went into this war," said he, with the quiet, smiling earnestness of long settled resolve, "for independence, and I expected to keep on fighting till I succeeded or was killed. I expect now to fight till I am killed." In answer to a question—"No, I would not try to induce my men to follow a hopeless cause to their own ruin. Those may go home who will, and those only remain who wish to stay, feeling as I do. I expect most of the cavalry and much of the infantry to join us. We are not yet prepared to think our cause entirely hopeless. We do not yet despair of intervention. You will invade Mexico, to depose Maximilian, we will support him. You may be sure we will help him if you oppose him, and then, Napoleon will take our part against you, and we may yet by this means achieve our independence. At any rate we shall continue to fight you, even without hope. It has now become a personal matter. Of property I think nothing, but my house has been violated, and some of my kindred have fallen, and I feel bound by ties most sacred to me, to continue to the bitter end. I am a Scotchman, and admire that national trait which inspires individuals to hold fast their identity." (I modify his
language a little to give its substance.) "Why," he was asked, "feeling so uncongenial as you do, do you not emigrate and enjoy that sense of independence and identity abroad, which you cannot, with the spirit you profess, hope to enjoy at home?" "That wouldn't do. I want to stay and fight." A Southern John Brown with a vengeance, as I expect he discovered both interest and intelligence in constitutional discussion. He declared candidly that in his opinion the doctrine of secession had proved absurd and suicidal. There could be no stability with such a policy. But he seemed to consider it in some way a consequence instead of a contradiction of popular Government, which he declared to be essentially "fickle." He seemed particularly interested by the assurance that even the radical party of the North, now that the war drew to a close, were inclined to leniency; and asked me to read him Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on this point, published in the Raleigh Standard, of Monday. He also expressed deep regret at the death of Mr. Lincoln, whom he seemed to appreciate as the best friend in the South the North had. In fine, despite his faults—faults of education and association, I could not but esteem and admire his manly candor and chivalric gentleness, and my heart yearned for him still more bitterly, cursing the peculiar institutions whose poisoned atmosphere alone has corrupted such a noble nature. Let us hasten to rescue the coming generation of a noble race from baneful influences.

The first day of conference, two long lines of the privates from each army could be seen converging across the field in rear to a little log hut, distant about a hundred yards, where they stole to enjoy their own truce meeting. That they were glad to come together, this spectacle left no doubt. But the second day the rebel escort were kept by their officers aloof at a barricade, two hundred yards beyond, upon the road. If this was to prevent intercourse, it failed, for our boys, in numbers, straggled down the road, and insisted upon unreserved communication over the barricade rails. One
bright lad came up as orderly to Colonel Davis. Although he had only been in the service two months, he was already tired, and longed for the war to be over, though he had volunteered and declared himself determined to fight to death, unless General Johnston, whom he admired and loved, should surrender. He was but seventeen years old; regretted the schools had been broken up by the war; wanted to resume his lessons; wanted to get to work again, and declared all he asked was twenty acres of ground to earn his living. He had a jack-knife, for which, perhaps, an army sutler would charge $1.50 in greenbacks. He said he had given $100 confederate scrip for it.

Even Major McClellan, Hampton’s A. A. G., seemed more communicative to-day, perhaps because unrestrained by the presence of his chief. But though apparently bitter almost to discourtesy, his accents and gestures were much too dilettante for formidable effect. He is a cousin of our “youthful hero of many failures,” George B., and a graduate of Williams’ College, Massachusetts, class of ’58. He and Major Nichols, of Sherman’s staff, indulged in a discussion which, for manliness, courtesy and common sense, resulted very much to the advantage of the latter. Wherever born, if educated at the North, a man with Southern principles seems a renegade. Major McClellan is an F. F. V. Hampton’s home is Columbia, S. C.

The conference had now lasted three hours, and nothing but the importance of our situation saved us from ennui. The time to separate was approaching. Officers were busy plucking leaves and flowers to bear away as trophies from the field of conference. I have a strawberry blossom whose associations will prove sweeter than if the fruit itself followed.

The saddle-bags had been sent out and the orderlies mounted, when the momentous article, which the General is said to prize more than his boots, was again sent for, and our parting for a moment longer delayed, while Major Andenreid, the General’s model Aid-de-camp, related an amusing little incident connected with the same
saddle-bags: On one occasion, setting out by railroad, with his staff, and before any of the staff baggage had reached the train, the old Tycoon, who, like tide and time, or fate, waits for no man when the march of events is ready, called out to the conductor—"Are the saddle-bags aboard?" "Yes." "Go ahead then." So two armies hung breathless a moment longer, waiting the saddle-bags.

Johnston and Breckinridge came from the house together. At the gate they both took leave of Sherman, the latter courteously lifting his hat again, as the day before, also to the rest of us. Breckinridge, however, very stiffly parted with Sherman only, and then strode on and through the gate toward his horse, without so much as a glance deigned to meaner mortals.

To-horse, was the word again, and away we went, this time the whole column, instead of the slow-paced gait of the day before, setting out at a fast lope, which was in itself significant to us, eager to know the result of the conference. Unconsciously the feeling thrilled through all that all was well. This pace was kept up, slackening only at impracticable spots in the road, until we were far within our own picket lines. From every direction the cavalry lads streamed to the roadside to look upon the spectacle. Their old commander and his party returning with the blissful news of peace they had so long tarried to bring.

Again at Durham, Sherman and his staff sat down with Kilpatrick to dinner, after which the train sped back to Raleigh.

Regenerated peace. Blissful news. Davis, who was in person at Greensboro, but doubtless afraid to attend the conference, had commissioned Breckinridge to surrender to Sherman, subject to the approval of the President, the entire State and military claims of the rebellion—the whole so-called Southern confederacy, all details to be left to the laws and the civil courts.

Johnston would have surrendered the day before, but, poor old man, reft of authority, amid the wild confusion of shipwreck, he felt that he had nothing but himself
to surrender. So to make submission most effectual, and remove from under the feet of the most desperate reprobates the last scaffolding of excuse for holding out, Sherman demanded and obtained from the hands of the arch-traitor, Davis himself, a full surrender of the very urns of State authority, by which alone the feeble military of a spent rebellion could hope to keep up a last lingering spasm of galvanic moribundity.

The rebellion is dead! Ring, joy bells, ring! On Easter Sunday was arranged the eventful conference which followed upon Monday and Tuesday, and consummated the glorious result—Peace—an undivided nationality of self-government, beyond all doubt or cavil, of the self-coherency of a system of free labor and equal rights.

"But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace.

She, crowned with olive-green, came softly sliding
Down the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger.

With treble wings the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
Strikes a universal Peace through sea and land."

I may add for the interest of the reliquarian *penchant*, that I have a *poncho*, picked up by me in the street, the day we entered Raleigh, dropped by a flying rebel, one of "Wheeler's prowlers," who had remained behind for game, and whose shot I distinctly heard strike a tree at my side. He with others, stood at the head of Fayette street, by the Capitol yard, and skedaddled in full tilt after Captain Hayes, of Kilpatrick's staff, caught one of them, whom the prompt and fiery Kilpatrick hung upon the spot. The rest escaped—perhaps the one who dropped the *poncho* with them. If dropped for a decoy, the strategy succeeded; for your correspondent, completely demoralized by the prospect of plunder, stopped pursuit, and fell upon the trophy. Prudence enhanced the plunder, as your correspondent's only
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

weapons were a stubby lead pencil and a very dull penknife—which latter, moreover, was, I think, lent out to somebody at the time.

But the war is over. The song—

"What shall we do when the war breaks the country up?"

is altered by the war correspondents, who ask—

"What shall we do when the war knocks the army up?"
CHAPTER XXIII.

General Johnston and his Army—The Paroles—What the Rebel General Thinks of the War.

The North Carolina troops, nearly all left for home before the paroling officers arrived, and large numbers belonging to other States no doubt followed suit; but this does not affect the parole, which, under the system adopted, is done by the officers, each for his own command, the number of which is given, the regimental and company rolls being deposited with the officers. The blanks, of which the following is a copy, all signed by the paroling officer, and then left in sufficient number to supply each command.

FORM OF BLANK PAROLE.

GREENSBOROUGH, North Carolina, [1865.]

In accordance with the terms of the Military Convention, entered into on the 26th day of April, 1865, between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate Army, and Major General W. T. Sherman, Commanding the United States Army in North Carolina, ————has given his solemn obligation not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until released from this obligation; and is permitted to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as he observe this obligation and obey the laws in force where he may reside.

———, C. S. A. Commanding.

———, U. S. A. Special Commissioner.
GENERAL OFFICERS PAROLED.

Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee.
Lieutenant General S. D. Lee.
Lieutenant General Hoke.
Lieutenant General D. H. Hill.
Major General B. T. Cheatham.
Major General Brown.
Major General Bates.
Major General C. L. Stevenson,
Brigadier General M. C. Butler.
Brigadier General Wright.
Brigadier General Govan.
Brigadier General Kirkland.
Brigadier General Smith.
Brigadier General Clingman.
Brigadier General T. H. Sharp.
Brigadier General R. Henderson.
Brigadier General W. F. Brantly.
Brigadier General Pettus.
Brigadier General J. B. Palmer.
Brigadier General A. H. Colquitt.
Colonel Commanding Brigade, Foster.
Colonel Commanding Brigade, Lyon.
Colonel Commanding Brigade, Howell.
Colonel Commanding Brigade, Phillips.
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding Brigade, Rious.

STEWART'S CORPS.

Lieutenant General A. P. Stewart.
Major General W. W. Loring.
Major General Patten Anderson.
W. S. Featherstone, C. M. Shelly, Lowery, Brigade Commanders, Loring's Division.
Colonel William Butler, Colonel J. B. Brown, Commanding Brigades, Anderson's Division.

WALTHAL'S DIVISION.

Brigadier General Walthal.
Admiral R. Semmes, 246 men, Naval Brigade.
General G. T. P. Beauregard, 54 men, Staff officers.
Major Smith, 21 men, Quartermaster and Commissary.
Flag Officer Forrest, 74 men, Naval Brigade.
Captain Taylor, 96 men, Detachment Lee's Army.
Lieutenant Burall, 36 men, Signal Corps.
James Sloan, 27 men, Major and Chief C. S.
General Butler, 9 men, Staff Cavalry.
General Logan, 6 men, Staff Cavalry.
Captain E. M. Holloway, 76 men, Commanding Escort to General Johnston.
J. F. Caldwell, 21 men, Telegraph Corps.
Captain William Quirk, 61 men, Provost Guard.
Captain West, 106 men, Camp of Instruction.
Buckner, 46 men.
Isaiah Yorkum.
Major Shannon, 55 men.
Dr. Hines, 10 men, Post Hospital.
J. Hammer, 13 men, Staff Major Hammer.
Captain Davis, 120 men, Artillery.
Colonel Parks, 7 men, Invalid Corps.
F. W. Johns, Surgeon, 13 officers and men, Hospital Department.
A. Cammack, Captain and A. Q. M., 5 men, employees Q. M. Department.
H. T. Abell, Captain, 126 men, Artillery.
J. P. Yates, Captain, 97 men, Artillery Brigade.
Captain A. A. Mosby, 41 men, Palmer's Battalion.
Major Johnson, 23 officers and men, Engineer Corps.
First Lieutenant Maguire, 36 men, Lewis' Brigade Mounted Infantry.
Lieutenant Colonel Star and Major Morris, Sec., 57 men, Field and Staff, Artillery Battalion.
Brigadier General Hebert, 3 Engineers, officers and men, Bragg's Staff.
Captain Southerland, 87 men, Artillery.
Captain Bradham, 68 men, Artillery, Colonel Starr.
Major Marge, 3 men, Quartermaster General.
Captain Kelley, 100 men, Artillery Colonel Starr.
Captain Ellis, 52 men, Artillery Colonel Starr.
J. V. Darden, 18 men, Artillery Colonel Starr.
Major Tregnerant, 44 men, Depot Commissary.
Major H. B. McClellan, 61 men, Cavalry Headquarters.
Captain William Wallace, 154 men, Post Command.
Colonel E. J. Harvie, 170 men, Army Headquarters.
Surgeon John Closter, 4 officers and men, Purveyor's Office.
Lieutenant Colonel Gongales, 8 men, Hardee's Chief of Artillery.
Colonel Cofter, 245 officers and men, Provost Marshal.
Daniel Morgan, 37 men, Detailed from Conscripts.
Lieutenant Colonel Chew, 26 men, Home Artillery, Northern Virginia.
Surgeon W. H. Moore, 735 hospital patients, Greensborough.
Major Chesman, 177 men, Post and Depot, Greensborough.
Dr. H. Homster, 157 men, Wayside Home and Hospital, Greensborough.
Colonel O. S. Holland, 1 man, 37th Mississippi Regiment, Stewart's Corps.
Lieutenant Colonel William W. W. Weir, 1 man, 37th Mississippi Regiment, Stewart's Corps.
Hardee's Corps and Butler's Cavalry, 4,300 men.
One Regiment (46th Georgia) 311 men; consolidated from 21 Regiments.
First Arkansas Regiment, 663 men; consolidated from 20 Regiments. The commander of the Regiment, Colonel Howell, had 15,000 on his roll in the beginning.
Major G. F. Towles of General Terry's Staff paroled on the 2d of May, the man who fired the first gun in the rebellion—Major R. C. Gilchrist—of Hardee's Staff, who discharged the first gun at the Star of the West.

We obtained 108 pieces of artillery, which were parked near the town, with limber-chests, caissons, and running gear, but little or no ammunition and no horses or mules, or wagons. All these were needed by the paroled army to carry their rations, private property, &c.
All the valuable horses were, of course, the "private property" of somebody, and were appropriated. Such was the scramble for horses and mules, that the officers had to keep a strict watch over their horses to prevent them from being stolen, but many lost their animals notwithstanding every precaution. Every horse or mule that could carry a man or any other burden had been gobbled. As a general rule, the officers will carry away with them good animals, and the large number of work animals which this will distribute over the country will be a great benefit to the farmers in the States to which they are going. Many have long journeys to perform, going beyond the Mississippi.

They are also permitted to retain one-seventh of their public arms, in addition to their private weapons, for purposes of protection on their way home.

Butler's Division of Hampton's Corps numbered about 15,000, all paroled; General Anderson's Brigade, which were camped at Hillsborough, numbered about 1,300. These constituted the only organized bodies of the cavalry which were paroled.

The cavalry, about 2,000, which went off as the escort of Jefferson Davis, were part of Wheeler's command and those of Vaughn and Basil Duke, which came across from East Tennessee for the purpose.

Davis, I have positively learned from a gentleman who saw him and heard him make a short speech, was at Monroe, North Carolina, on the 26th of April. He left the same day, not, as I believe, to cross the Mississippi, but to escape by means of some fishing smack or any small craft out of Florida, to some British or Spanish Island.

As I said, the speech of Mr. Davis was appropriately brief. He said: "By the surrender of 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, we have not lost the whole army—they are somewhere on top of the ground," hinting, rather than openly declaring, his purpose to reorganize in Texas. It is believed that he will not attempt the risk of a long march through the country to the Mississippi River, with chances of being cut off by Wilson's
command, or jeopardize his treasure in any battle, which would be almost sure to result in its loss. His long stay at Monroe, when there was no other motive for it points undoubtedly to some arrangement for escape from some one of the numerous inlets which there afford such admirable chances of escape without observation.

I rose at daylight yesterday morning and walked alone to the camp of General Johnston, over a mile west of the town. The camp is located in a grove on a hill side, looking toward the south, with a small stream of water coursing at its foot. In the rear of the General's and the Staff Officers' tents, were scattered the smaller tents of the attaches of headquarters, and their horses were hitched at some distance; one or two wagons were drawn up near the centre of the grounds, suggestive of an early move. Before I reached the ground, the sun had risen, but only a small portion of the officers had got up. General Johnston had not risen. The servants were preparing coffee and an early breakfast, and seemed to work with alacrity and cheerfulness.

While I was waiting to see the General, the Adjutant General and several other officers rose, dressed, and sat down around their camp chest to breakfast. The aroma of good coffee which floated out on the fine morning air reminded me that I had not breakfasted; but being a stranger I could scarcely expect to be invited to partake.

The officers seemed moody and silent, and affairs moved mechanically. There was no cheerful smile or mirth provoking jest so common around the camp table.

"Well, gentlemen, we surround this festive board, I suppose, for the last time," said one of the officers.

"I suppose so," was the hesitating reply of another of the group.

A short pause followed, during which each gentleman helped himself to the ham and warm biscuits and sweetened his coffee. Another pause, and a few words I could not distinctly hear.
“I suppose all the children born hereafter will have ‘U. S.’ stamped upon them,” dryly remarked the wag of the party.

“Yes,” said another in the same vein, “but if I am not mistaken there’ll be a few with ‘C. S. A’ imprinted on their ——.” A laugh greeted this queer question and the moodiness of the circle gave place to cheerful conversation, in which the officers discussed their near separation, the routes they would take, and the situation of affairs, &c. There was little reference to the great topic of the disbandment of the army. They seemed and conversed like persons who were already revelling in the peaceful scenes of home, which now possessed a thousand new charms.

Afterward, making my business known, and remarking that I wished to obtain the impressions and views of the General touching the future of the South and of the country—as one who had been so prominent would no doubt exercise a controlling influence hereafter.

“He will have no more influence than any other man,” said one of the staff; “each man in the South is capable of thinking for himself, and will have his own opinions. General Johnston’s opinions on military subjects will be respected, but on other matters, no more than any other man.”

“What is to be the direction of affairs and the feelings in the South, now, is an interesting question,” I said.

“That depends more on what you at the North do than anything else,” replied the A. A. G.

Two or three other officers assented, with emphasis showing, not their opinion merely, but suggesting something of anxiety on that subject. The conversation proceeded in a frank but kindly manner, and was soon enlivened by the participation in it of a gentleman of high respectability at headquarters, though not in uniform. He had been a large planter near Helena, Arkansas, and had been ruined by the war, and particularly by the 4th Iowa cavalry, who had burned him out, and carted off his negroes four times, they
returning each time on account of their attachment to
the place. The fourth time they separated families,
and he pictured in strong colors the misery and suffer-
ing which followed. He had been a judge in his dis-
trict, was a Henry Clay man, never cast a secession
vote, and was driven into the war. He had been a
prisoner at Camp Chase, during which he complained
of hard usage—not being allowed to purchase fruit, and
mentioned other grievances, which he offset against
Andersonville. "And now you have fought for the nigg-
gers, and have got 'em, what do you propose to do with
'em?" he asked, as if he had put a poser.

"We have fought for the Union, and have got that,
and the freed men will take care of themselves," I re-
plied. This gentleman now engrossed the chief conver-
sation, and the remainder is not worth the space it
would occupy. On the subject of Slavery, the capacity
of the negro for improvement, and other collateral top-
ics, they all seemed agreed. "Now you have freed 'em,
we want you to take 'em," was a remark twice or thrice
repeated.

I replied "the South needed them more, but if we
'take them,' as he wished us to do, he would probably
be the first man to come after them again."

These staff officers were evidently gentlemen of the
first families—not in the offensive sense of the term—
educated, proud, but taught in the conventionalities of
polite society, who would not intentionally offend a
guest, however obnoxious his opinions might be.

General Johnston received me with a quiet, gentle-
manly courtesy, and as he was not occupied, began to
converse without apparent constraint or reserve. He
speaks in a low tone of voice, slowly, and with that de-
liberation which impresses you with the idea that each
word is well weighed—for it is always the best word,
and fully expresses his idea. He is about 50; say five
feet nine, high, with a full silver and gray beard and
mustache, dark, hazel eye, which flashes during anima-
ted conversation with a peculiar expression. His com-
plexion is bronzed, but fresh and healthy, and the ex-
pression of his features benevolent, mixed with firmness and great solidity of character. He has a way of cutting off each word with a marked precision. His forehead is high and intellectual, and his figure slight, with a bust well and firmly knit. He impresses every one as a "high-souled, benevolent gentleman" and soldier, which is the character ascribed to him by Mr. W. W. Holden, of Raleigh.

"The surrender of Lee’s army terminated the war," he said, "and nothing remained for us but to make the best terms we could." This view he expressed to Mr. Davis, who sent for him to meet him at Greensborough, shortly following that event. General Sherman, he said, was then just moving out from Goldsborough. He urged Mr. Davis to accept the situation, and not attempt to prolong the war which must be hopeless, and could only result in needlessly devastating the country, and wasting valuable lives—which was a crime.

These views he subsequently expressed to the Governors of four States in the shape of the following telegram:

GEN. JOHNSTON TO THE GOVERNORS OF FOUR STATES.

On the 30th of April General Johnston sent the following telegram to the Governors of the States of Georgia, South Carolina and Florida. The presence of Governor Vance in his camp at the time made it unnecessary to address the dispatch to him:

GREENSBOROUGH, April 30th, 1865.

To his Excellency Joseph E. Brown, Augusta, Ga.; A. G. Magrath, Governor of South Carolina, Spartansburg, via Chester, S. C.; John Milton, Florida:

The disaster in Virginia; the capture by the enemy of all our workshops for the preparation of ammunition and repairing arms; the impossibility of recruiting our little army, opposed by more than ten times its number, or of supplying it except by robbing our own citizens, destroyed all hope of successful war. I have,
therefore, made a military convention with General Sherman to terminate hostilities in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

I made this convention to spare the blood of the gallant little army committed to me, to prevent further sufferings of our people by the devastation and ruin inevitable from the marches of invading armies, and to avoid the crime of waging hopeless war.

J. E. JOHNSTON, General.

Upon parting with General Johnston, one feels that Providence must have ordained that men of such marked character should have become identified with the rebellion to give it that vitality without which it could never have been prolonged for the time necessary to achieve the great purpose Heaven had in view.

He had noticed that the papers were severely criticizing General Sherman. I said, "Yes, the Government, we think, and the public, share the idea that General Sherman had been over-reached in the negotiations—that they were more liberal than were ever asked for, and such as would have been gladly accepted by the South at any time during the past two or three years—that they looked to a recognition of all the rebel State Governments, which involved the possible payment of the rebel debt, and a re-opening of the whole question of "Slavery, which all feel the war has definitely settled." He replied. "It was the basis made of a settlement intended for the approval or rejection of the respective Governments—not a final convention. Generals in the field had often terminated wars in that way; and Napoleon, during his Italian campaigns, settled affairs in a similar way. There were but two methods of proceeding with the South—to pacify or punish." He thought there had been punishment enough for both parties in the war itself. There has been blood shed enough. General Sherman thought it would be best for the country and all concerned that the Union should be restored at once, and not by slow degrees.

A member of the staff said, "I notice they talk of breaking down every man of respectability in the South
by taking away his property and ruining him.” I re-
plied, “I think the chief indignation of the people lies
against the original instigators—the political leaders—
more than toward those who have incurred the risk and
exposure of war; that there is nothing like vindictive-
ness even toward them only they wish the law vindic-
cated.”

During breakfast General Johnston expressed much
regret that Booth could not have been taken alive, so
as to draw out of him the whole plot. The Southern
people could not certainly be connected in the minds of
the people with the transaction. The single argument
that Mr. Lincoln was better for them than Mr. John-
son, was a sufficient proof on that point, if there were
no other.

General Johnston said he had no doubt the people of
the South would acquiesce in the abolition of Slavery.
The members of his staff spoke of having seen many
prominent gentlemen in the South who fully understood
that the institution had gone up, and would accommo-
date themselves to the new organization. He believed
they would find it more profitable to hire free labor
than to employ slave labor. The only fear he had on
the subject was in the working of the system on the
large rice plantations of the Gulf States.

On these and many other topics General Johnston ex-
pressed the most enlightened views.

Just as I was about to take leave, a tall officer ap-
proached the General, with hat in hand, and with a
speech evidently prepared, said:

“I come to bid you good bye, General; I hope when
we draw our ‘claymores’ it will be under more favora-
ble circumstances.”

“It is too late for me to think of that now,” the Gen-
eral replied, with an emphasis which half conveyed a
rebuke for the officer.

“Then you want to return to peaceful pursuits? Gen-
eral.” “Yes, that is now my only ambition,” he
said, and taking the officer by the hand, said: “I shall
always be glad to see.”
CHAPTER XXIV.

The Homeward March.—From Raleigh to Petersburg and Richmond.—Incidents of the march.—Reception by the People.

Once more, the route! Well, as Galen Hass said, “once more, hurrah.” We adapt ourselves to circumstances. The march is inevitable! Then, long live the march! We hasten!—we never hurry—no wise man does. They pack up our baggage, which consists of a towel and toothbrush. A change of linen is a superfluity; but a cracker is indispensable! Thrice happy we—ye also, if ye have suspended to your shoulder a canteen of cool water. Well then we are ready Monsieur le General Hazen!—we follow you cheerfully, calmly, on foot, as become all the men of Sherman’s renowned army. In the very highest hope—this life of ours makes one so amiable and agreeable to circumstances. With confidence, cheerfulness, and courage, we obey the command and march along.

We left the pleasant city of Raleigh with a sigh of regret, having a feeling of strong sympathy with Cowper, when he wished for

“A lodge in some vast wilderness.”

But then it was bearable. We were going home. Few men are altogether insensible to the endearments of home. To the veteran soldier there is a peculiar sacredness in the word; it is associated with the most pleasing and hallowed recollections, the very mention of it is sufficient to awaken the most affecting reminiscences. As memory brings up the past, the heart thrills under the recollections of delightful joys. Temporary absence only enhances the charms of home. Should the plowshare pass over its site or modern improvements destroy its familiar features, still the old house has a place in the cabinet of our memories.
The first day we marched twelve miles. We could have marched twenty, but these slow-moving wagons in long trains, much blessed with the prayers of the amiable Quartermasters and teamsters in charge thereof, stick in the mud, get into the ruts, become entangled. The mules make the air resonant—the willing animals fling up their heels; they curve about the road; they do everything but draw. It is a pity, only, that it is so common, is it not, that man's progress should be impeded by asses?

Never mind, the sun shines—weather of the most genial kind obtains. The Neuse River is safely crossed. The woods, in all their wealth of tint and color, shaken with the softest breezes, as with a bannered panoply, attend our march. Incidents were not wanting on the way. The music of the bands precedes us, ringing through the gorges and passes of the hills.

Louisburg, North Carolina, is an old, beautiful place. It is situated in Franklin County, thirty miles from Raleigh. It is a town of considerable trade and enterprise. It has been much celebrated for its quiet, rural appearance, its excellent buildings, and the intelligent and enterprising character of its inhabitants. The churches and other public buildings, though not elegant are substantial, and indicate both liberality and taste. The Methodist Female College is a fine building, located in a pleasant portion of the city, with a large and beautifully shaded yard. This institution has been in successful operation for a number of years.

The country between this place and Raleigh is delightful and well cultivated, diversified with gentle hills and beautiful vales, refreshing streams and cooling shades—presenting here beautiful groves and there extensive plantations. The scenery was lovely—churches and school-houses everywhere visible. The people were intelligent, industrious, pleasant and patriotic. In the small village of Goldsville the glorious banner of the Nation was flung to the breeze. When our brave boys caught a glimpse of this exhibition of Southern loyalty cheer after cheer rose to the heavens. In conversation
with several of the planters I found them to be honestly and earnestly in sympathy with the anti-slavery policy of the Administration. They deeply deplore the murder of the President.

The next town of importance in our route was Warrenton. It is a neat and picturesque village—rather, I should say, a county seat. It has a very attractive and imposing appearance. It is one of the oldest and most attractive cities of the South. The country surrounding it is rich, agriculturally, and the scenery is grand. There are several splendid houses, shaded by trees, and tastefully ornamented. It is one of earth's sweetest spots. Gardens of most delicious flowers add beauty and fragrance to the place. It has a superb college building, several churches and schools. The grandest palace is owned by one Edenton. The flowers, shrubbery and ornamental trees surrounding this place are unequaled by any that we have ever seen. I longed for more time, so that I might feed on the enchantment for hours. Let your readers recall the most magnificent mansion he has ever seen—transform the furniture into the richest specimens of the antique on which his eyes have lingered, and then proceed, in imagination, through series of rooms, with lobbies, landings, boudoirs, and ceilings grained and gilt, the walls hidden with rich tapestry and paintings, the chimney pieces elaborately sculptured, the windows filled with stained glass, and the furniture, (some of it brought from Europe,) and he may form a faint conception of this gorgeous palace of modern genius.

A day's journey from Warrenton brings us to the Roanoke River—the broad and rapid river which here presents so harmonious a combination of the beautiful in nature.

The scene presents but little of the rugged grandeur of rock and flood that inspires astonishment and awe, but is fully clothed with the softer graces of the picturesque and the beautiful. The river at the ferry which we crossed is not precipitated in one plunge, but descends in a series of cascades. The waters flow along in a
thousand changing, sparkling forms of beauty, until they whirl away between green slopes and verdure-clad hills. The shores are in consonance with the bright spirit of the waters. They are well wooded and crowned with the full foliage of the South.

As we journey along everything is rural around us, I was about to say, but that is too much to utter or express, with a due observance of the truth. The country in which Grant and Lee fought, presents to the eye one vast sheet of misery. We pass the old mansion in which General Scott was born. A place so rich in history, so picturesque, so grand. The fields are now vacant, the houses empty, deserted, dilapidated, the sentry has taken the place of the husbandman, bayonets have taken the place of plowshares, the din of arms affects the tympanum instead of the lowing of the kine, and the drowsy noises of country life. The inhabitants, the belles, the beaux have gone I know not where, perhaps to Europe.

We are now passing through Dinwiddie Court House. The village is forlorn, desolate. Hatcher’s Run, the scene of Sheridan’s brilliant fighting is reached. Looming up before us, crowned with extensive earthworks, is Lee’s almost impregnable position. A mile further on are the ruins of the house where, for many a weary hour, the perplexed brain of the rebel chief was terribly agitated with conflicting emotions of hope and fear. We are now treading on consecrated ground. For it is here that the most brilliant and decisive victory of the war was achieved. Here thousands of our gallant soldiers crimsoned the earth with their blood, and passed to immortal fame. All honor and glory to their memories! I was forcibly reminded of that passage in Campbell’s magnificent poem, Hohenlinden. I never understood its full power and thrilling grandeur until I read it from memory on these bloody fields—

“Where rushed the steeds to battle driven,
Where shook the hills by thunder riven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery."

Abstractly, war is a wicked thing—

"The son of hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister."

That

"Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
Is only splendid murder."

Yet we do not look upon all war as being either wicked
or unjustifiable.

"War is honorable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak."

What a mountain of sin must rest upon the heads of
those guilty wretches whose wickedness initiated the
present civil war!

On a little rising ground between space, separating
the two armies, is a little nursery of young fruit trees,
that tinge the summit with the hue of the heather.
Somebody you may be sure planted them, watered
them, watched them from the beginning. The waste
that even the most carefully conducted campaign super-
induces has spared them. It is no stretch of the imag-
ination to conceive that many a stern soldier, softened
by their beauty, has passed them by, leaving to other
and sacrilegious hands their destruction And so they
stand and bloom, as when, months ago, children played
near the road side, and the pater familias watched its
young shoots budding to maturity. Some one may
plant them yet when peace comes again, as it will, and
of summer evenings sit under the branches that brave
men have fostered, and blood has watered.

Major General Hazen, an able and distinguished
officer, the gallant and popular commander of a Division
in Logan's Army, which fought so bravely at Fort Mc-
Allister, has won enviable laurels in the present great
struggle. If we are permitted to judge his future by
the past, we must accord to him great and splendid soldiership, for surely no man ever laid a stronger basis for a great and brilliant reputation. Graduating at West Point with honor to himself, and credit to his adopted State, he entered the United States Army, and remained in it until the commencement of the present war. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed by Governor Dennison to the Colonelcy of the 41st Ohio. The splendid fame of this regiment is mainly owing to the great zeal and fidelity of General Hazen. He has participated in nearly all the brilliant campaigns of the Southwest, and is held in high estimation by Sherman. He imparts the energy of his own active nature into his fighting troops. The march of his Division from Raleigh to Petersburg—a distance of one hundred and sixty-three miles in six days—is the biggest march of the war. In person General Hazen is tall and well proportioned. He is about forty-three years of age, has a serious military bearing, and is a very rigid disciplinarian.

At Warrenton we called on a certain distinguished rebel preacher, whose name cannot, for prudential reasons, be now given; approached him in the most polite manner possible, giving myself a cordial introduction, which was received with a suaviter in modo, about equal to that which might be expected from the ruggedest rock of Ben Lomond.

"Are you connected with the Yankee Army?"
growled he.

"Certainly, sir, I have that distinguished honor."

Mum!

"Have you heard, asked I, "from Jefferson Davis recently?"

"Of him, not from him," was the studied reply.

"He is in Texas, or on his way there I believe."

"What do you think of Andrew Johnson and his policy?" asked we.

"It will create vengeance in North Carolina, and a hundred thousand of her sons will spring to arms," answered the rebel preacher.
I told him, that should a guerrilla war be inaugurated, it would terminate in the extermination of the Southern people. He was very bitter in his denunciations of the honored and beloved Lincoln, pronouncing him a low joker for whom he had a profound contempt. At this juncture I rose to depart.

“Won't you stay for dinner?” quoth he.

“No, sir; I cannot partake of the hospitality of a man who speaks so disrespectfully of the great and good Abraham Lincoln. Good Morning,” said I.

“Morning,” muttered “Ben Lomond.”

This preacher was the most terrible rebel I had ever met in the Confederacy.

PETERSBURG.

This is an ancient, historic and stupid place. It has a large number of churches, public edifices, and seminaries of learning. The people are nearly all natives, to the manor born. Northern pluck and enterprise will make it a prosperous commercial city.

A visit to the celebrated mine and other tremendous works of both armies reveals the amount of labor performed by both armies, and the stupendous efforts of our Generals in dislodging the foe. There was preaching in all the churches. I worshipped yesterday at the Market Street Methodist Church, and the minister, formerly Chaplain General of the Confederate Army, prayed most fervently for the President and the country. His name is Dr. Granberry, a very able divine. In conversation he admitted the hoplessness of the South.

THE GREAT MARCH OF THE WAR.

The Fifteenth Corps, commanded by General John A. Logan, made the most wonderful march of this war. Leaving Raleigh on the first of May, it reached Petersburg on the seventh, making the trip of one hundred and sixty-three miles in six days. The troops moved
along with exultant feelings, cheered by the prospect of peace and home. The following congratulatory order was received in the Corps to-day, by telegraph:

**Headquarters United States Army.**

**Washington, May 6, 1865.**

Major General John A. Logan:

The Lieutenant General congratulates your command on the extraordinary march it has just made.


Petersburg is a stupid looking city; modern ideas never seem to have entered it excepting in the shape of shells. It gives no greater signs of progress than any English town of the same size would do; it does not impress one as an American go-ahead place, but as a staid European borough that for its part was willing to leave well enough alone. It has had its growth.

Roger A. Pryor lives here—one of the ablest of American journalists, whose only misfortune was that he was not only wrong but logical. Like his master and the master of nearly all the young men of the old South—Calhoun—if you admitted his fundamental principle, you could not logically deny his conclusions. Admit that the strong should crush instead of lifting up the weak, should rule, not teach them, that power is not a sacred trust to be used only in behalf of the helpless, but a simple possession to be applied to purposes of personal or of class aggrandizement, and lo! Slavery, with all its horrors, its auctions, its negro gangs, its forced miscegenations, its robberies, its unutterable and innumerable unmanlinesses, was vindicated and even idealized into a Divine institution. Pryor is less popular than less consistent men; but it is from his class that I have more hope than from the dull-eyed conservatives who held back from the hell on earth to which their conduct led, while they refused to turn back and enter the straight and narrow path of impartial justice which endeth at the celestial city of universal brotherhood.
There are five or six schools for freedmen at Petersburg. In company with Chaplain Manning, State Superintendent of Schools under the Freedmen's Bureau, and Mr. Hawkins of the New York Society, I visited nearly all of them. The best of the larger schools is that of the Pennsylvania Society. It is well graded, and has unexceptionably excellent teachers. The schools of the Baptist Home Mission are very largely attended, but they suffer seriously from the want of additional teachers. They are not graded. The school of the New York Society is well managed, but it is still small. This society has schools in the suburbs which I did not see. The attendance at all of the schools is tolerably regular. Concert of action on the part of all the teachers will soon produce a larger attendance, here and elsewhere, and in Petersburg this union has been inaugurated.

The richest man in Petersburg was a Mr. Bolling, a financial gymnast, who thrived equally well in peace and in war. He decamped, leaving his splendid residence for General Hartsuff, commandant. It is the best furnished house south of Washington. The street named after the Father of his Country here is lined with sumptuous and tasteful mansions, and some traces of old times are afforded in the cool evenings, when the ladies sit on the front porches, and starlight shines quietly through the trees along the sidewalks. All nature, as if cognizant of the cessation of arms, is putting forth bud, leaf, and blossom now. Flowers are reddening in the yards; the box-brush and ivy are freshening greenly, and there is promise of much fruit. But the people are not cheerful like vegetation. Their false pride continues to their prejudice and perhaps ruin. "We glory in our destitution," said a fair citizeness to me. Alas! we pity these infatuated people more than they pity themselves. Had they a grain of conventionality about them there might be hope to nationalize them anew; but their vanity is their brain, and they think to exact admiration by making themselves foolish. The only parties given during the winter have been at the ex-
pense of the officers. The churches have been irregularly attended, and devotions, of the interested sort, have grown apace. Nobody has prayed "Give us our daily bread" more fervently than these people, and the last couplet of "Now I lay me down to sleep" has been as popular with parents as their children. Still, the ladies here take every secure means to signalize their ill-humor. They turn their backs to officers, and double vail their faces when regarded. These demonstrations amuse rather than enrage. Nobody cares for a woman's patriotism. They reverence Lee, and refuse to believe that he has capitulated. They and the war department do not believe the newspapers.
CHAPTER XXV.

Travelings in Virginia.—Interviews with Lee and Marshall.—Mount Vernon.—Pilgrimage to Washington.—First Sketch of Virginia.

The noble State of Virginia has been truly denominated par excellence the garden of the South, where nature is to be seen in her rudest forms—where romantic glens and mountains are so blended with fertile fields and cultivated valleys—with woods and rivers—that the beholder might almost be led to look upon the picture as one in which the Great Architect had intended to give such a display of His power, His greatness, and His skill, as would force even the most careless to exclaim, while gazing upon its wonders and beauties,

"The hand that made, is divine."

But we should now say that the tour of Virginia commences near Petersburg, where is the fairest scenery with the softest shading to be met. The country is beautifully wooded and everywhere presents a greenness and luxuriance of vegetation that is quite unrivalled. Even the Spanish moss leaf is here a magnificent thing. In size it resembles some of the gigantic leaves of the tropical climates, and in brilliancy far surpasses them.

About ten miles from Petersburg is Drury’s Bluff, which so long protected the rebel capital. On both sides it is surmounted by hills, beautifully ornamented to the top, and at its base rushes along the James. The James river at some points unites the beauties of Loch Lomond, Windermere, and the Shannon, and is as charming as any river that I have seen, excepting that its mountain scenery is not so rugged.

Near Drury’s Bluff, along the banks of the river, are a cottage, banqueting hall, and church, erected years
ago by the taste of some fine old Virginia planter. These buildings produce a pleasing effect as they are seen peeping from the rich green woods, with which the hill is clothed. This is by far the most extensive and interesting demesne I had yet seen. The road winds along the calmly flowing river, and the gently sloping hills are even richer in the garniture of groves than is usual in this part of the South. A couplet in that magnificent hymn by Heber, as I surveyed this lovely prospect, ran through my head continually—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Fredericksburg is situated in the heart of the most fertile part of Virginia, on the finest navigable river in that part of the State.

The city of Fredericksburg ranks as one of the oldest in the country, and its population is probably five or six thousand. The town lies at the foot of several steep hills, and consists of one principal street, about a mile in length, with several smaller streets, branching from the chief line of thoroughfare. The place has all the antiquated appearance of a close built city of the latter part of the seventeenth century; its venerable churches, narrow streets, lofty houses, give it a sombre and solemn aspect. This gloom is, however, relieved at various openings by a view of the cheering waters of the Rappahannock, while the vicinity of the city is occupied by elegant houses, constructed of stone, for which the neighboring district supplies the finest materials.

Fredericksburg, the city bombarded by the artillery of General Burnside, is the chief town of Spottsylvania County, in Virginia, and is situated on the right bank of the Rappahannock river, at the head of tide-water. It is between 50 and 60 miles from Richmond by railroad, and 65 miles by the turnpike, in a northerly direction. Turnpike roads connect it with Falmouth and Newport—the former by a ferry across the
Rappahannock and another turnpike through the Wilderness to Orange Court-house, where a railroad connects it with Gordonsville. The town itself is pleasantly situated in a fertile valley, and has advantages for commerce and manufactures. The railroad from Washington, via Acquia Creek, passes through it, and thereby a large traffic and trade was done previous to the rebellion. As the through trains generally stopped at Fredericksburg Station for about an hour on each trip, a not inconsiderable chance trade was caused thereby in the immediate locality of the depot. It is distant from Acquia Creek, by railroad, about fifteen miles, from which point part of the Potomac river traffic used to be carried to Fredericksburg.

A good canal has also been constructed from the town to a point on the Rappahannock river, about 40 miles above, by which large quantities of wheat, flour, and tobacco were formerly received for transportation. The river affords extensive water power, which, however, has not been much used. The hills in the neighborhood, varying in hight from 40 to 100 feet, abound in fine granite and freestone. About thirty years since the prospect of Fredericksburg's being a rapidly rising town was very great; but it suddenly stopped in its prosperity, and after, as it were, standing still for about twenty years, it gradually retrograded in its importance. In 1840, its population numbered nearly 4,000 souls, and in 1850, ten years after, it had only increased 88 persons—less than nine each year, and being about two per cent., in the decade—a remarkably small increase. Before the rebellion it contained five churches, one orphan asylum, two seminaries, four newspaper offices, and two banks.

The county in which Fredericksburg is situated has an area of 400 square miles, or 256,000 acres. The Rappahannock forms the boundary on the north-east, the North Ann river on the south-west, and the Mattapony rises within its limits. The surface is diversified by hill and dale. The soil is generally fertile in the vicinity of the streams. Two gold mines were worked within the
county in 1850, and as before stated, freestone and granite are abundant. The canal running north-west, carries the river trade far above the falls, and the county is intersected by the Richmond and Potomac Railroad. Spottsylvania was organized in 1720, and named in honor of Alexander Spottswood, at that time Governor of Virginia. The capital of the county is Spottsylvania Court House, a post village on the Potomac River, and situated over sixty miles nearly due North from Richmond, with which it is connected by a turnpike road. The last return of the population gave over 16,000 persons, about one-half of whom were slaves.

The Rappahannock is historic and worthy of a passing notice. The striking features of this celebrated river are its woods. It is nearly as large as the Shannon, and as remarkable for beauty, purity and brightness of its waters, as the grass is for verdure. It is not a scene which a poet or a painter would visit, if he wished to elevate his imagination by grand views of nature or by images of terror, but if he desire to represent the calm repose of peace and love, he would choose the banks of this bright stream as the place of residence. There are several rich planters’ residences in this delightful valley. I shall leave to the mineralogist the description of the valuable ores with which the surrounding hills abound, being as rich within as they are beautiful on the surface.

One of the attractions of Fredericksburg is the monument to the mother of Washington. At present this testimonial to departed worth appears desolate and neglected. Its yards are overgrown with weeds, and the monument itself has assumed that dull, hoary aspect so indicative of ruin, and appears as if destined to moulder through all the various stages of decay. The country between Bowling Green and Fredericksburg presents a very fine appearance, being well cultivated and much ornamented by planting in various directions. The houses look neat and comfortable. The people are tolerably well informed, but very pro-slavery
and attached to many old notions of Southern chivalry. In this neighborhood is Garrett's plantation, where Booth was shot.

The chief speciality of Fredericksburg is its great battle. For months the utmost pains had been taken to strengthen and furnish the place for a vigorous and protracted defence; but Burnside, actuated by the fierce and steady determination which characterized him, and sensible of the advantage of promptitude and decision, was not to be impeded by any ordinary obstacle. Disdaining the regular approaches and forms of a siege, he crossed the river and issued orders for a general assault. The desperate valor of our brave fellows was encountered by the desperate valor of the rebels, so that with appalling havoc on both sides the Union troops were terribly repulsed. Had Franklin done his duty, this disaster would have terminated in a brilliant victory.

As Sherman's conquering soldiers caught a glimpse of the bloody hills of Fredericksburg, they would say in tones of exultation: "There is the place where the Irish Brigade fought so heroically and so grandly for the land of Washington and Franklin." A citizen showed me and scores of others the exact spot where the chivalrous Meagher led his fiery Brigade in person to the breach, and with an intrepid, steady and impetuous charge, bore down all opposition, and gained for a time possession of the ground. All honor to the beautiful memories of the dead. In one large hole, seven hundred of these gallant fellows were buried.

"They struggled, fell, their life blood stained
The cruel Southerner's hand,
They clasped their country's flag and cried:
God and our adopted land.
Let angels spread their wings above
Let flowers forever bloom,
Let bays, green bays, spring forth to mark
The martyr's sacred tomb."

In the suburbs of the battle-field, the cemetery is a most interesting part of the scene. How calm and
serene it now looks in its desolate splendor. Yet how well calculated to excite sad feelings! Its peculiar situation, and the singular appearance of the ruins, tell a tale that no pen can with justice describe—there is a sadness of feeling that imposes dead silence on all visitors. Many of the graves have simple labels. One is observed to be erected by an inconsolable mother, another by an aged father, an affectionate sister, a dutiful wife, or a heart-broken lover, who have followed from home, and with their own hands plucked the bodies from the scene of carnage and of death. If my country ever forgets such heroes, her very name should perish.

The trip from Petersburg to Richmond was one of real beauty and splendor. We passed Fort Darling that so long commanded the defenses of the rebel Capital, and so persistently defied the indefatigable endeavors of our brave soldiers and sailors. Near here is Butler's celebrated Dutch Gap Canal. Fort Darling was almost impregnable. A slight glance at the narrow, tortuous channel, in connection with the heavy guns frowning from these lofty positions, afford conclusive evidence why our monitors could not pass. The shore teems with torpedoes. At one spot I saw thirty of these infernal machines. Around Fort Darling you can see iron-clads, side-wheels, monitors all splintered into pieces. Fort Darling will always be retained as a military post. It certainly is one of the most important forts in the whole country.

Richmond reached at last. And a fine, noble, beautiful city Richmond is—more brilliant and attractive than any I have ever seen in the "sunny South." From a distance the city presents an imposing appearance. It is situated on several hills, and its grand buildings, its spires, its monuments, its schools, speak of the greatness and splendid taste of the people. I have traveled extensively in the Southern States, and I must confess that Richmond has more splendid buildings, more banks, more colleges, more churches, more beautiful gardens, more rebels, than any other city in
the Confederacy. Everything looks so monarchical, exclusive, and lordly. The Capitol building is a fine addition to the city, affording for the citizens a beautiful and elegant promenade.

The city, by last census, had a population of thirty-eight thousand souls; but the great influx of civil and military officials and refugees from other parts of the State, has probably raised it, of late, to a much higher figure. It is situated at the head of tide-water, at the lower falls of James River, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. The city occupies a most picturesque situation, being built on Richmond and Schockoe hills, which are separated by Schockoe Creek and surrounded by beautiful scenery. It is regularly laid out and well built, the streets, which are lighted by gas, crossing each other at right angles. On Schockoe Hill are the State Capitol and other public buildings. The Capitol is an imposing edifice, and contains in its central hall Houdon’s celebrated statue of Washington.

On the east of the square is the Governor’s mansion, now occupied by the drunkard and traitor, Letcher. Jeff. Davis resided in a private mansion, which was purchased for him by the rebel government. The city has many fine public buildings, six banks, thirteen newspapers, and thirty-three churches. In one of the three Episcopalian churches Jeff. Davis worships.

The falls of James River afford immense water power, and there are very extensive factories, including four cotton and about fifty tobacco factories, flour mills, forges, furnaces, machine shops, &c., the latter of which, and particularly the Tredegar Iron Works, have been of immense service to the rebels in turning out ordnance and material of war. The annual exports of Richmond, before the rebellion, reached to near $7,000,000, and its imports, three-quarters of a million; but, since it had the honor of being the rebel Capital, its foreign commerce has been extinguished. Vessels or gun-boats drawing ten feet can ascend to within a mile of the city, at a place called Rockets, from which the rebel Capital could be conveniently shelled. Vessels of
fifteen feet draught ascend to Warwick, three miles below. A canal has been built around the falls, and above them there is navigation for over two hundred miles. The James River and Kanawha Canal, intended to extend to Covington, is completed for two hundred miles.

Richmond has very extensive railroad communications, being the terminus of five roads running to Fredericksburg and the Potomac, (now in our hands,) to West Point and the York River, (in our hands,) to Petersonburg and Norfolk, (partly in our hands,) to Danville, Virginia, to Jackson's River, by the Central Railroad, and from these the connections lead all through the Southern States. Opposite the city are the two towns of Spring Hill and Manchester.

Richmond is constructed with regularity and taste, and many rich and varied trees of Southern clime lend their charms. Besides the city proper, there are populous suburbs, which afford splendid sites for residences, and are the summer resorts of the planters and merchants. Richmond, before the war, was considered the metropolis, of Southern pride, wealth and fashion. There is a large number of public buildings, many of them splendid and costly. Capitol Hill is a lovely spot.

In manufactories and in commerce, Richmond ranked with the greatest cities of America. The James River affords numerous excellent sites for mills and manufactories of various kinds. The most conspicuous and fashionable part of the city was not touched by the terrible fires which attended the evacuation of the place. Five hundred houses, it is said, were destroyed. The ruins are a sad sight to behold.

Richmond is justly celebrated for its monuments. The Washington Monument is the grandest work of art I have seen. I looked at it again and again. A mighty statue; and one cannot look at it without feeling his brow expand and his soul dilate. It is a noble specimen of architecture, both in design and in execution. It rises majestically above the Capitol and the surrounding houses. It is supported by sixteen pedestals, con-
taining statues of Mason, of Patrick Henry, and of Thomas Jefferson, holding in his hand the immortal charter. The statue of Henry Clay is truly a noble pillar. Many of the churches are remarkable for splendor. The ministers generally remained. The notorious Dr. Burroughs, who so frequently insulted our prisoners, is here, and is universally detested. He is a Northern man, with more than Southern principles. He is the contemptible preacher whom the brave Corcoran kicked out of Libby Prison.

In a few years Richmond will be thoroughly renovated, and will become what it should be—a healthful and mild climate—a place of great refinement, wealth and intelligence—commanding, by sea and land, an extensive commerce—a city renowned for its beauty, and full of fascinations; and in short, a place where one might wish to live always, nor care to find a more genial spot. Here money will be abundant, and virtue its own reward. Here you will see in the good time coming, the finest specimens of manhood and womanhood—the polished, the real chivalry of the country. In a literary point of view it will be the Athens of the Southern States, and will produce orators, poets, novelists, statesmen and philosophers. Luxury and philosophy will be associated by a system of harmonic principles.

Richmond was founded in 1742, became the Capital of the State of Virginia in 1779, and in June, 1861, it was made the seat of government for the Confederate States of America, whose Congress assembled there on July 20th. Its history since then is only too familiar to the country. Around the city are various hills extending a great distance, on the most important of which, fortifications were erected last summer, in the days of the "On to Richmond" cry. What fate may now await the city, depends upon that of Jeff. Davis and his army.

I paid a short visit to the Davis palace, and by the politeness of General Halleck was permitted to glance at the splendid rooms and the gardens. I also looked into the Libby Prison, that purgatory of suicides, where
so many thousands of the brave and patriotic young men of the country eked out a miserable existence. Libby Prison! As a friend remarks—what horrors have been witnessed within its walls! What sighs and groans! What prayers and tears! What nights of darkness settling on human souls! Its doors an entrance to a living charnel house; its iron-grated windows, loop-holes of hell. Death was the Warden. Like the Bridge of Sighs, it will be a memorable place—forever an object of interest, awaking harrowing feelings and melancholy thoughts. Where, in the annals of Nations, is there such a hellish record as that written in Richmond—at Libby, at Bell Isle, at Castle Thunder? There are about five hundred prisoners in it now, among them the ruffianly Turner, who was so ingenious in torturing our boys.

In my peregrinations throughout the city of Richmond, I took the liberty, in company with Surgeon McCracken, a common friend, of walking to the Lee mansion, unrecommended, and in plain republican style rang the entrance bell. Quickly there appeared at the door a good looking mulatto, who politely waited my demand. This colored servant was very courteous and kind. His manner was easy and unassuming, indicating familiarity with the duties of his office and a readiness to accommodate. Sambo seemed to have a kind heart, but was somewhat suspicious, and was very particular as to who we were, and what our business was with his master, for whom he seemed to entertain a profound attachment.

"Can I see General Lee?" was the simple question I put on this occasion, to the servant.

"This is not the regular day when he receives company, and he has not yet received any visitors," he replied, "but, but"—and he surveyed me with a hesitating look, not knowing what to say next, when I observed.

"Perhaps Mr. Lee will see a Northern clergyman in his private parlor a little while."

"Your name, sir?" he asked.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

"Mr. ——, of ——." I replied.

He bid me walk into the vestibule, and soon disappeared, then quickly returned, and ushered me into the parlor. I took my seat on one of the richly cushioned crimsoned sofas constituting a part of the furniture of the room, and awaited the entrance of the great rebel chief. The room had nothing to ornament it but one table, on which was a pitcher of water—another of Spartan simplicity and, withal, some very ordinary chairs. My musings were soon interrupted by the entrance of the General, who, with an easy smile and a graceful simplicity of manner, bid me welcome as a member of Sherman's army. General Lee looks older than his portraits make him. He is nearly fifty-seven years old. His hair is gray; his head large; his brow grandly arched, and his eyes and nose of a generous greatness—finer than he is represented in the portraits. The mouth is large—the lips somewhat fallen; and it is here about the mouth that a faint feeling of vanity is visible. General Lee's manner is that of a man accustomed to homage, which has been rendered to him by the Southern people and soldiers, for the last four years. In his conversation with me, the General was extremely affable and talkative, but he undoubtedly has the faculty of being very reserved. I agree with the English Colonel, who pronounced General Lee the handsomest man he ever saw. He is tall, broad shouldered, well set up, looks every inch a soldier. He has a most captivating personage, a fair and open face, dark, liquid eyes, glowing when aroused like polished diamonds. His physiognomy is of the Corsair character, and he is peculiarly free and degage in all his attributes. He manifests no signs of vanity or personal bravado. There is not a glance that would betray the willing ambition that would say, "I am the man who commanded the armies of the South in their mission of destroying the 'fairest frame-work of government that ever rose to animate the hopes of mankind.'" Throughout all parts of the South he is regarded as the most
I conversed with the rebel leader on a variety of subjects, upon all of which he expressed opinions. He was very emphatic in his utterances, and seemed to have weighed everything with studied care. The murder of the President met with his hearty detestation, and he regards that terrible deed as a calamity without a name. To my question, “Do you think the rebellion is ended?” he answered, very expressively, “Yes, sir; and had it not been for the politicians, it would have been settled long ago.” The politicians to whom he referred were undoubtedly Davis, Breckenridge, Toombs, and others of that sort. He believed that bitterness and revenge would soon die out from both sections, and that the soldiers of the two armies would become again united in the bonds of friendship and harmony. Had it not been for that one dark spot upon his fame, treason, I would have left the presence of General Lee, impressed with his greatness and goodness of heart.

John Mitchell, a celebrated character, was the most powerful and brilliant of the Richmond editors. I knew Mr. Mitchell when he first became known to fame as the eloquent and heroic pleader for the liberties of poor Ireland! He was known and admired as the champion of the oppressed. I well remember his appearance at the monster meetings! At that time, his heart and soul were dedicated to the service of Ireland; and his magnificently-gifted writings soon aroused the indignation and chastisement of the British government. In Ireland, John Mitchell was a pure patriot, a conscientious republican, and a hero. Had he died there his name would have passed to immortal fame. His history in this country is too well known for comment. He told me he had lost two sons in the rebel army, both of them killed, and a third had been wounded four times. Mitchell looks thin, pale, poor, and stricken; he is in the autumn of life—the leaf is yellow. No living man has led a more tumultuous life. When he was a young attorney in the North of Ireland, good
fortune beamed on his brow. He had eminent talents; he won the hand of a beautiful and accomplished lady, the daughter of Colonel Verner, a member of the London Parliament. In 1842, Mitchell joined O'Connell, a noble Abolitionist; he then united with the young Irelanders: Thomas, Davis, Meagher, Duffy, Dennis, Reiley, and other brilliant spirits were his associates. He was so passionately fond of liberty there, that he was banished to the rocks of Bermuda. He was a troublesome convict to his keepers, and made his escape to America. He soon offended the whole nation by an offensive article defending Slavery. He moved from New York to Tennessee, where he turned planter. Afterwards he goes to Washington and publishes the Southern Citizen, a violent pro-slavery sheet in which he traduced the public men of the nation. The rebel journal soon expired, and Mr. John Mitchell goes over to France, where he remains until the breaking out of the rebellion. He embraced the Southern cause with enthusiasm. His two sons followed his example. Then came the killing of one of those sons, then came, in Paris, the death of his eldest daughter, a most beautiful young lady; then came the killing of his second son at Gettysburg. Mitchell is yet a haughty and defiant rebel.

MOUNT VERNON.

In our journey from Richmond to Washington, we passed that spot dear to American hearts, the Mecca of the New World, Mount Vernon! The scenery around it is splendid. The face of the country is not that of a dead level, but interspersed with hills and valleys, abounding in fine springs and babbling brooks that come dashing down from the mountains with clear and sparkling water. This is a neighborhood rich in historical associations. Here are the ruins of the old church where it is said the great patriot was in the habit of worshipping. Patriotism, which consecrates whatever it touches, induced me to pay a visit to Mount Vernon, the depository of the remains of Washington.
I love to contemplate these hoary fragments of the great and good of other days, whatever flings the mind forward to futurity, or makes it revert to the deeds of days of other years, improves at once the understanding and the heart. That man, says, Johnson is not much to be envied for his stoicism, whose patriotism would not be warmed on the field of Marathon, or his piety exalted and inflamed around the ruins of Iona. We approached the once beautiful seat, but now quiet resting place of the immortal Washington, with a doubly distilled mixture of enthusiasm and patriotic devotion! We reached the hallowed site, near the close of day—the evening was beautiful, benignant, brilliant! There was a rippling red sky resembling the purest gold! A Union sun, just on the eve of setting; smoke ascending in an undulating direction from the houses on the Maryland shore; the great dome of the Capitol hanging like a white cloud upon the horizon; the shades of night gently approaching. A glimpse of the pale moon, that emblem of beauty, and glorious lamp of light, was beheld, as it were, watching the close of day to illuminate benighted worlds; and the Potomac itself appeared as if in the bottom of a bowl. A solemn stillness spread all around this magnificent scenery—every object gave an animation to the scene, of which no language can offer a proper description.

Mount Vernon is situated twenty miles from the Capital, and fifteen from the splendid city of Alexandria. The situation is that of calm, quiet, peaceful solitude, embowered by trees which harmonize with the surroundings, and add, by their shade, a degree of peculiar awe and repose to the scene.

The Washington mansion stands on an elevation probably an hundred feet above the level of the Potomac. The ascent from the water is steep. In the rear the ground is level and is adorned with extensive gardens. I have said that the mansion commands a charming view of the noble river, and of the city called after the illustrious dust which sleeps here. The Virginia
side shows sad evidences of war and desolation, but the contending parties have refrained from this spot.

The house in which Washington lived and died, is constructed of framework, whose interstices are filled with bricks. The outward covering is of flags, concealed in such a manner as to give it, at a little distance, the appearance of being made of hewn stone. The length of the edifice is one hundred feet, and its depth fifty. There are, however, two semi-circular chains of offices which project from each of its ends towards the rear, something in the form of sweeping galleries. Towards the east (the river front) there is a colonnade which supports a roof that is continued from the main edifice. Though the pillars are very simple, the effect of a colonnade, so lofty and so long, is rather striking, and, on the whole, it leaves an impression that the house was one not altogether unworthy of its simple but illustrious possessor.

The interior of the building, though exceedingly irregular, affords many objects of gratification. The apartment of greatest curiosity was the drawing room, wainscotted throughout, elaborately carved in compartments. The entire wainscoting is highly varnished, and has acquired a singular but striking effect from a blackness of tint, which causes the apartments to appear like a vast cabinet of ebony. The most of the furniture was plain and simple, corresponding to the times of the hero. I looked on every object with considerable emotion.

The house remains precisely as it was four years ago. The same table and blank book for registering the names of visitors stands in the hall, with the key to the French Bastile, presented by Lafayette to Washington, hanging over them in its little glass case, and specimens of wood and minerals above the doors. The agent, with his wife and two or three children, occupy a suite of rooms on the left of the hall, and a few negroes inhabit the kitchen. In the dining-hall are three of Washington's dining-tables, an old, feeble-toned harpsichord, and the tripod and compass with which their
illustrious owner surveyed the wilderness of Lord Fairfax's estate.

The stucco of the ceiling, representing flowers and sheaves of wheat, is in as good condition as could be expected, and with a little early attention can be preserved for many years. In the east parlor is a sofa, a rocking chair, and in the west parlor a terrestrial globe, and a dim old sketch of a scene before Carthage.

In the library is the original plaster cast of Washington, by Houdon, and a cast of Lafayette. The few books are all of modern production and belong to the inmates of the house, with the exception of a gray old volume entitled "An Essay on Fortifications," with "George Washington" on the fly leaf. With the book, is a letter, dated 1798, to Rev. Mr. Fairfax. Up stairs in the southwest corner of the mansion is the room in which Washington died. A fac-simile of the bed upon which he breathed his last stands in the corner, and is the only furniture in the apartment. On the iron back of the fire-place are deeply cut the letters "G. W."

Throughout the mansion there reigns an oppressive silence, broken only by the echo of footsteps on the bare floor; and looking from the dim, time-stained rooms out upon the deserted fields and unbroken surface of the river, a feeling of loneliness comes over one which no effort can shake off.

Without, the gravelled drive is as smooth and clean as when the carriages of the most lordly rolled up to the hospitable mansion, and the lawns stretch down towards their border of trees carpeted with the richest verdure. The flower garden is filled with the choicest plants, many of which are in full bloom, loading the air with fragrance. The tomb, so often described remains untouched. A lonely "Phoebe" bird had built against the wall inside, and with its plaintive monotonous call is the only thing to break the dead silence of the spot. It is a subject for congratulation that so little expense is required to put the premises in as complete order for the reception of visitors as before the war. The fences need some repairs, the shrubbery requires trim-
ming, and a few vacant places in the flower garden might be filled with plants, but beyond this, little remains to be done. The landing place is in perfect order, though the water has become rather shallow, but at high tide will no doubt be of sufficient depth to permit light draught steamers to land. It is understood that arrangements are now on foot for re-opening the mansion to visitors, and that in a short time excursion trips to this spot will be regularly made.

The vault stands at the brow of the declivity. It is very plain. The excavation in the earth is neither large nor deep. The monuments of the other members of the Washington family are modern and handsome. Environed with a beautiful lawn, dotted with clumps of trees, gently sloping from a hill crowned with stately oaks and scattered firs. The scene was at once sweet and solemn. I have seen nothing to compare with it in character. In this sequestered spot the traveler sees not the stately mausoleum, nor the splendid bust, nor the sculptured cenotaph, but in simple elegance the lowly mound of him whom the world delights to honor. In a sarcophagus of white marble, pure as the spotless character of him whom it commemorates, repose the ashes of him whose memory is immortal. But a single word inscribed upon the stone tells a tale of fame and glory. It is the name of Washington.

A New England bard very beautifully and truthfully says:

"Why moans the white surge on Potomac's proud tide?
Why droop the green willows that grow by its side?
Why chant Nature's minstrels their numbers so slow,
Imparting their songs in whispers of woe?
Ah! why sighs the tall grass o'er Vernon's green breast?
Why fades the rich splendor on victory's crest?
Why is heard the deep sigh of the summer's bright close,
While the lily's still blooming, and blushing the rose?
My country! thy Saviour—thy Washington brave—
Lies cold in the earth, midst the gloom of the grave."
SHERMAN’S CAMPAIGNS.

The arrow of death to his bosom hath sped;
He mingles with dust—with the dust of the dead.
The bright plume of valor that blaz’ned his worth
Lies prone upon Vernon, and hallows its earth.
But the boon of the blest to his spirit is given—
The tears of a world and the glory of Heaven.”

SKETCH OF VIRGINIA.

This grand old State possesses great natural advantages. It abounds with minerals; it has a multitude of rivers; and the climate is on the whole healthy. The mountainous section is distinguished by bold scenery, and contains many grand works of Nature. Amongst the rivers, which are navigable, beside the Potomac, are the James, Rappahannock and Great Kanawha. Every portion of the State abounds in mineral wealth. The forests exhibit all sorts of lofty trees; the plains are swarmed with flowers and flowering shrubs of the richest colors and fragrant scent.

The soil of Virginia is naturally fertile, but in many of the old settlements they have been well-nigh exhausted through bad tillage. The staples are Indian corn, wheat, oats, tobacco. Iron ore is abundant, and of the finest quality. In the mountainous section many streams afford excellent water power. The State abounds in grand and splendid scenery; the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes of Nature. The mountains of the Blue Ridge are thought to be of a greater height than any others in the United States. We might say with Cromwell, when struck with the beauty of Irish scenery: “Behold a land worth fighting for.”

The first settlement within the present limits of Virginia was at Jamestown, in 1607, which was also the first permanent English settlement in America. On the approach of the Revolution, the eloquent statesmen of this State were among the first to raise their voices against oppression. Throughout that struggle, Virginia bore a most prominent part, and within its limits took place the surrender of Cornwallis.
CHAPTER XXVI.

Sherman’s Army at Washington.—History of its organization.—Complete Roster of the Corps as they appeared on the Grand Review.—Brilliant Pageant.—Sherman and his Generals.—The Farewell Addresses of Generals Sherman and Logan.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISS.

IN THE FIELD, ALEXANDRIA, VA.,

May 20, 1865.

Special Field Orders No. 71.

I. To make the review ordered for this army in the city of Washington, on Wednesday, May 24, the two wings, without knapsacks and with two days’ cooked rations in haversacks, will, during Tuesday, close well upon the Long Bridge, the right wing in advance. On Wednesday, at break of day, the troops will move out of bivouac by the right flank, and march until the head of the column is closed up to Capitol grounds, and then mass as close as possible east of the canal, ready to march according to Special Orders No. 219, Adjutant General’s Office, May 19, by close columns of companies, right in front, guide left, by the route prescribed. When the companies fall below fifteen (15) files, the battalions will form column by divisions. At nine (9) o’clock, A. M., precisely, a single gun will be fired by the leading battery, when the head of column will march around the Capitol down Pennsylvania avenue, and pass the reviewing stand in front of the President’s house, thence to the new camps or to a bivouac, according to the pleasure of the army commanders. All colors will be unfurled from the Capitol to a point beyond the President’s reviewing stand. The General-in-chief will ride at the head of the column, and take his post near the reviewing officer. The commanders of
each army, corps, and division, attended by one staff officer, will dismount after passing the General-in-chief and join him while his army, corps, or division is passing, when he will remount and join his command. Officers commanding regiments and above, will present swords on passing the reviewing officer, but company officers will make no salutes. Brigade bands, or consolidated field music, will turn out and play as their brigade passes the reviewing officer, but will be careful to cease playing in time for the succeeding band to be heard. One band per division may play during the march from the Capitol to the Treasury Building. The colors of each battalion will salute by drooping in passing the reviewing officer; and the field music make three ruffles without interrupting the "march" of the band. Should intervals occur in the column, care will be taken that divisions pass the reviewing stand compactly, and if the passing of the bridge draws out the columns, the march will be continued with as little interruption as possible at full distance. Army commanders will make all subordinate arrangements as to guides, &c.

II. Army commanders may at once select new camps east of the Potomac; the right wing above Washington, and the left wing below; and make arrangements with the Quartermaster's Department to collect fuel, forage, &c., in advance, at their new camps, and may march thereto direct from the review, by routes that will not interrupt the progress of the columns behind. The wagon trains with camp equipage and knapsacks, can follow the day after review.

III. Mustering officers will see at once to the preparation of rolls for the pay and discharge of the organizations and men that are to be discharged under existing orders of the War Department, but no discharges will be made till after the review.

By order of

Major General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. Dayton, Major and A. A. G.

Official—Samuel L. Taggart, A. A. G.
A more magnificent display of popular triumph and enthusiasm was never witnessed, than that which took place in Washington during the reviews of the Armies of the Union. Short as the time had been for preparation, the arrangements were in all respects complete. The weather was mild and pleasant; the streets of the Capital were alive with crowds, anxious to have their share in the transcendant popular triumph of the age. We never witnessed anything like the thorough delight and enthusiasm of the people. Their joy seemed to know no bounds. The sun shone out most auspiciously. Pennsylvania Avenue, and, indeed, all the streets leading thereto, were jammed. In front of Mr. Seward's residence, a vast crowd assembled, awaiting with anxiety the appearance of the great popular statesman, now more than ever endeared to his countrymen, as the victim of the fiendish conspiracy, which nearly terminated his life. As early as nine o'clock, the multitudes in all directions were momentarily increasing by fresh arrivals. In every street was to be heard the music of the different bands, proceeding to join the grand procession, whilst the crowd awaiting the passage of the troops, gave utterance to their joy in repeated acclamations. It was indeed a great public jubilee—the people seemed to feel that the victory of the Union was a signal triumph, and they rejoiced accordingly. The armies represented all branches and devices of the service—cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with a sufficient variety of equipments to relieve the general sameness of uniform. Sections of pontoon bridges, ambulances and even heavy wagons were features in the procession. The tastefully decorated stand, near the Executive mansion, was occupied by President Johnson, General Grant, and other distinguished officers. Another stand handsomely festooned with flowers and flags, was occupied by Hartmann, Bancroft, and the following Governors of States: Buckingham, Fairchild, Curtin and Bradford.
As Corps and Division commanders passed in review before the President and General Grant, those commanders severally left the column and took seats on the platform. General Logan rode at the head of his column; the greeting of this hero was in the highest degree enthusiastic. Next followed the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, preceded by their commanders, Generals Hazen and Blair. The next in review was the army of General Slocum,—the Twentieth Corps, commanded by Mower, and the Fourteenth Corps, commanded by Jeff. C. Davis. The tramp of men, the clank of sabre, and the clatter of hoof, kept time on Washington street, from early dawn to sunset. It was a repetition of the scenes of the previous day—a repetition of the grand panorama of the homeward march of Sherman's valiant army. First came the bands, then Brigade and Division commanders; then came the Regiments with their bright arms and brighter banners. And still they came, until a spectator was prompted to exclaim with Macbeth:

"A fourth? start, eyes! What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet?—a seventh: I'll see no more: And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass, Which shows me many more."

The returning army of more than an hundred thousand veterans, which set out from Chattanooga on the 4th of May, 1864, returning describes a half circle, and turns its front from the South due North, in the horizon of whose sky glimmers the newly arisen star of peace. Thus with Gloster can our soldiers say—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures."
Useless arms, cannon, drums and trumpets, they bear them no more to slaughter, but upon the grim walls of forts and arsenals let them hang, sentinels of a peace never again to be broken by intestine and fratricidal war:

"Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious war.
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

The appearance of the troops, as they moved along Pennsylvania Avenue, presented a grand and thrilling spectacle; looking up the avenue there was a continuous moving line as far as the eye could reach, of National, State, Division, Brigade and other flags. Many of them were new, the stars of gold glittering in the sun, they strongly contrasted with flags borne in the procession, tattered in battle or mere shreds. The flag staffs were decorated with flowers and bouquets.

SHERMAN AND HIS GENERALS.

A tremendous cheer announced the appearance of Tecumseh. It extended along the whole procession, for a space of two miles, and probably not less than a quarter of a million of persons were sending forth their acclamations at the same time. It was such a shout of unalloyed joy, enhanced by a feeling of triumph, as probably never was heard before. Sherman was elegantly dressed, and during the applause, he took off his hat and waved it repeatedly over his head in the air,—a movement which protracted the applause for some time. He looked in splendid health and spirits as at any time during the past four years; and indeed
the scene before him was one which he must consider as amongst the most remarkable of his life.

Sherman has a high and square forehead, firm mouth and muscular face, full of proud and savage energy. He was accompanied by Howard, a true soldier of the most straight-forward and sterling kind, brave without knowing it, and amiable without thinking of it. Logan, black and swarthy, was at the head of the column, and was received with cheers. He rode a splendid steed, caparisoned with floral wreaths, and was accompanied by his staff, who appeared to share his honors. Hazen, a brilliant officer, his face so open and so sympathetic, that at the first glance, you recognize the finished gentleman and accomplished soldier. Frank Blair with his broad and jovial countenance. In addition to these Corps commanders there were scores of Major and Brigadier Generals. This review of the armies was the most imposing pageant that ever took place on the continent—it was indeed a sublime affair and suggestive of the trials and victories of the great Republic.

As to the history of the armies of the East and West all are familiar with them. The one was raised on border farms, and by the necessities of border life, had become inured to hardship, and, prompt in the use of weapons; it fought a people like itself, but less self-reliant, and, with the aid of Eastern sailors, broke the South in half. At length, and under the shelter of leviathans in iron, pierced the country as far as the river sources. Then while the army of Meade held the rebel government in its throttle, that of Sherman broke from the rivers and swept the Gulf States, till by the most prodigious marches on record, it cut off all the seaboard cities from their defending armies, and in turn kept Johnson in thrall.

Then Meade, quitting also the shelter of the river, stormed Petersburg and Richmond, which fell together. They finished the war, each subjugating an army, and while history will do them equal and like justice, the folks of the present day wished to see them compared, as they appeared upon review. They had equal chances...
in the procession. They occupied six hours each in passing. The Army of the West lost Hooker in the review; that of the East lost Sheridan. Meade’s army had only a part of its infantry—Sherman’s none of its cavalry. The superior conversance of Meade with Washington City enabled him to so defile his forces that not a gap occurred along the entire route; but Sherman’s men once or twice broke in sections for long distances, marring the unity of his procession.

Meade’s army was composed of the most convenient levies—Sherman’s of the most individual. The army of the East was composed of citizens—that of the West of pioneers. A gentleman—socially so-called—would have preferred the display of Meade. His men had more readable faces, better characterization, and were less wild and outre in their expression.

A pioneer would have applauded the review of Sherman, because his men were hardier, knottier, and wiry. Meade represented the army of the East, being a graceful and accomplished commander. Logan, and not Sherman, was the West’s representative soldier. The army of the West marched, as a rule, better than the East, if rigid mathematical time-keeping is the best of good training. Its constituents were, in physiognomy, just the men for dashing adventures, prolonged advances, and reckless fighting; but Meade’s men bore the impress of intelligent patience like that which sat before Richmond four defeated years, and in the end had the pluck to pass over the bastions of Petersburgh. The officers of Sherman were less punctilious in externals than those of Meade. His staff officers were not so neatly garbed, his line officers were more indifferent to their wardrobe,

The West was the best army for a republic, the East for a standing army, and New York troops, generally speaking, were the best Meade had to show. Illinois troops, casually remarked, were the flower of Sherman’s veterans. The absence of cavalry which would have quite embarrassed Sherman, so far as the spirit of his entertainment went, was made up by series of contra-
bands and many odd concomitants in the shape of mules, fowls and dogs, which the soldiers took along. Sherman had less artillery than Meade. The battle-flags of both were equally riddled. Harmony prevailed among the partisans of both armies. The country was proud of them all. Their deeds are alike, their names are equal; their reviews were the most wonderful panorama in American history. The scenes along the avenue, as they passed by, were akin to those of yesterday. The main interest, of course, was the President's place.

Colonel Forney says of the imposing pageant:

“Never shall I forget the 24th of May, 1865, when the bronzed heroes of Sherman's immense columns passed in continuous streams along Pennsylvania avenue. The head of the column started from this very Capitol building, led off by Tecumseh himself. It was a bright and beautiful day. How many of our millions who did not see that wondrous sight, lived to regret their loss, and to envy those who enjoyed it! Previously, the Army of the Potomac, with its fresh and bright uniforms, its splendidly equipped officers, and its apparently holiday array, marched in successive tramp, tramp, tramp, each platoon as solid as a piece of animated machinery, drilled and disciplined and educated into a sort of inexorable regularity, as the whole mass swept by these marble halls. Then came Sherman's hosts—hosts, indeed, they were. There were very few spangles and very little newness, and nothing that savored of attempts at decoration; but they were awful in their order. "Veteran" was written all over their dark faces, browned by the ardent Southern sun, and health almost spoke from their elastic step and erect figures. With their Kossuth hats and stained uniforms, and music, which, however good, was so different from the city airs of the bands of the previous day, they seemed like strangers from another planet, recalling, with their tropical plants, and animals, and dusky contrabands marching in regimental order, what we read in the delightful pages of Irving, of the men of Columbus who came back from strange islands and un-
known climes, with the beasts and birds and flowers they had collected."

The right wing of Sherman's Grand Army, known as the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by Major General O. O. Howard, is composed of the Fifteenth Corps, Major General John A. Logan; and the Seventeenth Corps, Major General Frank P. Blair.

FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

By General Order No. 210, dated War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, December 18, 1862, the Fifteenth Corps was organized under command of Major General W. T. Sherman, the present commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi. General Sherman was succeeded by Major General John A. Logan, the present commander.

The Fifteenth Corps since its organization has participated in nearly all of the important battles which have taken place during the memorable campaigns in the West, and has won immortal fame on the following battle-fields, which are inscribed on its colors: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Pass, Siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Chattanooga, Mission Ridge, Tunnell Hill, Snake Creek Gap, Resaca, Dallas, Big Shanty, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, Atlanta, Jonesborough.

Major General John A. Logan, the present commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps, was born in Jackson county, Illinois, on the 9th of February, 1832, and is consequently about 33 years of age. Like Sheridan and other Generals who have distinguished themselves during the present war, he was born of Irish parentage. Previous to the war he had acquired some popularity, as a politician in his native State, having served in the State Legislature of Illinois and the National Congress.

Major General John A. Logan, commanding Fifteenth Army Corps.
Lieutenant Colonel Max Woodhull, A. A. G.
Major John S. Hoover, Senior Aid-de-camp.
Lieutenant Colonel S. D. Nichols, Fourth Iowa Infantry, A. A. I. G.
Major R. Nicolle, Surgeon U. S. V., Medical Director.
Major A. C. Perry, 62d Illinois Infantry, A. A. D. C.
Captain William B. Pratt, A. D. C.
Captain L. B. Mitchell, A. D. C. and A. O. O.
Captain O. C. Powelson, commanding Ambulance Corps.
Major F. C. Gillette, Provost Marshal.
Captain F. F. Whitehead, A. A. G. U. S. V., A. A. D. C.

FIRST DIVISION.

Major General C. R. Woods, commanding.
Captain Fred. H. Wilson, A. A. G.
Captain A. B. Smith, A. A. I. G.

FIRST BRIGADE.

12th Indiana—Colonel Reuben Williams.
76th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Edward Briggs.
27th Missouri—Colonel Thomas Cunley.
31st and 3d Missouri—Lieutenant Colonel A. C. Burrell.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Colonel R. F. Cattesin, commanding.
40th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel H. Hall.
46th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel E. N. Upton.
103d Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel Geo. W. Wright.
97th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel N. G. Carvine.
26th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel Ira J. Bloomfield.
100th Indiana—Captain J. W. Headington.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Colonel George A. Stone, commanding.
4th Iowa—Major A. R. Anderson.
9th Iowa—Major A. Abernethy.
25th Iowa—Lieutenant Colonel D. Palmer.
30th Iowa—Lieutenant Colonel A. Roberts.
31st Iowa—Lieutenant Colonel J. Jenkins.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major General W. B. Hazen, commanding.
Captain G. Lofland, A. A. G.
Captain C. A. Eainerst, A. A. I. G.

TWELFTH BRIGADE.

Colonel Theodore Jones, commanding.
6th Missouri—Captain H. D. Stephens.
55th Illinois—Captain Charles Andress.
116th Illinois—Captain Nicholas Geschround.
127th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel Frank C. Curlie.
30th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel E. P. Brooks.
57th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Samuel R. Mott.
10th Iowa—Lieutenant Colonel Wm. H. Silsby.
17th Iowa—Captain William Horner.
80th Ohio—Captain Thomas C. Morris.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Colonel William S. Jones, commanding.
37th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Von Blessingh.
47th Ohio—Colonel N. C. Pang.
53d Ohio—Captain Robert Curren.
54th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel J. T. Moore.
83d Indiana—Captain W. N. Cram.
111th Illinois—Colonel James S. Martin.
BATTALION.

26th Missouri—Captain T. M. Rice.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brigadier General John M. Oliver, commanding.
70th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel H. L. Phillips.
56th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Hall.
99th Indiana—Captain J. Fairar.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brevet Major General John M. Corse, commanding.
Captain L. K. Everets, A. A. G.
Captain Chas. Rateray, A. A. I. G.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General E. W. Rice, commanding.
2d Iowa—Colonel N. B. Howard.
7th Iowa—Lieutenant Colonel J. O. Parrott.
66th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel R. Martin.
52d Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel J. D. Davis.
12th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel H. Vanseller.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General W. T. Clark, commanding.
81st Ohio—Colonel R. N. Adams.
59th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel F. A. McNaught.
18th Wisconsin—Lieutenant Colonel Cha’s H. Jackson.
63d Indiana—Captain J. R. Sanford.
48th Indiana—Captain N. Bingham.
THIRD BRIGADE.

Colonel B. Rorrett, commanding.
7th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel H. Perrin.
39th Iowa—Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Griffith.
50th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel Wm. Hanna.
57th Illinois—Major F. A. Batty.
66th Illinois—Captain D. C. Gamble.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Lieutenant Colonel Wm. H. Ross, commanding.
F. J. Fairbrass, A. A. A. G.
Battery H, 1st Illinois Light Artillery—Captain Francis De Grasse.
12th Wisconsin Battery—Captain Wm. Dyickerick.
Battery B, 1st Michigan Artillery—Captain A. F. R. Arndt.
Battery H, 1st Missouri Light Artillery—Captain C. M. Callahan.

SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Upon a metallic plate on the staff of the Corps flag, in front of General Blair's headquarters, is inscribed the following laconic record of that Corps:

"Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, Hatchie, Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Meridian, Kenesaw Mountain, Nickajack Creek, Jonesborough, Atlanta, Savannah, Pocotaligo, Salkehatchie, Edisto River, Orangeburg, Columbia, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Bentonville."

ROSTER OF THE SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Major General Frank P. Blair, commanding.
Lieutenant Colonel C. Cadle, A. A. G.
Lieutenant Colonel A. Hickenlooper, A. I. G.
Lieutenant Colonel E. M. Joel, Chief Q. M.
Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Mills, Chief C. S.
Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Boucher, M. D.
Major Logan Tomkins, Senior A. D. C.
Captain Richard Steele, A. D. C.
Captain William Henley, A. D. C.
Lieutenant Colonel T. D. Kirby, Picket Officer.
Major J. C. Marven, Provost Marshal.
Captain C. M. Roberts, C. M.
Captain William E. Ware, A. A. G.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier General Manning F. Force, commanding.
Captain S. R. Adams, A. A. A. G.
Captain A. Kochue, A. A. I. G.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General John W. Fuller, commanding.
8th Missouri V V Infantry—Colonel C. S. Sheldon,
27th Ohio V V Infantry—Major J. N. Gibranth.
38th Ohio V V Infantry—Lieutenant Daniel Weber.
64th Illinois V V Infantry—Major J. S. Reynolds.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General J. W. Sprague, commanding.
25th Wisconsin V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Rusk.
35th New Jersey V V Infantry—Colonel John J. Cladeck.
43d Ohio V V Infantry—Captain John H. Rhodes.
63d Ohio V V Infantry—Major O. L. Jackson.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brevet Brigadier General John Tillson, commanding.
40th Illinois V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel D. Gillespie.
25th Indiana V Y Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel James S. Wright.
32d Wisconsin V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel Joseph H. Carleton.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major General Mortimer D. Legget, commanding.
Captain John C. Douglass, A A G.
Major I. C. Robinson, A A I G.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General Charles R. Ewing, commanding.
16th Wisconsin V Y Infantry—Colonel C. Fairchild.
20th Illinois V Y Infantry—Captain Henry King.
30th Illinois V Y Infantry—Captain J. P. Davis.
12th Wisconsin V Y Infantry—Colonel James K. Proudfit.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General Robert K. Scott, commanding.
20th Ohio V Y Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel Harry Wilson.
68th Ohio V Y Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel George E. Welles.
78th Ohio V Y Infantry—Colonel G. F. Wiles.
17th Wisconsin V Y Infantry—Colonel A. G. Malloy.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brevet Major General Giles A. Smith, commanding.
Captain A. Ware, jr., A A G.
Major C. H. Brush, A A I G.
FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General Benjamin F. Potts, commanding.
23d Indiana V V Infantry—Captain J W Hammond.
32d Ohio V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel Jefferson Hibbetts.
53d Indiana V V Infantry—Colonel J L Vestal.
53d Illinois V V Infantry—Colonel J McCahan.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General C J Stolbrand, commanding.
14th Illinois V V Infantry—Colonel Cyrus Hall.
15th Illinois V V Infantry—Colonel Geo C Rogers.
32d Illinois V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel George E. English.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brigadier General William K. Belknap, commanding.
11th Iowa V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin Beach.
13th Iowa V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel J C Kennedy.
15th Iowa V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel George Pomutz.
16th Iowa V V Infantry—Major J H Smith.

ARTILLERY.

Major Frederick Welker, Chief of Artillery.
Battery C, 1st Michigan Light Artillery—Captain William Hyzer.
1st Minnesota Battery—Captain W Z Clayton.
15th Ohio Battery—Captain James Burdick.
9th Illinois Mounted Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel S T Hughes.
135th U S C T—Colonel John E Gurley.
TWENTIETH CORPS—MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH A. MOWER.

This sterling Corps was first organized on the 3d of April, 1864, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee. As originally constituted, it was composed of four divisions, commanded by Generals Williams, Geary, Butterfield and Rousseau; but the fourth division, under the last named General, has never served with the Corps, having always been detached upon other duties. The first, second and third divisions were composed almost entirely of troops of the eleventh and twelfth Corps, when these organizations were disbanded.

The command of the Twentieth Corps was given to Major General Hooker, who is still almost idolized by the troops. The first march made by the Corps was on the 5th of May, from Bridgeport and Chattanooga, upon the ever memorable campaign toward Atlanta, in which it participated gallantly in the following battles:

Mill Creek Gap, May 8, 1864; Resaca, May 14 and 15; Dallas, May 25 to June 1; Pine Hill, June 15 and 16; Kolb's Farm, June 22; Kennesaw Mountain, June 27 to July 1; Peach Tree Creek, July 20, and occupied Atlanta September 3.

In the campaign resulting in the capture of Atlanta, for one hundred days the fighting was so incessant that not a single day passed without heavy skirmishing.

Proceeding upon the Savannah campaign the Corps was actively engaged at the siege of that city from December 10 to December 22, upon which day it entered Savannah. It participated in the battle of Averysborough, March 15, 1865, where it did the principal part of the fighting, and also at Bentonville, March 19 and 20, where it came to the support of the Fourteenth Corps, and repulsed five charges of the enemy with heavy loss. When the troops afterward composing this Corps were transferred to the Army of the Poto-
mac, the armies of the west were in a very lax state of discipline. The arrival of these well drilled and disciplined troops, however, excited a spirit of emulation, which tended greatly to improve the western armies in appearance and perhaps in effectiveness.

The Corps has been in the hands of several commanders. Hooker was relieved, at his own request, in July, 1864, and the command then devolved upon Brevet Major General Williams, who held it until September 1st, when he was relieved by the arrival of General Slocum, formerly commanding the Twelfth Corps, but then more recently in command of the District of Vicksburg. When Sherman started upon the Savannah expedition, his army was divided into two wings, under the command of Generals Howard and Slocum. The command of the Corps thus again devolved upon General Williams, who retained it until the 2d of April, 1865, when he was relieved at Goldsborough by Major General Joseph A. Mower, the present Commander, who formerly commanded the First Division of the Seventeenth Corps.

The Twentieth Corps has fought most gallantly in all the battles in which it has been engaged, and in discipline and drill has well earned the reputation of being the crack Corps of Sherman's army.

In all its battles it has never lost a single piece of artillery.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brevet Major General A. S. Williams of Michigan, and Staff.

The First and Second Brigades of this division formerly belonged to the Twelfth Corps, while the Third Brigade came principally from the Eleventh Corps.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brevet Brigadier General James L. Selfridge, commanding, and Staff.
SECOND BRIGADE.

Brevet Brigadier General Hawley, commanding.
107th New York Vols.—Colonel N. M. Crane.
150th New York Vols.—Colonel A. B. Smith.
13th New Jersey Vols.—Captain J. H. Arey.
2d Massachusetts Vols.—Lieutenant Colonel C. F. Morse.
3d Wisconsin Vols.—Lieutenant Colonel G. Stephenson.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brigadier General J. S. Robinson, (82d Ohio) commanding, and Staff.
82d Ohio V. Vols.—Colonel S. J. McGroarty.
143d New York Vols.—Colonel Horace Boughton.
82d Illinois Vols.—Lieutenant Colonel E. St. Solomon.
31st Wisconsin Vols.—Lieutenant Colonel George D. Rodger.
101st Illinois Vols.—Lieutenant Colonel John D. Le Sage.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brevet Major General John W. Geary of Pennsylvania, and Staff.
This was formerly the Second Division of the Twelfth Corps. When the present organization was established it received the addition of one Brigade from the Eleventh Corps.
The Division was particularly distinguished at Lookout Mountain, which gallant action it fought and won without assistance. It has since participated in all the
battles of the Twentieth Corps, Averysborough and Bentonville. Besides this it has fought singly the battle of Mill Creek Gap.

Since its organization it has been under the command of General Geary, formerly Brigadier, now Brevet Major General. It is generally considered the best disciplined division in the Twentieth Corps, and as such, the crack division of Sherman's army. It is a remarkable fact that this division has never lost a gun and but one stand of colors.

**FIRST BRIGADE:**

Brevet Brigadier General A. Pardee, commanding, and Staff.
147th Pennsylvania—Lieutenant Colonel Craig.
29th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Jonas Schoonover.
5th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Robert Kirkup.
66th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel John T. Mitchell.
28th Pennsylvania—Lieutenant Colonel James Fitzpatrick.

**SECOND BRIGADE.**

Brigadier General P. H. Jones, (formerly 104th New York), commanding, and Staff.
33d New Jersey—Colonel George W. Mendel.
49th New York—Colonel John T. Lochman.
73d Pennsylvania—Major C. H. Goebel.

**THIRD BRIGADE.**

Brevet Brigadier General H. A. Barnum, commanding, and Staff.
29th Pennsylvania V Vols.—Colonel S. M. Zulick.
110th Pennsylvania V Vols.—Colonel Thomas M. Walker.
Third Division.

Brevet Major General W. G. Ward, commanding, and Staff.

This division is mainly composed of Western troops. The First and Second Brigades are exclusively so, and a portion of the Third Brigade is also from the West. These troops, prior to the organization of the Corps, had been guarding railroads and Government property in Kentucky and Tennessee, and had never been engaged in battle. The remainder of the men had participated in all the battles of the Eleventh Corps.

Since the formation of the Twenty-first Corps, the division has been engaged in nearly all the battles of the Ninth Corps, and fought gallantly in them all.

First Brigade.

Brevet Brigadier General Benjamin Harrison, commanding, and Staff.

70th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel S. Merrill.
79th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel A. W. Doen.
129th Illinois—Colonel H. Case.
105th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel E. F. Dutton.

Second Brigade.

Brevet Brigadier General Daniel Dustar, commanding, and Staff.

33d Indiana Vet.—Colonel A. E. Burton.
11th Michigan—Major David Anderson.
22d Wisconsin—Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Bloodgood.
35th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel Alex. B. Crane.

THIRD BRIGADE.

73d Ohio (Vet.)—Lieutenant Colonel Sam. Hurst.
20th Connecticut—Lieutenant Colonel P. B. Buckingham.
26th Wisconsin—Lieutenant Colonel F. C. Winkler.
43d Massachusetts—Lieutenant Colonel Elisha Doane.
55th Ohio (Vet.)—Lieutenant Colonel F. H. Powers.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Captain Charles E. Winegar, Commanding.
Battery E, Independent Pennsylvania Artillery—Captain Thomas S. Sloan.
Battery O, 1st Ohio Artillery—Lieutenant Jerome B. Stephens.
Battery M, 1st New York Artillery—Lieutenant Edward P. Newkirk.

FOURTEENTH CORPS—MAJOR GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS, COMMANDING.

The present organization of this Corps was effected in October, 1863, at Chattanooga, under the command of Major General Palmer. It participated, always with credit, in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign, and fought the battle of Jonesborough (below Atlanta,) unsupported, driving a large force of the enemy from the works and capturing two four-gun batteries.
It participated in the pursuit of Hood, and has since formed, with the Twentieth Corps, the left wing (now the Army of Georgia,) of Sherman's army. At the battle of Bentonville it sustained the first shock of Johnston's attack, and resisted so stubbornly that time was given for the arrival of the Twentieth Corps, when the Army of Georgia repulsed all Johnston's attacks, which, finding fruitless, he withdrew to Smithfield. The history of the Fourteenth Corps has been an eventful one, but it is so nearly like that of the Twentieth Corps with which it has been so closely connected, that to give a lengthened sketch of its services would be to indulge in needless repetition.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier General Charles F. Walcutt, commanding.

This division left Louisville (the first division of the old Fourteenth Army Corps), on the 1st of October, 1862; reached Nashville in November; participated in the hard-fought battle of Stone River, December 31, January 1, 2 and 3d. At Murfreesborough the division was re-organized and started in January, 1863, on the Tullahoma campaign; was in the battles of Horner's Gap, June 21, and Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, Brigadier General Baird being then in command. At Chattanooga it was re-organized, since which time it has been actively engaged in all the battles of the present Fourteenth Corps. Since its organization it has had the following commanders: Brigadier General Rousseau, Brigadier General Baird, Brigadier General Rousseau again, Brigadier General Johnson, Brigadier General King, Brigadier General Carlin, and Brigadier General Walcutt, its present leader.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brevet Brigadier General George P. Buell.
79th Ohio—Major R. P. Findley.
13th Michigan—Colonel J. B. Culver.
69th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Brigham.
21st Michigan—Lieutenant Colonel Bishop.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Colonel H. A. Hambright, commanding, and Staff.
38th Indiana—Colonel D. H. Patten.
21st Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel A. McMahan.
69th Pennsylvania—Lieutenant Colonel D. Miles.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brevet Brigadier General Hobart, commanding, and Staff.
94th Ohio—Major W. H. Snyder.
88th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel C. E. Briant.
33d Ohio—Major J. Henson.
42d Indiana—Major E. W. Kellows.
21st Wisconsin—Lieutenant Colonel M. H. Fitch.
104th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel Hapemon.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brevet Major General James D. Morgan, commanding.

The division was organized October 10, 1863, under command of Jeff. C. Davis, then Brigadier General. It has participated in all the battles of the Fourteenth Corps, and at Jonesborough, particularly, distinguished itself. In this action there were, to quote the words of General Morgan's official report, "two four-gun batteries taken, one by the First, and one by the Second Brigade; 394 prisoners, one Brigadier General, 24 commissioned officers, over 1,000 stand of small arms, and six battle-flags." It was detached to capture Rome, Georgia, and succeeded. In its attack on Kenesaw Mountain it lost 1,300 men in twenty minutes, and five field officers.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General William Vandever, commanding and Staff.
16th Illinois V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel Charles D. Kerr.
17th New York V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel James Lake.
60th Illinois V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel George W. Evans.
10th Michigan V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Dumphy.
14th Michigan V V Infantry—Lieutenant Colonel G. W. Grummond.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General John Mitchell, commanding, and Staff.
103d Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Good.
113th Ohio—Captain Toland Jones.
121st Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel A. B. Robinson.
34th Illinois, Veterans—Lieutenant Colonel P. Ege.
98th Ohio—Major D. E. Roatch.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Lieutenant Colonel James W. Langley, commanding, and Staff.
52d Ohio—Major J. T. Holmes.
22d Indiana, Veterans—Major Thomas Shea.
125th Illinois—Captain G. W. Cook.
85th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel J. R. Griffith.
86th Illinois—Lieutenant Colonel A. R. Fanestock.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brevet Major General Baird, commanding, and Staff.
This division, like the preceding, was organized at Chattanooga in October, 1863, and has sustained an excellent reputation in all the numerous battles in which it has been engaged. At Jonesborough its loss was very heavy, but the works in its front were gallantly carried. At Bentonville it was ordered forward, unsupported by the other divisions, and made a successful reconnoissance of the enemy’s position. Its men still proudly remember that they belonged to Major General George H. Thomas’s division at the first successful battle of the war—Mill Spring, where Zollicoffer met his death.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brigadier General George S. Greene, commanding.
18th Kentucky—Lieutenant Colonel H. K. Milward.
14th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Albert Moore.
38th Ohio—Captain Charles M. Gilbert.
74th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Morgan.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Colonel M. C. Hunter, commanding, and Staff.
23d Missouri—Major John H. Jolly.
89th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel William H. Glenn.
92d Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel John C. Morrow.
31st Ohio—Captain Eli Wilkin.
82d Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Matthews.
17th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel Benj. H. Showers.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Colonel N. Gleason, commanding, and Staff.
2d Minnesota—Colonel I. W. Bishop.
75th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel William O’Brien.
105th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Doane.
87th Indiana—Lieutenant Colonel Edwin P. Hammond.
105th Ohio—Lieutenant Colonel George T. Perkins.
Major General John A. Logan has finally wound up the career of the Army of the Tennessee, by mustering it out in obedience to the orders from the War Department. The following is the Farewell Address of Major General Logan:

**HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,**

**Louisville, Ky., July 13, 1865.**

The profound gratification I feel in being authorized to release you from the onerous obligations of the camp and return you laden with laurels to homes where warm hearts wait to welcome you, is somewhat embittered by the painful reflection that I am sundering the ties that trials have made true, time made tender, suffering made sacred, perils made proud, heroism made honorable, and fame made forever fearless of the future. It is no common occasion that demands the disbandment of a military organization, before the resistless power of which, mountains bristling with bayonets have bowed, cities surrendered, and millions of brave men been conquered.

Although I have been but a short period your commander, we are not strangers. Affections have sprung up between us during the long years of doubt, gloom, and carnage, which we have passed through together, nurtured by common perils, sufferings and sacrifices, and rivetted by the memories of gallant comrades, whose bones repose beneath the sod of a hundred battle fields, nor time nor distance will weaken or efface. The many marches you have made, the dangers you have despised, the haughtiness you have humbled, the duties you have discharged, the glory you have gained, the destiny you have discovered for the country in whose cause you have conquered, all recur at this moment in all the vividness that marked the scenes through which we have just passed. From the pens of the ablest historians of the land, daily drifting out upon the current of time, page upon page, volume upon volume, of your
heroic deeds, and floating down to future generations, will inspire the student of history with admiration, the patriot American with veneration for his ancestors, and the love of republican liberty with gratitude for those who, in a fresh baptism of blood, reconstructed the powers and energies of the Republic to the cause of constitutional freedom. Long may it be the happy fortune of each and every one of you to live in the full fruition of the boundless blessings you have secured to the human race. Only he whose heart has been thrilled with admiration of your impetuous and unyielding valor in the thickest of the fight, can appreciate with what pride I recount the brilliant achievements which immortalize you and enrich the pages of our national history. Passing by the earlier, but not less signal triumphs of the war, in which you participated and inscribed upon your banner such victories as Donelson and Shiloh, I recur to campaigns, sieges and victories that challenge the admiration of the world, and elicit the unwilling applause of all Europe. Turning your backs upon the blood-bathed heights of Vicksburg, you launched into a region swarming with enemies, fighting your way and marching without adequate supplies, to answer the cries for succor that came to you from the noble but beleagured army at Chattanooga. Your steel next flashed among the mountains of the Tennessee, and your weary limbs found rest before the embattled heights of Mission Ridge, and there with dauntless courage you breasted against the enemy's destructive fire, and shared with your comrades of the Army of the Cumberland the glories of a victory than which no soldier can boast a prouder.

In that unexampled campaign of vigilant and vigorous warfare from Chattanooga to Atlanta, you freshened your laurels at Resaca, grappling with the enemy behind his works, hurling him back dismayed and broken. Pursuing him from thence, marking your path by the graves of fallen comrades, you again triumphed over superior numbers at Dallas, fighting your way from there to Kenesaw Mountain, and under the murderous
artillery that frowned from its rugged heights, with a tenacity and constancy that finds few parallels, you labored, fought, and suffered through the broiling rays of a Southern midsummer sun, until at last you planted your colors upon its topmost heights. Again, on the 22d of July, 1864, rendered memorable through all time for the terrible struggle you so heroically maintained under discouraging disasters, and, that saddest of all reflections, the loss of that exemplary soldier and popular leader, the lamented McPherson, your matchless courage turned defeat into a glorious victory. Ezra Chapel and Jonesborough added new laurels to a radiant record, the latter unbarring to you the proud Gate City of the South.

The daring of a desperate foe in thrusting his legions northward, exposed the country in your front, and though rivers, swamps and enemies opposed, you boldly surmounted every obstacle, beat down all opposition, and marched onward to the sea. Without any act to dim the brightness of your historic page, the world rang plaudits when your labors and struggles culminated at Savannah, and the old "Starry Banner" waved once more over the walls of one of our proudest cities of the seaboard. Scarce a breathing spell had passed when your colors faded from the coast, and your columns plunged into the swamps of the Carolinas. The sufferings you endured, the labors you performed, and the success you achieved in these morasses, deemed impassable, forms a creditable episode in the history of the war. Pocotaligo, Salkehatchie, Edisto, Branchville, Orangeburg, Columbia, Bentonville, Charleston, and Raleigh, are names that will ever be suggestive of the resistless sweep of your columns through the territory that cradled and nurtured, and from whence was sent forth on its mission of crime, misery, and blood, the disturbing and disorganizing spirit of secession and rebellion.

The work for which you pledged your brave hearts and brawny arms to the government of your fathers, you nobly performed. You are seen in the past gather-
ing through the gloom that enveloped the land, rallying as the guardians of men's proudest heritage, forgetting the thread unwoven in the loom, quitting the anvil and abandoning the workshop, to vindicate the supremacy of the laws and the authority of the Constitution. Four years have you struggled in the bloodiest and most destructive war that ever drenched the earth with human gore; step by step you have borne our standard until to-day, over every fortress and arsenal that rebellion had wrenched from us, and over city, town and hamlet, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, proudly floats the starry emblem of our National unity and strength.

Your rewards, my comrades, are the welcoming plaudits of a grateful people, the consciousness that in saving the Republic, you have won for your country renewed respect and power at home and abroad; that in the unexampled era of growth and prosperity that dawns with peace, there attaches mightier wealth of pride and glory than ever before to that loved boast, "I am an American citizen."

In relinquishing the implements of war for those of peace, let your conduct be ever that of warriors in times of peace. Let not the lustre of that bright name you have won as soldiers, be dimmed by any improper acts as citizens, but as time rolls on let your record grow brighter and brighter still.

JOHN A. LOGAN, Major General.

HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE DIVISION OF THE
MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD,
WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 30, 1865.

The General Commanding announces to the armies of the Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some of you will be retained in service until further orders. And now that we are about to separate, to mingle with the civil world, it becomes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the situation of political affairs when, but little more than a year ago,
we were gathered about the twining cliffs of Lookout Mountain, and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty. Three armies had come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause—the union of our country and the perpetuation of the government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with its Rocky Face Mountain, and the Buzzard Roost Gap, with the ugly forts of Dalton behind. We were in earnest, and paused not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through Snake Creek Gap and fell on Resaca, and then on to the Etowah, to Dallas, Kenesaw; and the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chatahoochee, far from home and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again, we were not to be held back by any obstacle, and crossed over, and fought four heavy battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future; but we solved the problem, and destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the State of Georgia, secured all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah. Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons, we again began a march which, for peril, labor, and result, will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear Rivers, were all passed in midwinter, with floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy; and after the battles of Averysborough and Bentonville we once more came out of the wilderness to meet our friends at Goldsboro. Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, and again pushed on to Raleigh, and beyond, until we met our enemy, suing for peace instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country. As long as the enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold had checked us; but when he, who had fought us hard and persistently,
offered submission, your General thought it wrong to pursue him further, and negotiations followed, which resulted, as you all know, in his surrender. How far the operations of this army have contributed to the overthrow of the Confederacy, of the peace which now dawns on us, must be judged by others, not by us. But that you have done all that men could do, has been admitted by those in authority; and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because the war is over and our Government stands before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies of the United States. To such as remain in the military service, your General need only remind you that successes in the past are due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home he will only say; that our favored country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil, and productions, that every man may surely find a home and occupation suited to his tastes; and none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventure abroad; but do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappointment.

Your General now bids you all farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens; and if unfortunately new war should arise in our country, Sherman's army will be the first to buckle on the old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of our inheritance and choice. By order of

Major General W. T. SHERMAN.
CHAPTER XXVII.


The name of John A. Logan will long be dear to the friends of the American Union, and his life, when written, will form one of the most brilliant chapters in the National literature of the nineteenth century. For many years his name has been pronounced by the loyal millions of the Northwest. To such a man we feel that some tribute is justly due, and we now proceed to lay before our readers the general facts of his public history.

General Logan was born in Jackson County, Illinois, on the 9th of February, 1826. His father, Dr. John Logan, was a native of Ireland, and emigrated to this country in the year 1823. Dr. Logan was a member of the celebrated United Irish organization, having for its object the establishment of a Republic in Ireland. The effort proved a splendid failure, and he, together with others, made their escape to the United States. Ingram makes honorable mention of the patriotism of your Logan, in his memory of the dead, as given in the "Spirit of the Nation."

John A. Logan is the oldest of eleven children. Schools being scarce in those days, he received the first rudiments of his education, under his father's eye. He completed the days of his pupilage at Shiloh College, where he attained considerable distinction. He afterwards studied law in the city of Louisville. After receiving his diploma, he settled down to the practice of his profession, in Benton, Franklin County, Illinois. When Logan began to plead at the bar, little did the men of Benton know that an orator of rare abilities and supassing power was in their midst. He had previously
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served as a Lieutenant in the Mexican war, where he won distinction for personal bravery and skill in the management of troops. On November 27th, 1855, he was allied in marriage to Miss Mary S. Cunningham, a beautiful and highminded woman. This noble woman used her powerful influence in the war for the Union.

Logan very soon attained a highly respectable position as a lawyer. He was earnest and devoted to the interests of his clients, and always made elaborate preparation in the discharge of his duties. Having filled several minor offices, he was elected to Congress in 1858, and re-elected in 1860; a memorable year in our history. At a very early period of his political career, he was looked upon with especial favor by the Democracy. He defended the peculiar principles of the lamented Douglas with all his popular oratory, maintaining them with a richness of argument, knowledge and education which has never been equaled. His heart and zeal were inflamed in the cause of popular rights. Logan always belonged to the Democratic party, until he espoused the side of Mr. Douglas, with whom he efficiently co-operated until the re-election of President Lincoln, whose election he warmly supported.

When the first gun was fired at Fort Sumpter, and the cry, "to arms!" echoed over the prairies of Illinois, then the patriotism and courage of John A. Logan shone forth like the morning star. Resigning his seat in the halls of Congress, he shouldered his musket, and fought in the ranks of Colonel Richardson's regiment, distinguishing himself by his artless heroism and bravery. Returning to Illinois he found the hardy farmers and mechanics preparing for the conflict. His noble State exhibited at this time a sublime patriotism, that will render her illustrious in all time to come. When the wicked hand of rebellion, applied the torch to destroy the fairest form of government that ever rose to animate the hopes of mankind, the sons and daughters of no State were more enthusiastic in defense of the National domain than the people of Illinois. The citi-
zens of Marion County, with unbounded enthusiasm, in two weeks raised a full regiment, and offering it to Logan, he accepted, and was soon afterward commissioned Colonel. In his first battle,—at Belmont,—the regiment fought gallantly, Logan leading them in the hottest of the fight and showing great coolness and gallantry. He had a horse shot under him and barely escaped himself. In the battle of Fort Donelson he freely exposed his person and cheered on his men with the brave words: “Fear death, but not dishonor.” All the rebel batteries and muskets seemed to have concentrated their showers of iron missiles on Logan’s Brigade, which shook and oscillated like a huge painted ship tossed on an angry sea. “Stand to your guns,” cried the chief. On the brave fellows dashed, and covered the ground with dead and wounded rebels. Logan seemed born for the crisis:

“To ride the billows and direct the storm.”

The troops fought like heroes and practiced veterans. Their gallant leader was severely wounded, the blood pouring freely from two wounds, one in the thigh and one in the shoulder. Exhausted by loss of blood he was exhorted by his friends to retire from the scene of conflict. Logan aroused to the height of sublimity, pointed with his sword down to the ground and exclaimed: “This is the place for labour,” and then pointing his sword upward to the Heavens, “There is a place for rest.” For his splendid courage on this occasion he was promoted to be a Brigadier General of Volunteers, to date March 5th, 1862.

He accompanied General Grant in Northern Mississippi, participating with his Division in all the marches and skirmishes. At the battle of Port Gibson, his troops decided the fortunes of the day. In the memorable forty days campaign at Vicksburg, Logan had the post of honor. He met six thousand rebels at Raymond, and though they fought desperately, Logan, leading his men up to the muzzles of their guns, suc-
ceeded in scattering them in every direction. General Grant pronounced this "one of the hardest small battles of the war." Against the terrible fire of Fort Hill, the key to Vicksburg, Logan boldly led his column. The crash of bullets from the fort was terrible, but the gallant leader threw himself in front, inspiring and arousing his men, by his own most chivalrous example. His Division was the first to enter Vicksburg, and the General was appointed the same day Military Governor.

General Logan's next important military service was in connection with the proud Military Division of the Mississippi. His record on the 27th of June, at Kennesaw Mountain, is one of which any officer might justly be proud. In the terrible battle of the 22d of July, Logan's conduct was grand and perfectly overwhelming. The army was surrounded on all sides by the fierce and audacious legions of Hood; the peerless McPherson had fallen; when the sad news of his death reached our lines, a gloom, a bitter gloom, swept over all hearts.

Mozart died finishing the requiem that was first destined to enchant over its creator, and then to enchant creation. De Lisle wrote the chant that conducted him to the scaffold, and which, then and since, is the war cry of his Nation—"The Marsellaise." Tasso lived long, yet died only when appreciated—the blithe notes of fairies singing him out of the world with the laurels on his brow for a death chaplet. And James B. McPherson was slain in the very moment of victory. His death produced a temporary check in our advance. In the midst of this fiery tempest there stood Logan, pale as marble—not from fear—as he viewed the wild lines of glittering rebel steel, his clarion voice heard above the thunders of the storm, exclaiming: "McPherson and revenge." The renowned Army of the Tennessee, that never quailed when led by its intrepid leader, were fully aroused—then gleamed from their eyes a flash of the old fire, and with knitted brows, they brought their bayonets to the charge. Nine thousand dead and mangled rebels were left on the field. It was truly a
dreadful revenge. History paints few pictures nobler than the fiery Logan, dashing from one Corps to another, shouting "McPherson and revenge." General Logan participated in the tedious and successful movements round Atlanta, culminating in the capture of that city. Impaired in health he went home, and spent his time in stumping the States for the election of President Lincoln. He participated in the subsequent campaigns in the Carolinas, and after the surrender of Johnston, marched his victorious troops to Washington, where they formed a part of the imposing pageant that took place at the National Capital.

But to form a correct estimate of this brave man, we must not merely consider him as the accomplished soldier, but also as the eloquent orator. Logan's genius as an orator lies in his fertility of illustration—in a fervid eloquence—in a beautiful combination of musical words, and in a voice of silvery harmony. His style as a public speaker, as has been observed of the distinguished British Commoner, Richard Cobden, is characteristic of his nature. No one commands more thoroughly the ear of an audience; not Webster whose eloquence was described as rolling and resistless as the waves of the Atlantic; not 'Clay's silver voice and balanced declamation; not Sumner's thrilling periods, nor Meagher's impassioned rhetoric ever exercised a more perfect control over the attention of a popular assembly than did the unadorned and unpretending style of John A. Logan.

To convey a vivid impression of his style of eloquence, and of its powerful effect upon his hearers, is no easy task. He certainly stands alone among the public speakers of the day—knowing no paucity of words, and uttering them with a wonderful rapidity. All his words are ideas, and they come forth, flash! flash! flash!—till you are dazzled at the quick succession, and almost puzzled in your comprehension. In common phrase, he thinks lightning. A steam gun discharging its hundred shots in continuous succession, is not more sudden, sustained, or certain. Keep up the discharges
for three-quarters of an hour unintermittingly, and you have some faint type of the physical effect of one of Logan's speeches. These physical effects of his oratory are what strike an observer first. Imagine a little, wiry, bright-eyed man! Suppose him under the influence of strong and overmastering zeal or rhetorical passion. He has already dashed into the full tide of his theme, his clear, shrill voice has been gradually rising in tone; it grows more clear, round, ringing as the atmosphere advances with his subject and warms in the atmosphere of party, stimulated by the cheers of his friends, as he ably makes a rapier thrust aside from the straight line of his course, taunted by the irony of his opponents at some involuntary admission, or stung by a scornful sneer on the lip of some personal antagonist in debate. Still the stream of sound pours on—continuous, ever flowing; still the same clear, sharp, expressive voice is heard, now low and tremulous in tones of thrilling pathos; now mounting into what, were it not still musical, would be a scream—its wailing note, as the voice dies for a moment on the ear, heard amidst the bursts of cheering around, like the shriek of the seamen in the storm. Ere you have recovered from the excitement into which the last burst of passionate eloquence has buried you, he is away again on fresh wing to a new theme, or following up with renewed energy the old, and you hear the same voice, tremulous this time with triumph, no less than with passion, soaring again in the full tide of eloquent declamation, the orator bearing your own sympathies with him, more by the example of his own passionate excitement, and the shining impulse communicated by his own fervid soul, than by any absolute identity of feeling between you. And then, how magnificently he works up a peroration. Perhaps the finest instance of this is found in his elaborate address, delivered in Louisville, Kentucky, in July, 1866. The effect of his sudden outbursts of eloquence was thrilling. The impetuosity of the speaker—the exquisite melody of his voice—his remarkable actions—all combined to make this a fine piece of
rhetorical declamation. The speeches he has recently delivered on national politics have many fine passages, and the memory can dwell upon them with pleasure. It retains the echo of his eloquence like a remembered strain of music. It is very difficult to report his speeches, even the practiced and accomplished "Mack" confesses occasionally to be riveted and spell-bound by Logan's vehement and resistless eloquence.

General Logan is a man of singular unselfishness of character; kindness, charity and magnanimity are the prominent attributes of his disposition. He has a charm in his manner that attracts a stranger, and in all his life it may be truly said, that he never was guilty of a mean act. He was the idol of the soldiers, particularly those of his own famous old Corps. Interesting their social nature, and proud of his connection with them, he was always at home in their company. Any of his soldiers would die for him, such is their unbounded admiration for this man. On one occasion, when the General was making a speech, a traitor in the crowd took exception to one of his remarks, saying: "that's a lie, John Logan, and you know it." The words had scarcely dropped from the man's mouth, before the clenched fist of a veteran planted itself on the fellow's nose, while in unison with the act, the soldier roared out, "By ——, I fought with Johnny Logan, and I know that the General can't tell a lie."

The character of Logan, as described by a writer in the United States Service Magazine, may be summed up in a few words. He has a large mind, stored with liberal views. He has a heart open to acts of the rarest generosity. He never intentionally injured a man in his life. He is a forgiving enemy, only implacable when basely wronged. He is the idol of his soldiers. He talks with them, and mingles with them, and shakes hands with them. Physically he is one of the finest looking officers of the army. A deep and fierce black eye, heavy black moustache, black hair and very dark complexion, give him a terrible look when aroused. Broad shoulders, well set on a muscular
frame, give him the appearance of a man of great power. He usually wears a broad-brimmed black felt hat, plain Major General's coat, and blue pantaloons, stuck in his boots. He has not the prim appearance of a military dandy, in fact, he looks the citizen all over. Judging from appearance, one would suppose that he left his home in a hurry, to attend to some business, which he had not quite finished. Mounted and in battle there are few in the army who so nearly realize the idea of a great warrior. To see Logan in a fight is magnificent. "The men of the Northwest will hew their way to the Gulf," exclaimed Logan early in the war. "How nobly they have carried out this prophecy. And chief among the leaders to this grand consummation, stands Major General John A. Logan, the orator and soldier, the constant friend of the Government, and one of its noblest citizens.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

The subject of this sketch is a native of Maine, and he is a sturdy son of the New England type. When Sumpter's walls received the shot aimed at the Republic, the people of glorious Maine were too near the polar star of freedom to brook the blows of slavery, and their hardy sons leaped to arms. We know very little of the early years of General Howard, only that he graduated at West Point, and served as Lieutenant in Florida. He contemplated resigning his position in the army to enter the ministry, but the rebellion breaking out, he accepted the Colonelcy of a Maine regiment, commanding it in several engagements in Virginia. In the terrible battle of Fair Oaks, he was severely wounded, losing an arm.

General Howard was early in the war, designated for an important command, and was accordingly commissioned Brigadier General. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the Peninsula. In 1864, he was promoted to be a Major General, and assigned to the Fourth Corps in the military
division of the Mississippi. In the Georgia campaigns he had charge of movements of great importance, securing a measure of successes seldom attained by any commander. After the death of McPherson, he was placed in command of the Army of the Tennessee. When the night of despair seemed gathering its dark mantle over the surrounded and beleaguered Army of the Tennessee, Howard's personal gallantry and presence, like a bright star of hope arose, and by his brilliant deeds, restored confidence and gilded the darksome night with rays of glory.

He commanded the right wing of the army in the triumphant march through Georgia and the Carolinas. Howard's disposition of the two corps in this campaign, without the loss of a hundred men, is indeed one of the most brilliant military operations of the war. He finally finished his command of the Army of the Tennessee after it reached Washington, when he was assigned to other duties. Considering the number of battles he has fought, and the distance marched with his devoted band of heroes, Howard's career deserves to be reckoned amongst the most splendid enactments in our military annals.

The grand characteristic of General Howard is the deep religious feeling and conviction which animates and directs all his thoughts, emotions and actions. Religion is the basis of his character; all his principles are mated with it, all his actions emanate from it. There is as little display in his discharge of religious duties as his other actions. His life may truly be said to be one long hymn of praise to his Creator. Every one who came in contact with Howard felt that he was sincere, and even those least accessible to devotional sentiments, sympathised with and revered it in him.

During Sherman's great march, Howard was regarded as the Havelock of the army. Sherman valued and respected him all the more for his christian faith and practice. It is a beautiful tribute to General Howard, and his christian belief, that his influence upon
those about him was positive. There was but little use of liquor and a most gratifying absence of profanity about his headquarters. Colonel Nichols says:

"I shall never forget his gentle rebuke to a soldier, who, in the presence of death was swearing in a very decided manner. 'Don't swear so, my man; you may be killed at any moment. Surely you do not wish to go to the next world with dreadful oaths upon your lips.'"

In his speech to the people of New Orleans, he spoke of himself as follows:

"When I was a boy of ten years, I lost my father; being the oldest in the family, I was obliged to work. Our only support was a small farm, and the only way we kept out of debt, got ahead, and acquired an education, was by constant, persevering industry. My history in this respect is the history of every young man in the section of country I came from: If he has accomplished anything, ever risen in the world, or attained even a medium degree of prosperity, it has been done by industry, labor and application. After a time I was sent to school, then to the academy, and then to the college, paying my expenses by occasionally teaching school myself. This is our custom where we have had always free labor."

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Among the officers of the army who appeared at the Grand Review none has a more brilliant reputation for patriotic self-sacrifice, than the eloquent gentleman whose name heads this sketch. The honorable record of this exiled patriot, and scholar, statesman and true soldier, is familiar to every American. He is none of those mushroom men of the times, but his is a name two nations honor, and two people praise. In his own beloved land his name was a watchword among the people, and they who could not but differ from him totally, in matters political, yet recognized his genius, admitted his ability, and applauded his honesty. The
word of one of the very best of a noble nation, who has
dared death a hundred times in the shock of battle,
fought for the maintenance of the liberties of the
American people—will go far in persuading his coun-
trymen to turn from the slippery paths into which po-
litical demagogues and selfish agitators have led so
many of them. He that has made the name of an
Irishman respected wherever the story of the deeds of
the Irish Brigade is told, must have weight with the
sons of the Green Isle. That persuasive eloquence that
held spell bound both Celt and Saxon, is on the side of
right. We have given the name—Thomas Francis
Meagher—without any prefix or addition:

"Good wine needs no bush."

It is many a day since we saw him in the land of his
birth. He left it in sorrow, but not in shame; and
since that day no shade of dishonor has sullied his
reputation, but on the contrary, has gathered glories,
whenever liberty, truth and patriotism were to be de-
fended by the tongue, pen or sword. Would that his
spirit of pure patriotism might reign in the heart of
every Irishman that dwells beneath the shadow of the
flag which this gallant soldier has so often borne in
triumph, and so uniformly with honor.

General Meagher is a native of Waterford, Ireland,
and is now forty-five years old. His father was very
wealthy and represented his country in the London
Parliament. Young Meagher was early destined for
the bar, and regularly served his time with a dis-
tinguished Irish attorney. When attending college at
Stony Hurst in England, he was regarded by his com-
rades as an orator of splendid gifts and possessing
talents of extraordinary power. Having finished his
collegiate studies, and possessing a memory richly stored
with modern and classical literature and a judgment
and taste to use them with effect, he directed his mind
principally to National politics. He determined to re-
linquish all his golden prospects, that he might at once
dedicate his fine talents to the redemption of poor Ire-
land. He visited Dublin, where he formed a close friendship with several young men of exalted fame—a friendship which endured through all the trying scenes of the Irish insurrection, and continues to the present time.

Meagher was accustomed to speak in the famous Convention Hall, then under the presidency of O'Connell. His great abilities and thrilling eloquence, was a powerful acquisition to the Repeal organization. He was highly appreciated by the young, thousands of whom were captivated by his glowing oratory, his rich vein of thought, his striking originality, his poetry and his classical illustrations, combined as they all were, with true patriotism and fervent appeal. His fame soon extends from Conciliation Hall. Such sparkling oratory has not been heard since the days of Richard Saler Sheil. There is fast developing into being a new brotherhood of poets and orators—a circle composed of such brilliant names as Dillon, McNevin, Daheny, Williams, Reily, Mitchell and the young and glorious Thomas Davis. They formed the Irish Confederation, having for its object the independence of Ireland.

The gifted leaders of this new party were dissatisfied with O'Connell's policy of redeeming the Emerald Isle. The motto of O'Connell was moral force—the watchword of the Young Ireland Party was physical force. The Confederation shines like the morning star. Its genius commands the admiration of all men of mind in the Nation. A new soul spoke. The brightness of a constellation centered in one spirit and it rose proud and bright above the Confederation.

Thomas Francis Meagher was the soul and sinew of this movement. O'Connell denounced the organization in a speech full of invectives. A stormy discussion followed. Meagher replied in an eloquent and intrepid oration in which he delivered this celebrated apostrophe to the sword:

"Then I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!
bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From that evening, on which, in the Valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent down to this our day, in which he has blessed the Belgian patriots, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of right to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defense, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent, and reddened the strand of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow. Abhor—stigmatize the word? No, for at its blow, a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quickening of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprung into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, dauntless, and invincible."

The applause that greeted this splendid passage was tremendous and enthusiastic.

It is soon noised through the Provinces that a young Tribune has arisen. Dublin cannot long retain the eloquent pleader for the rights and liberties of Ireland. And now when his powerful orations are stirring the South like a blast of a trumpet, he is invited to address the Protestants of the "Black North." They are said to be prejudiced and bitterly opposed to his progressive and Republican principles. At length he makes his appearance in Belfast, ascending the rostrum of the Music Hall. All eyes are centered on the daring rebel against England. "There is mind and eloquence in him," muttered a then, thoughtful man by my side, as Meagher just finished one of his brilliant illustrations in a beautiful and stately climax. The audience remains quiet for some minutes, when a slight disturbance arises from the friends of O'Connell. His astonishing eloquence, his generous allusions to the Protestants of the North in 1798, his thrilling appeals for the union of
Irishmen of all sects, and his evident sincerity, soon began to move the cold, skeptical hearts of his Anglo-Saxon auditors. The cool and statue-like audience shows signs of emotion.

The orator's voice becomes more melodious, rich and impassioned. Every eye is fixed, and as he paints the wrongs of Ireland, every hand is clenched. As he approached the close of the oration, he became peculiarly animated and eloquent; his unwilling auditors are profoundly interested and with a rapidity of utterance which fixes a reporter like a statue in admiration and defies all attempt at writing, he rose gradually in the distinctness and elevation of his tones, and poured forth a stream of sweet, silvery, classical and patriotic eloquence which riveted every hearer, producing a tremendous effect.

This was without exception the most powerful effort of eloquence I ever heard in my life. It was supposed that the fire and splendor of his speech would not be suited to the cool headed Scotch-Irish of the North. There is reason to believe that the gifted orator thought so of himself and for a year he resisted all invitations to visit the North. At last he ventured, and like another Cæsar, he came, he saw, he conquered. There is combined in him the eloquence of the orator, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the heroic devotion to liberty of a Curtius.

We well remember Meagher's visit to the North. We sat by his side. He stood up; he began; fact was piled upon fact. In the short space of half an hour distance was annihilated and time forgotten, and the audience found itself surrounded by the oppressors of Ireland, amidst whips, fetters, packed juries, leagues, murder, famine and death! The soul of the orator which kindled as he advanced, burned within him, and the flame communicated itself to the whole of the vast assembly. To such as were capable of calm and natural observation the scene was grand, sublime. It was indeed a solemn moment, and the man was made for
it. He paused, gave a lightning glance at the atrocities of England, the glorious prospects of Young Ireland and the grandeur of a free government; then concentrating all his energies of thought, and feeling, and voice, exclaimed:

"Whatever may be the consequences, I will speak. At the risk of my life and all I hold dear, I will avow that the Government of England is unjust, mean, and contemptuous. If the friends of Ireland will not hear, I will turn and tell it to my God! nor will I desist, till the greatest of crimes, English domination, is removed. Swear it that the time has come! Swear it that the rule of England is unjust, illegal and a grievance! Swear it, that henceforth, you shall have no law-givers, save the Senate and the Commons of the Kingdom! Swear it, that as you have been the garrison of England for years, from this out you will be the garrison of Ireland! Swear it, that the flag which floats next year from the battlements of Derry shall have the inscription: 'Land for the landless, and liberty for six millions of Irishmen.' Swear it, that you shall have another anniversary to celebrate—that another obelisk shall cast its shadow on the Boyne—that hereafter your children, descending to that river may say, 'this is to the memory of our fathers! they were proud of the victory which their grandsires won upon these brooks, but they ambitioned to achieve a victory of their own—their grandsires fought and conquered for a King—our fathers fought and conquered for a Republic—be their memories pious, glorious, and immortal!'"

Honored Meagher! true patriot! gallant soldier! faithful friend! all hail!

The whole of his career in Ireland subsequently to this, and up to his arrest, was worthy of the man who uttered these immortal words—words compared with which the famous oath of Demosthenes is as nothing, and words more worthy than any we know within the compass of history or eloquence to be placed side by side with those of a great hero, when in the midst of his foes, to their confusion he exclaimed: "I can and
will retract nothing, because it is neither safe nor wise to do any thing contrary to conscience! Here I stand. I can not do otherwise! God help me."

The British Government trembled at the gathering storm, that threatened the dismemberment of the Empire. Matters were coming to a climax—Meagher was arrested—the mockery of a trial was given him—his fate was sealed, and he was sentenced to be hung. His bearing during the trial was grand, elevated, and heroic.

The following speech, delivered in the dock, when asked why sentence of death should not be passed on him, has never been surpassed either for elegance of composition or haughty defiance of the power that was about consigning him to a felon's death. This and Emmet's dying speech stand pre-eminent:

"My lords," he said, "it is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them: and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to
serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and the blessings of its people.

"With my country, then, I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my country, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? And strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord, you, who preside on that bench, when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away to appeal to your conscience, and ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown.

"My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it; even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my poor old country, her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been
my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—you (addressing Mr. M'Manus) are no criminal—you (addressing Mr. Donohue) are no criminal—I deserve no punishment—we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctified as a duty, will be ennobled as a virtue.

"With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I felt to be my duty—having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I have sought to still—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, spoke, and struggled for her freedom—the life of a young heart, and with that life, all the hopes, the honor, the endearments of a happy and honorable home. Pronounce then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs—I am prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside; and where, my lords, many—many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

After this came the convict ship, with all its loathsome associations—wanderings by sea and by land for many a bleak day and weary night—exile and loneliness in the backwoods of Australia—the escape, with its many dark and chequered reverses.

America had welcomed him to her bosom; he now stood beside her in her hour of need. His pen of light and his burning words fired many a brave heart to uphold the flag of the Union with its best blood.
His military reputation stands boldly forth from the first Bull Run, through the Peninsula's gloomy campaigns; on Antietam's bloody plains; in that desperate charge on the heights of Fredericksburg; through Chancellorsville, until he sheathed his sword.

Meet him in sociable moments, he is overflowing with wit and humor of the raciest kind; caustic and cutting against intriguers, speculators and political charlatans, but genial and flowing towards his friends; full of buoyant vivacity, wit, humor and historical lore, there is no more genial, instructive or delightful companion than General Thomas Francis Meagher.

General Meagher, during the war, delivered a number of grand and impassioned orations in defense of the Union. But, at the risk of choosing a passage which some may think eclipsed by others more rhetorical and brilliant, we will give an extract from his great speech on universal suffrage:

"Nor should we be less liberal—less just in fact—to our black comrades of the battle-field. By their desperate fidelity to the fortunes of the nation, in many a fierce tempest of the war—'a fidelity all the more heroic that they fought in chains, and with the devotion of martyrs,' repaid with torrents of generous blood, the prescription and wicked bondage in which, under the Stars and Stripes, they had been for generations held—by their desperate fidelity and splendid soldier-ship, such as at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson, gave to their bayonets an irresistible electricity, the black heroes of the Union army, have not only entitled themselves to liberty, but to citizenship, and the Democrat who would deny them the rights for which their wounds and glorified colors so eloquently plead, is unworthy to participate in the greatness of the nation, whose authority these disfranchised soldiers did so much to vindicate."

Right, brave Meagher! A nobler song of triumph—a more beautiful and thrilling appeal for equal rights to all—verse or prose have not yet concentrated to the great events which have, the past few years made an era
in the future history of the world. General Meagher had command for some time of the Etowah district, under Sherman; he formerly served in the Potomac Army at the head of his splendid division until it was reduced to less than three hundred muskets. General Meagher is now Acting Governor of Montana Territory, where his geniality, executive ability, and shining rhetoric have made him troops of friends.

Thomas Francis Meagher is in appearance a splendid specimen of a genuine Celt. He is of medium height—a captivating _personnel_—florid face, brilliant eyes, glowing with the fires of patriotism. He has a thorough Milesian countenance, large, open, genial, plump, and ruddy. His voice is rich and capable of every modulation. He is not only a scholar, a gentleman, a patriot, a soldier, but an orator of splendid gifts.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

When the history of the war will be faithfully written out, and the deeds of daring and heroism of men and armies shall be given to the world, the march from Atlanta to Raleigh will fill a conspicuous page, and the name of W. T. Sherman will go down to coming ages as among the greatest chieftains of modern times. I feel conscious of the difficulty of grasping a theme so vast as the character, career, and moral position of such a man. Sherman is, beyond all doubt, one of the class that we designate great men. Every age has its great men—men who stand higher than their fellows, who in the splendor of their genius, the extent of their attainments, the power of their achievements, the depth of their insight, the grandeur and goodness of their sentiments and feelings, stand grandly out from their fellows, distinct and noble amid the scenery and transactions of the world, and who claim almost universal respect.

Great men, rightly regarded, are demonstrations of the possibilities of our race and age—specimens of what humanity may become—they exalt our conception of it, and they supply a great deal of its impulse.
General Sherman is great as a military captain, the greatest perhaps in the completeness and combination of his military qualities. If he is the Achilles of the camp, he is also the Nestor; his position in either department constitutes him a hero.

This distinguished soldier is sprung of Puritan lineage. His ancestry runs back to the family of Shermans, who in the seventeenth century, gave to the early settlements of New England some of their purest and best names. William Tecumseh Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8th, 1820. His father dying while he was young, he was adopted into the family of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who secured for him a cadetship at West Point. Nothing of brilliant promise or of great eminence appeared in the early days of our hero—he was remarkable, however, for those habits on which his fame chiefly rests—he grew up like the oak, the emblem of the man, gnarled and knotted, somewhat stunted at first in appearance, and not shooting up rapidly as the willow or poplar, but gradually unfolding, and growing—the oak’s slowness, with the oak’s tardiness. No precocity of genius, no conceptions of intellect, intimated the future greatness of the soldier warrior. He was educated and brought up in stern submission and discipline by a mother of no common intellect.

After graduating at West Point, in 1840, he entered the army as Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery. His first military services were in the Seminole war in Florida. So great was the confidence reposed in him that he was ordered to California on important business; performing it faithfully and efficiently, he was promoted to a Captaincy and appointed Commissary of Subsistence.

In the disastrous battle of Bull Run, he commanded a brigade, and saved the army from utter ruin by his own personal courage and skill. Generals McDowell and Burnside, in their official reports, make honorable mention of his brave services, and Congress, then in session, confirmed his appointment as Brigadier Gen-
eral. He was soon after assigned to the Department of the Cumberland. At one time he was deemed insane, because, appreciating the magnitude of the work in Kentucky, he said that it would require two hundred thousand men to make a forward movement to the Gulf. With Buckner's army of twenty-five thousand men, with a population hostile, subsequent events confirmed the wisdom and vindicated the calculation of General Sherman. In view of the evil winds that blew upon him through the daily press from one end of the country to the other, Sherman might say with Hamlet:

"I am but mad, North, Northwest, when the wind is Southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

He resigned his commission in 1853, and entered the banking firm of Lucas, Turner & Co., in San Francisco. His position not being congenial to his tastes he left it, to accept the Presidency of the Louisiana Military Academy, which he held until the outbreak of the rebellion. This was Sherman's school of discipline, and helped greatly to form his character. The closing sentence of his noble and patriotic letter to Governor Moore, resigning the position, furnishes the secret of his subsequent fame: "For on no earthly account will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to, or in defiance of the old Government of the United States." Like thousands of his countrymen, he regarded the cause of slavery, to a certain extent, as being identified with the safety of the Union and the Constitution. This was a delusion, and the cannon pointed at Fort Sumpter, dispelled the delusion from his mind. Abandoning his fine prospects in the South, he hastened to offer his services to the Government. On the 13th of June, 1861, he was offered, and accepted the Colonelcy of the Thirteenth Infantry of the Regular Army.

In April 1862, he was put in command of a division in Grant's army, at Pittsburgh Landing. Here he commenced that series of brilliant battles which resulted
in those great victories which have made his name immortal. General Rousseau, who witnessed Sherman's handling of troops, said of him: "He gave us our first lesson in the field, in the face of an enemy; and of all men I ever saw, he is the most untiring, vigilant, and patient. He fights by the week." At Shiloh his old legion met him, just as the battle was ended, and at sight of him, placing their hats upon their bayonets, gave him three cheers. He was promoted to Major General, May 1st, 1862, and in the December following was made commander of the Fifteenth Corps. His rapidly succeeding victories, in the siege Vicksburg; at Mission Ridge, at Resaca, at Atlanta—are well known to our readers, and have won for him the admiration and the honor of his country. His triumphant march through Northern Georgia intoxicated the Nation with joy; the people poured upon the victor every demonstration of esteem and gratitude; they knew hardly where to stop in the prodigality of their rewards and honors.

Sherman's fame rests chiefly on the Georgia and Carolina campaigns. General Grant took command of the army, just after the terrible battle of Chicamauga, in which, if not defeated, our army had but little to boast of. Grant gave way to Sherman, and Bragg to Johnston, the latter one of the best Generals in the Confederate service. General Johnston had a large army, which he soon disciplined and rendered efficient; and though Sherman flanked him from Dalton into his works around Atlanta, he felt that he had no mean antagonist.

Before leaving Atlanta, General Sherman announced to the Richmond authorities and the world: "Hood has gone to Tennessee; Georgia and South Carolina are at my feet, and I go forward." Davis considered this a vain boast, and after the march had commenced, so sure were they at Richmond that Sherman would not dare to undertake such a campaign, Mr. Davis' Secretary of War ordered the suppression of press dispatches an-
nouncing it, giving as a reason that the reported march on Savannah was purely sensational.

Branchville, Charleston, Columbus, Winnsboro, Chester, Cheraw, Wilmington, Fayetteville, Goldsboro, and Raleigh, fell before the advance of this modern Alexander, and then as a crowning glory he received the surrender of the last and only formidable army in the service of the rebellion. Much has been said by the papers of the South about General Sherman's brutalities, in the burning of Columbia, and bad treatment of the citizens, but thousands and tens of thousands of Southern families in his line of march, who have been the recipients of his kindness, will give the lie to these charges in reference to the burning of Columbia. The decision which history will give of this frightful affair, will be in accordance with General Sherman's terse but faithful account of it: "And without hesitation, I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own City of Columbia, not with malicious intent, nor as a manifestation of Roman stoicim, but from folly and want of sense." No living man can move an army of one hundred thousand men through any country, without deeds of violence and wickedness occurring, but that Sherman advised or countenanced anything of the kind, we know to be false.

But Sherman moved forward, and after the leaders at Richmond found that he was in motion, they began to call out troops and concentrate them. Sherman's columns moved leisurely on, occasionally deviating to the right and left, until the Savannah was reached, where the entrance was more like that of a victorious army returning to the Capital of its own country after a series of successes, than the occupation of a fortified city in the centre of an enemy's country. The entire loss of our army in the march was not more than fifteen hundred from all causes. In fact, it was more like a pic-nic excursion, a gala day festival, than any thing else; and the march was so quiet and uninterrupted that General Sherman remarked on the way: "splendid country to loaf in."
But more rapid marches, more gigantic operations, and more glorious victories, were yet to be achieved. The army left Savannah in January and so rapid and brilliant were the operations from that time to the surrender of Johnston, that the mind is bewildered at an attempt to realize them.

Having spoken of the great deeds of General Sherman, it would seem proper for us to analyze the elements and characteristics of his greatness. I do not feel, however that I am competent to the task, and a single hint or two, of the prominent elements of his life must suffice.

In Sherman’s character the first feature that strikes the most superficial observer is his stern, indomitable, unflinching, unwavering sense of duty. He might be wrong in his conception of his duty, but he was ever true to what he believed to be his duty. He presents a marvellous contrast to almost all soldiers in this respect. Bonaparte made ambition and conquest his idol; and even Nelson, with all his bravery, set self far too much before him, and on the eve of the battle of the Nile is reported to have said:

“To-morrow will give me a peerage, or a monument in Westminster Abbey.”

General Sherman never uttered a sentiment of this kind; and though he may have never expressed it, yet the sentiment of his heart was:

“To-morrow will find me doing my duty to my country, or laying my dust on the battle-field where I have fought.”

There is a certain moral grandeur in this singleness of purpose that casts into the shade all his martial exploits.

Next to that feature of stern loyalty to duty, is his disinterestedness—his disregard of self. A more unselfish man than Sherman has never lived. He seemed little to care what is thought or said of him; he seems still less to care how he is abused or slandered; and how often does he let calumny pass by him as an idle breeze; and how often when he might emblazon himself, he was
content to exalt and glorify his army, putting his brave soldiers in the foreground, himself in the background. He might have enriched himself; but no man can ever put his finger on a mean or mercenary act of Sherman’s. No dishonoring blot rests upon his name. No one can brand him with the guilt of peculation or of robbery. He seemed to soar above all such things, and though he is not stoically indifferent to honor, he is sensitively alive to ingratitude and undeserved reproach; and perhaps he never appeared greater than when he meekly retired to St. Louis, after being relieved of his command in Kentucky.

There is about Sherman another beautiful trait, his kindness and nobleness of heart. Though styled stern and severe, yet it is from the inflexibility of purpose, and character, and valor, and not the hardness and cruelty of his nature, that he is so called. He is a stern disciplinarian, and his troops, especially civilians, did not always appreciate his object. He had a constant and sleepless regard for his men. Let those same soldiers that fought under his banners tell how he cared for them, how he felt for them, and how he shared their privations. He is magnanimous to captured foes—amid the fiercest influences of the battle-field, though all his passions had been roused by the barbarous treatment of our soldiers in Libby and elsewhere, none of these feelings could induce in him revenge. How finely he contrasts with Napoleon’s conduct after the battle of the Pyramids, during his retreat, when four thousand poor creatures capitulated on the promise that their lives should be spared, but were afterward bound hand and foot, and shot by a remorseless soldiery, compelled by their remorseless leader.

Sherman never treated the vanquished in this way. As he bursts through the Carolinas, all his words and actions are those of kindness to a guilty people. He sought not even to unduly humiliate them, but always threw over them the shield of his protection.

General Sherman is not a bloodthirsty man, not a sanguinary fire-brand that delights in war. He fought
so far as himself personally was concerned, for righteousness, the Union, and peace. It was no eager thirst for conquest, but the stern necessity of self-defense that prompted his warlike actions. In a letter to a New York clergyman, written from the field, he says:

"You may assure your congregation that this army fights that they may sleep in peace and enjoy the protection of a civilized government."

When a terrible battle has been fought, he has often wept, as he thought of the slaughter of thousands, both friend and foe, swept away by the thunder of the deadly artillery, or the thrust of the terrible bayonet, and of the countless agonies of the wounded, and the widowed hearts and hearths that were made. He forgot the unsubstantial glory of the great victories, and remembering only the stern and terrible duty, might say with the great Wellington:

"I know nothing more terrible than victory, except a defeat."

War with him is a means—not an end; intense necessity—not a willing sacrifice. He is a successful General, yet he hates the battle-field; he is the very incarnation of the spirit of peace; and there is a moral grandeur in him that commands our unbounded admiration.

In his private life, Sherman exhibits many generous and noble qualities. He is admitted by all parties to be a man of strict fidelity to his engagements, frank, open, and unaffected; one who never destroys with a false hope and ruins with a smile. Easy and accessible, preserving the sense of his own dignity, but never offending the feelings of those by whom he is approached; endowed with lofty gentleness and fine suavity, he must be confessed to have deserved no ordinary portion of the popularity which he has acquired. As commander of his army he secured the affections of all his soldiers by his amiable care of the interests of the humblest private in the ranks. It is no small praise that the complaints of the most obscure soldier would not have been dismissed without investigation, and, if he deserved,
without redress. One characteristic of his known public character is his \textit{magnanimity}. This feature was strikingly displayed in his interviews with the Southerns suffering from the miseries of war.

To crown all, Sherman is eminently a moral man. In every grateful panegyric which the press has pronounced upon his name, the chief prominence has been given to this splendid virtue. This public virtue it must be confessed, has not always been the accompaniment of superior generalship. It was found in Epaminondas—it was certainly not in either Alexander or Pompey; the lustre of the transcendant warlike genius of Hannibal was eclipsed by his patriotic steadiness of purpose, whereas the glory of Julius Cæsar was obscured by his impure personal ambition. We might draw similar contrasts from recent times; but that would be invidious, and it is enough for us to say that never did any one possess more unblemished military fame, or more unblemished patriotism than does General Sherman. The Army and Navy Journal has the following estimate of his character:

"To Sherman we can afford no parallel in the history of this or any other modern war. An abler tactician than Joe Johnston, whom he out-maneuvered from field to field; as determined a fighter as either Hooker or Hood; as good an executive officer as either Jackson, Meade or Warren, he has shown in the combination of his last campaign a strategic ability unparalleled since the days of Napoleon. His able government of Savannah, exhibits a sound judgment and prudence which combined with his other unequaled excellencies make him the greatest soldier the American people have yet produced."
In the preceding pages, we have endeavored, with the assistance drawn from various authentic sources to give a full and reliable account of the grand march seaward and thence Northward, a campaign which is now acknowledged to be one of the most wonderful and brilliant of modern times. It was instrumental in bringing better and brighter times to the land. It blotted out the last hope of the Confederacy, and was to the whole country an act of political redemption. It stripped rebellion of its prop, and rescued the national cause from the disgrace of defeat. It breathed a living spirit into the people, and transformed millions of malignant enemies into eager citizens of a common country. It achieved what the nation so much desired—Peace.

It is true, alas! too true, that to secure this longed-for consummation, there was many a hero slain—honored patriots, high-souled men—they sleep in no ignoble graves; for their resting place shall be a spot at which for ages to come, Valor shall gain fresh life, and Freedom trim her torch—we will live to rejoice that they have not died in vain.